

STATIX  
PRESS



THE ADVENTURERS OF LOST TIME

LUPANO

# AZIMUT

ANDRÉAE



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LUPANO & ANDREAE

# AZIMUT

— TOME I —

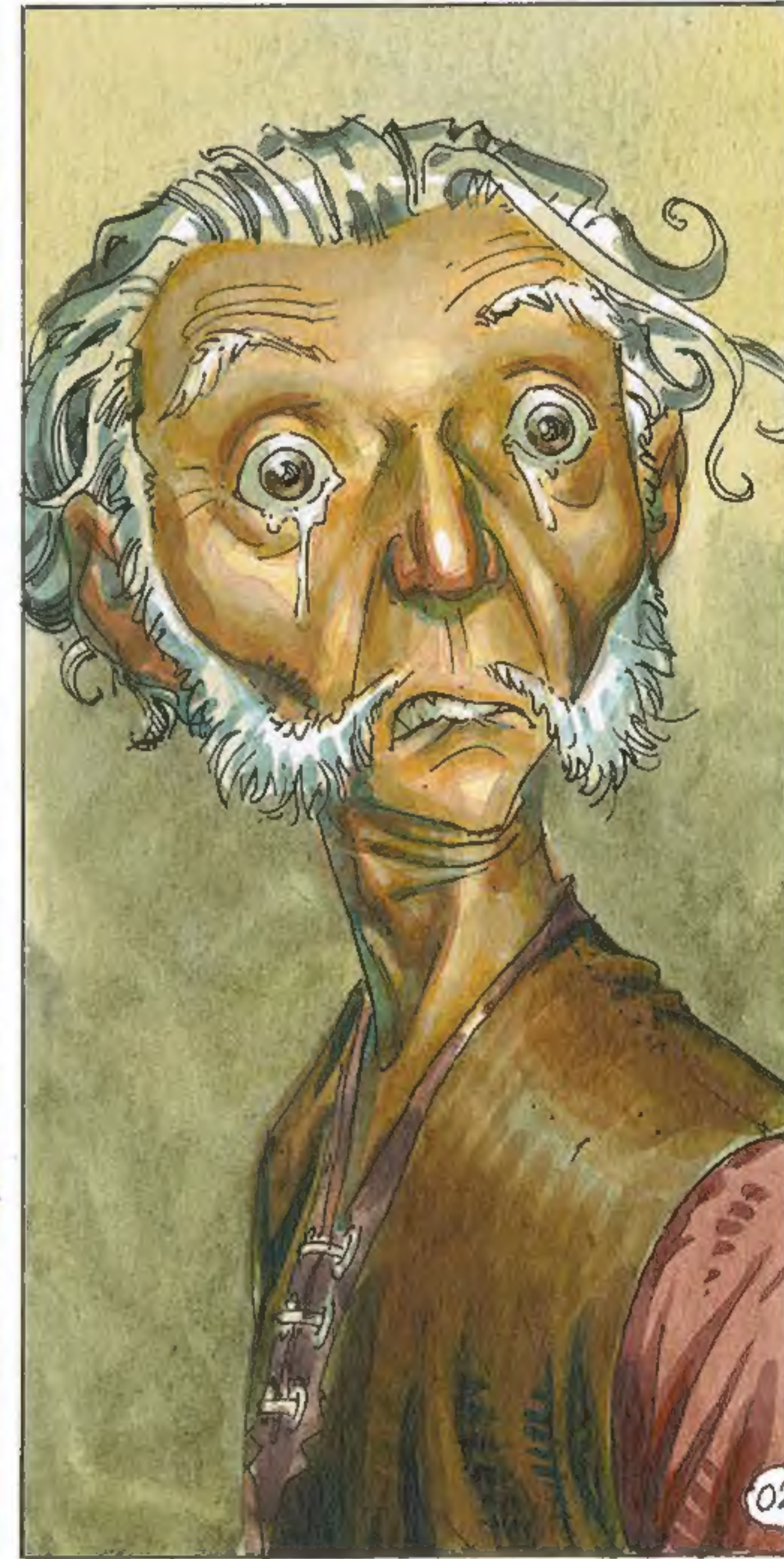
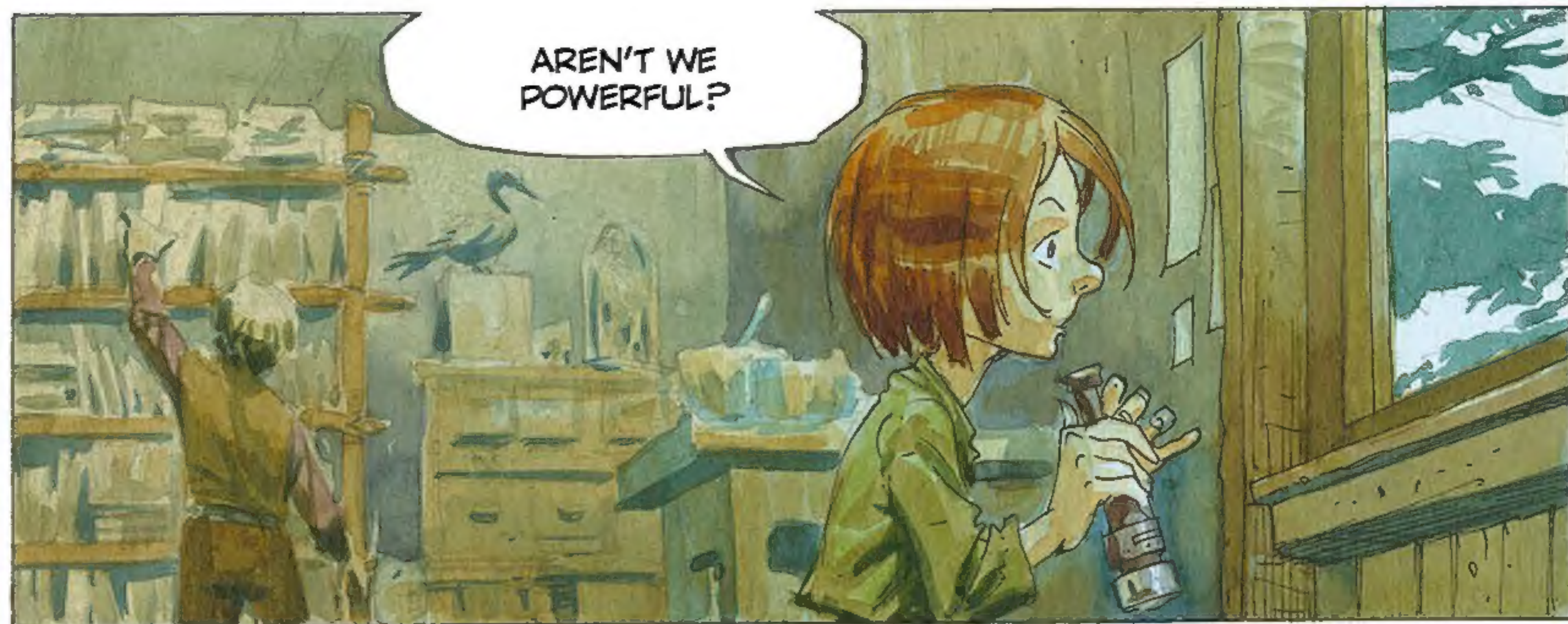
LES AVENTURIERS DU TEMPS PERDU

**VENTS D'OUEST**



















YEARS LATER...

JOURNAL OF COUNT QUENTIN  
DE LA PÉRUE. DAY 537...

THE WEATHER HAS BEEN HORRENDOUS  
FOR WEEKS NOW. WE'RE STARVING, WE'RE  
EXHAUSTED, AND WE'RE SUFFERING FROM  
DIARRHEA AND FROM BREAKTOOTH FEVER.



WHAT'S LEFT OF THE CREW ARE STILL IN  
SHOCK FROM OUR THREE MONTHS OF CAPTIVITY  
WITH THE MANGOUMANGOUS.

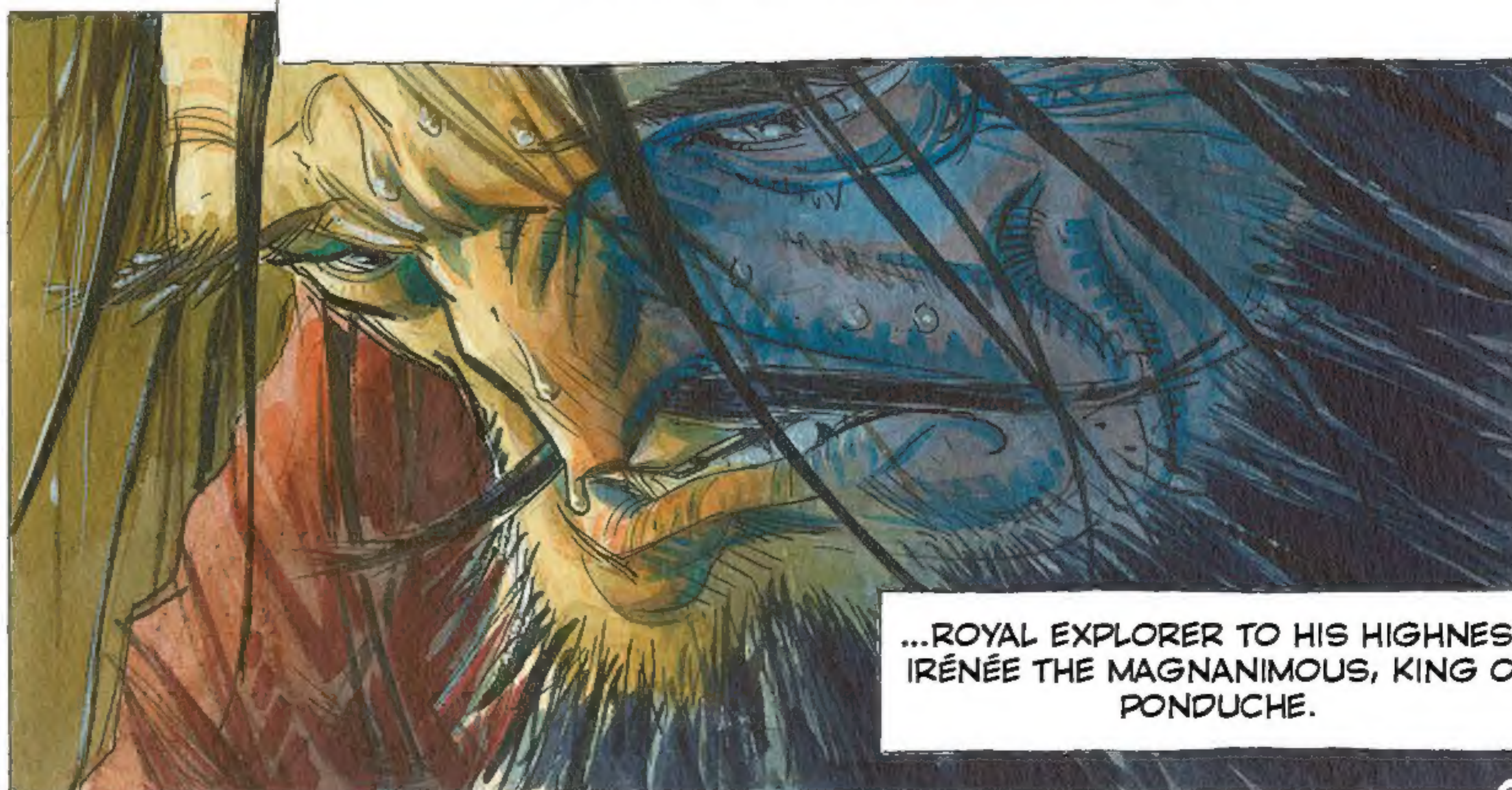


I STILL SHUDDER  
TO THINK OF THOSE  
SAVAGES. NOT HAPPY  
WITH DEVOURING THE  
MAJORITY OF MY MEN,  
THEY PUSHED THE  
IGNOMINY SO FAR  
AS TO COOK -- WITH  
BEANS -- THE CUCKOO  
FROM MY CLOCK...



NOW, OF THE FIVE SHIPS WHICH LEFT PONDUCE ALMOST TWO YEARS  
AGO, ONLY *THE SWIFT* STILL SURVIVES. BUT FOR HOW LONG?

IF WE DON'T REACH SOME SORT OF COAST SOON,  
I FEAR THAT IT COULD BE THE END OF THIS PRESTIGIOUS  
EXPEDITION... I, WHO DREAMED OF DISCOVERING NEW  
LANDS AND EXOTIC PEOPLE, WILL INSTEAD END UP  
STUDYING THE LIFE OF THE WHITE PRAWN DOWN IN THE  
DEPTHS, AND IN JUST A FEW GENERATIONS, NO ONE  
WILL REMEMBER THE COUNT DE LA PÉRUE...



...ROYAL EXPLORER TO HIS HIGHNESS  
IRÉNÉE THE MAGNANIMOUS, KING OF  
PONDUCE.



WITH HINDSIGHT, MY BIGGEST REGRET WAS TO HIRE -- AT MASSIVE COST -- THAT EUGÈNE AS OFFICIAL PAINTER FOR THE EXPEDITION.

I DISCOVERED THIS YOUNG ARTIST DURING A STOP IN PORT COQUOLOT, AND HIS WORK WON ME OVER. SINCE COMING ABOARD HE HAS DONE NOTHING BUT DRINK AND CRY ABOUT HIS BROKEN HEART. HE REMAINS CLOISTERED IN HIS CABIN AND WORKS WITHOUT RESPIRE, ALWAYS ON THE SAME PAINTING -- THE PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN THAT HE CLAIMS TO LOVE AND LOATHE AT THE SAME TIME. HOWEVER, THE PAINTING IS EXCELLENT...

CAPTAIN!  
COME SEE!

WHAT?! IS  
THERE LAND?!

NO! THE  
PAINTER!



WHAT IN THE BLAZES  
IS HE DOING?!



EUGÈNE!

COME BACK!



IT'S DANGEROUS!





THERE! IT'S WHAT YOU DESERVE!



I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



BON VOYAGE!

HAHAHAHA!



MY GOD...  
WHAT HAVE I  
DONE?!

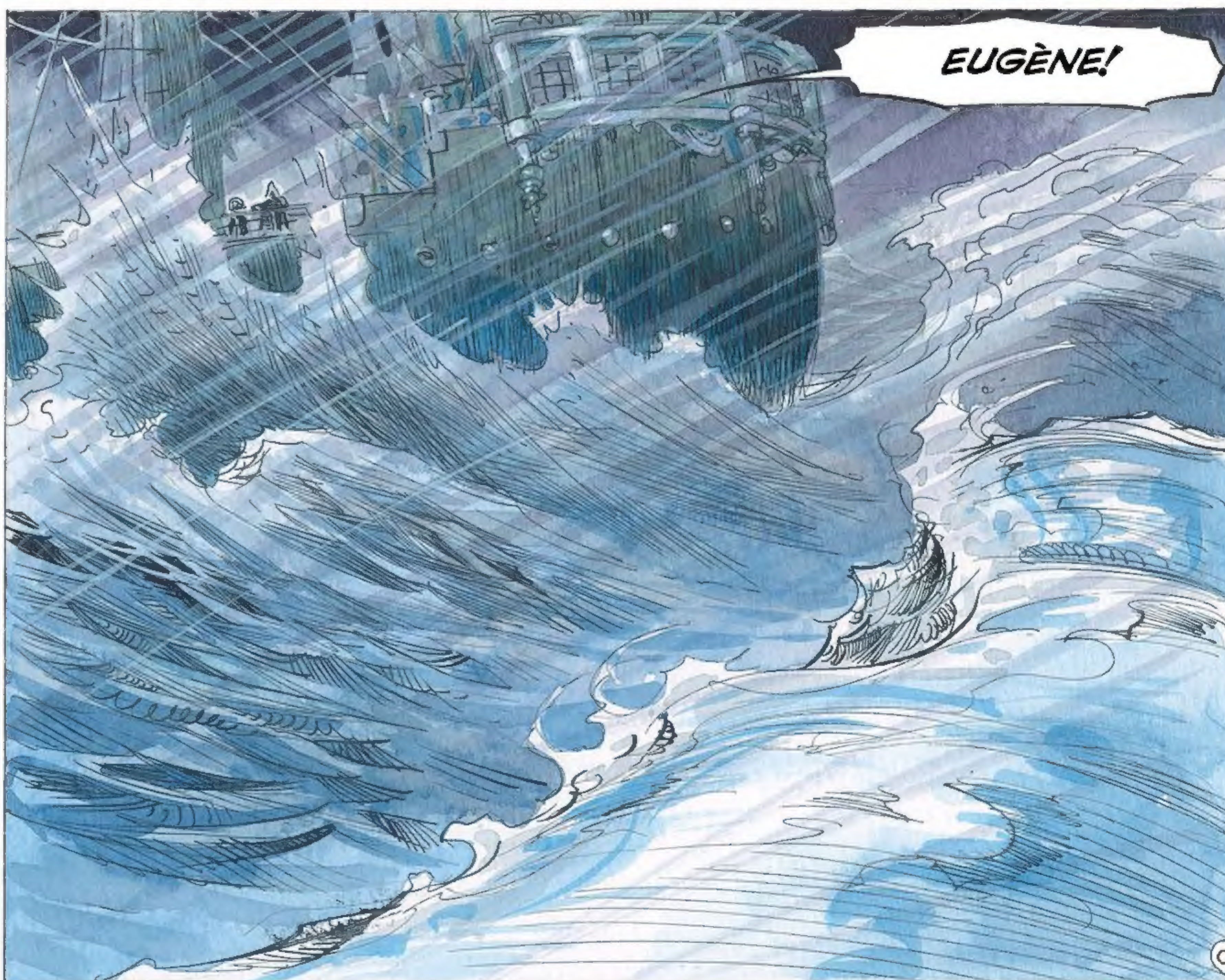
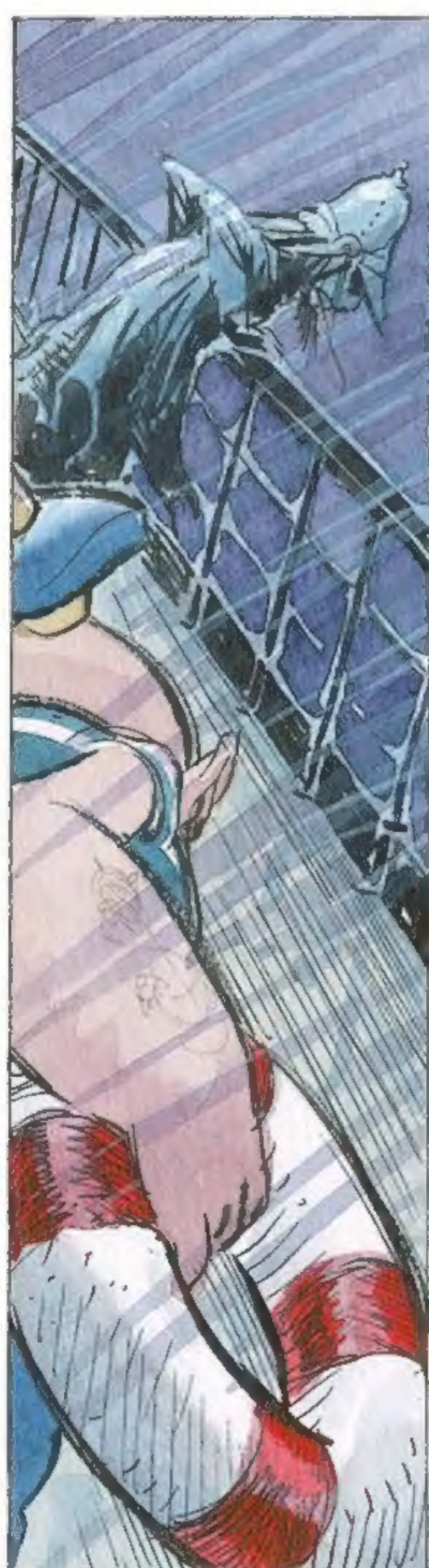


MANIIIE!



HE... HE'S  
GONE MAD. THAT  
MORON!

FETCH  
A LIFEBOUY,  
MISTER  
FRICHE!

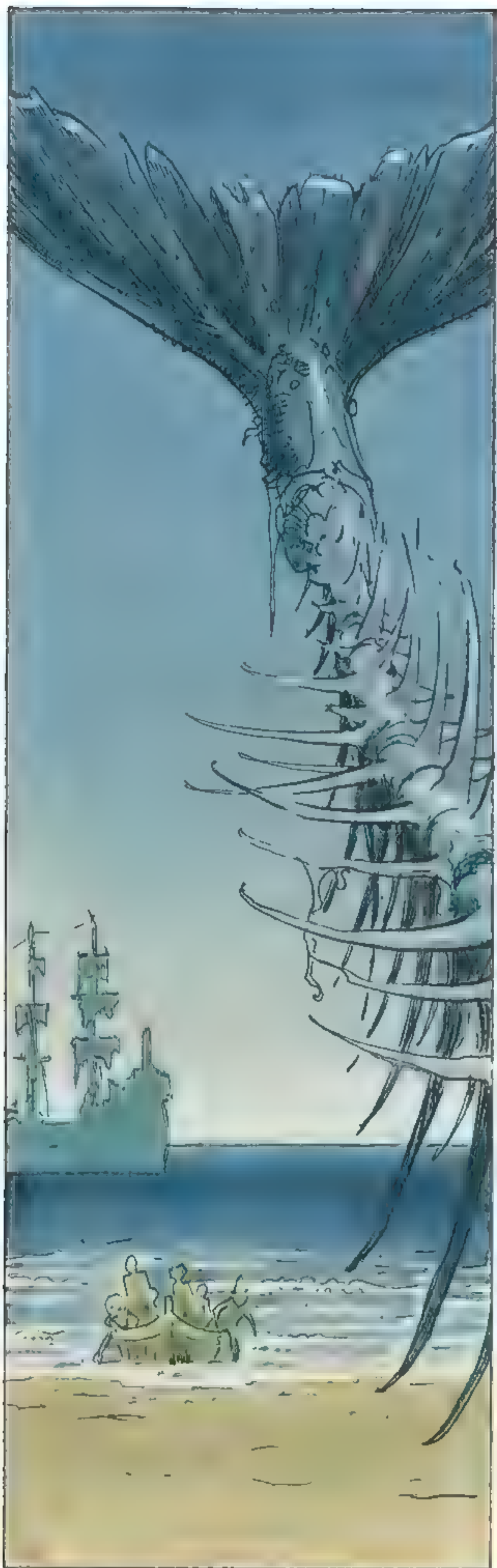


EUGÈNE!



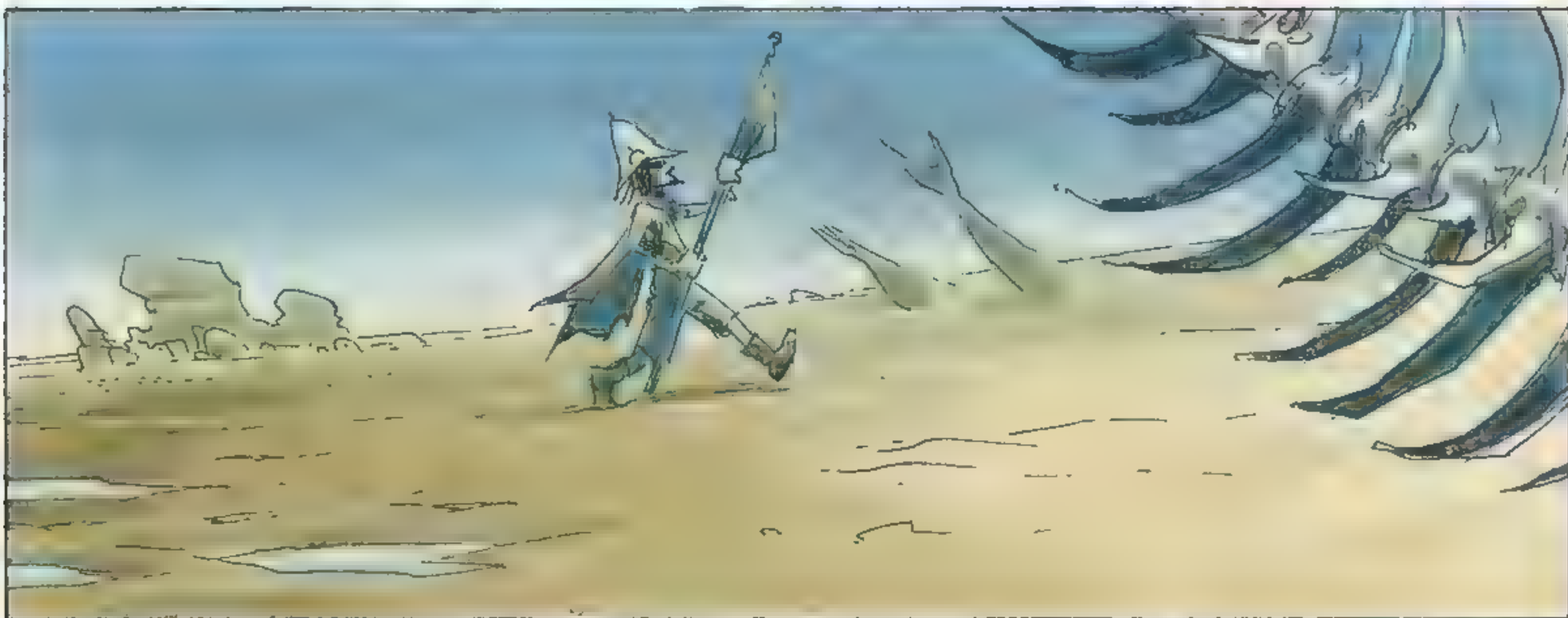




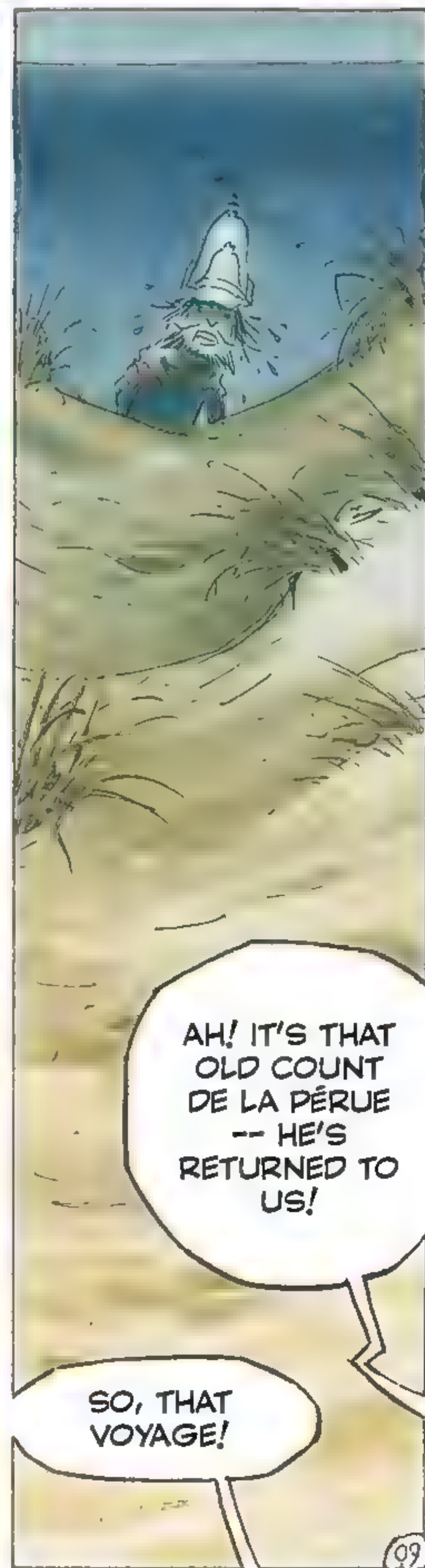


WHAT AN UNUSUAL PLACE!

THE FLAG, MISTER FRICHE...



THERE ARE MOMENTS... HUFF... IN A MAN'S LIFE, WHERE ALL... HUFF... SUFFERING AND SACRIFICES FINALLY FIND... THEIR JUSTIFICATION.



AH! IT'S THAT OLD COUNT DE LA PÉRIE -- HE'S RETURNED TO US!

SO, THAT VOYAGE!





I... I HAVE JUST ANNEXED THIS TERRITORY, IN THE NAME OF KING IRÉNÉE THE MAGNANIMOUS, AND...

WHAT'S HE BLATHERING ABOUT? HOHOHO!



IS IT BECAUSE OF THESE FISH BONES YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THE GREAT BEACH? YOU ARE IN PONDUCHÉ!



WHAT?! N... NOT AT ALL!!



IMPOSSIBLE! I SET OFF WEST NEARLY TWO YEARS AGO! NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN SO FAR!

HEHEHE! WELL, MY FRIEND! ALL THAT TO END UP HERE...

THERE WERE SHORTER ROUTES.



NOW YOU JUST STOP THAT! YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE A COMPASS?! BUNCH OF IGNORANT FOOLS!! MY MAPS ARE OFFICIAL! THIS IS UNKNOWN LAND!

YEAH, RIGHT. AND WE'RE SAVAGES.

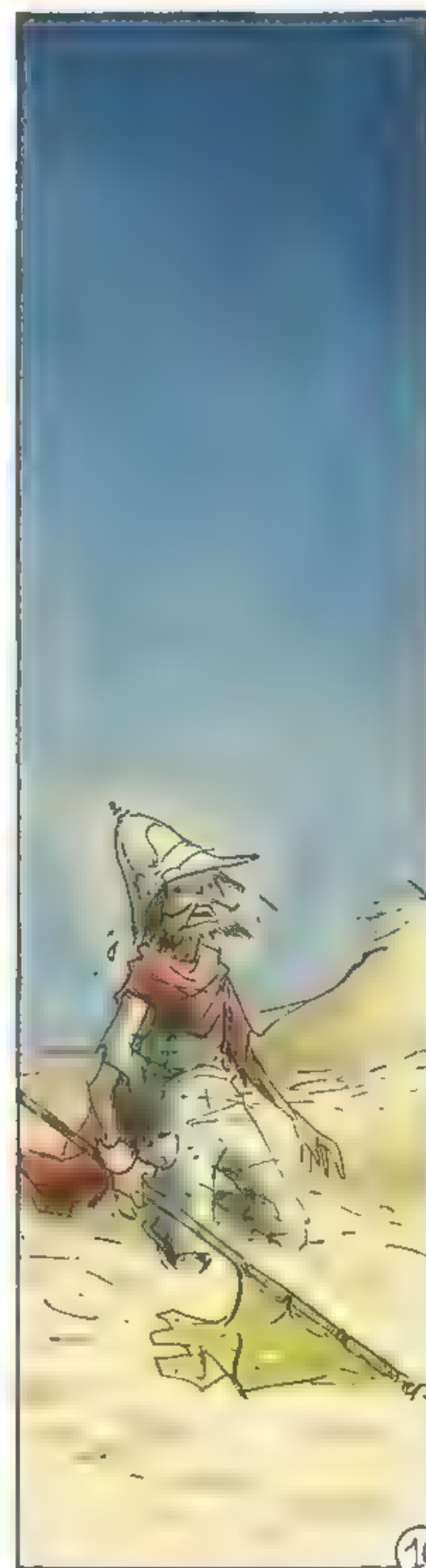


EXACTLY! COUNT YOURSELVES LUCKY THAT I'VE DISCOVERED YOU -- BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES! THIS IS AN HONOR I'M OFFERING YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?! HMMM?! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

OH, FINE, GO FOR IT! PLANT YOUR FLAG IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY...



!!







NOOOOOHOOOO!  
HOOOOOO! OH NO OH NOOOO  
OH NOOOHHOOO  
HOHOON!

OH  
NO...

NO!



LA PÉRUE!  
YOU'VE  
RETURNED?

Y... Y...  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS  
IRÉNÉE...



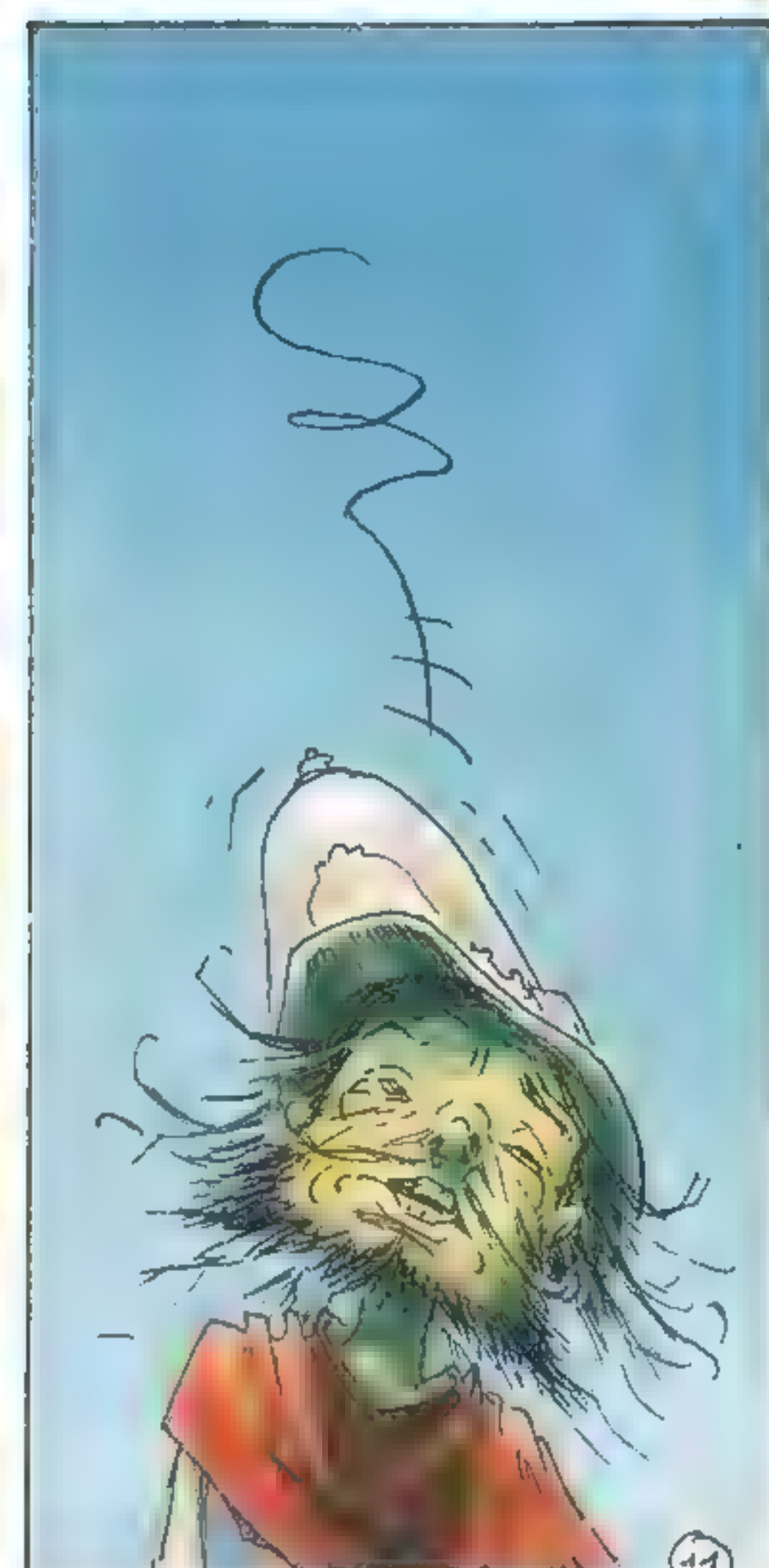
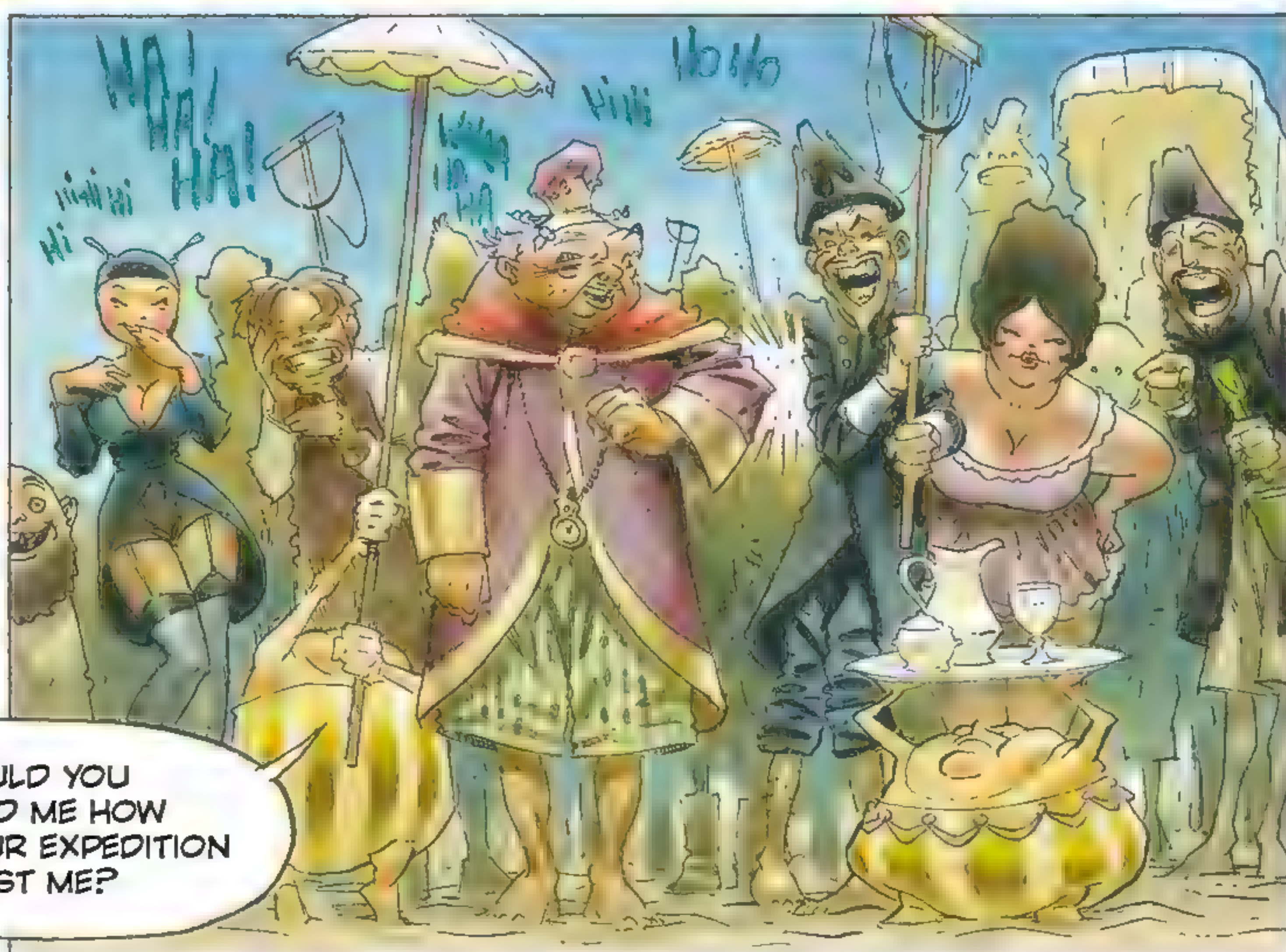
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?

YOU'RE ANNEXING  
PONDUCHE BEACH IN MY  
NAME?! HAHahaha!

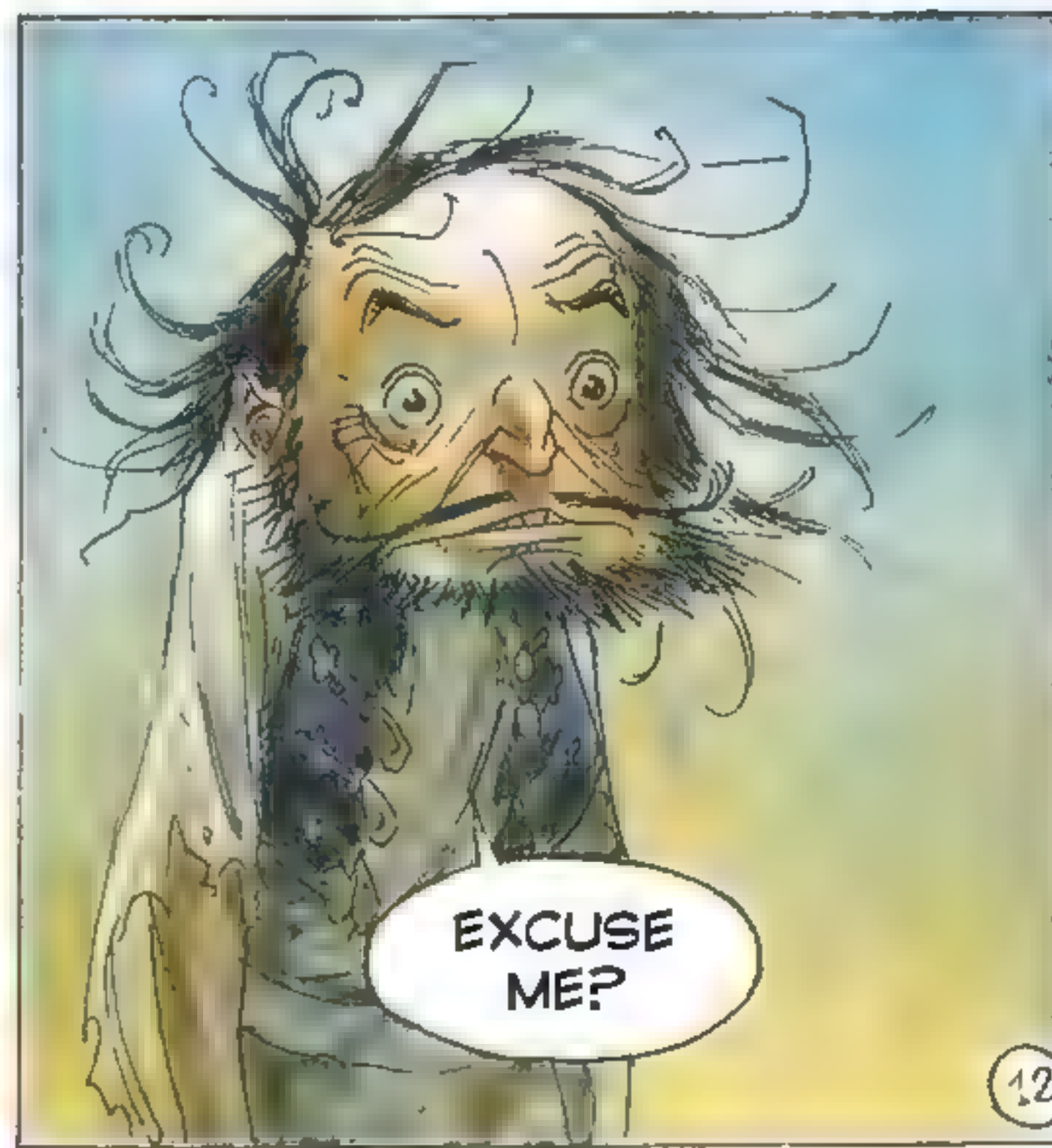
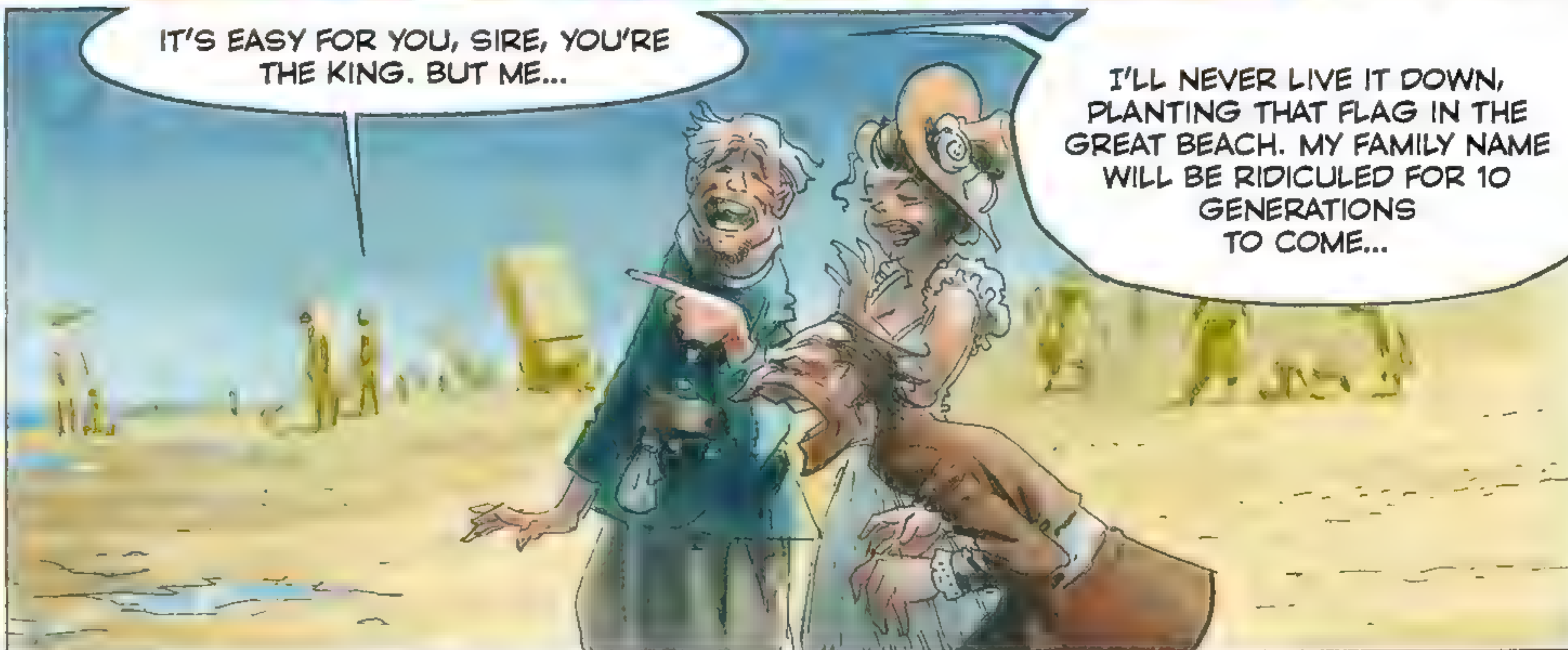


WHY YOU WERE GONE SO  
LONG? YOU DIDN'T STRAIN  
YOURSELF MUCH!

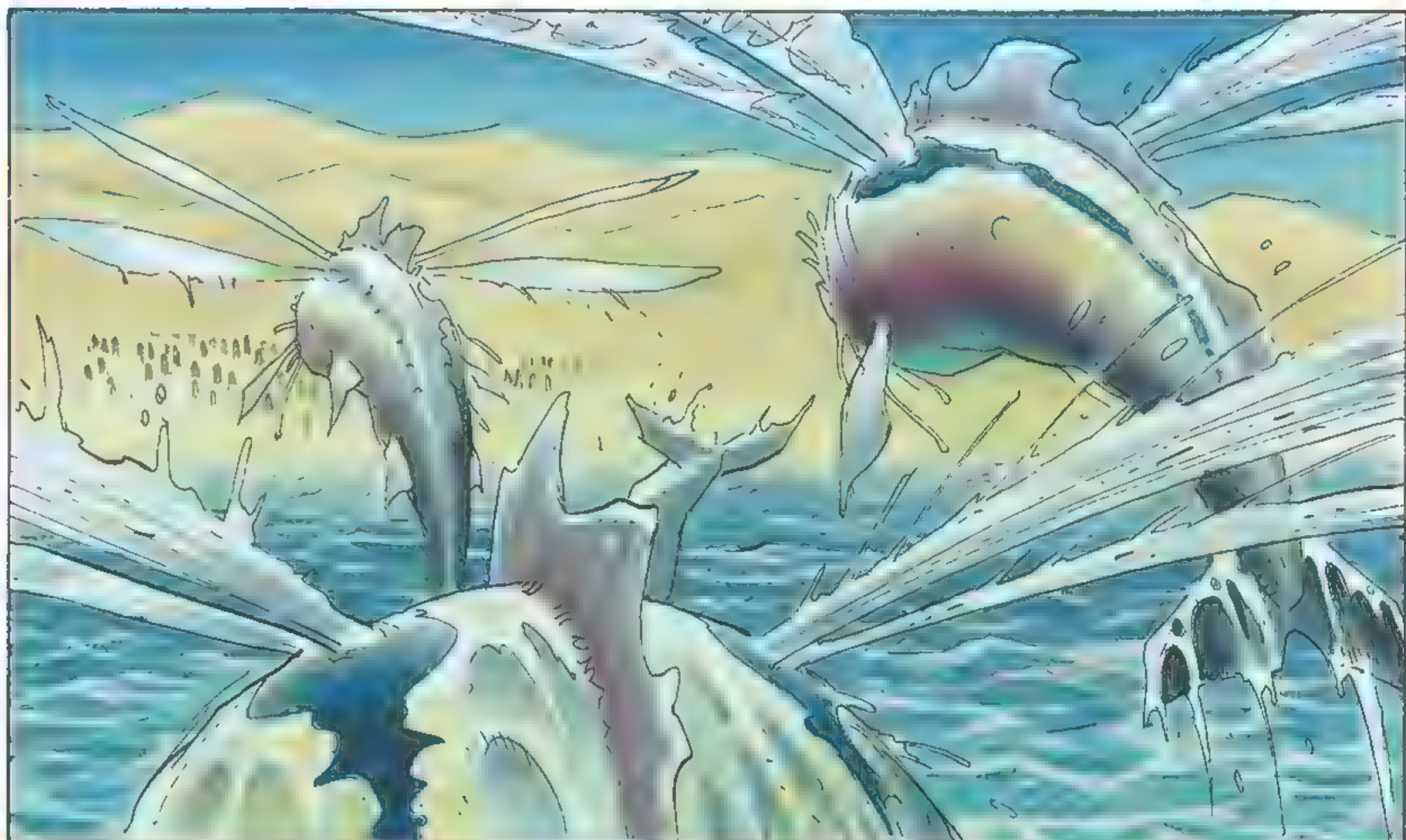
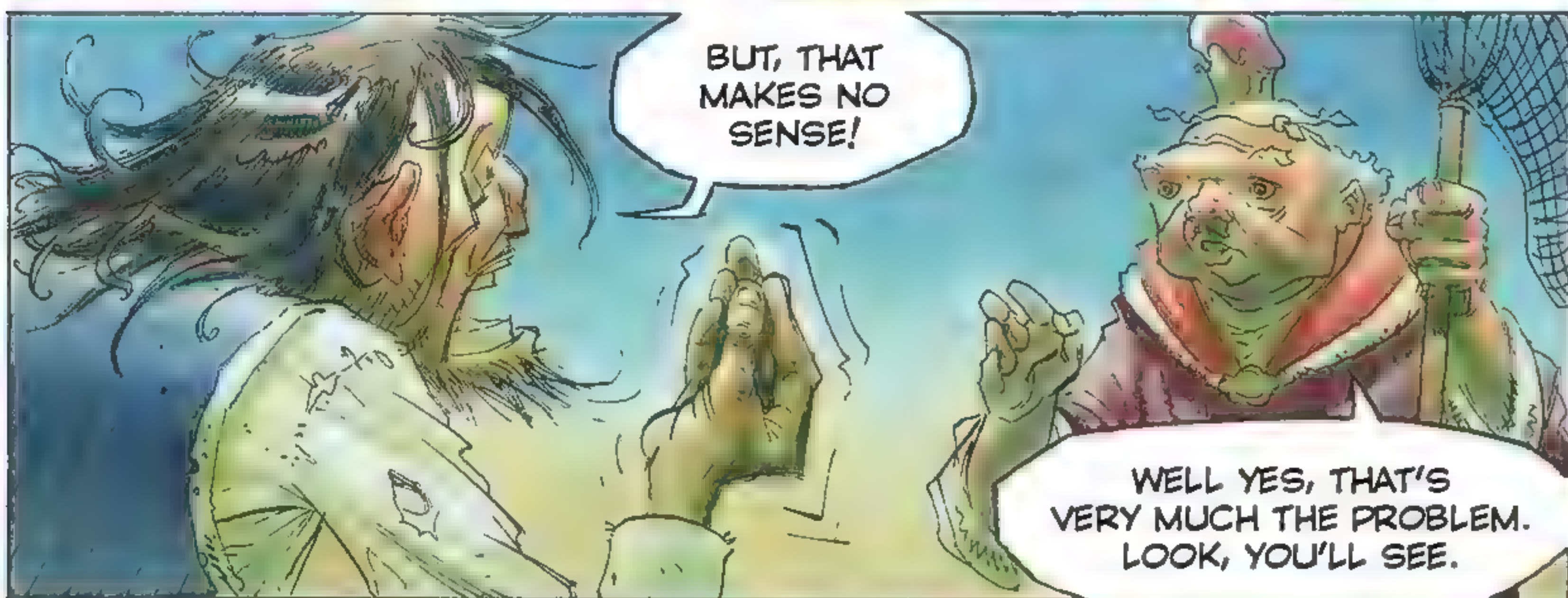
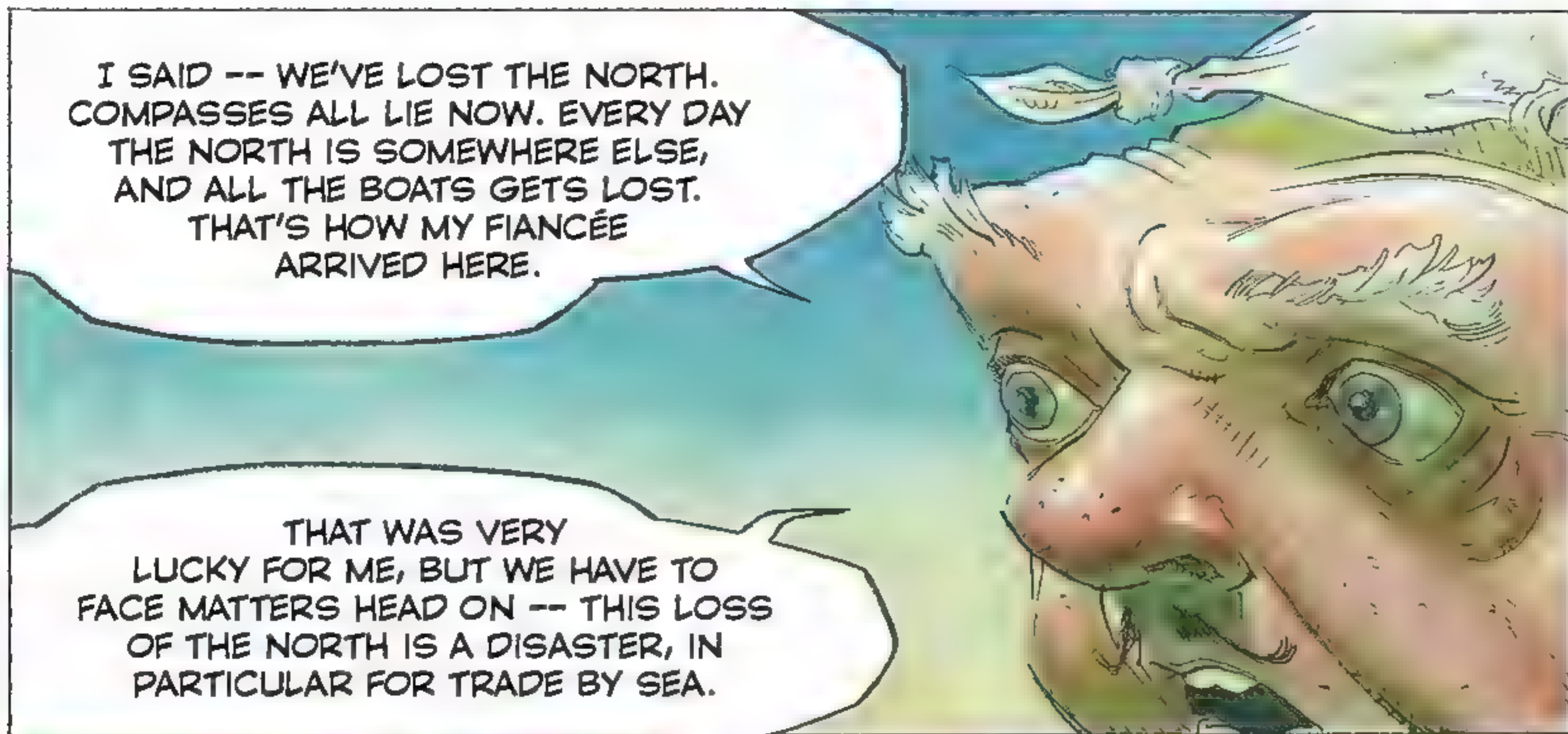
WOULD YOU  
REMIND ME HOW  
MUCH YOUR EXPEDITION  
COST ME?



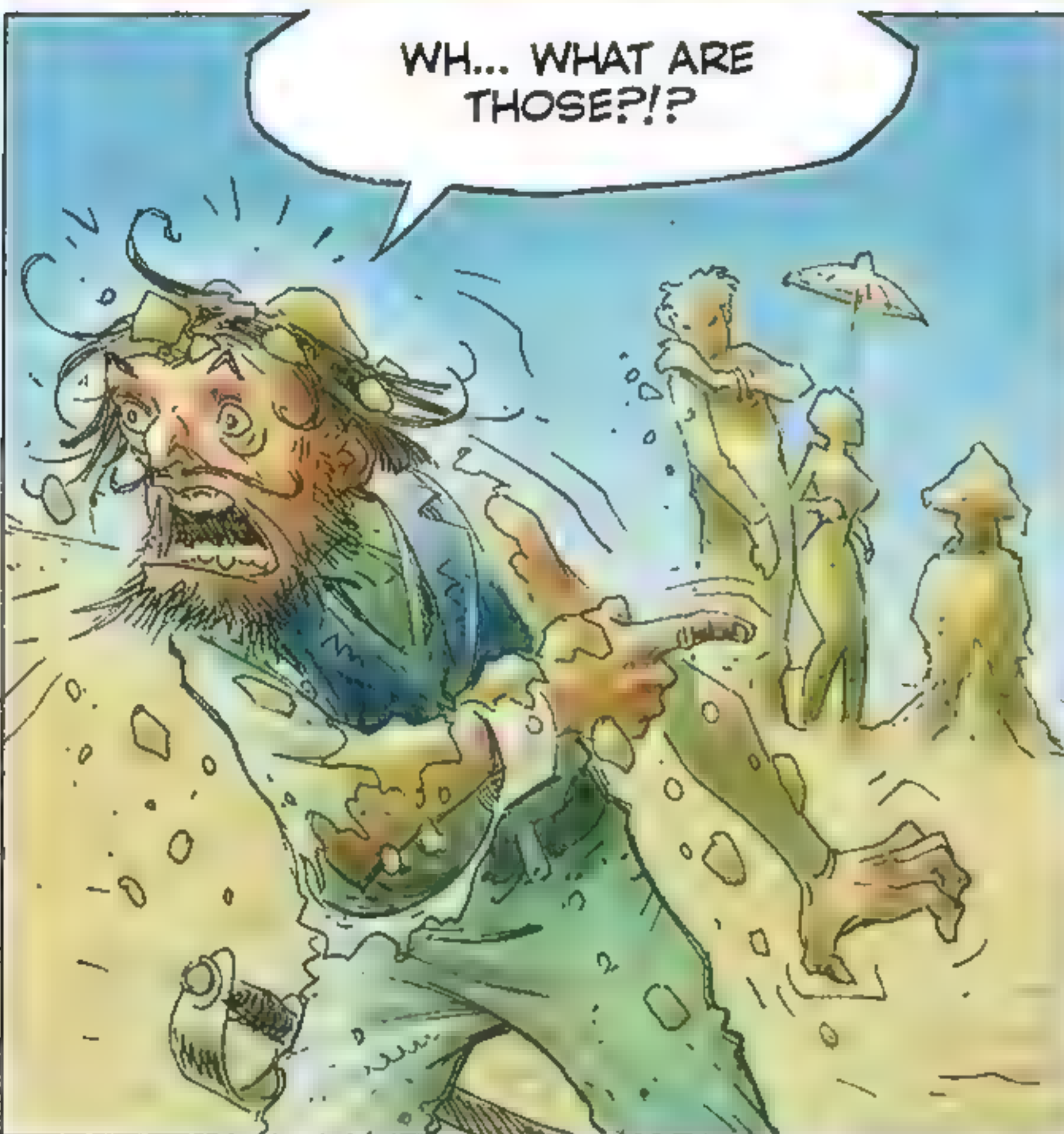




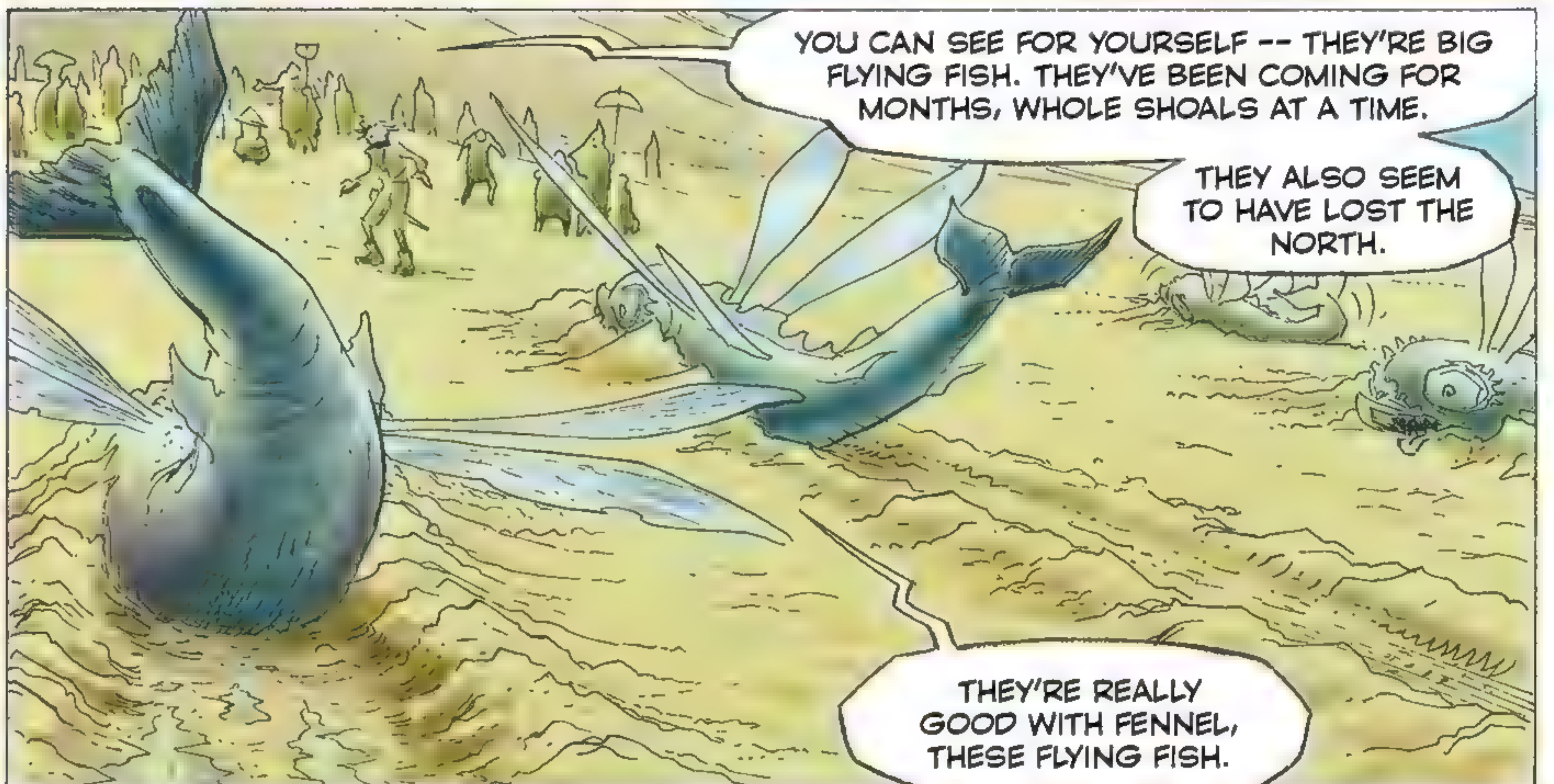








WH... WHAT ARE THOSE?!



YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF -- THEY'RE BIG FLYING FISH. THEY'VE BEEN COMING FOR MONTHS, WHOLE SHOALS AT A TIME.

THEY ALSO SEEM TO HAVE LOST THE NORTH.

THEY'RE REALLY GOOD WITH FENNEL, THESE FLYING FISH.



WE ALSO GET THESE GREEN GEESSE IN THE HUNDREDS. GO FIGURE WHY THEY'RE ENDING UP HERE... THEY HONK UNDER OUR WINDOWS AND POOP ON OUR BALCONIES. AS FAR AS THE RECORDS GO, IT'S THE FIRST TIME WE'VE SEEN ANY IN PONDUCHE!

ANYWAY, IT'S TIME FOR DINNER. COME, LA PÉRUE, LET'S GO BACK!

HAVING SAID THAT, THEY'RE DELICIOUS STUFFED WITH FENNEL.



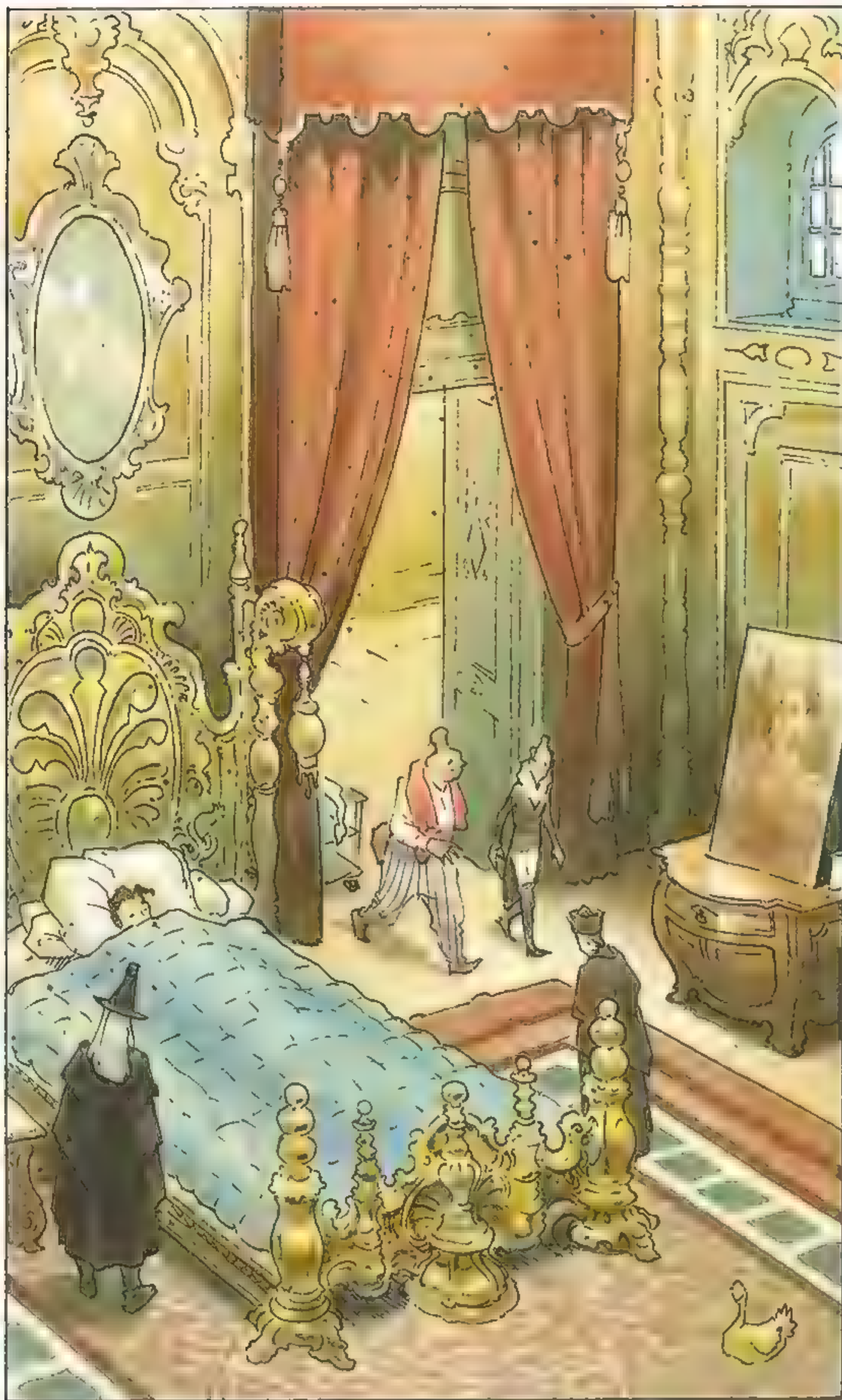
COME ON NOW, Y... YOU CAN'T LOSE THE NORTH!

MEH, YOU CAN LOSE TIME -- WHY NOT THE NORTH?









BUT THAT'S...  
THAT'S MY  
BETROTHED!

IT'S  
AICHA!

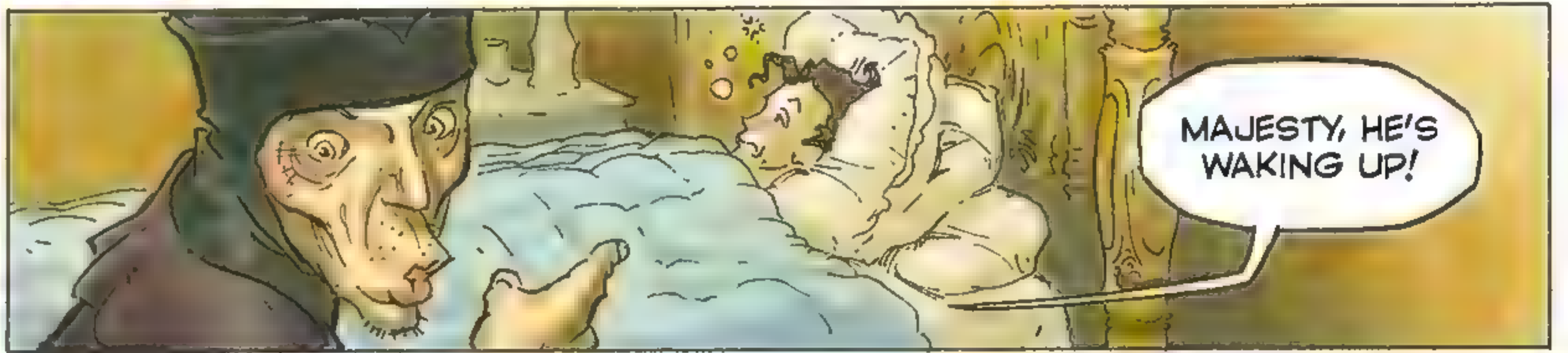
INDEED.



IT'S EXTRAORDINARY! AND  
THIS MAN BRAVED THE STORMS  
TO BRING ME A PAINTING OF  
MY BETROTHED!

OH, BEHOLD  
THE QUALITY  
OF THE WORK.  
THE LIKENESS!  
I LOOOOVE IT!

I LOVE IT  
TOO, YOUR  
MAJESTY.

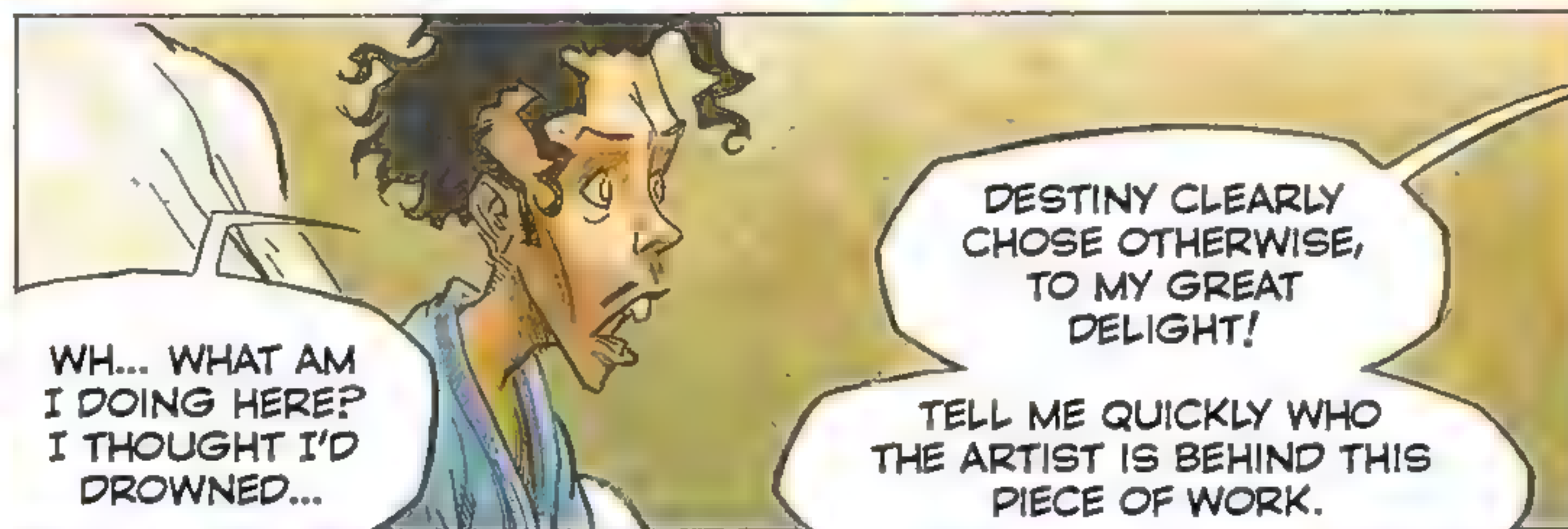


MAJESTY, HE'S  
WAKING UP!



OH, BRAVE MAN!  
HOW DO YOU  
FEEL? ARE YOU  
HUNGRY?

QUICK!  
HAVE A FENNEL  
CAKE BROUGHT  
IN!



WH... WHAT AM  
I DOING HERE?  
I THOUGHT I'D  
DROWNED...

DESTINY CLEARLY  
CHOSE OTHERWISE,  
TO MY GREAT  
DELIGHT!

TELL ME QUICKLY WHO  
THE ARTIST IS BEHIND THIS  
PIECE OF WORK.

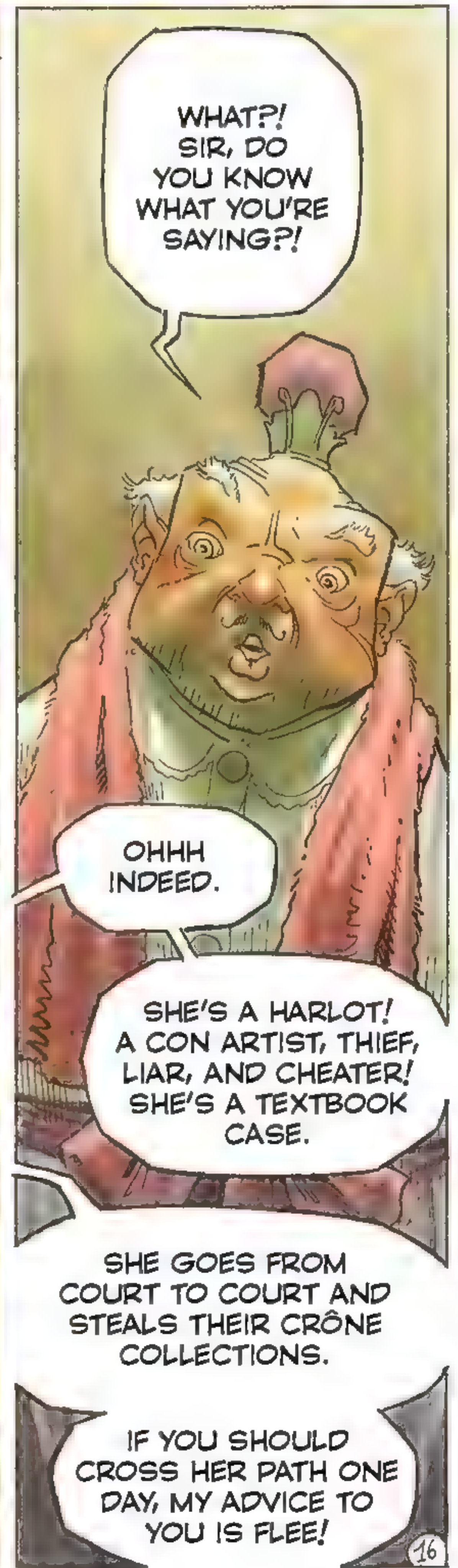


ERM... IT'S  
ME.

YOU?! DO YOU...  
YOU KNOW THIS BEAUTY?



AH YES,  
I KNOW HER  
TOO WELL.  
SHE'S THE  
VERY WORST  
CREATURE THE  
WORLD HAS  
EVER  
CARRIED!



WHAT?!  
SIR, DO  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING?!

OH HH  
INDEED.

SHE'S A HARLOT!  
A CON ARTIST, THIEF,  
LIAR, AND CHEATER!  
SHE'S A TEXTBOOK  
CASE.

SHE GOES FROM  
COURT TO COURT AND  
STEALS THEIR CRONE  
COLLECTIONS.

IF YOU SHOULD  
CROSS HER PATH ONE  
DAY, MY ADVICE TO  
YOU IS FLEE!





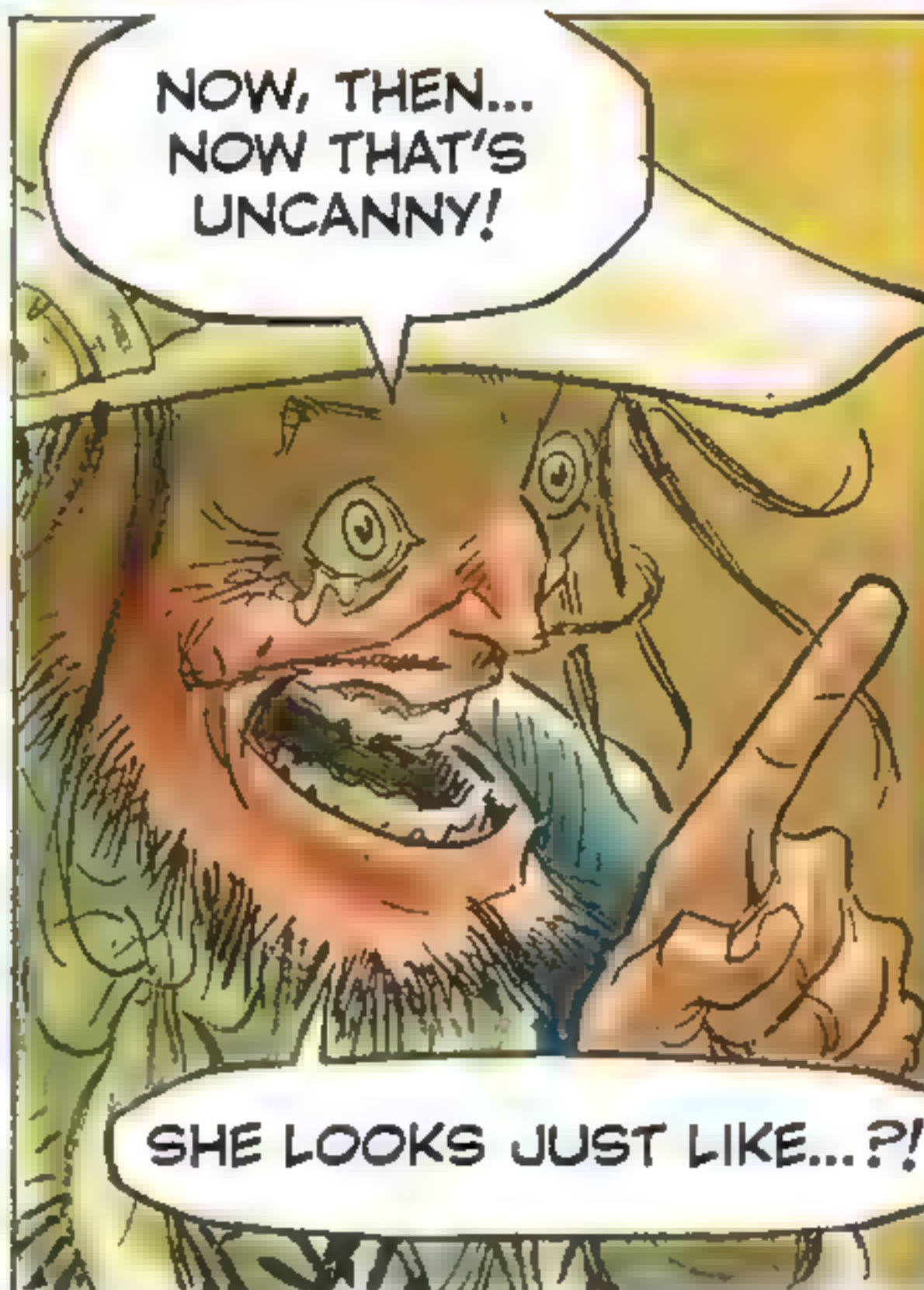
HAHAHA! GOOD OLD EUGÈNE!  
YOU MANAGED TO FISH BACK  
THAT PORTRAIT OF YOUR FAMOUS  
HARLOT! WELL I NEVER!



HE NEVER STOPPED  
CURSING THIS GIRL THE  
WHOLE VOYAGE!



HARLOT! HE'D  
SCREAM! TROLLOP!  
HAHAHAHA! AND HE'D  
DRINK! HE'D DRINK!  
HAHAHA!



NOW, THEN...  
NOW THAT'S  
UNCANNY!

SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE...?!



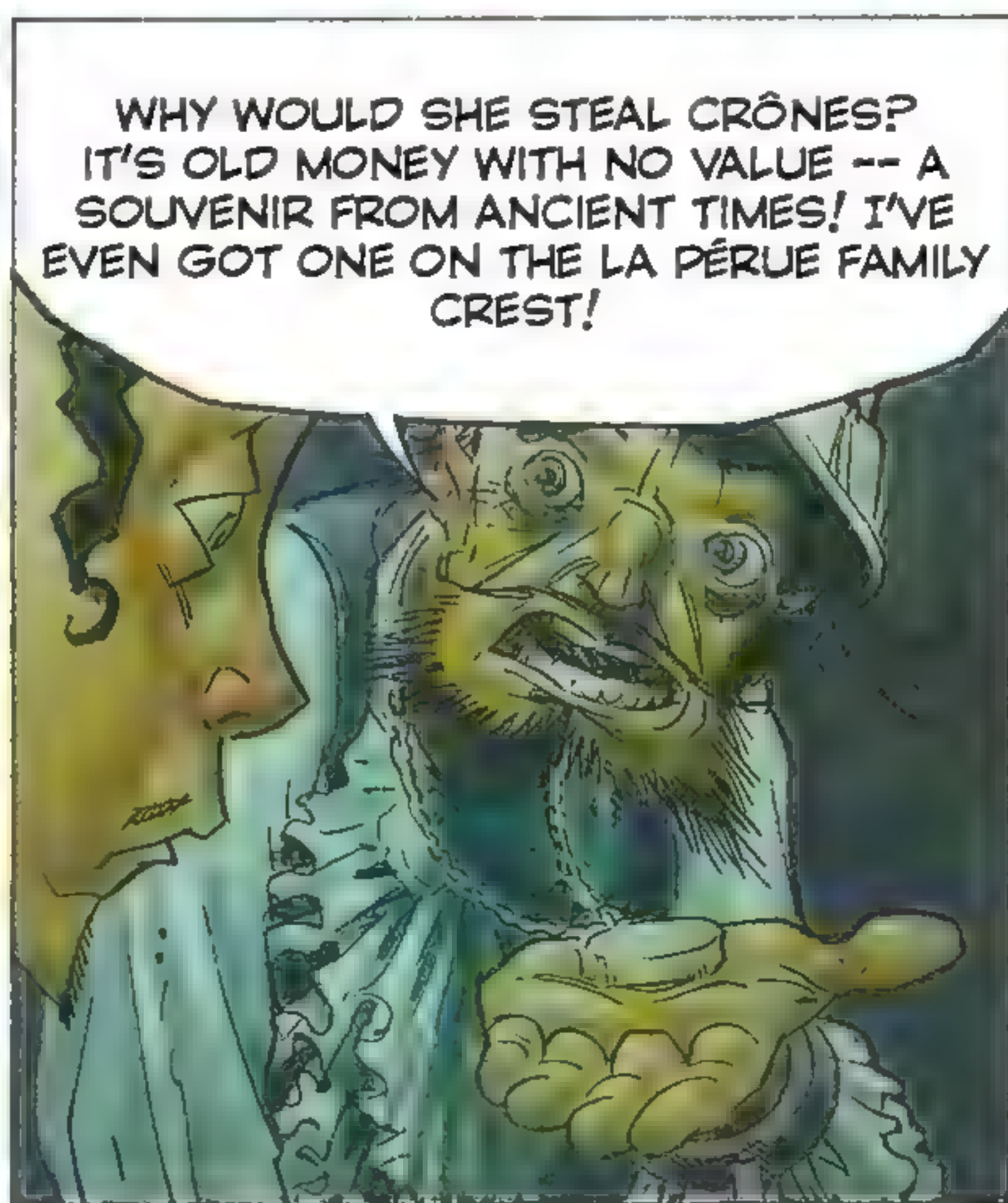
WELL,  
THIS IS THE  
CROWNING  
ACHIEVEMENT OF  
MY CAREER.



I'M  
SORRY,  
BUT I  
ONLY  
TOLD THE  
TRUTH.

COME NOW, ONE  
NEVER SAYS THE  
TRUTH IN FRONT OF  
A MONARCH!

AND WHAT'S THIS  
STORY ABOUT  
CRÔNES?!

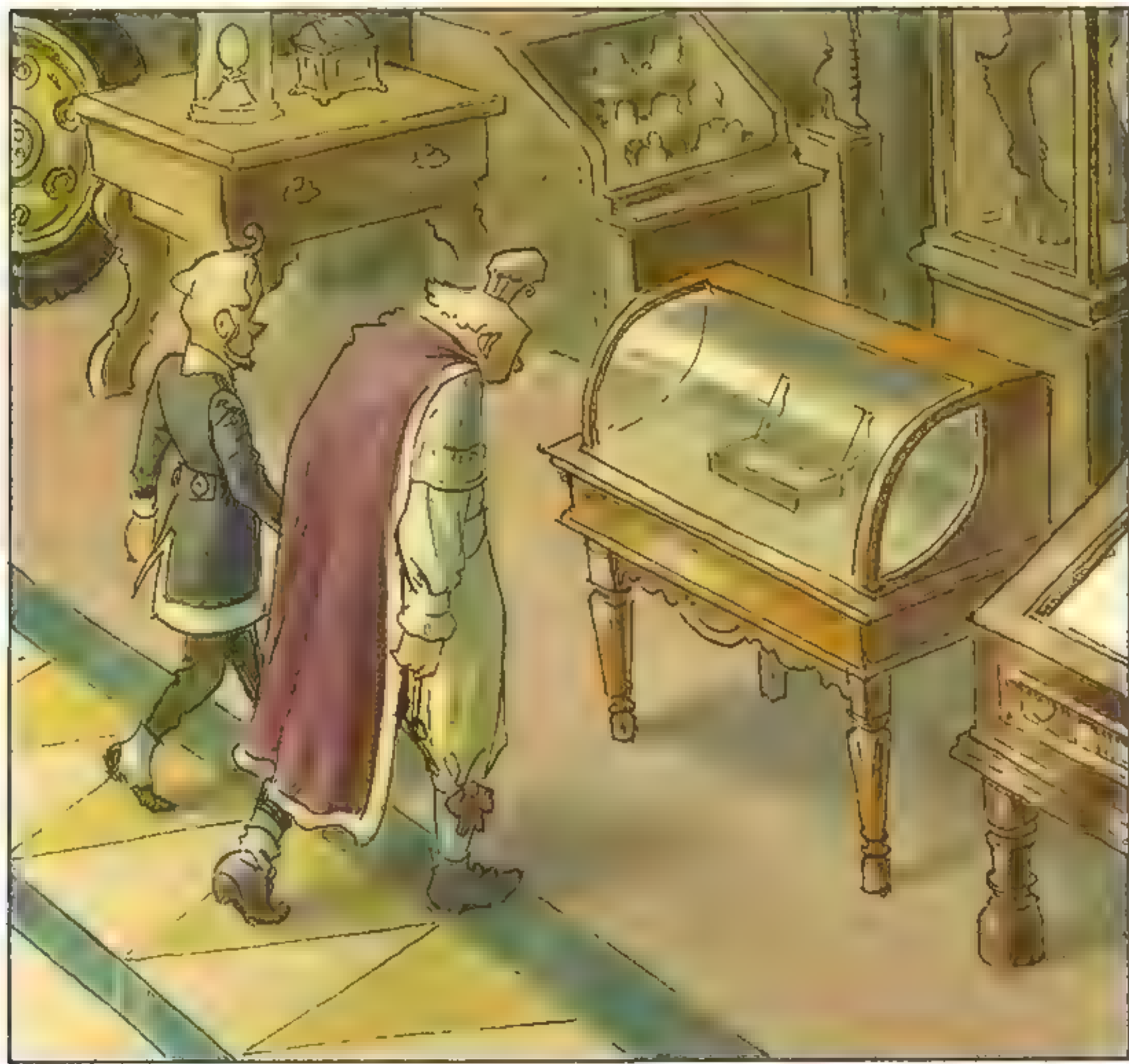
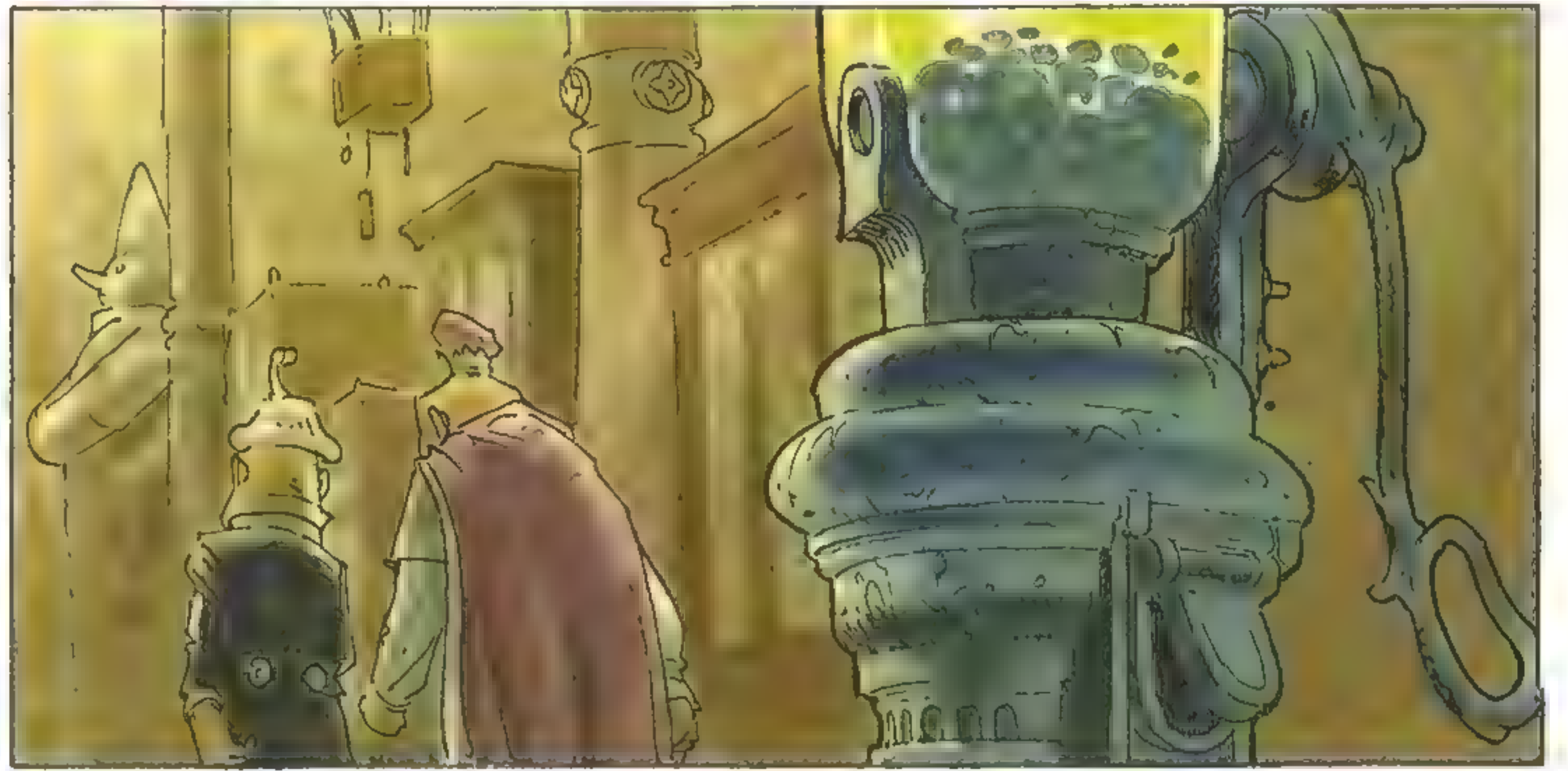
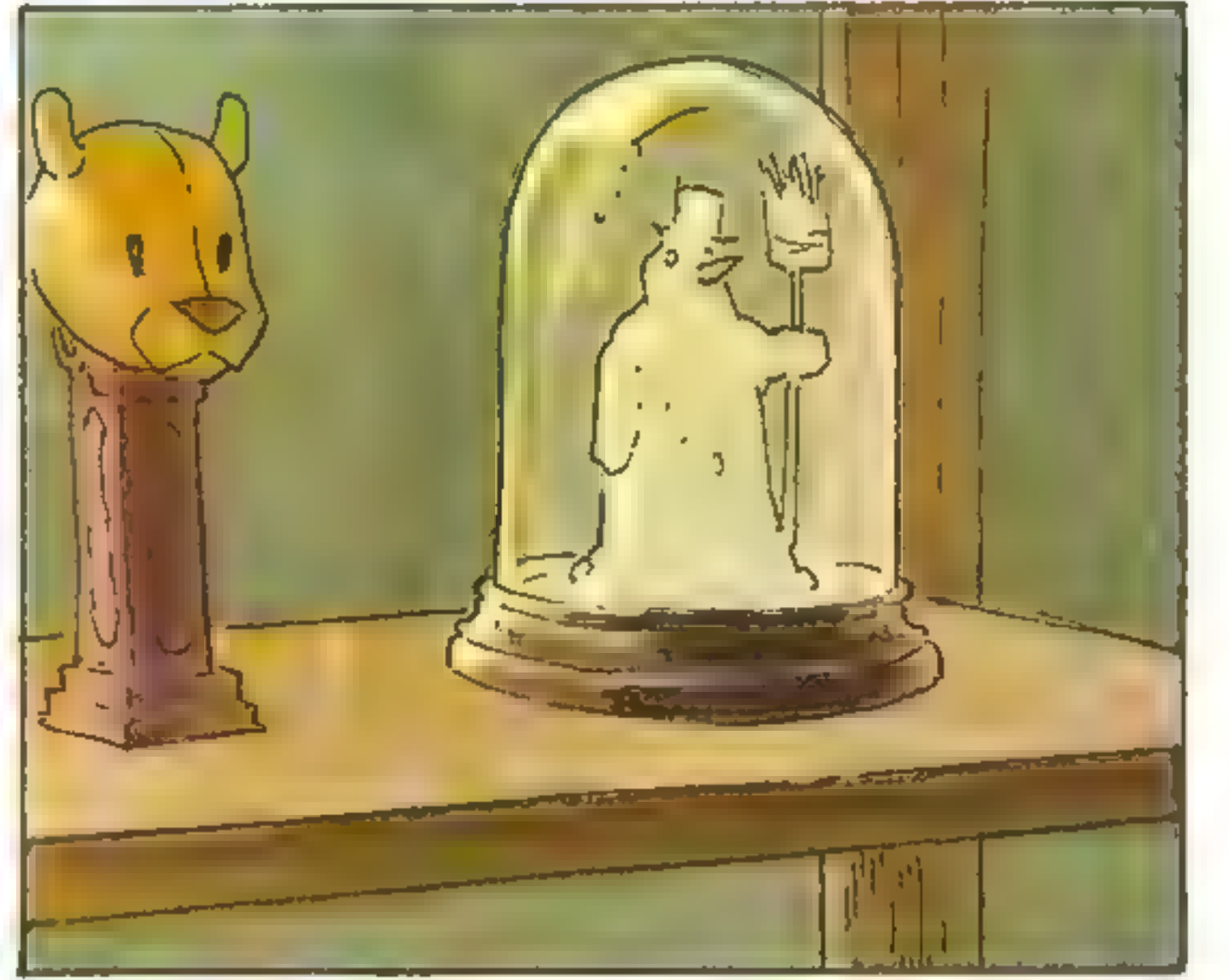
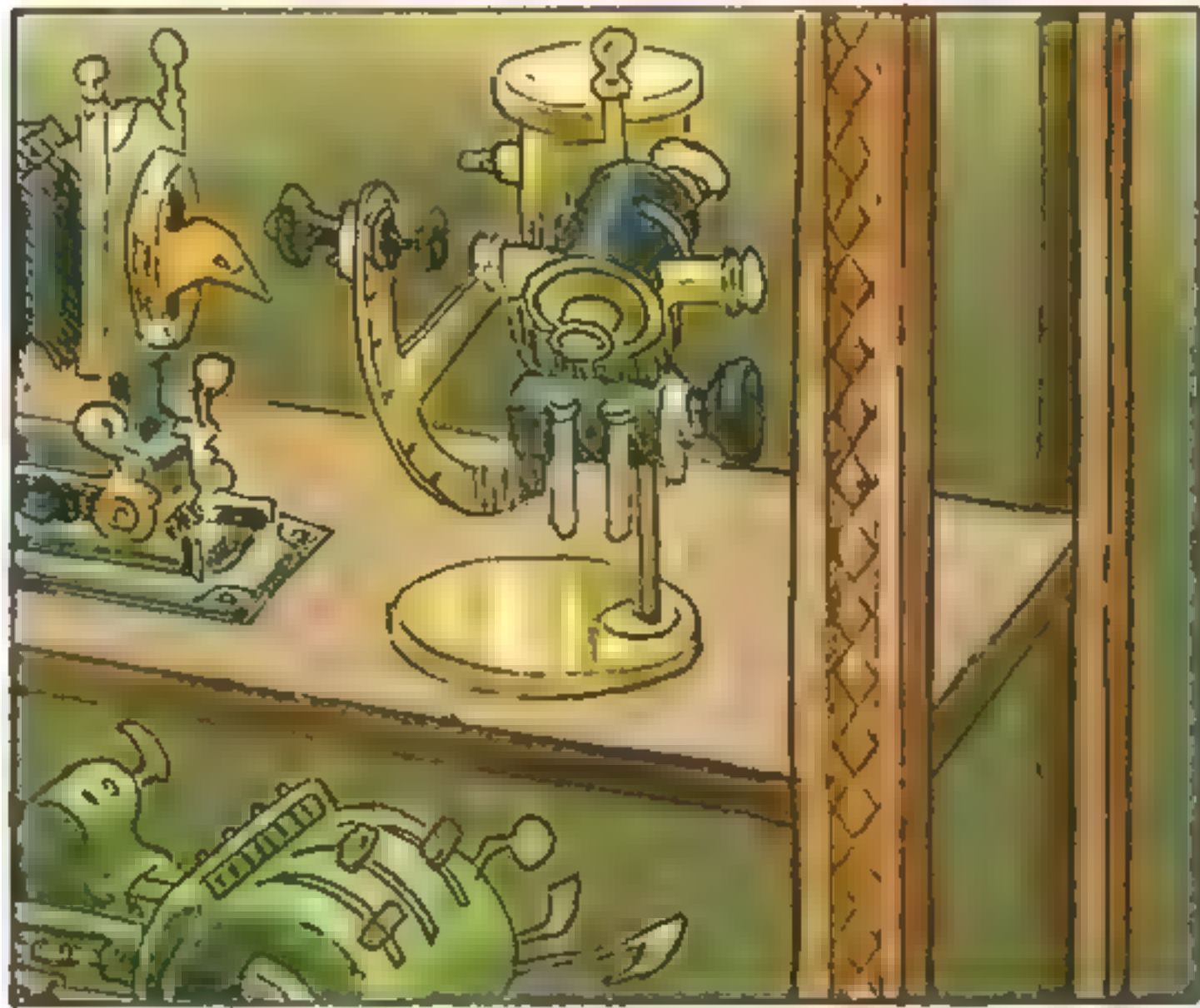
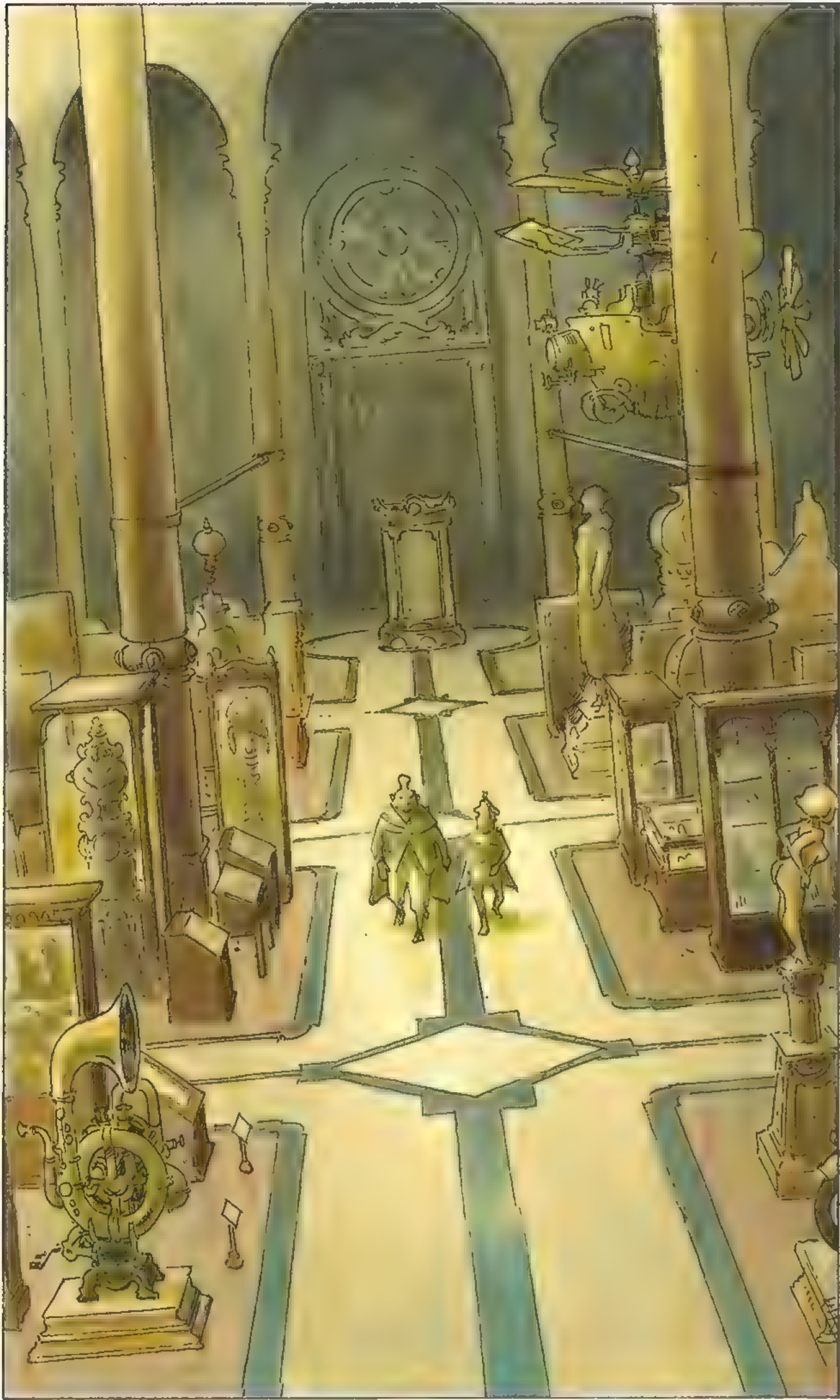


WHY WOULD SHE STEAL CRÔNES?  
IT'S OLD MONEY WITH NO VALUE -- A  
SOUVENIR FROM ANCIENT TIMES! I'VE  
EVEN GOT ONE ON THE LA PÉRUE FAMILY  
CREST!

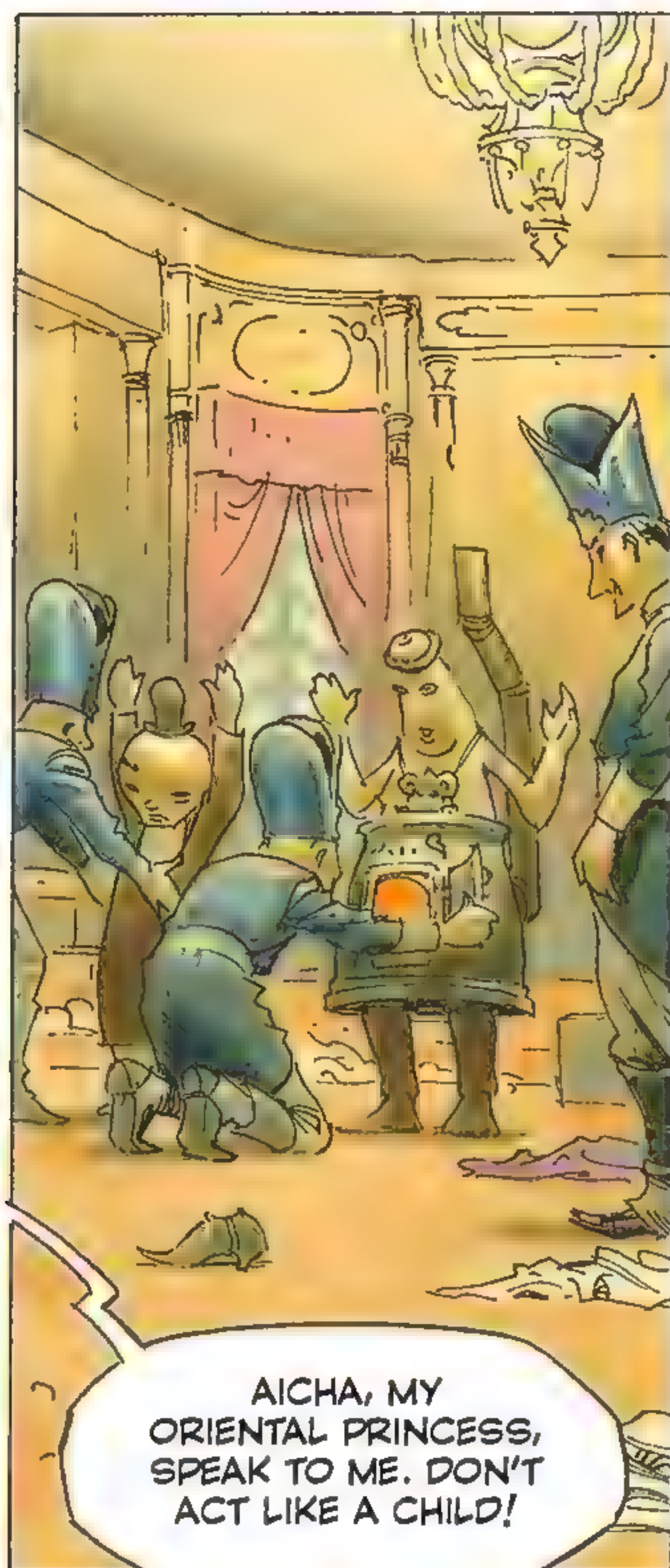


I DON'T KNOW  
WHY SHE STEALS  
THEM. BUT I SWEAR  
IT'S TRUE!









AICHA, MY ORIENTAL PRINCESS, SPEAK TO ME. DON'T ACT LIKE A CHILD!



ARE YOU SULKING BECAUSE OF THE CAGE? BUT I HAVE TO. IT'S PROTOCOL UNTIL THE TRIAL. THIS YOUNG PAINTER IS ALLEGING SOME GRAVE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST YOU.

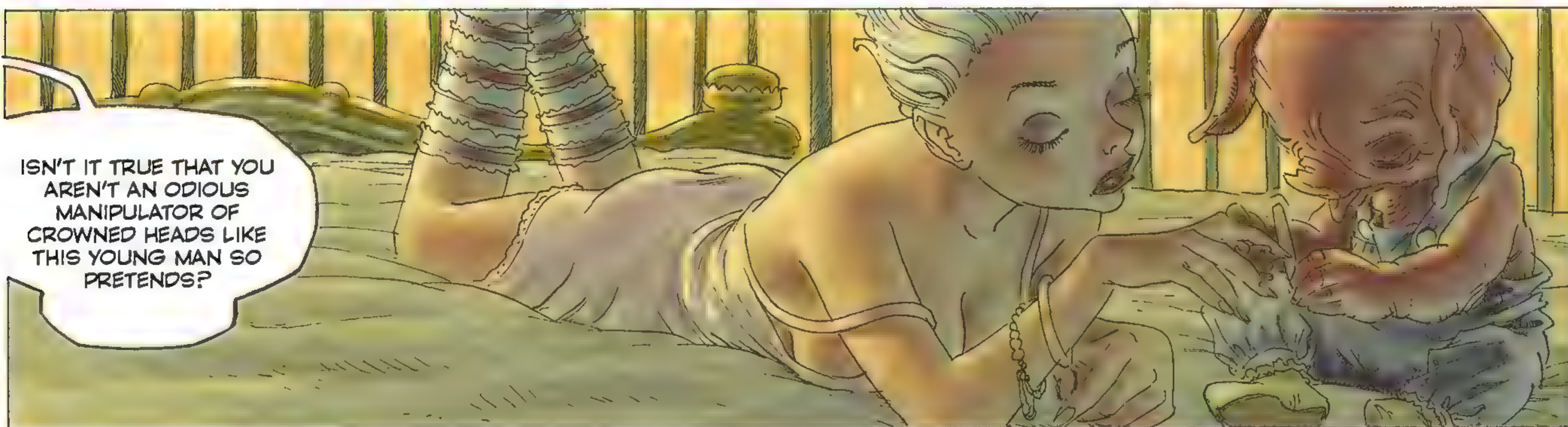
AND A SEARCH CONFIRMED THAT NOT A SINGLE CRÔNE REMAINS IN THE PALACE GALLERIES. SO? HMM?



I AM SURE THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, NATURALLY...

IT'S MOST LIKELY SOMEONE ELSE... BUT JUSTICE MUST BE SERVED...

IT'S TRUE THAT YOU'RE INNOCENT, RIGHT, MY LITTLE RABBIT?



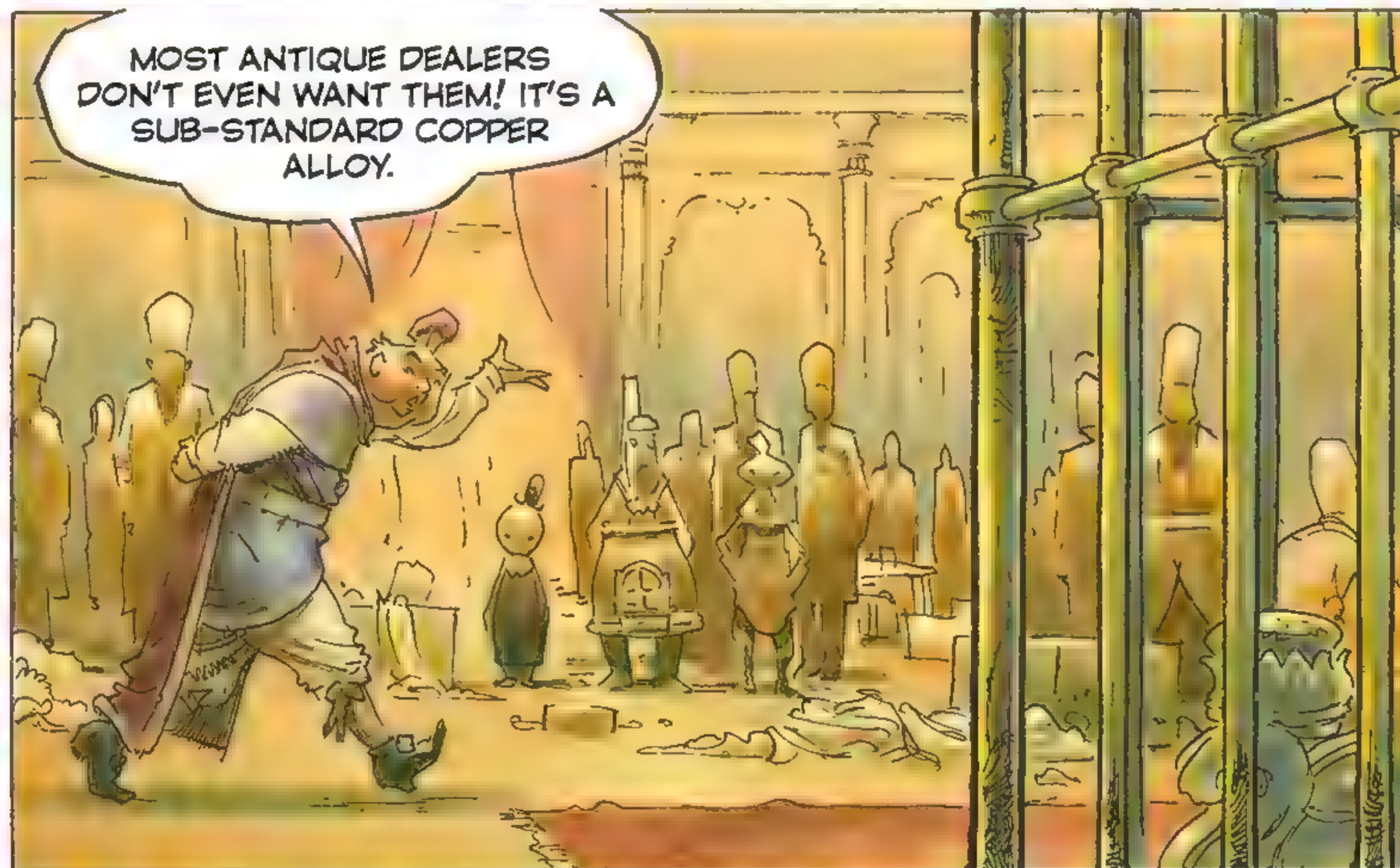
ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOU AREN'T AN ODIOS MANIPULATOR OF CROWNED HEADS LIKE THIS YOUNG MAN SO PRETENDS?



NOTHING, SIRE. NOT A SINGLE CRÔNE IN HER BELONGINGS...

I KNEW IT!

BESIDES, WHAT WOULD SHE DO WITH THEM? NO ONE STEALS CRÔNES!



MOST ANTIQUE DEALERS DON'T EVEN WANT THEM! IT'S A SUB-STANDARD COPPER ALLOY.



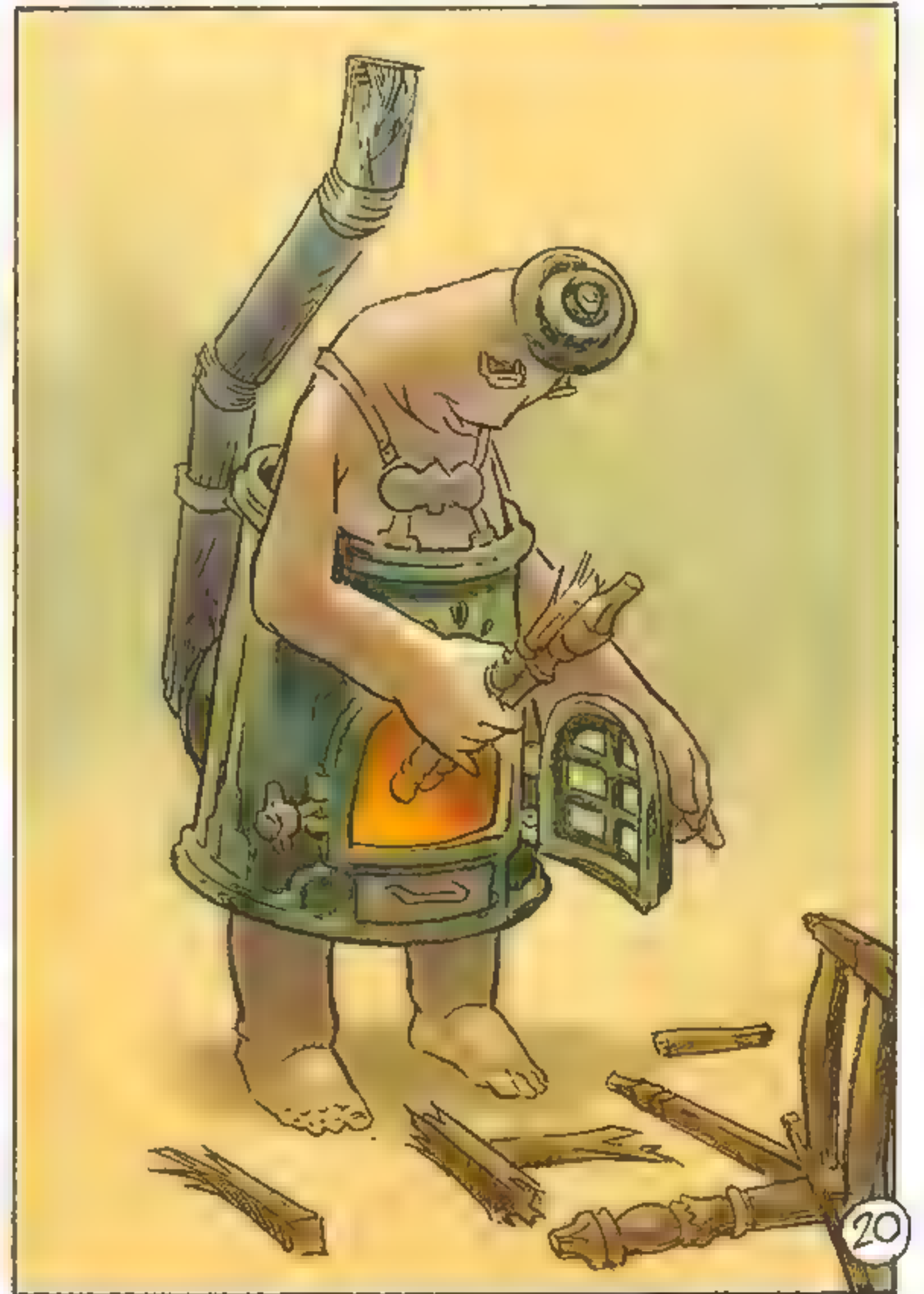
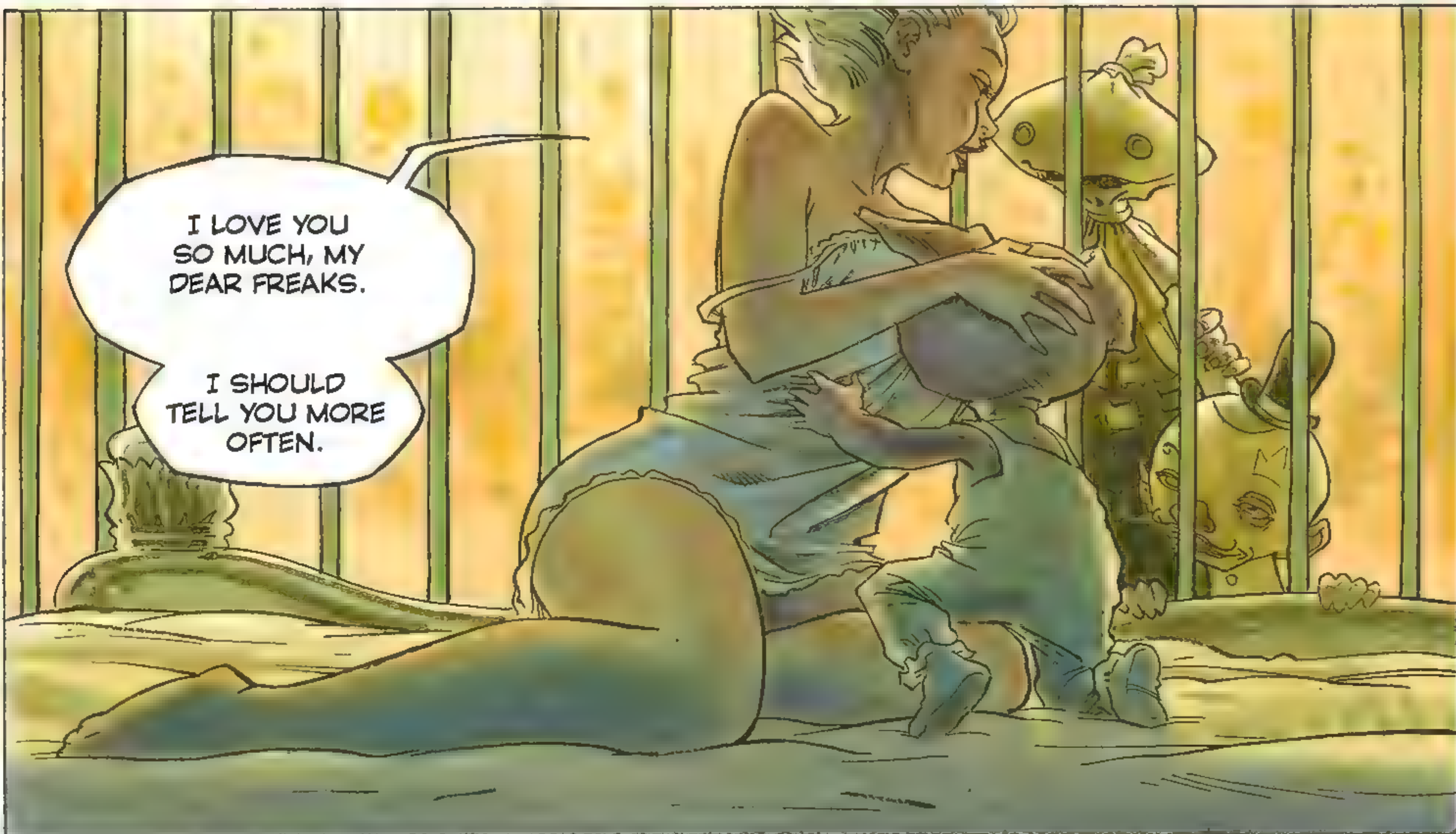
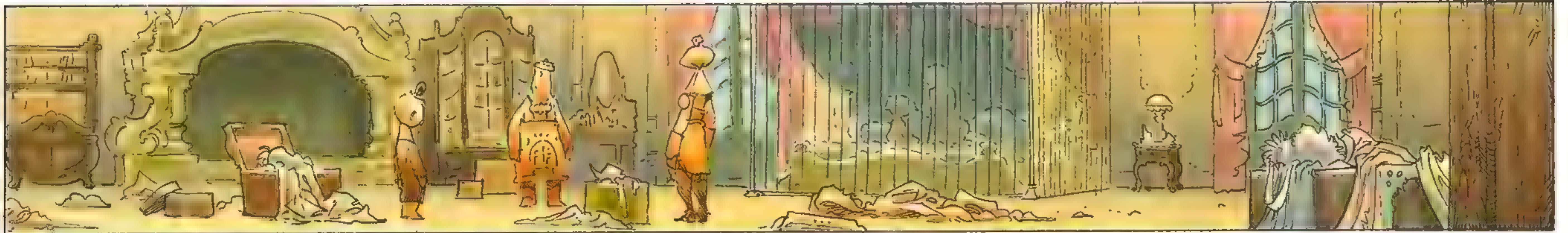
AICHA, MY DOVE, TELL ME THIS IS NOTHING OTHER THAN A FRIGHTFUL MESS AND WE LOVE EACH OTHER.

SAY SOMETHING.



I WOULD LOVE TO BE LEFT ALONE WITH MY TAILOR. I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LEFT TO WEAR FOR MY TRIAL.









DECIDEDLY... IF THERE ARE NO MORE SEASONS... IF THERE IS NO LATITUDE.

IN BOTH CASES IT'S A SIGN THAT NOTHING IS RIGHT ANYMORE...

WOAH, DON'T BE SUCH A DOWNER.

KID, I'VE TRAVELED THIS DAMNED WORLD AT LENGTH, IN WIDTH AND ACROSS. AND I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING...

HEY, ARE YOU SURE HE'S GOING TO GIVE UP?

CLEPSIGRUES AT THIS LATITUDE? IN THIS SEASON?

WHO? HIM, DOWN THERE?

OF COURSE! I'VE NOT YET REACHED THE AGE WHERE AN OLD GIANT RIDDLED WITH RHEUMATISM IS GOING TO CATCH ME. BELIEVE ME, IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES HE'LL HAVE GIVEN UP. CHANGE GEARS IF YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE FOLLOWING THE RHYTHM.

NO, NO, IT'S FINE. YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER LEFT MY WARREN BEFORE NOW, BUT I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO MAKE THIS VOYAGE WITH YOU.

YES, WELL I WANT THINGS TO BE PRETTY CLEAR, KID...





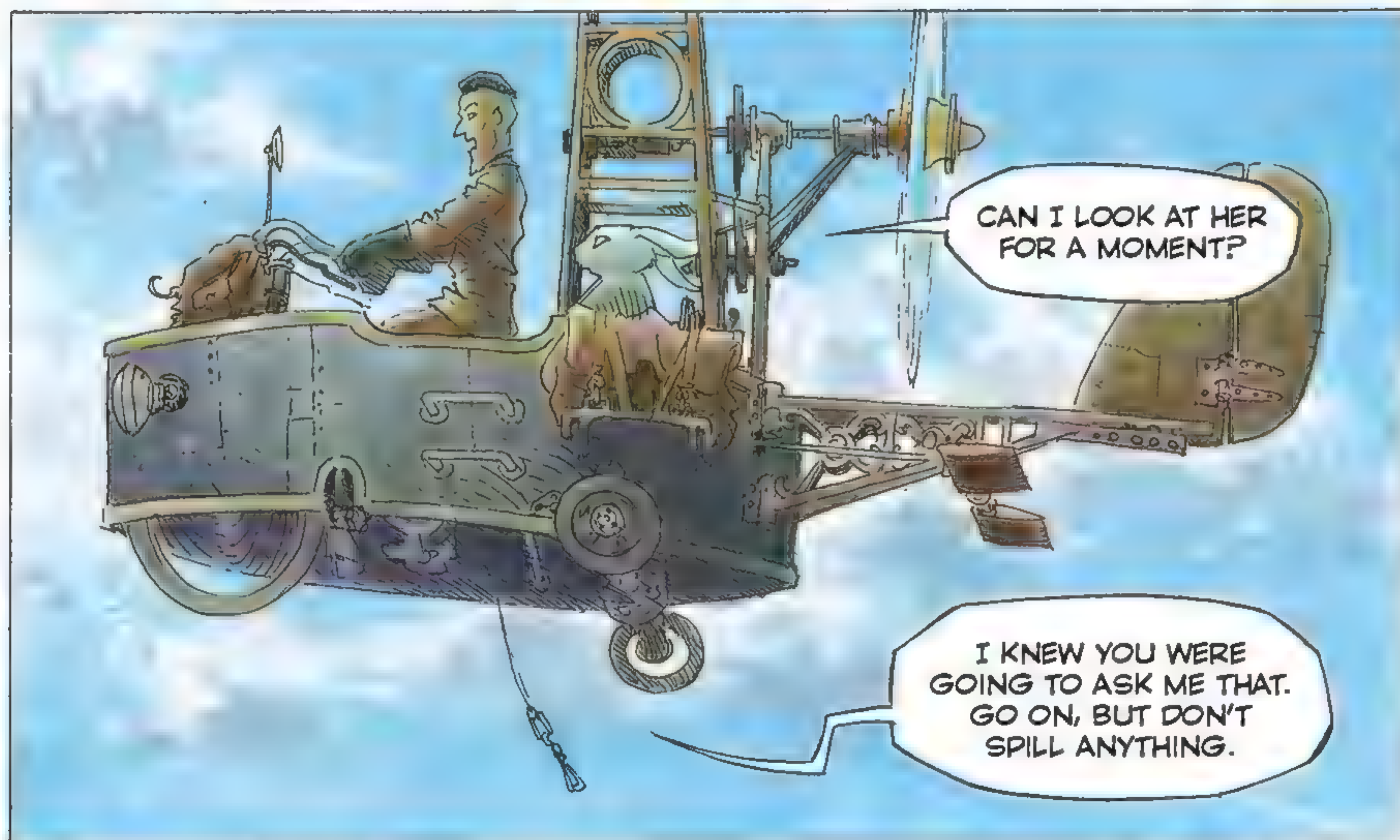
THAT YOU FELL FOR A PORTRAIT  
OF THIS CRIMINAL IS ONE THING.  
AND THAT YOU DECIDED TO DO  
EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO  
MEET HER AND ASK HER HAND  
IN MARRIAGE, THAT'S  
YOUR RIGHT.

TOTALLY IDIOTIC, BUT  
YOUR RIGHT.

ONLY I REMIND  
YOU!

I AM NOT BEING PAID  
TO FIND A BRIDE FOR ANYONE!  
I AM BEING PAID TO ARREST THIS  
MANIE GANZA AND BRING HER  
BACK TO QUEEN ETHER'S JAILS,  
WHERE SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE  
BEEN ABLE TO ESCAPE!

WELL I'LL JUST FINISH MY  
DAYS IN PRISON WITH HER. I'LL  
MESSAGE HER FEET AND WE'LL  
LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER. EITHER  
WAY MY MIND IS MADE UP -- ANY  
LIFE WITHOUT HER IN IT HAS NO  
MEANING.



CAN I LOOK AT HER  
FOR A MOMENT?

I KNEW YOU WERE  
GOING TO ASK ME THAT.  
GO ON, BUT DON'T  
SPILL ANYTHING.



SHE IS SO  
BEAUTIFUL.

NOTHING WILL  
EVER BE SO  
BEAUTIFUL.



AND OFF WE  
GO FOR ANOTHER  
ROUND OF GUSHING  
SENTIMENTALITY...



PFFT --  
SO YOU  
NEVER FEEL  
ANYTHING?



NO, MY BACK IS  
MAKING ME SUFFER LIKE  
A MARTYR AGAIN.



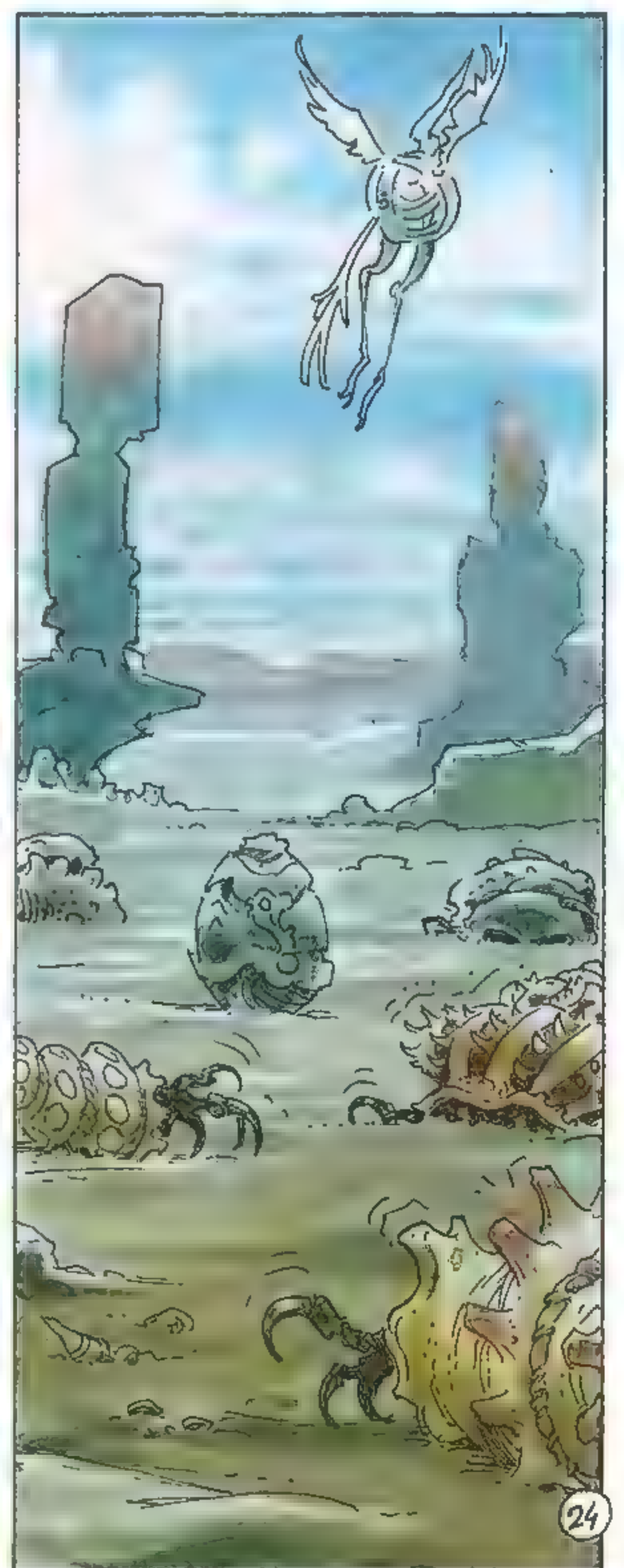
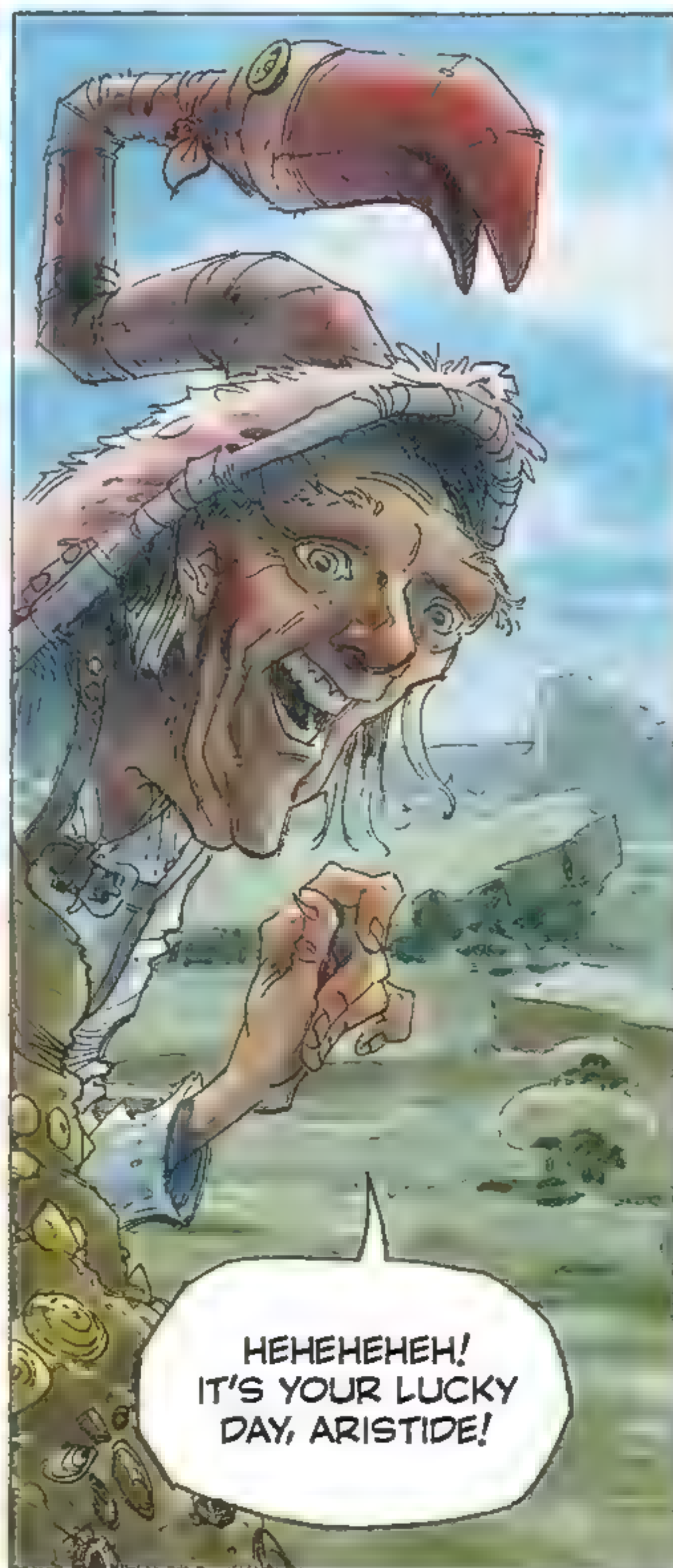
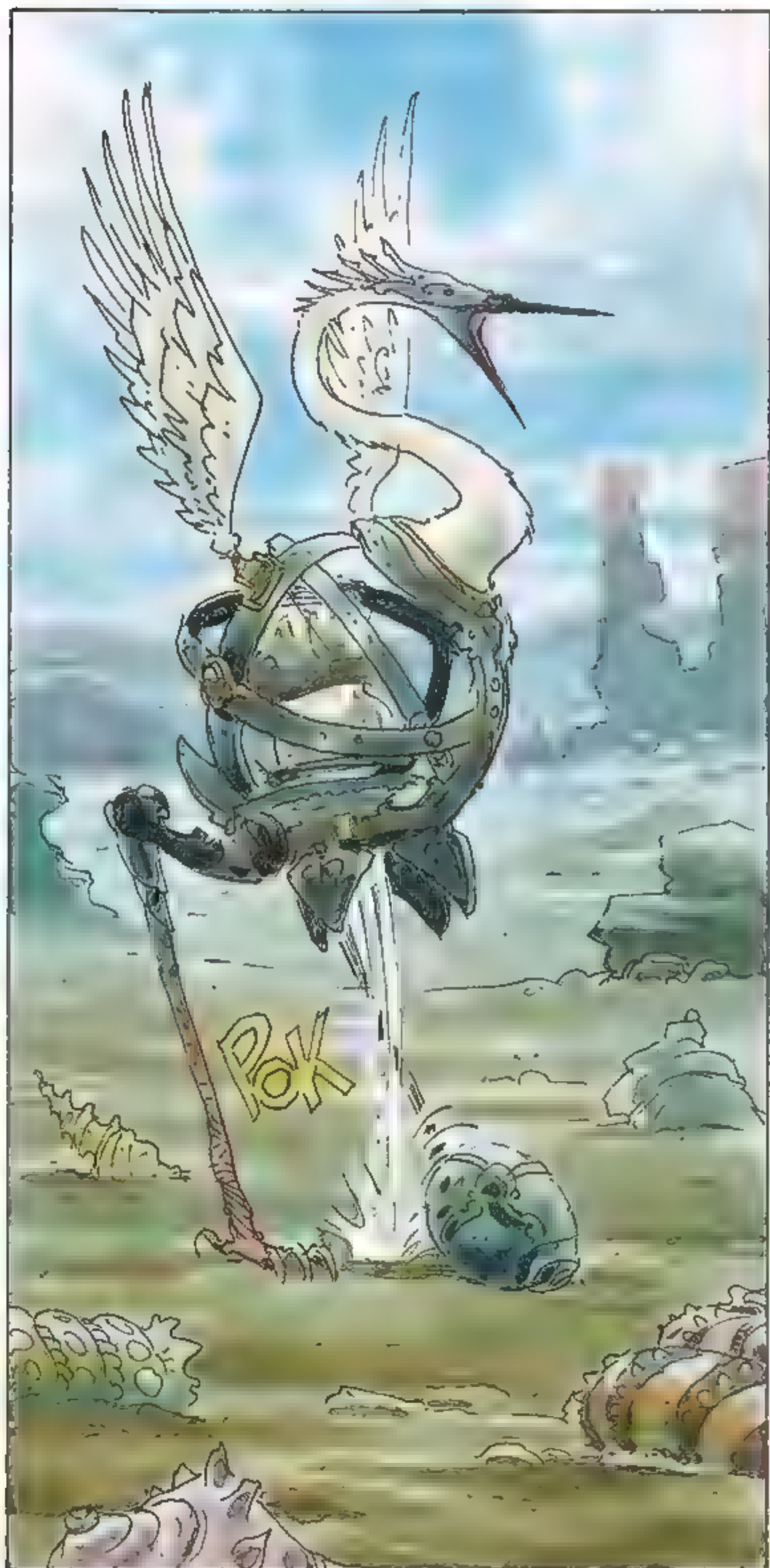
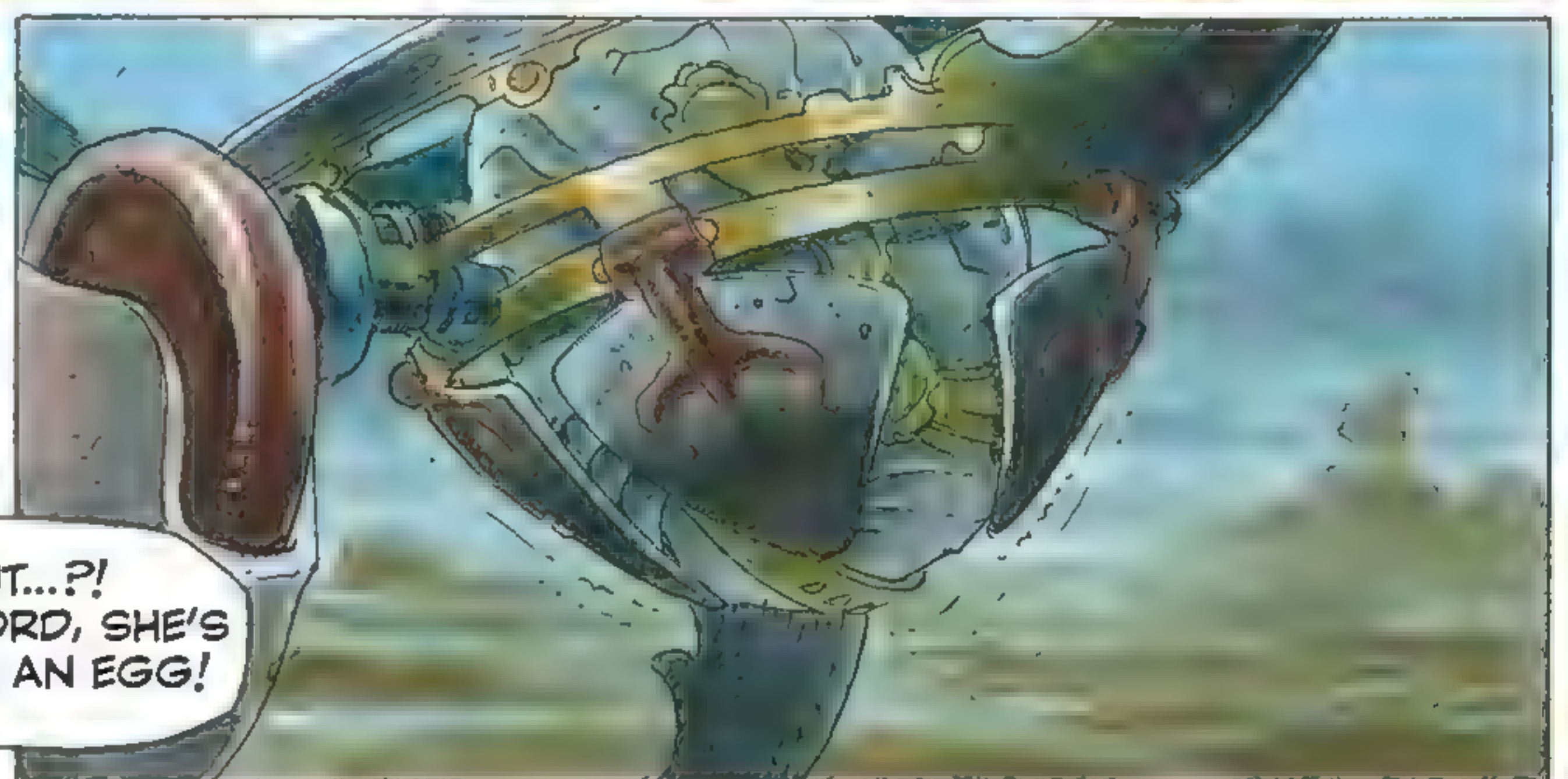
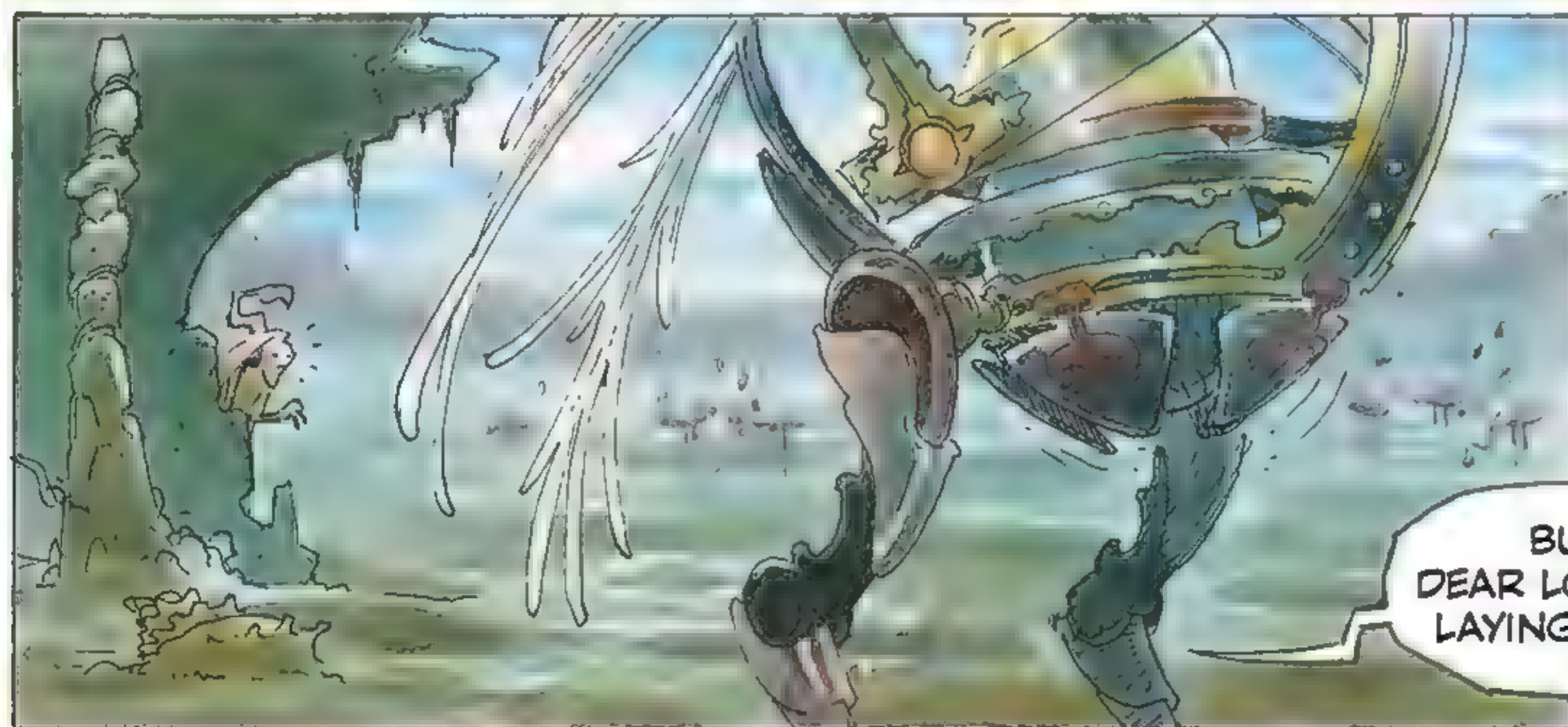
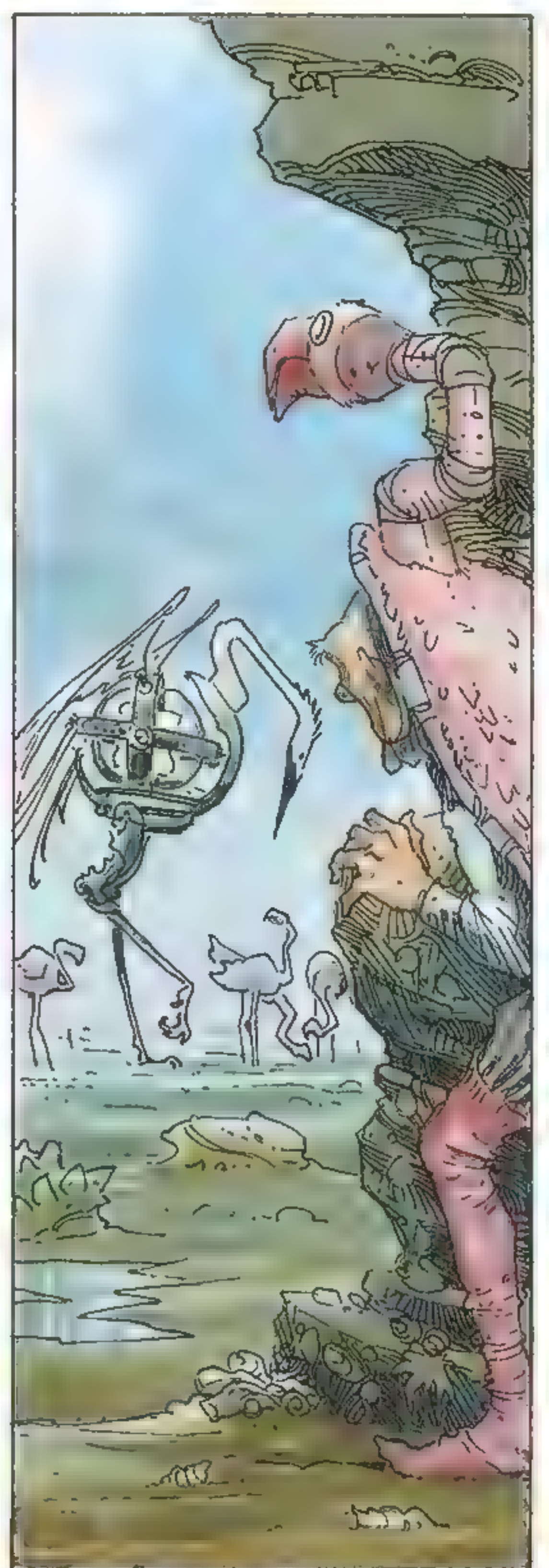
WOULD YOU MIND  
TRAMPLING OVER IT NEXT  
TIME WE STOP?



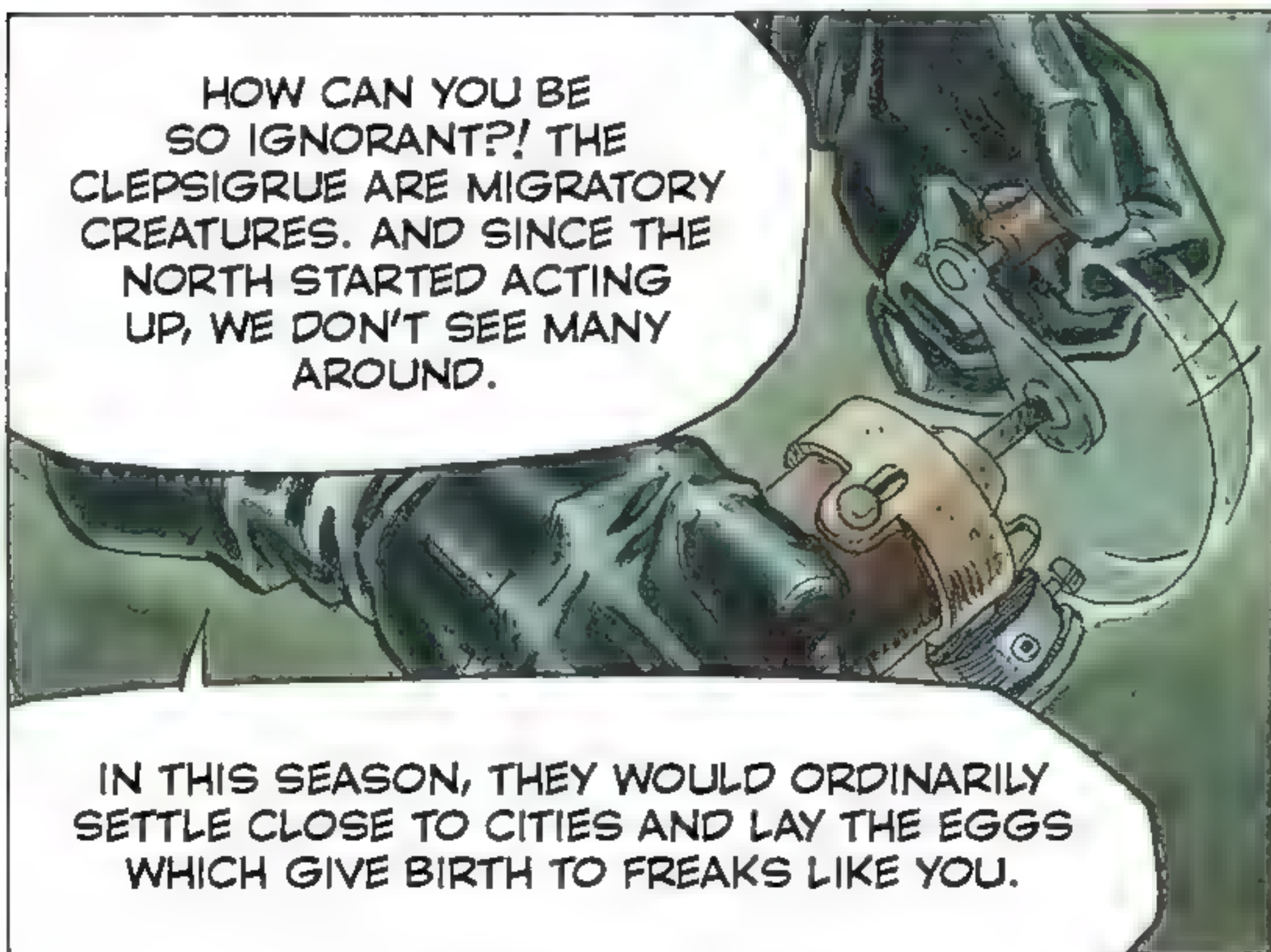
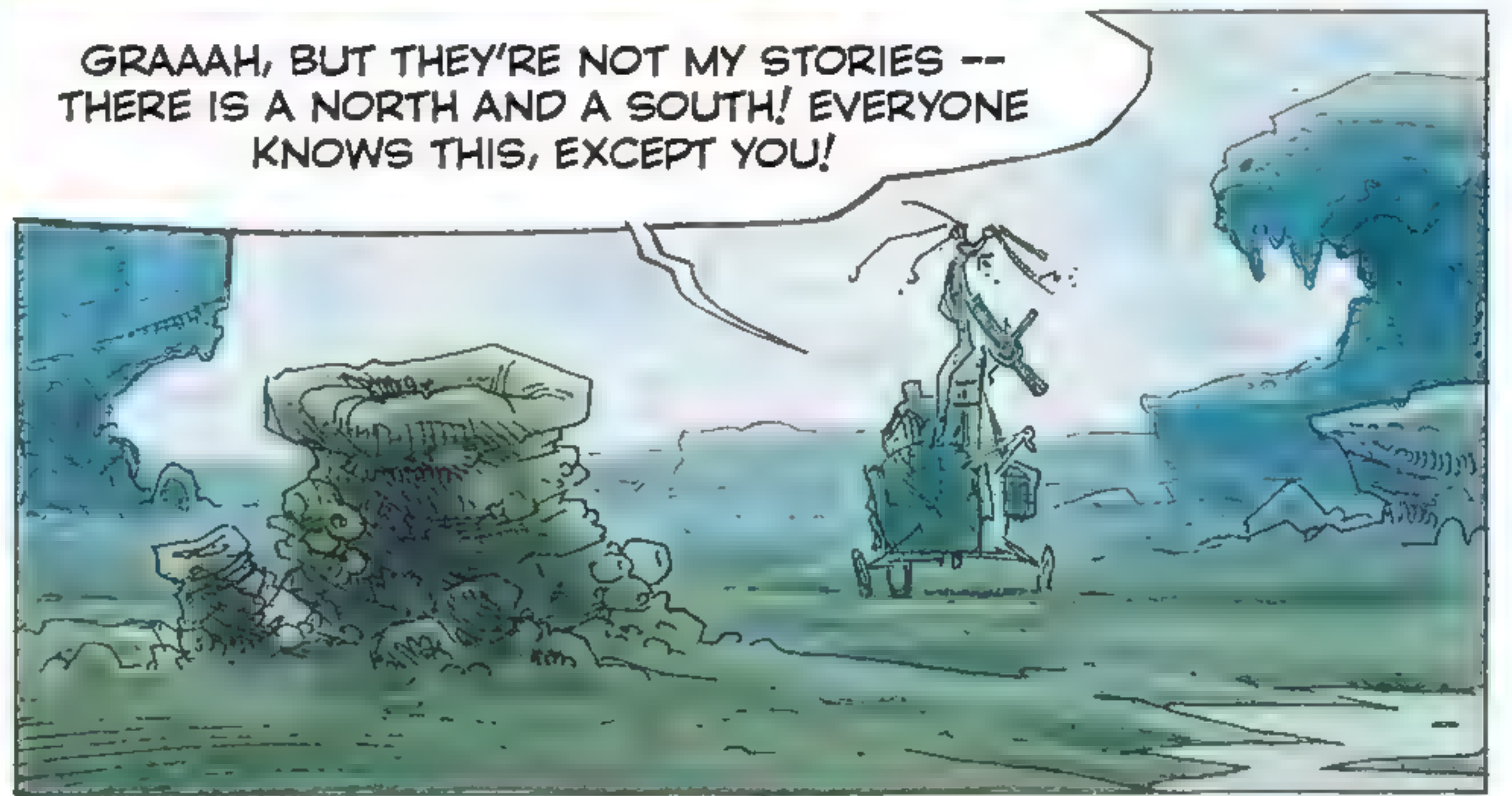
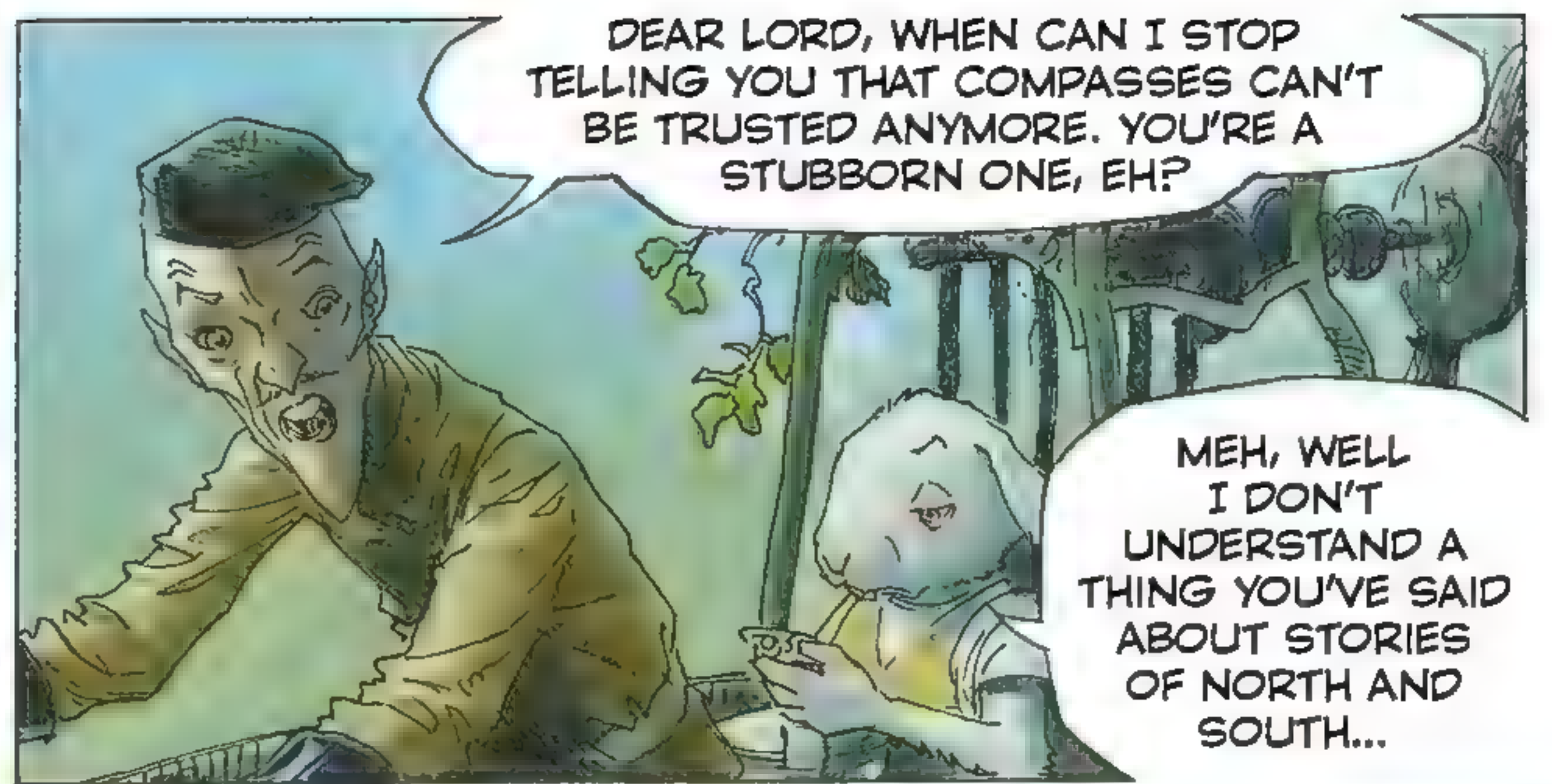
WITH  
PLEASURE,  
MAJOR.



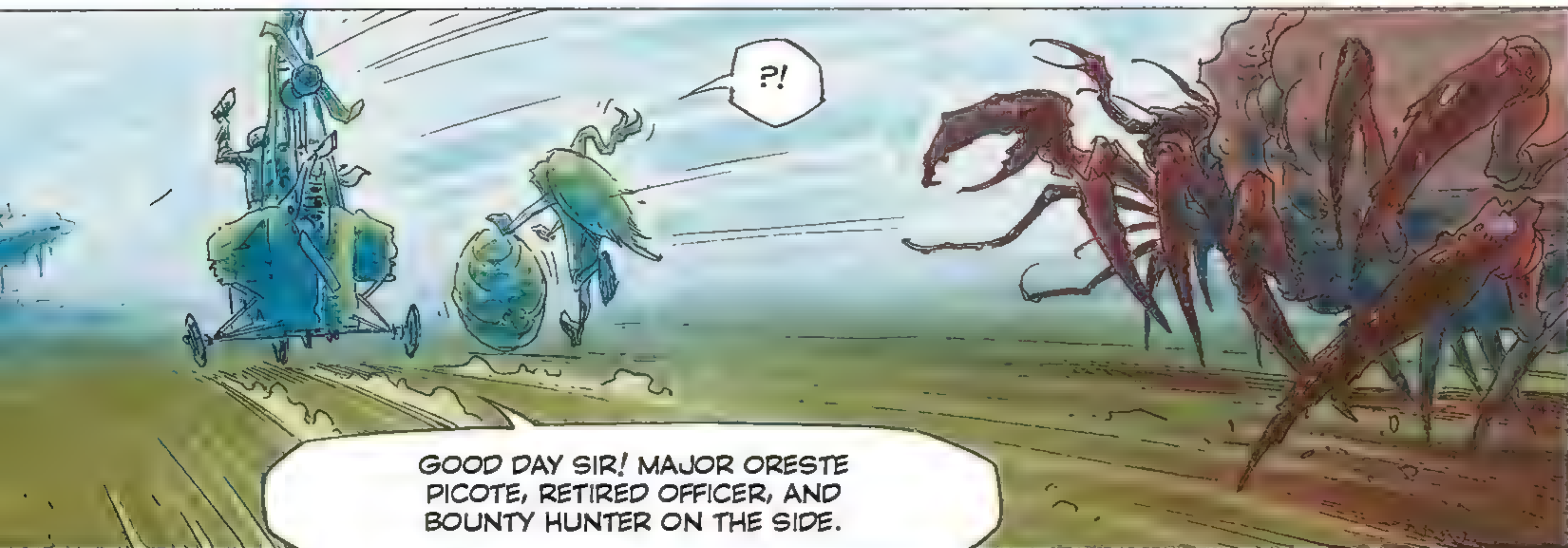




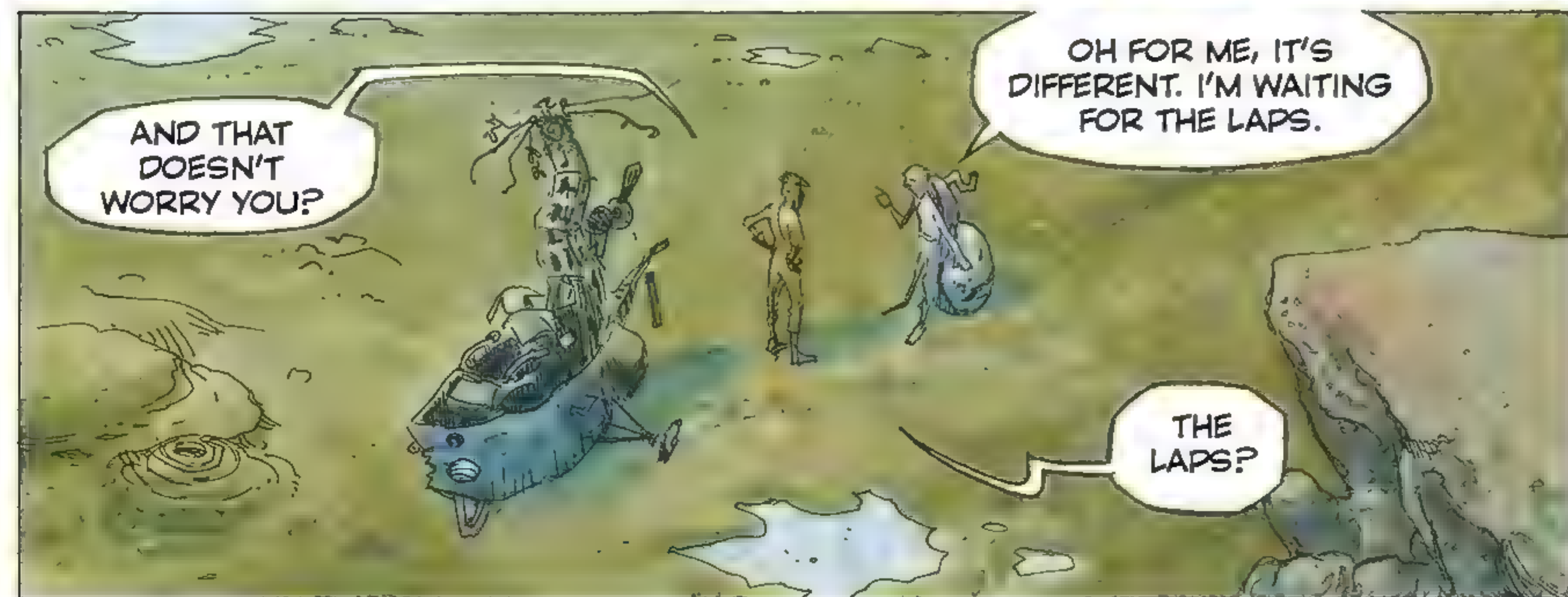
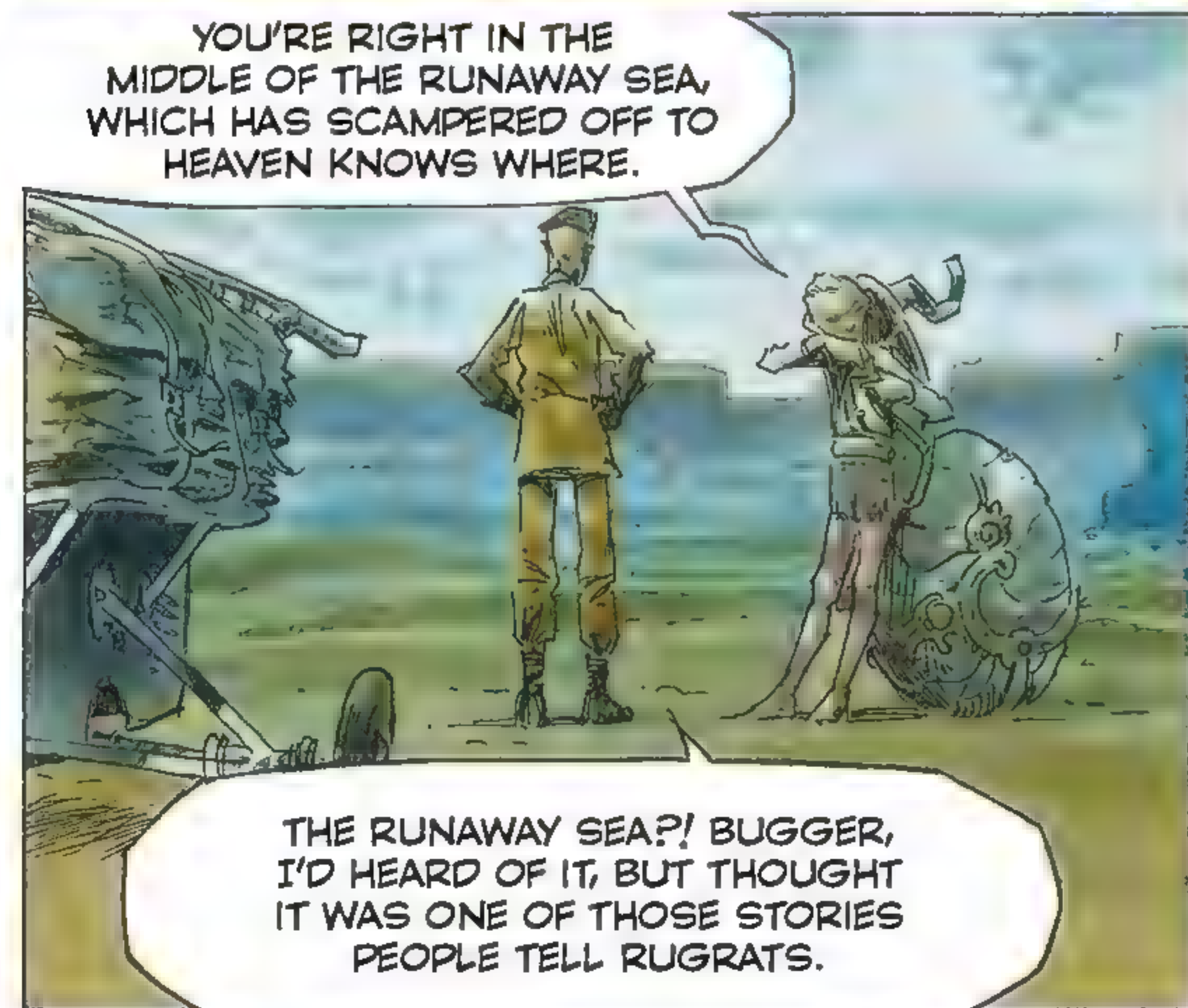
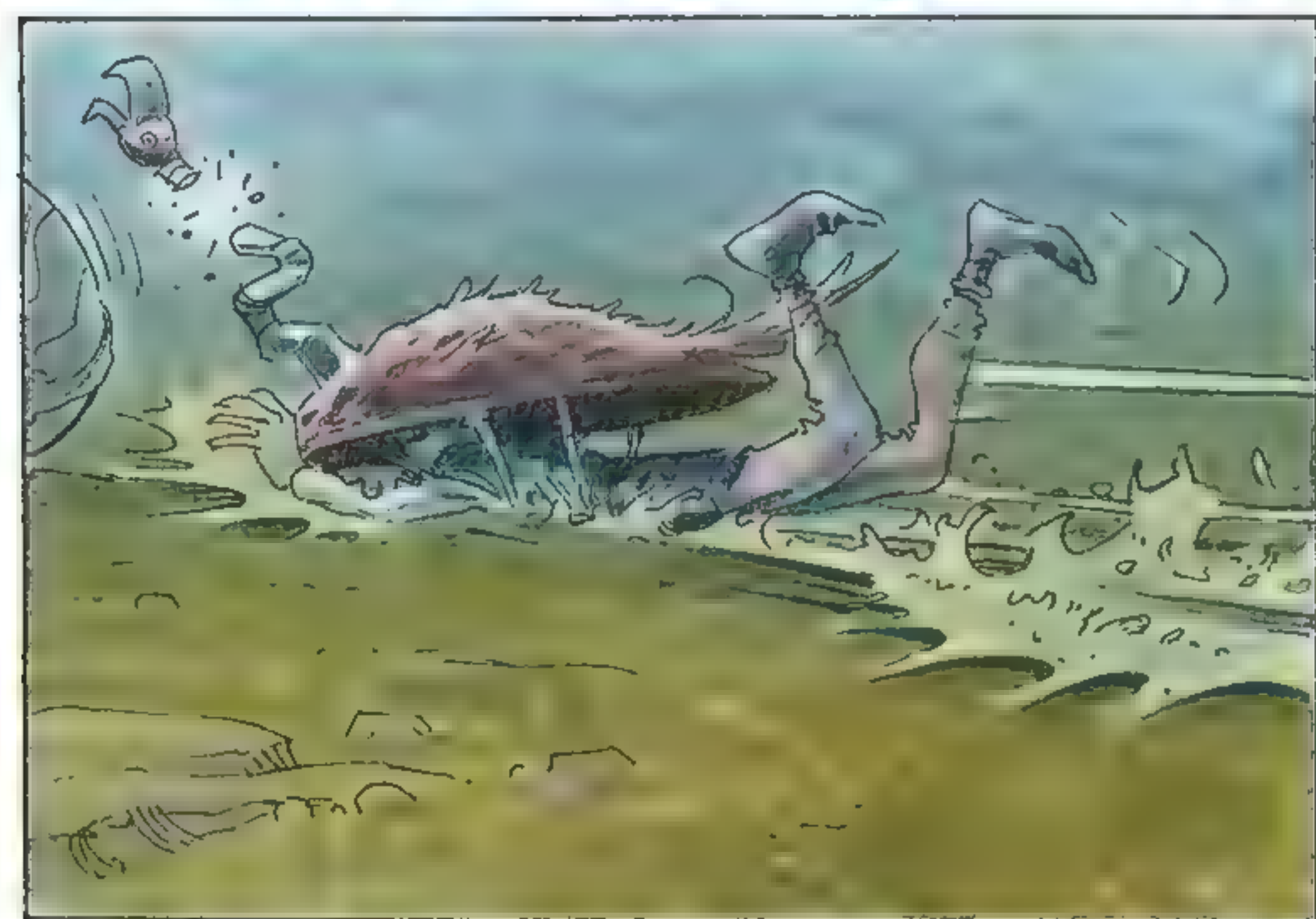




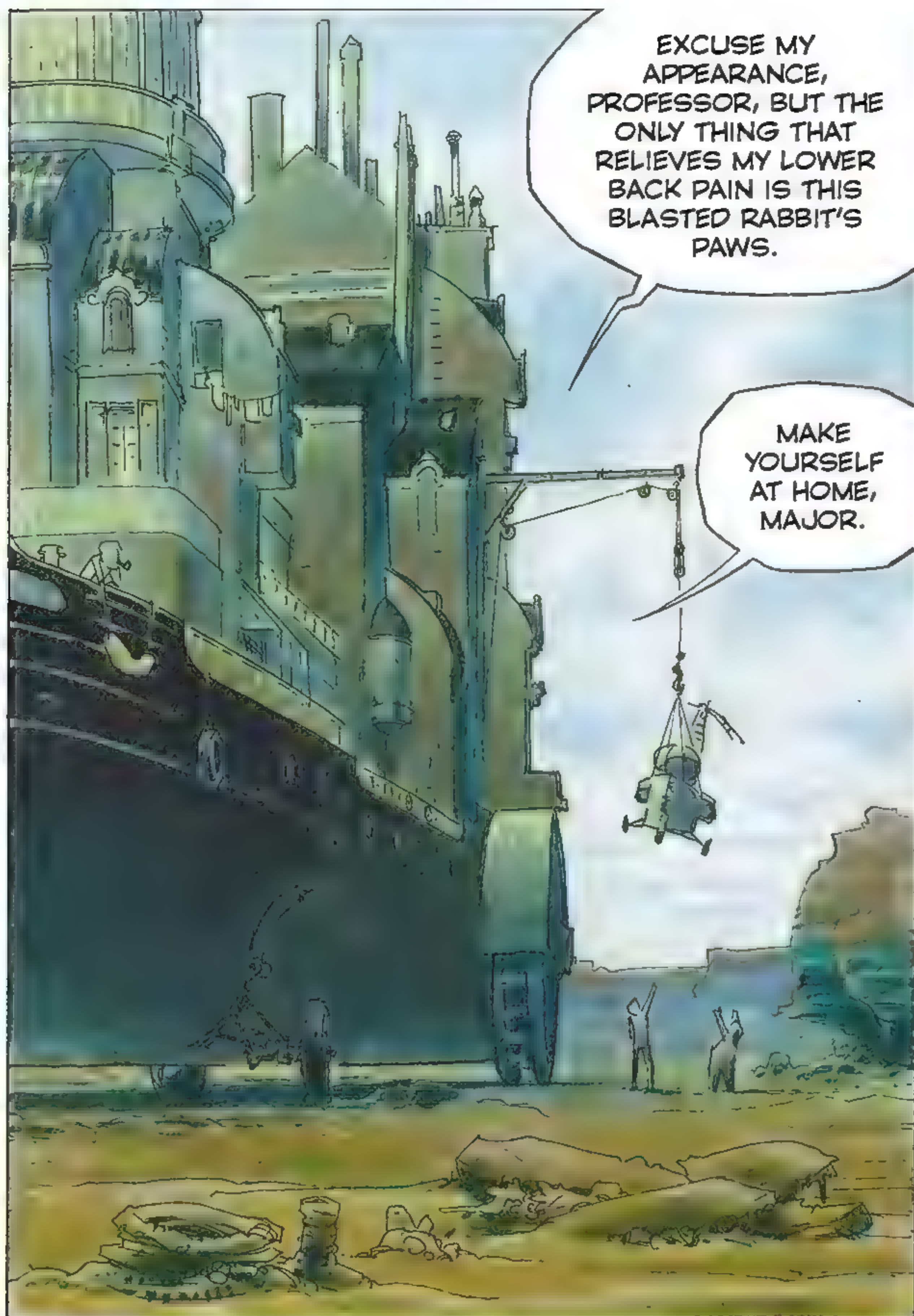




GOOD DAY SIR! MAJOR ORESTE PICOTE, RETIRED OFFICER, AND BOUNTY HUNTER ON THE SIDE.

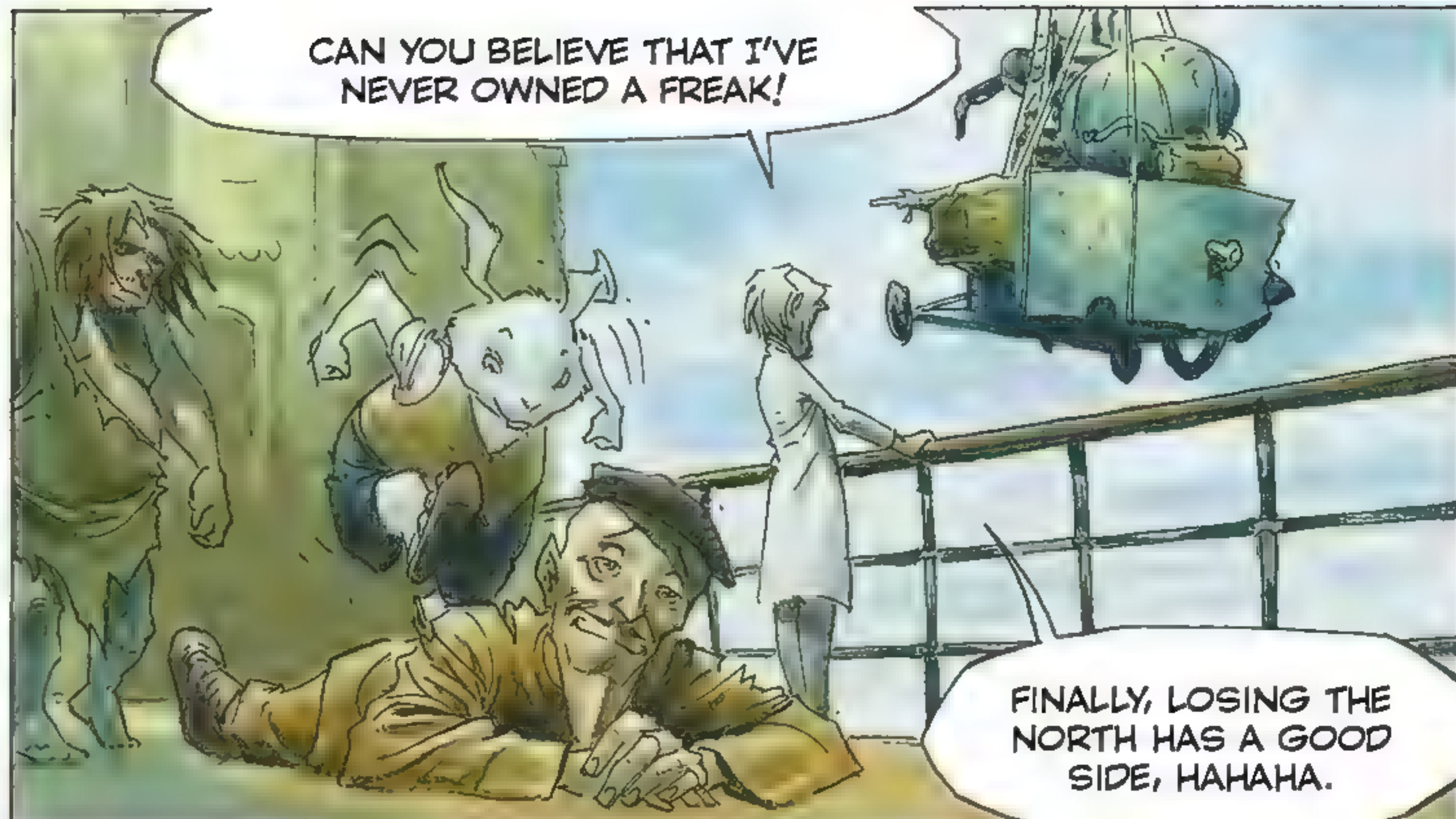






EXCUSE MY APPEARANCE, PROFESSOR, BUT THE ONLY THING THAT RELIEVES MY LOWER BACK PAIN IS THIS BLASTED RABBIT'S PAWS.

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, MAJOR.



CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT I'VE NEVER OWNED A FREAK!

FINALLY, LOSING THE NORTH HAS A GOOD SIDE, HAHHA.



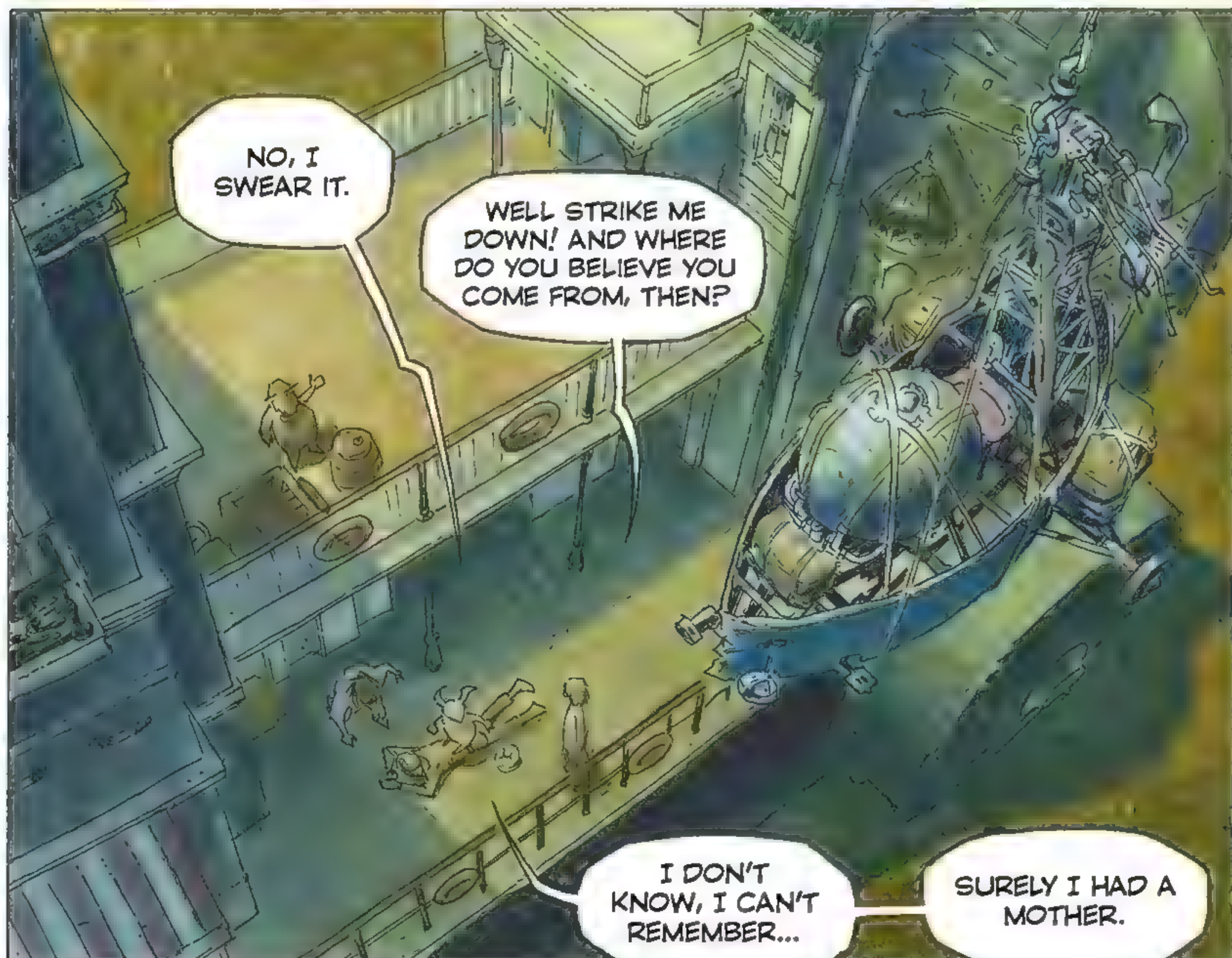
WHAT'S A FREAK, EXACTLY?

ARF! THERE HE GOES AT IT AGAIN. IT'S ANNOYING!



WHAT NOW?

IT'S MADDENING! WOULD YOU BELIEVE HE'S CONVINCED HIMSELF HE'S NOT A FREAK. ACCORDING TO HIM, HE WAS NEVER BORN FROM A CLEPSIGRUE.



NO, I SWEAR IT.

WE'LL STRIKE ME DOWN! AND WHERE DO YOU BELIEVE YOU COME FROM, THEN?

I DON'T KNOW, I CAN'T REMEMBER...

SURELY I HAD A MOTHER.



I'VE ALREADY EXPLAINED TO HIM A HUNDRED TIMES! BUT HE REFUSES TO TAKE IT IN.

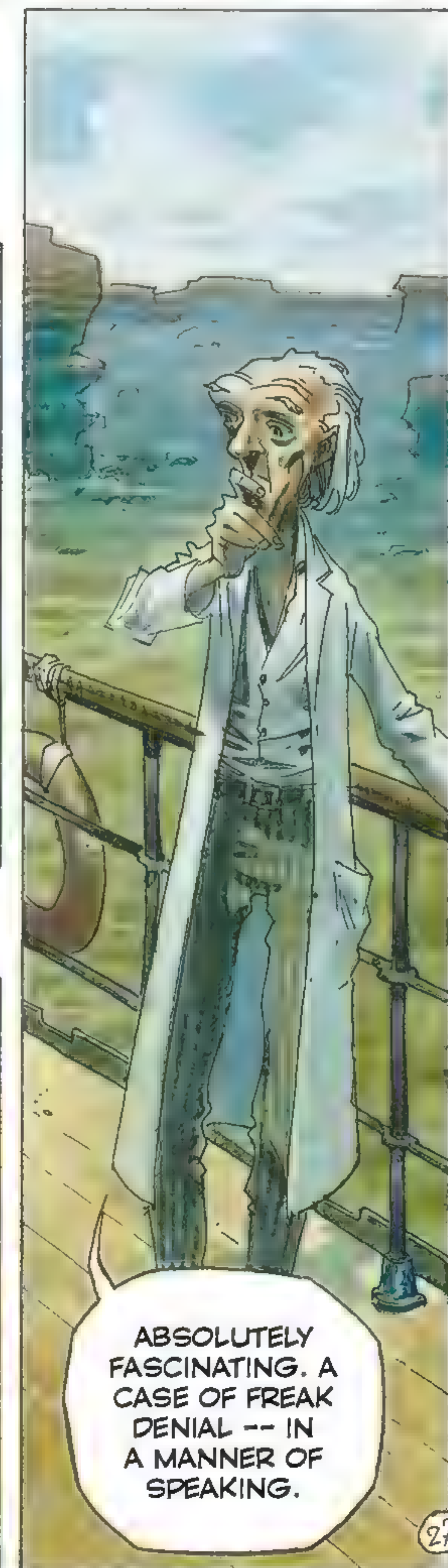
SNIF SNIF!

I'M HAPPY TO BE A FREAK IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY, BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT I'VE GOT ALL THE ATTRIBUTES OF A RABBIT.



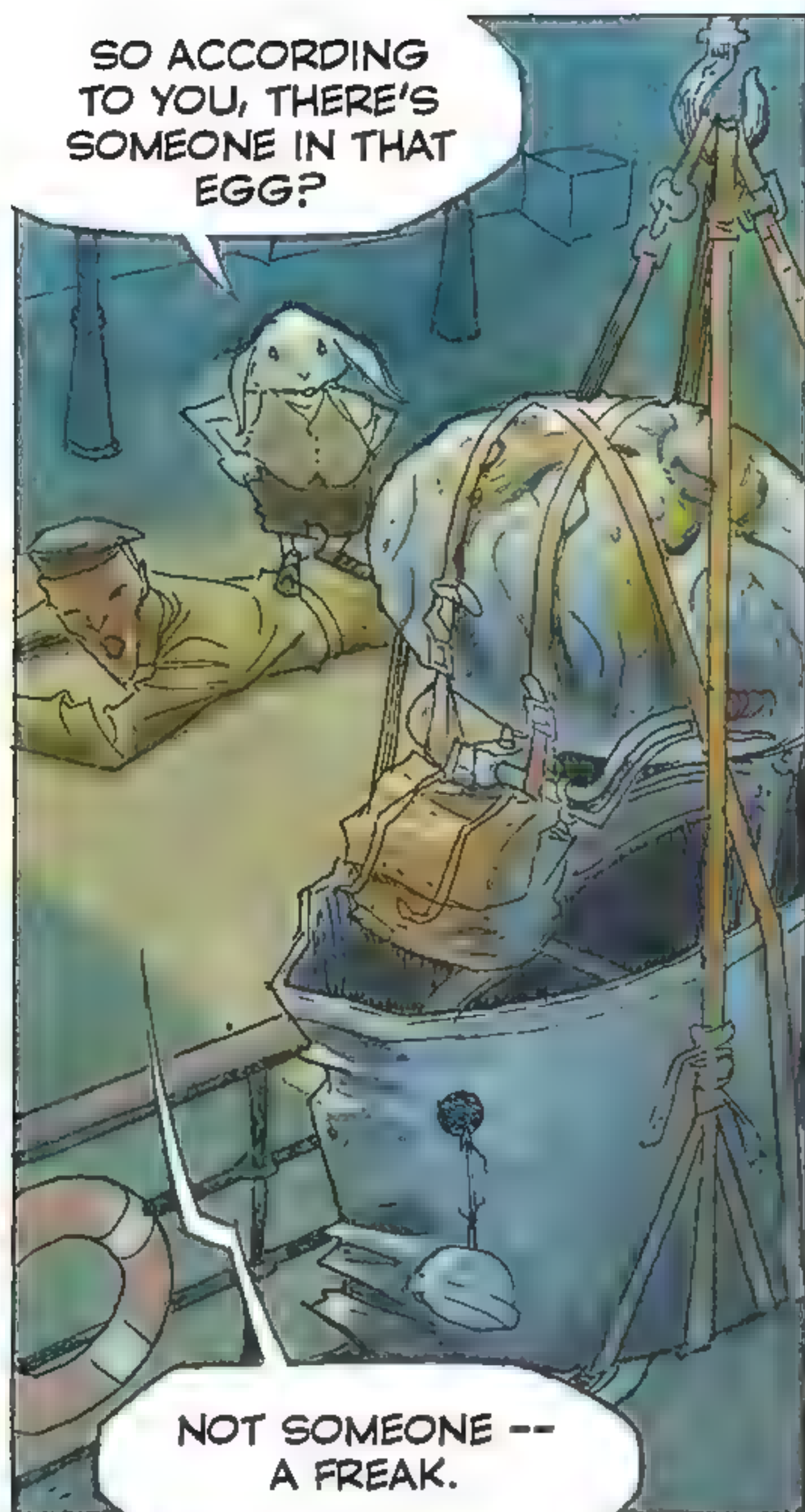
RABBITS DO NOT TALK. ONLY FREAKS WHO LOOK LIKE RABBITS CAN TALK!

AND YOU'RE ALSO FAR TOO FAT...



ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING. A CASE OF FREAK DENIAL -- IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.





SO ACCORDING TO YOU, THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT EGG?

NOT SOMEONE -- A FREAK.



LOOK, THE RUNAWAY SEA IS COMING BACK. YOU HAD A CLOSE SHAVE. FOLLOW ME.



WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU STUDY, PROFESSOR?



CHRONOPTÈRES!

EXCUSE ME?

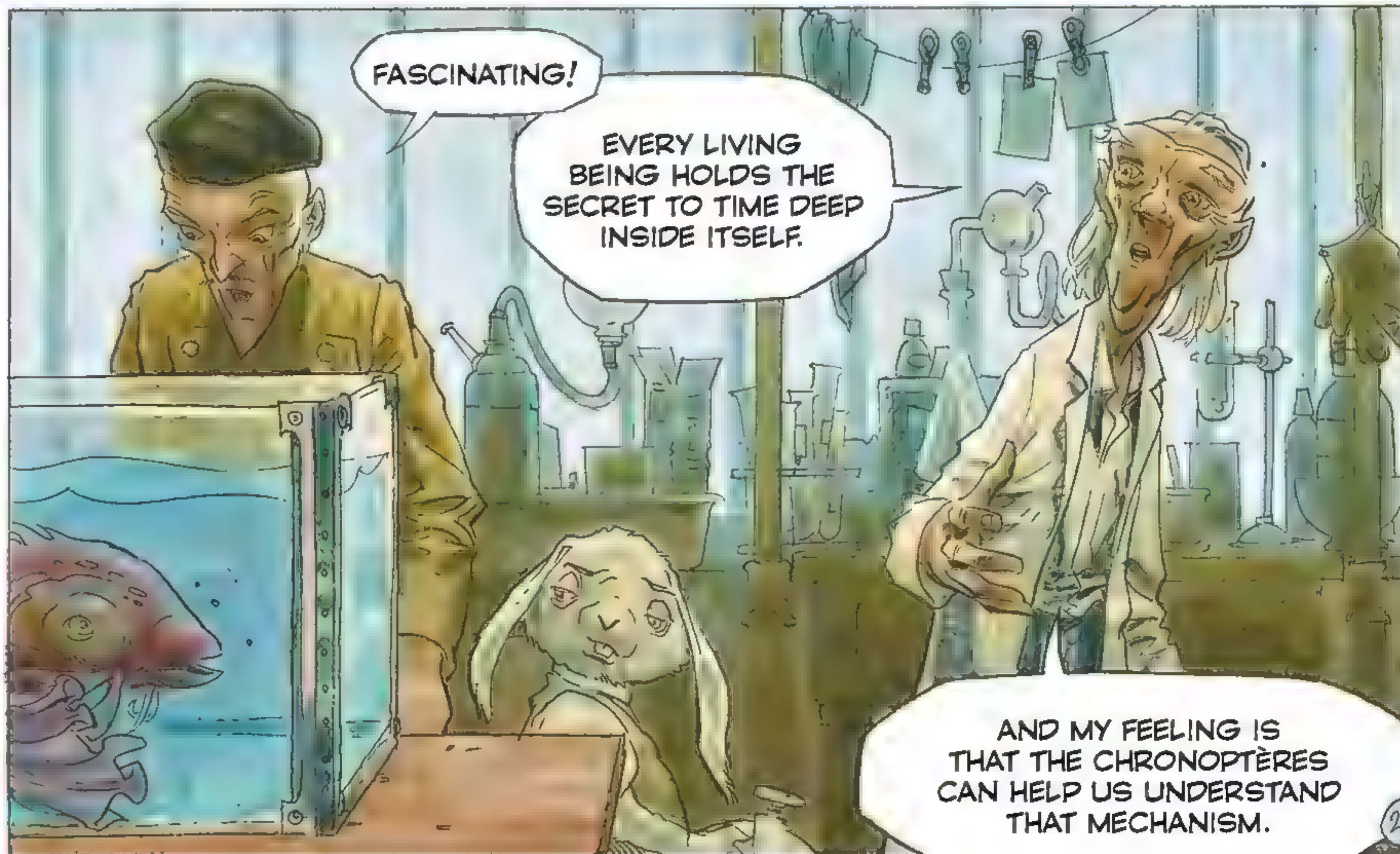
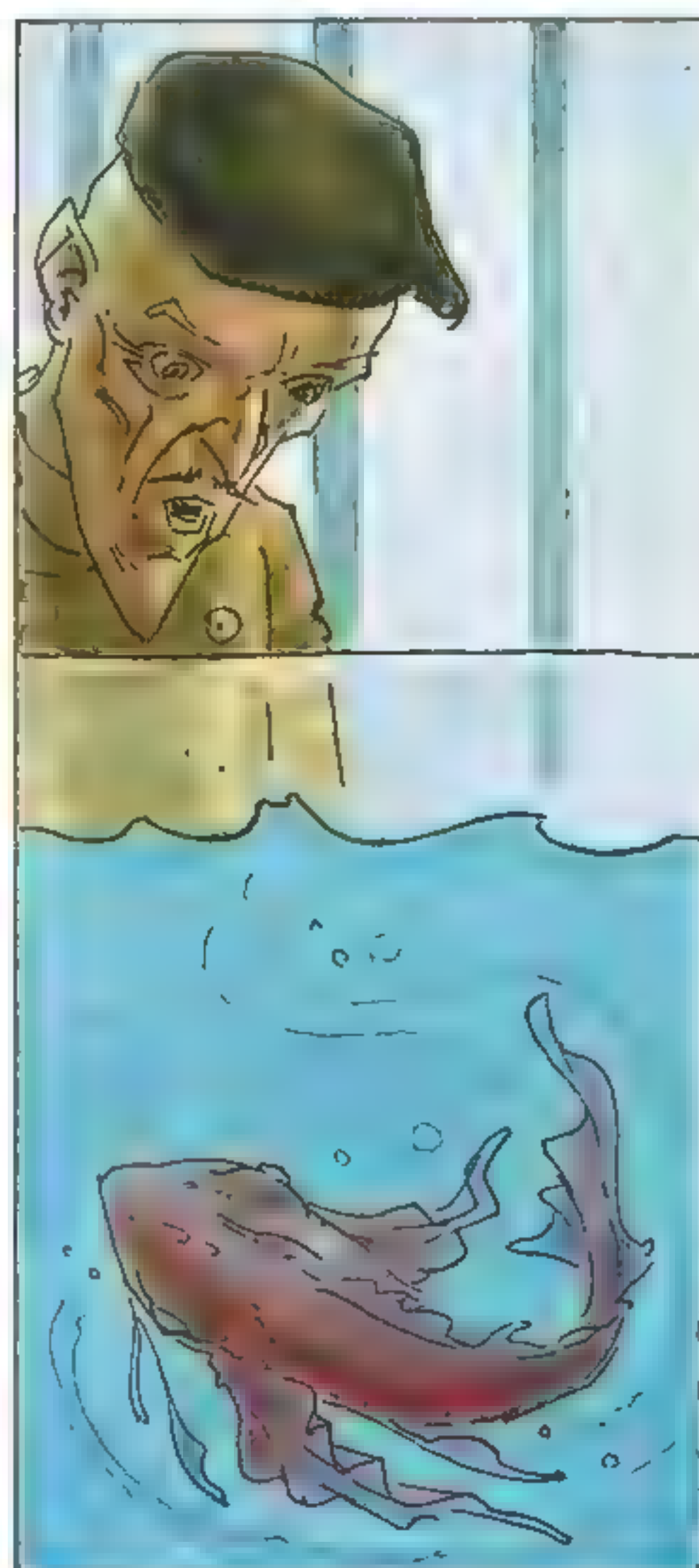
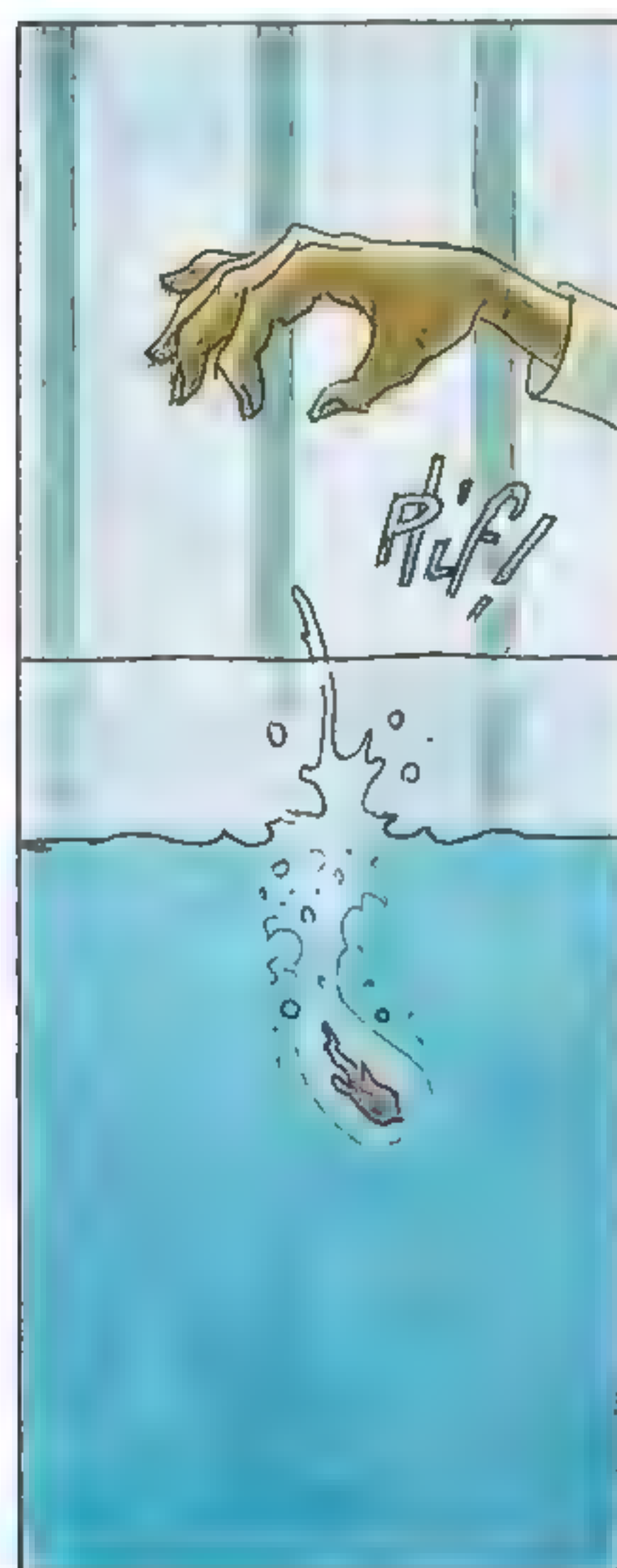


WELL YOU SEE, A CERTAIN NUMBER OF LIVING BEINGS HAVE A CLOSE TIE WITH TIME. THESE ARE CHRONOPTÈRES. THEY HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON -- THEY POSSESS THE POWER TO FLY.

OH I SEE -- YOU MEAN CREATURES LIKE THE CLEPSIGRUE?



THE CLEPSIGRUE IS INDEED A CHRONOPTÈRE. BUT THERE EXIST PLENTY OF OTHERS. FOR EXAMPLE, BEHOLD THE EXOCHRON, A SURPRISING FLYING FISH...

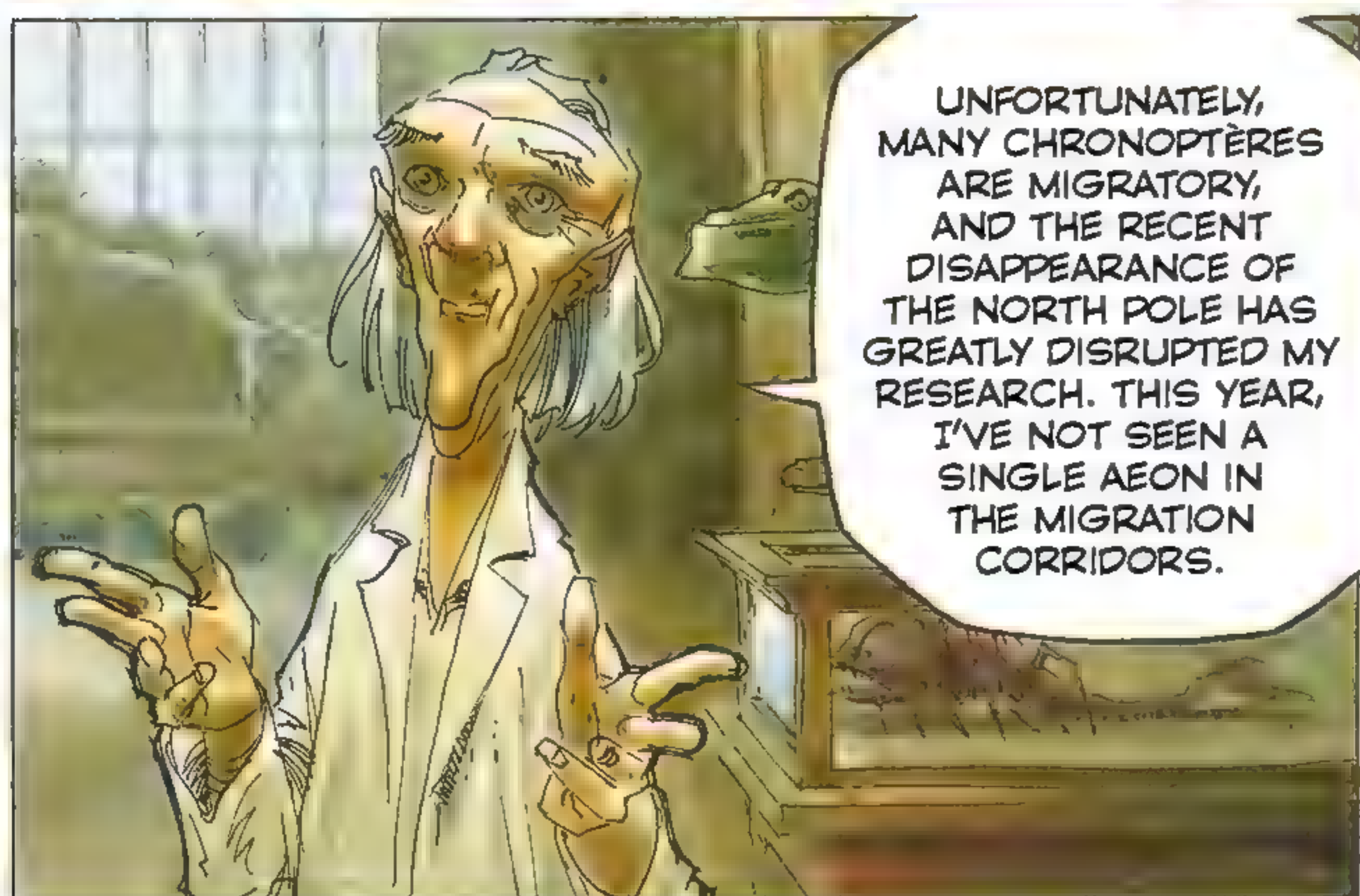
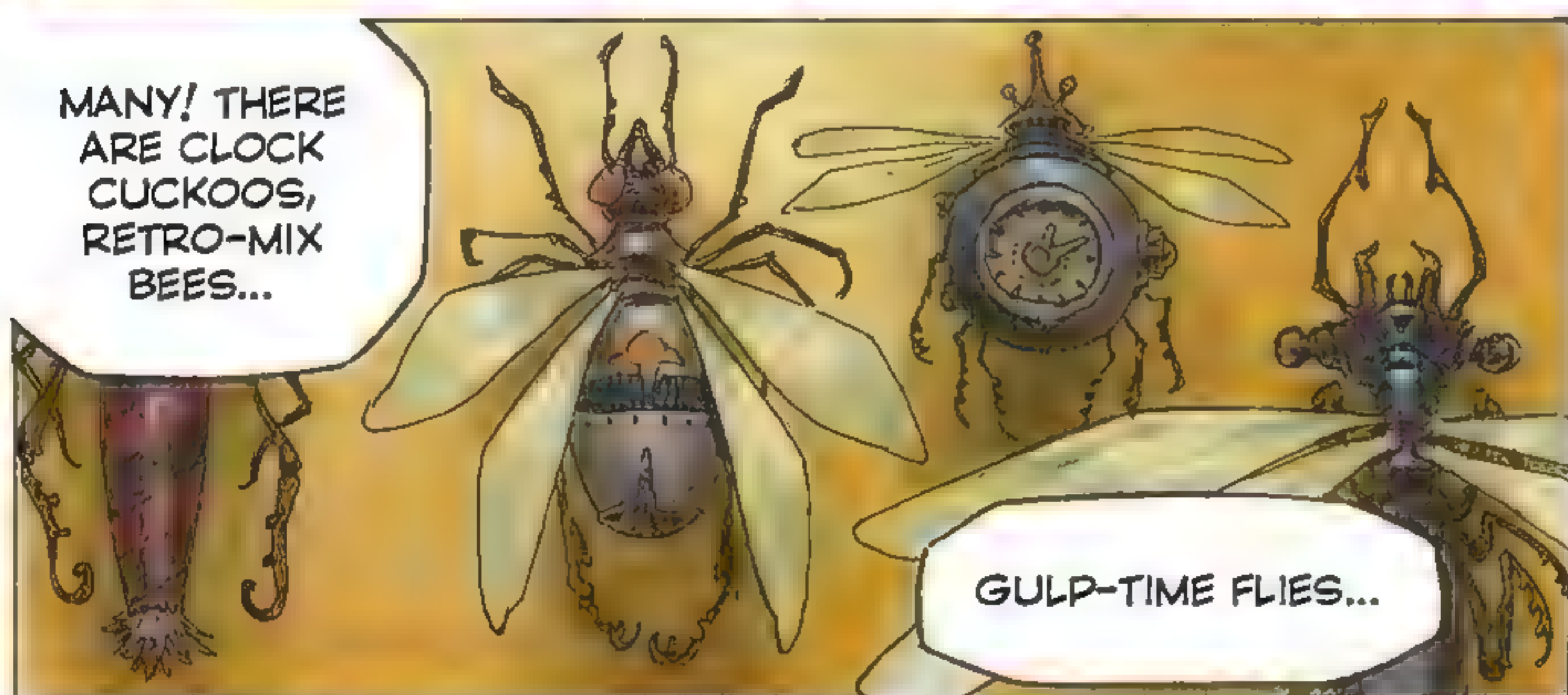


FASCINATING!

EVERY LIVING BEING HOLDS THE SECRET TO TIME DEEP INSIDE ITSELF.

AND MY FEELING IS THAT THE CHRONOPTÈRES CAN HELP US UNDERSTAND THAT MECHANISM.









BUT I MUST SURELY  
BE BORING YOU  
WITH ALL THIS?

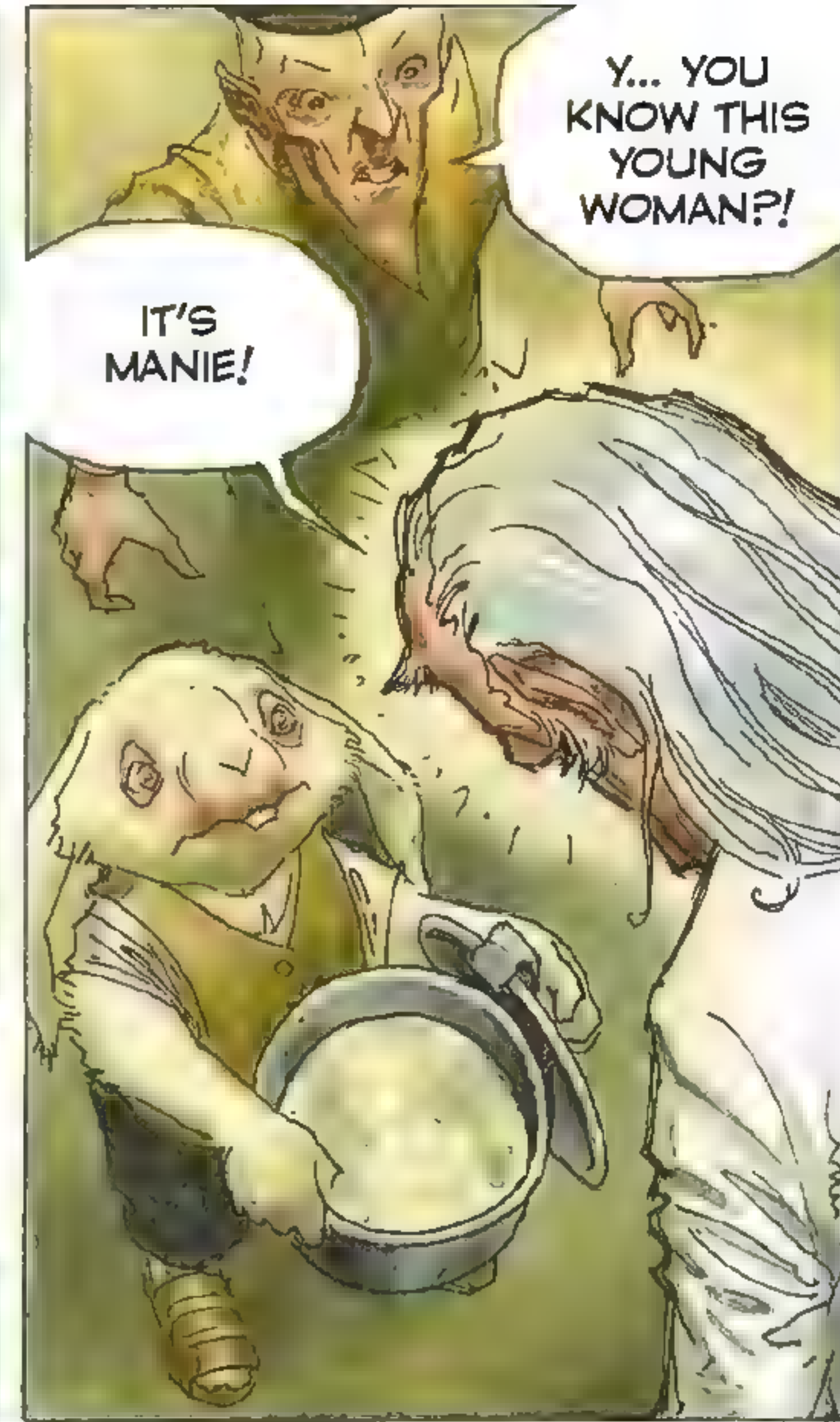


THE DIVINE  
CREATURE OF THE  
COOKING POT!

A DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL.

GOOD GRIEF!  
A CAPTIVE REFLECTION!  
IT'S SURELY THE WORK OF  
ANOTHER CHRONOPTÈRE  
-- THE MÉMORANTÈLE  
DRAGONFLY, WHO...

WAIT...?!



Y... YOU  
KNOW THIS  
YOUNG  
WOMAN?!

IT'S  
MANIE!

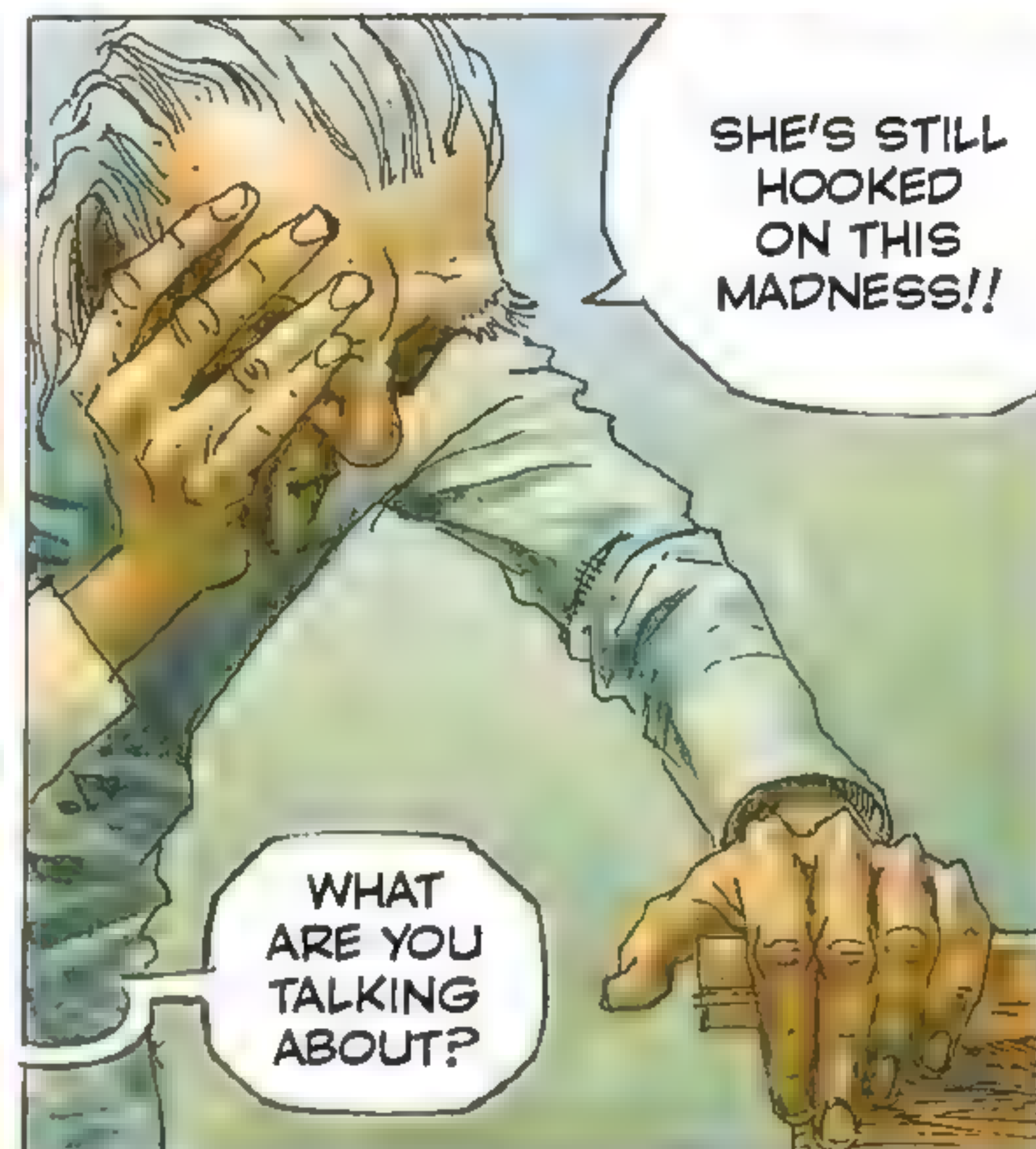


DO I KNOW HER? SHE WAS MY STUDENT  
SEVERAL YEARS AGO AND...

YES WELL, SHE'S INVOLVED IN  
CRIME NOW. SHE STEALS CRÔNES FROM  
ACROSS THE WORLD.



CRÔNES?!



SHE'S STILL  
HOOKED  
ON THIS  
MADNESS!!

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?



THE BANK OF TIME!  
A DELUSION!  
A...

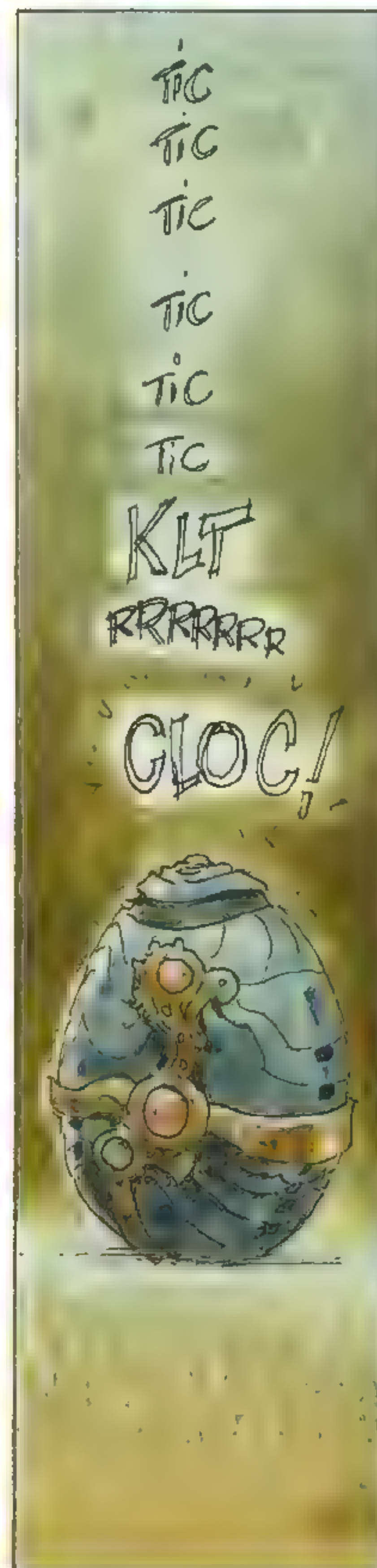
PR...  
PROFESSOR...?!

ARGH!



OH MY! 72  
YEARS WITHOUT  
A WORRY, AND  
NOW, BAM.

HELP ME,  
WE'LL LAY HIM OUT  
ON THE COUCH...

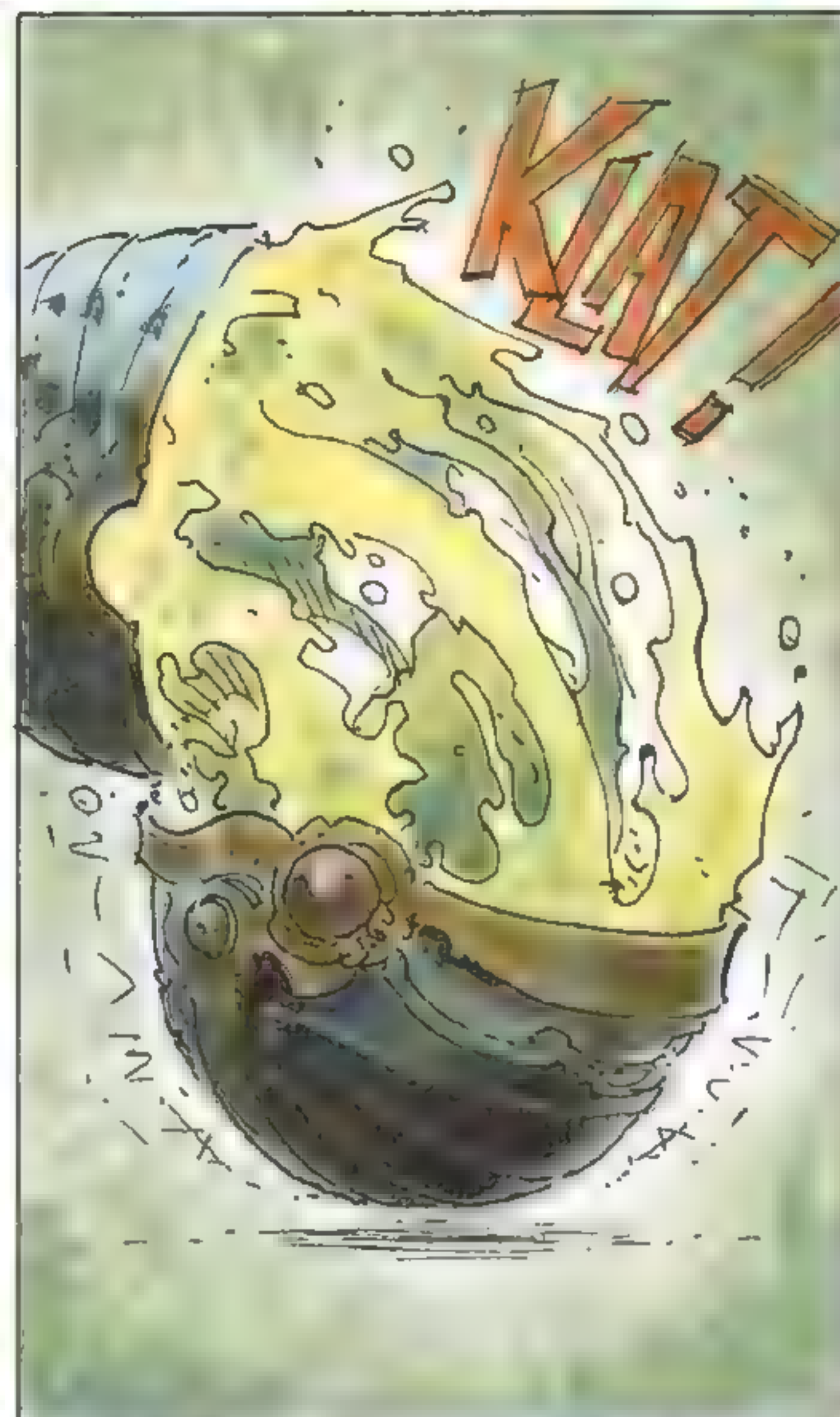
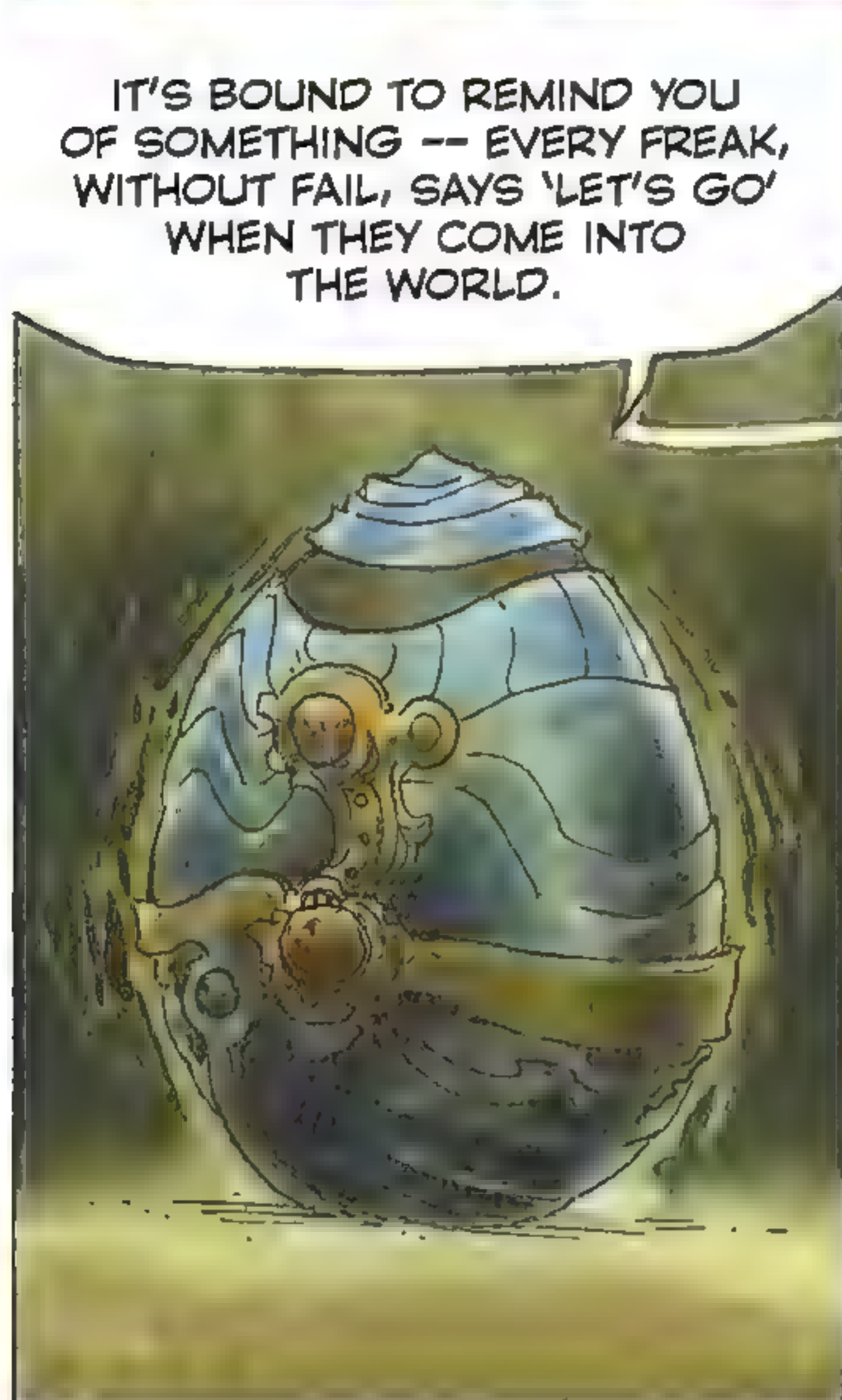


TIC  
TIC  
TIC  
TIC  
TIC  
TIC  
KLT  
RRRRRR  
GLOC!

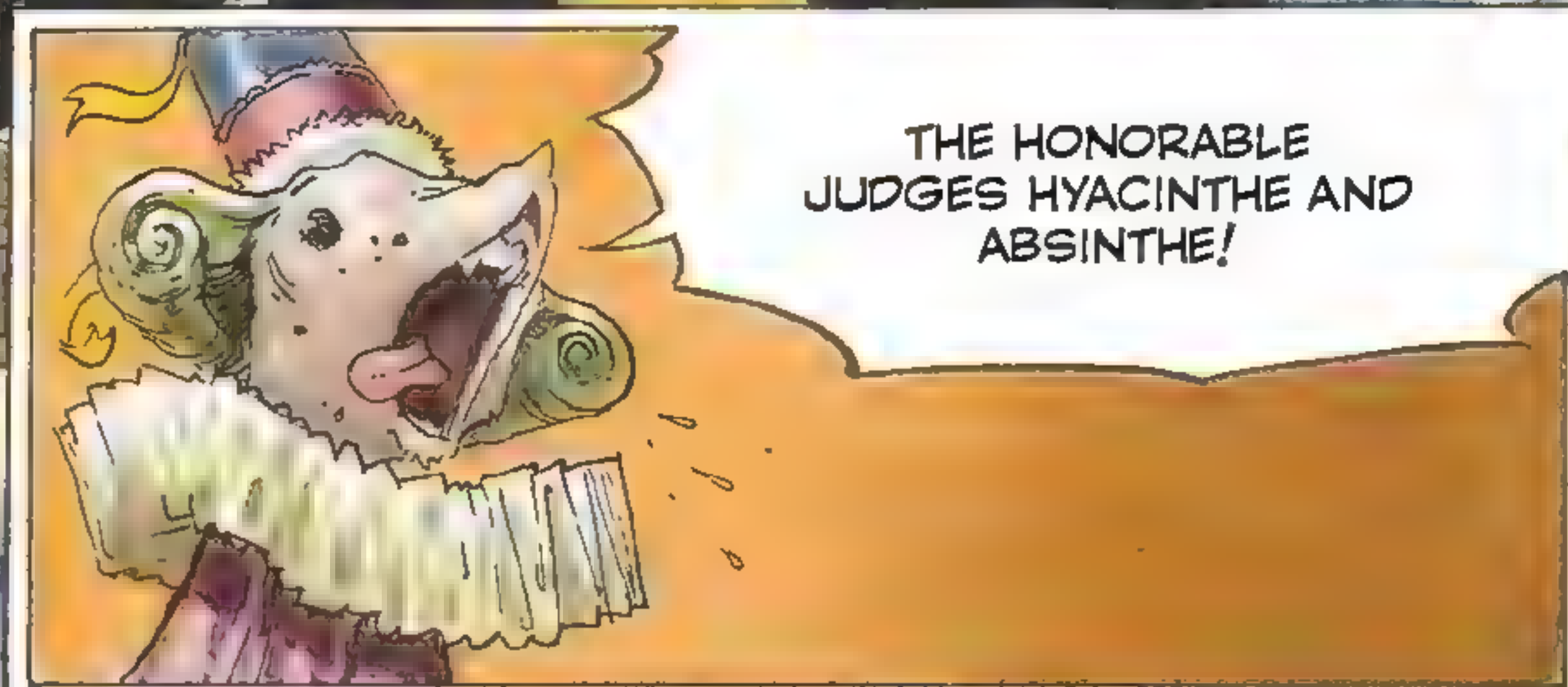


THIS GUY  
PICKED HIS  
MOMENT!

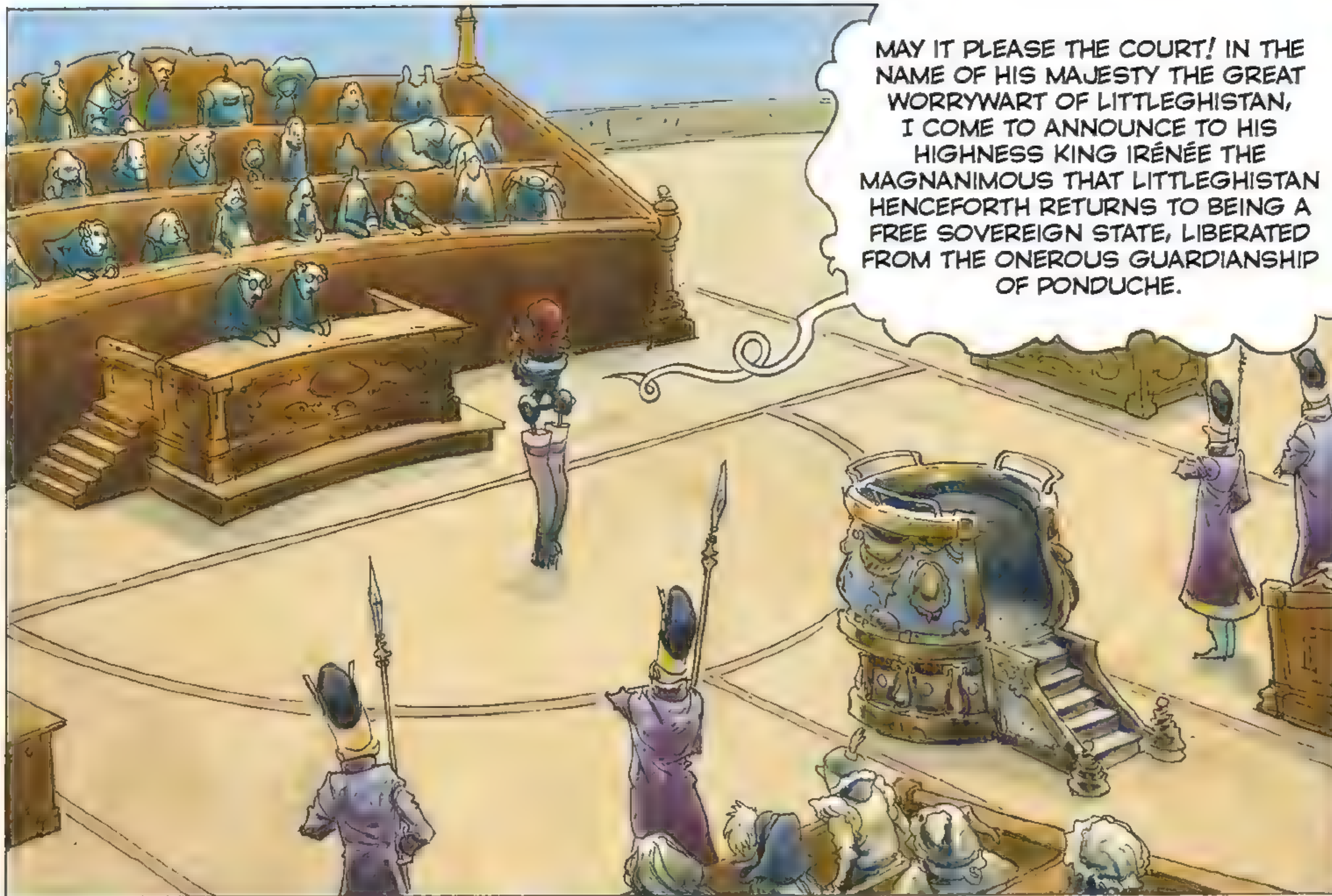




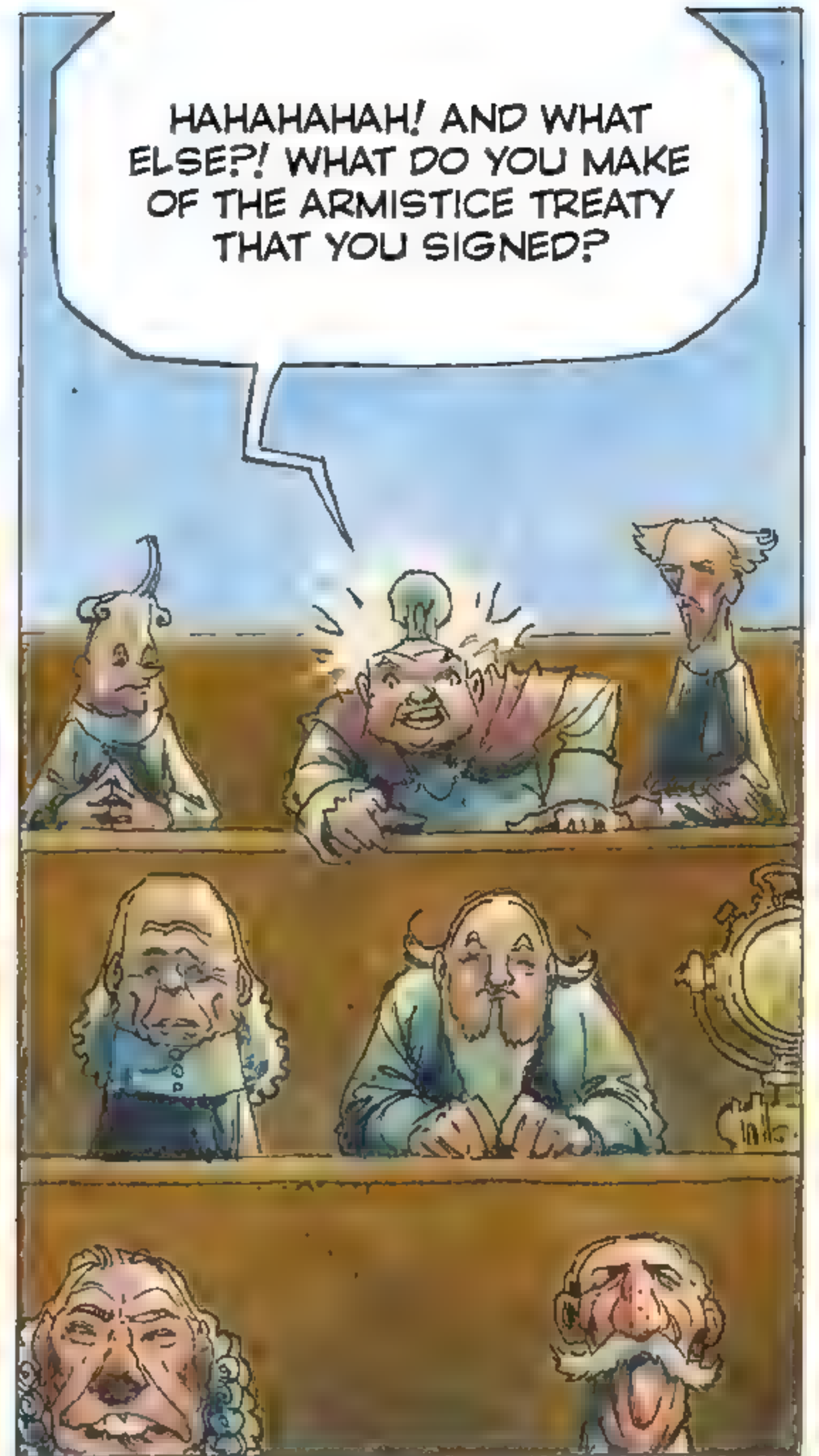




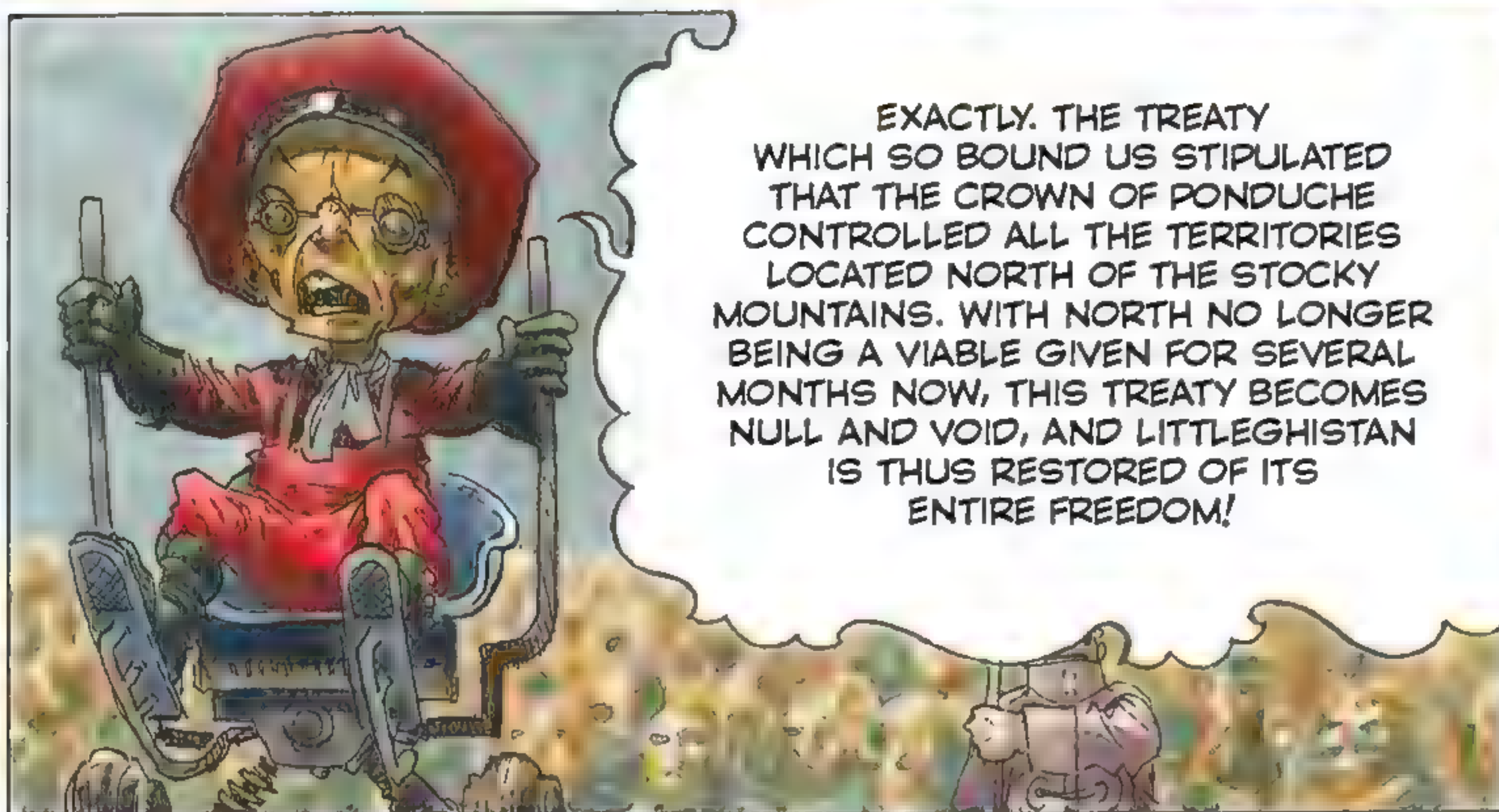




MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT! IN THE NAME OF HIS MAJESTY THE GREAT WORRYWART OF LITTLEGHISTAN, I COME TO ANNOUNCE TO HIS HIGHNESS KING IRÉNÉE THE MAGNANIMOUS THAT LITTLEGHISTAN HENCEFORTH RETURNS TO BEING A FREE SOVEREIGN STATE, LIBERATED FROM THE ONEROUS GUARDIANSHIP OF PONDUCE.



HAHAHAHAH! AND WHAT ELSE?! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE ARMISTICE TREATY THAT YOU SIGNED?

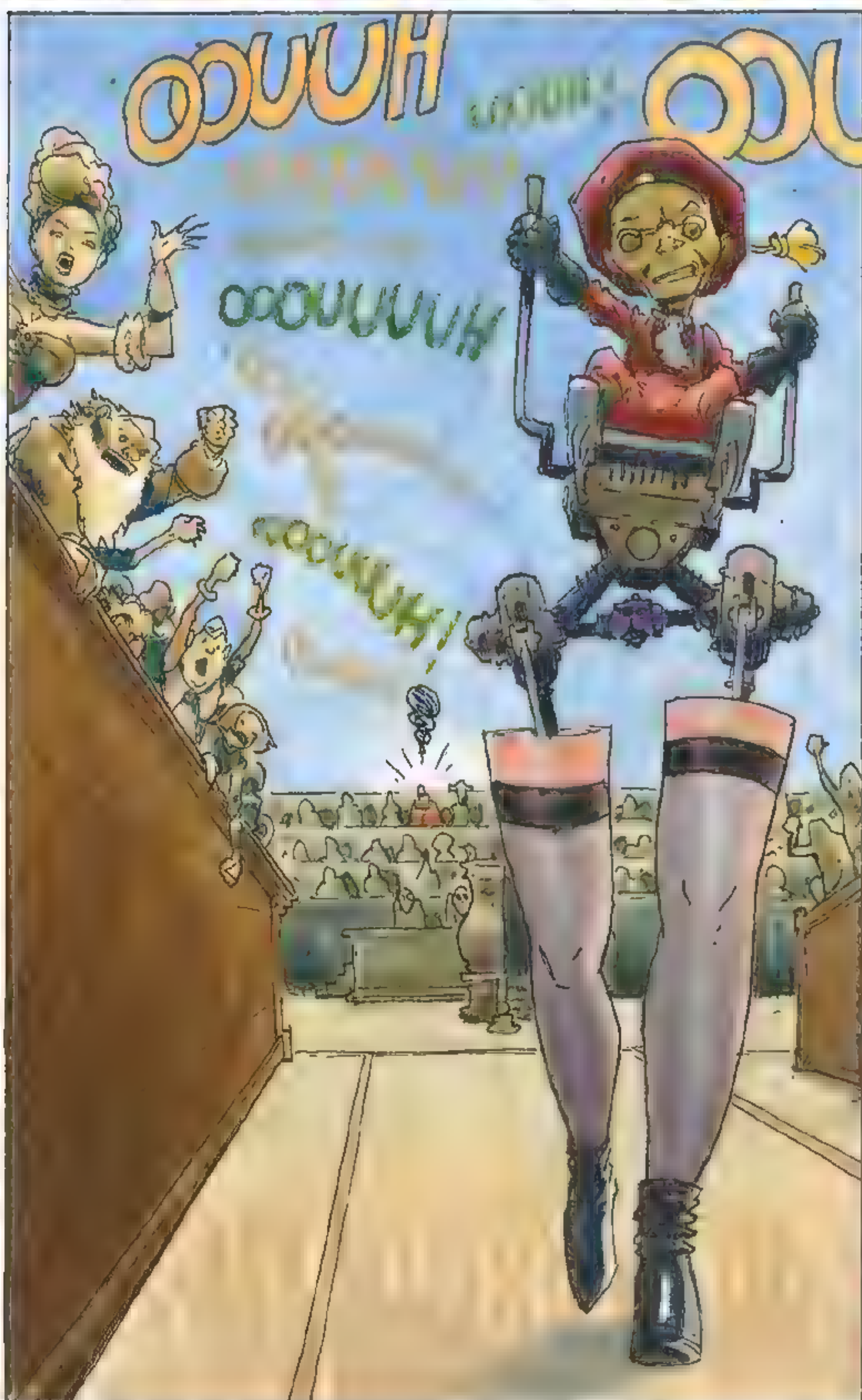


EXACTLY. THE TREATY WHICH SO BOUND US STIPULATED THAT THE CROWN OF PONDUCE CONTROLLED ALL THE TERRITORIES LOCATED NORTH OF THE STOCKY MOUNTAINS. WITH NORTH NO LONGER BEING A VIABLE GIVEN FOR SEVERAL MONTHS NOW, THIS TREATY BECOMES NULL AND VOID, AND LITTLEGHISTAN IS THUS RESTORED OF ITS ENTIRE FREEDOM!



IS... IS HE RIGHT?

LEGALLY SPEAKING, IT MUST BE RECOGNIZED THAT THIS QUESTION OF A NORTHERN FRONTIER NO LONGER MAKES SENSE AS LONG AS NORTH IS NOT DETERMINABLE.

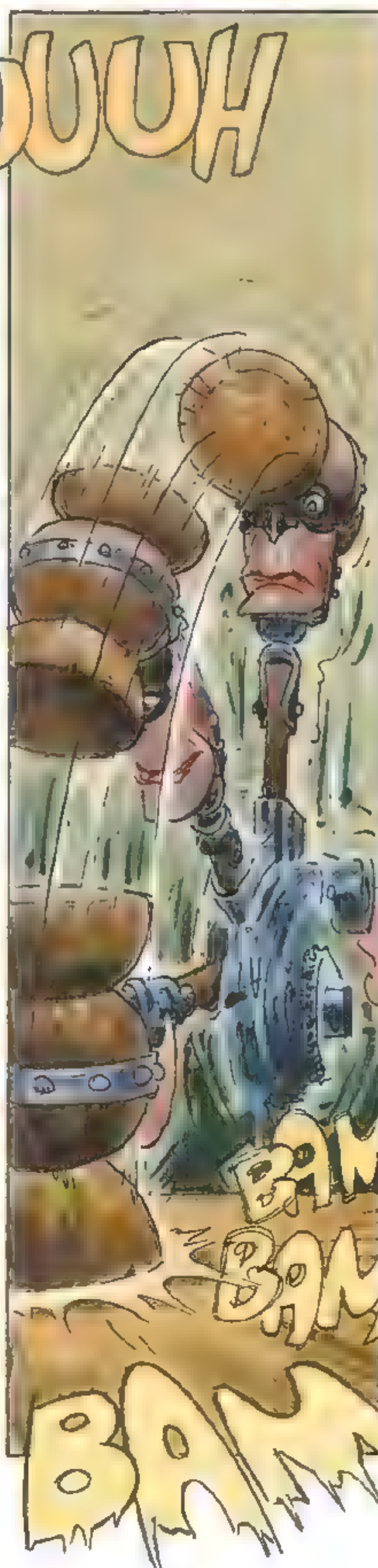


OOUUH

OOUUH

OOUUUUH

OOUUUUH!



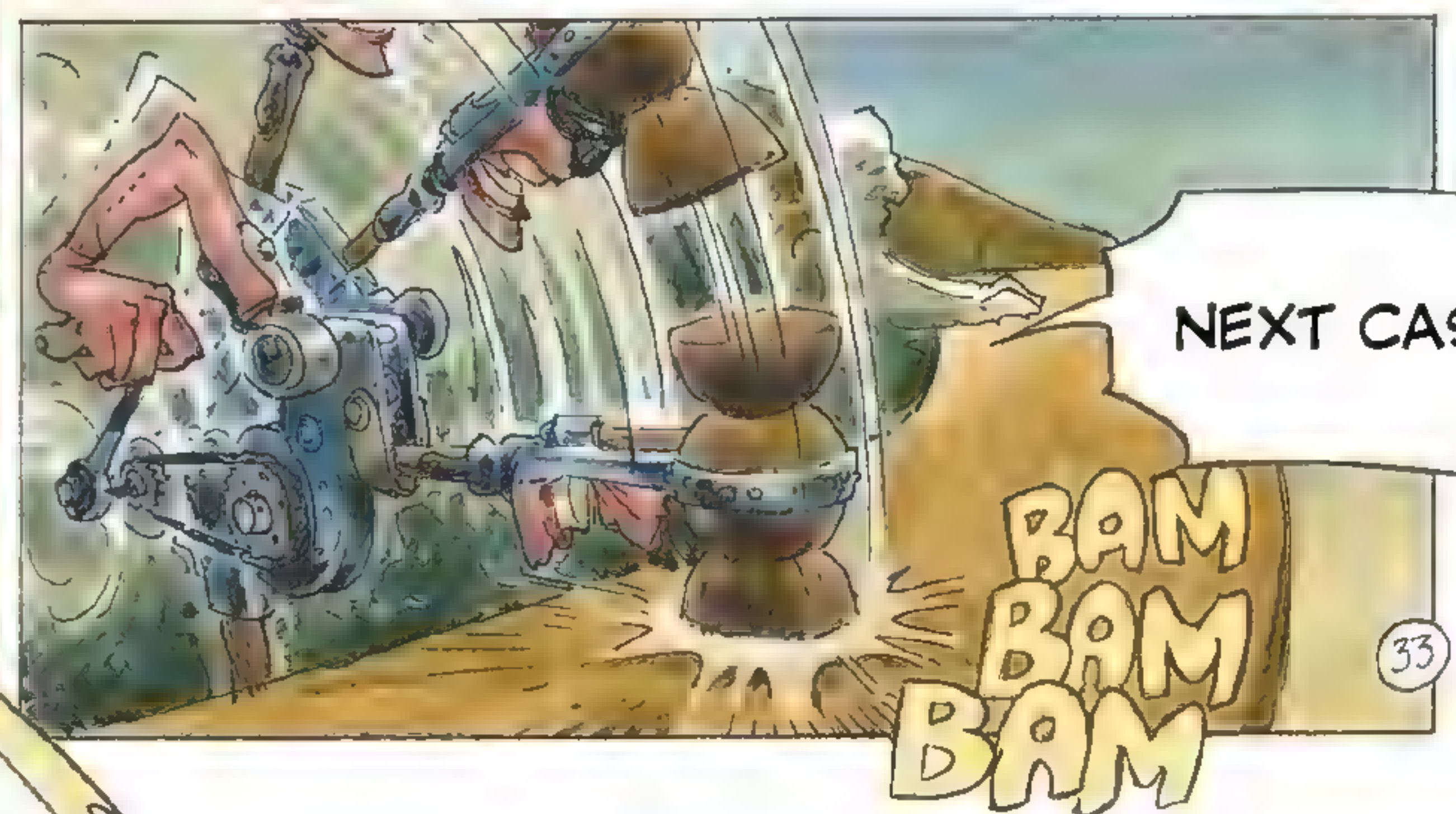
BAM

BAM



HAHAHA. HE HAS THEM THERE, RIGHT?

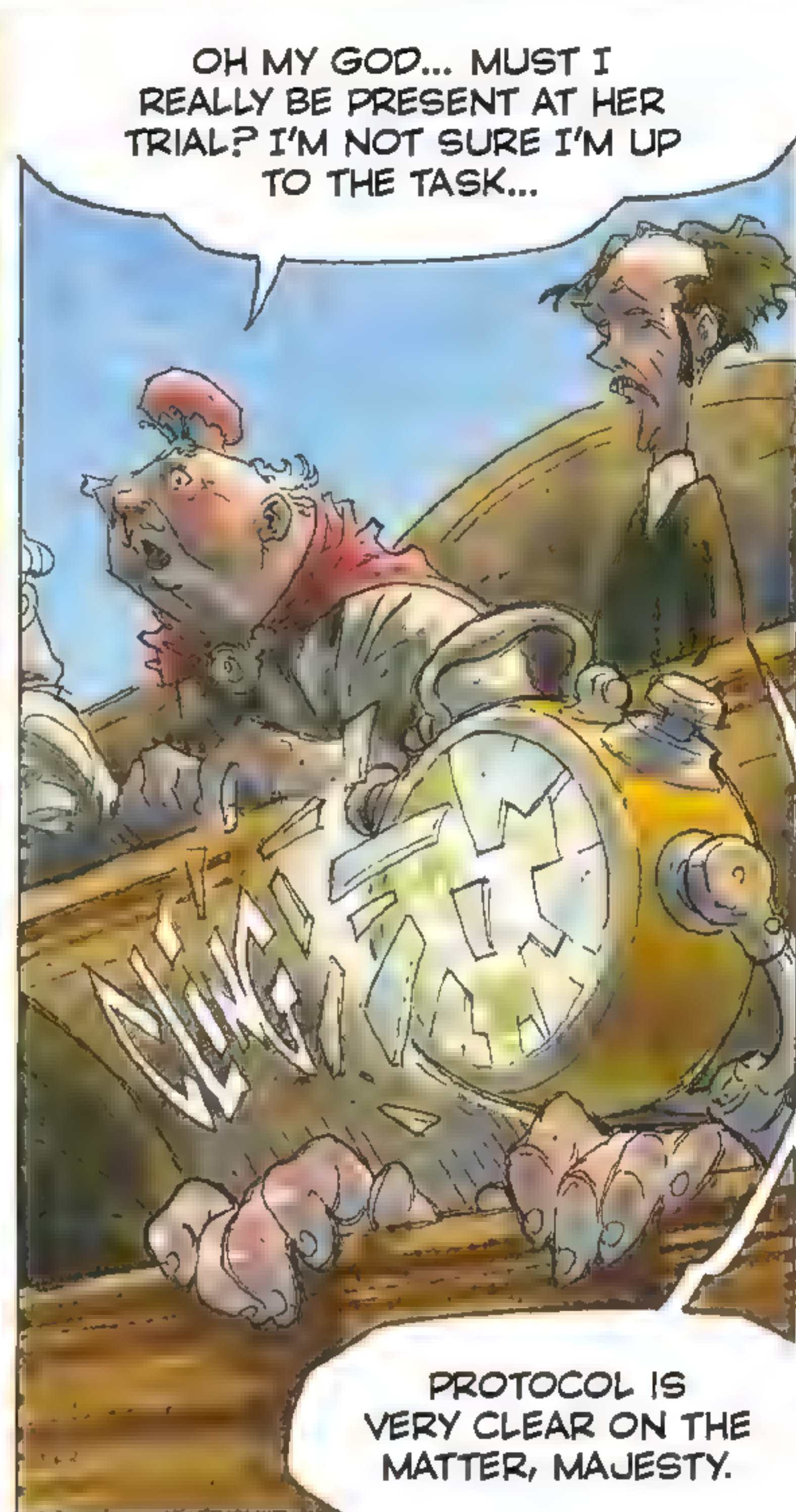
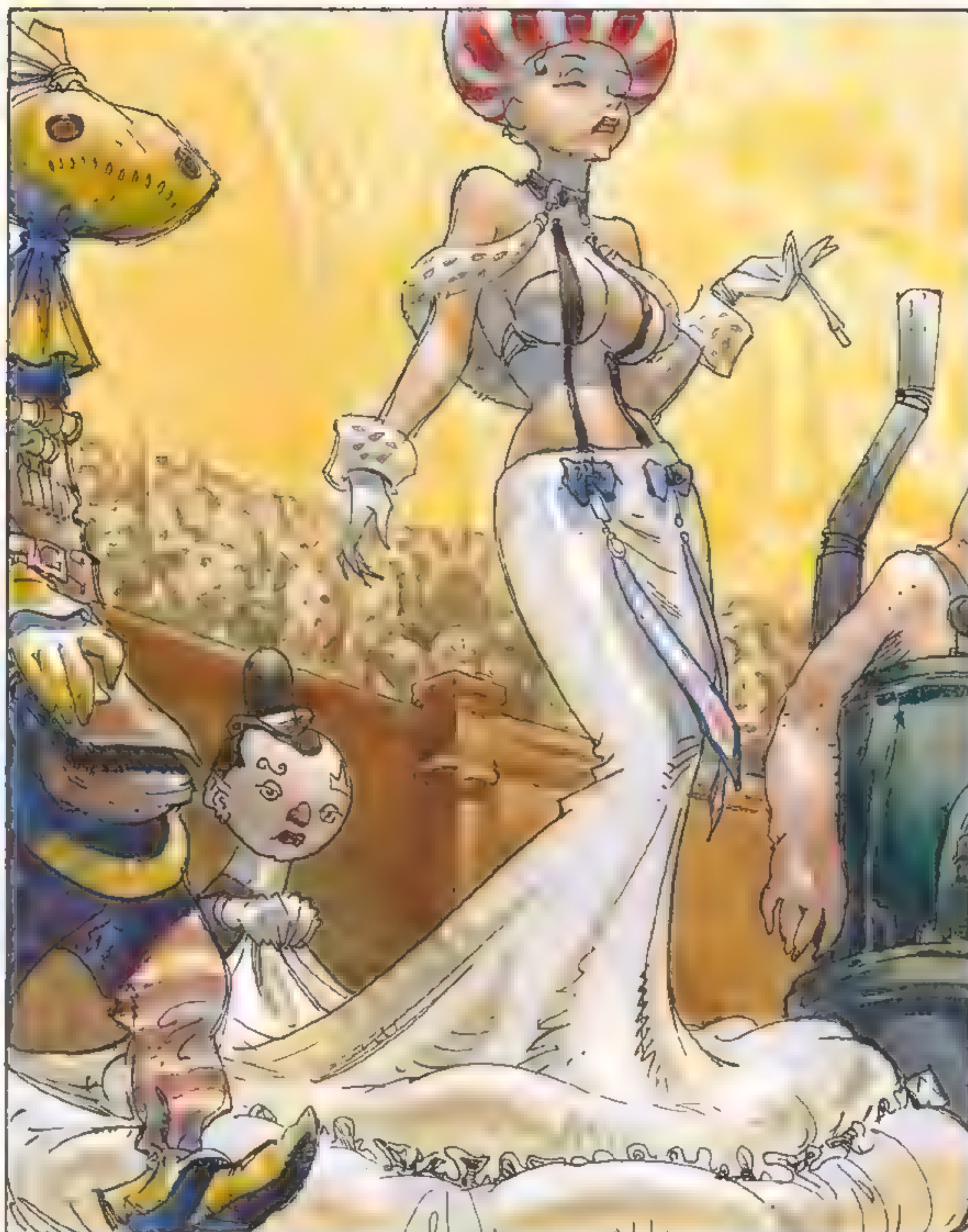
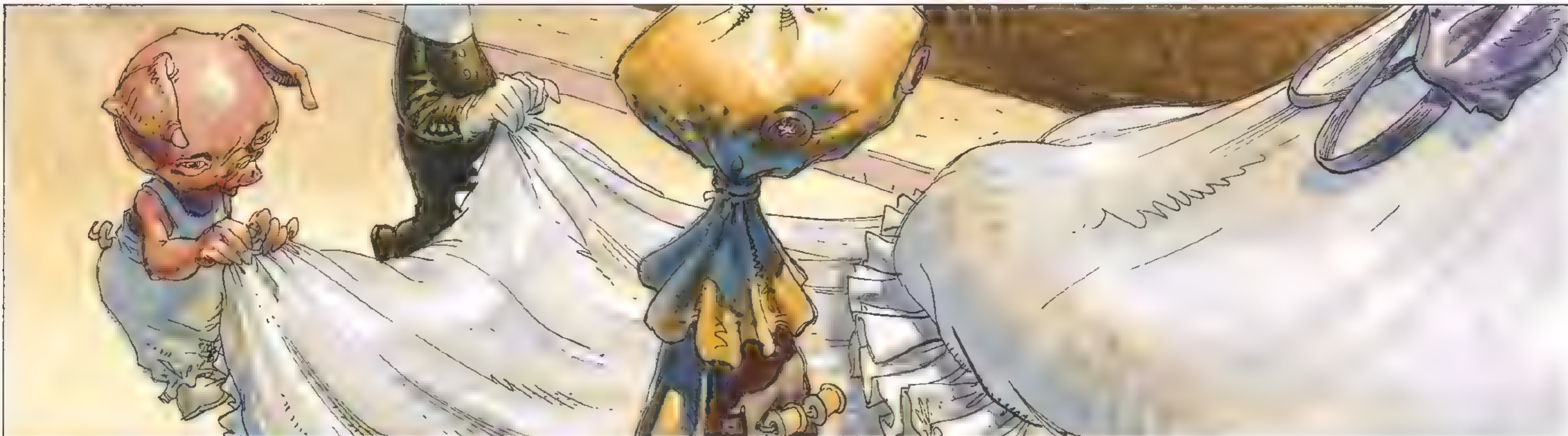
YES. WHICH IS REALLY BAD NEWS FOR US. THE KING IS NOW IN A ROTTEN MOOD...



NEXT CASE!

BAM  
BAM  
BAM





OH MY GOD... MUST I  
REALLY BE PRESENT AT HER  
TRIAL? I'M NOT SURE I'M UP  
TO THE TASK...

PROTOCOL IS  
VERY CLEAR ON THE  
MATTER, MAJESTY.



PP... PPR... PRINCESS AICHA  
PARDIOSA, YOU ARE ACCUSED  
BY THE PAINTER EUGÈNE, HERE  
PRESENT, OF BEING AN INFAMOUS  
MANIPULATOR WHO ONLY CAME  
TO PONDUCHÉ WITH THE GOAL OF  
STEALING CRÔNES.

HAVE YOU  
ANYTHING TO SAY IN  
YOUR DEFENSE?



YES.





YOU ARE PATHETIC, IRÉNÉE. YOU BELIEVE THAT A YOUNG WOMAN COULD TAKE ANY INTEREST IN YOU?

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT YOURSELF? YOU LOOK LIKE AN OLD APPLE ROASTED IN FENNEL!



YOU STINK OF FENNEL, IRÉNÉE!

CONSIDER THE ENGAGEMENT OFF.



THAT'S ENOUGH!

YOU'LL SEE THE PRICE OF BREAKING THE KING'S HEART!

JUDGES, I ORDER YOU TO PRONOUNCE A SUITABLE SENTENCE!



WELL, THAT IS TO SAY, OUR PENAL CODE DOESN'T PROVISION FOR ANY POSSIBLE DAMAGE DONE TO HIS MAJESTY'S CARDIAC MUSCLE CAUSED BY LASCIVIOUS BEHAVIOR, GENEROUS CURVES AND SUGGESTIVE GLANCES.



IN OTHER WORDS, IT IS NOT ILLEGAL TO BREAK YOUR HEART, SIRE.

WHAT? BUT...

SUCKS, HUH?

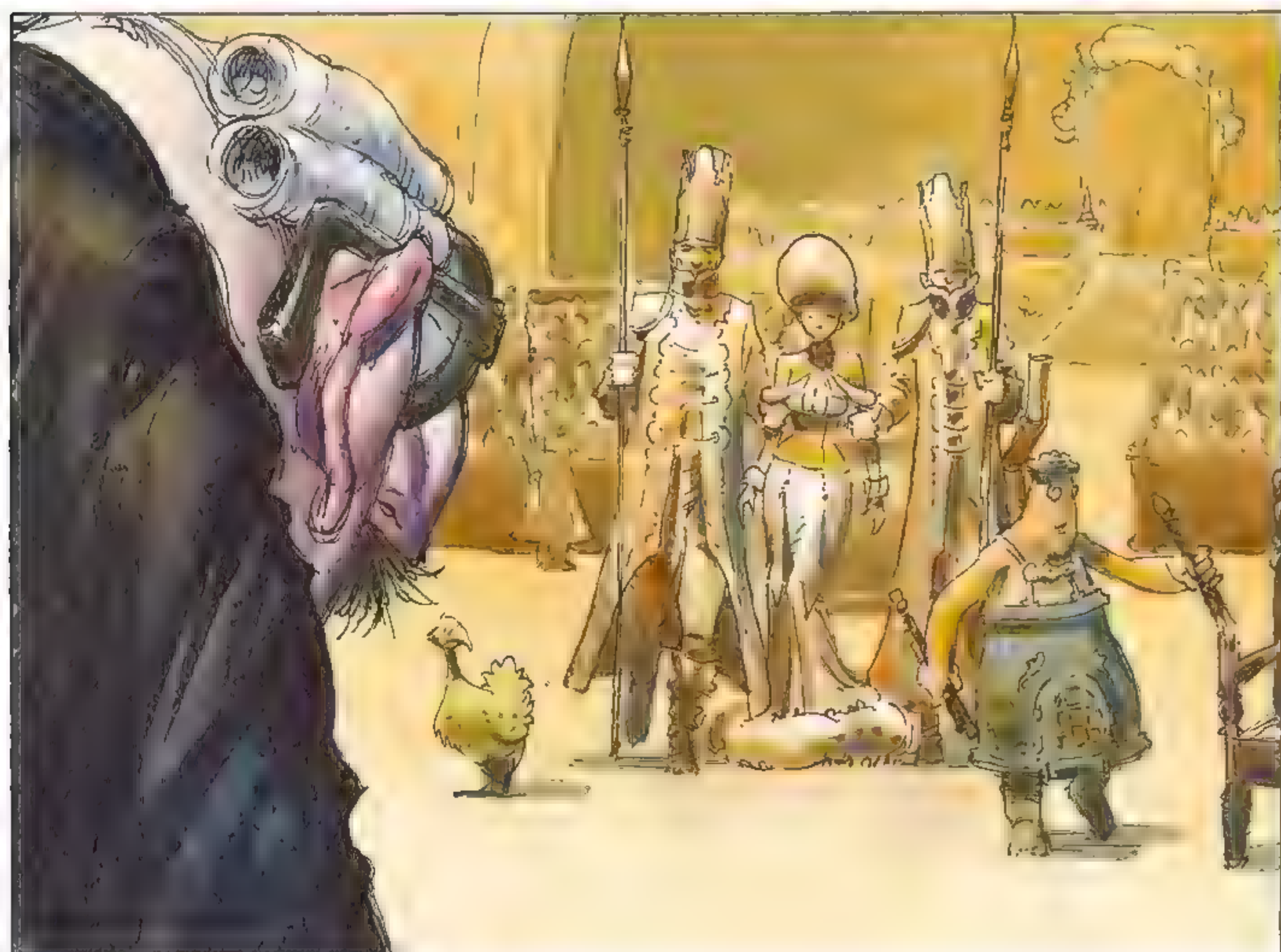


NOT SO FAST! I DEMAND THAT SHE FACE THE EYE OF JUSTICE!

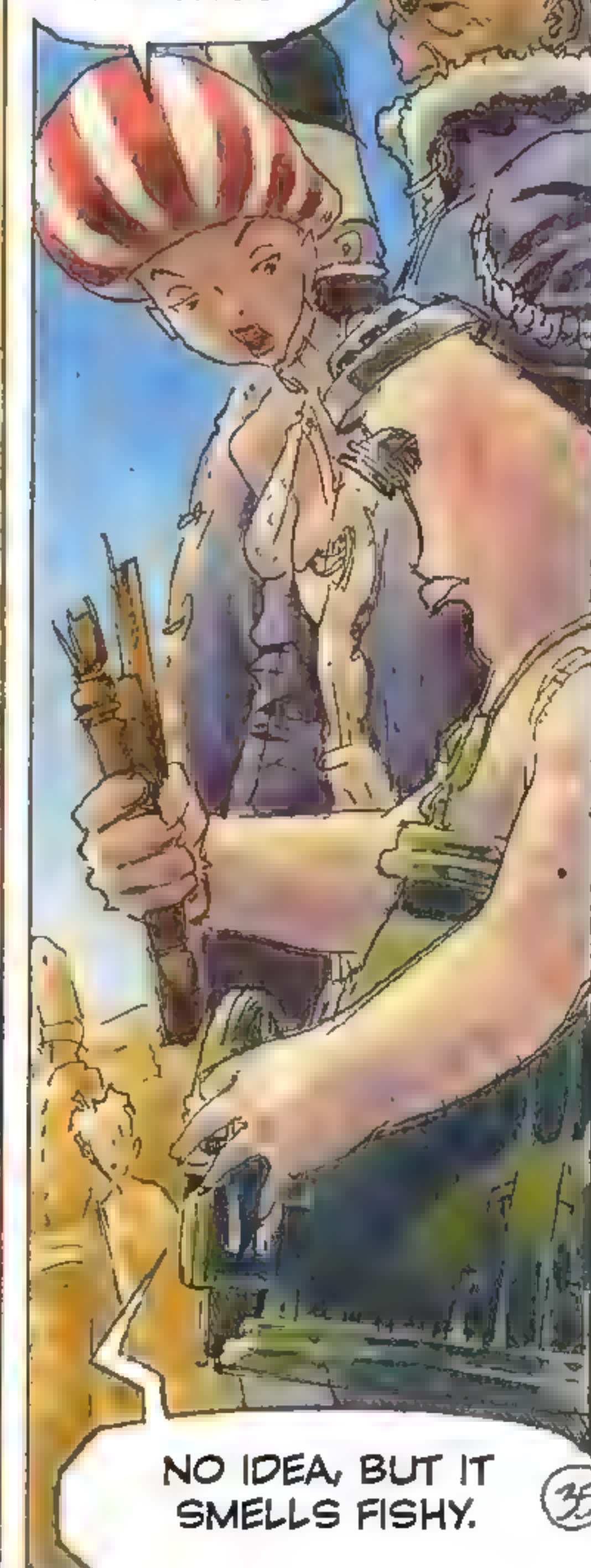


HAHAHA! HER LIST OF CRIMES RUN LONG, CLERKS -- GOOD LUCK, IF YOU WANT TO GET THEM ALL DOWN!

WHAT'S THE EYE OF JUSTICE?

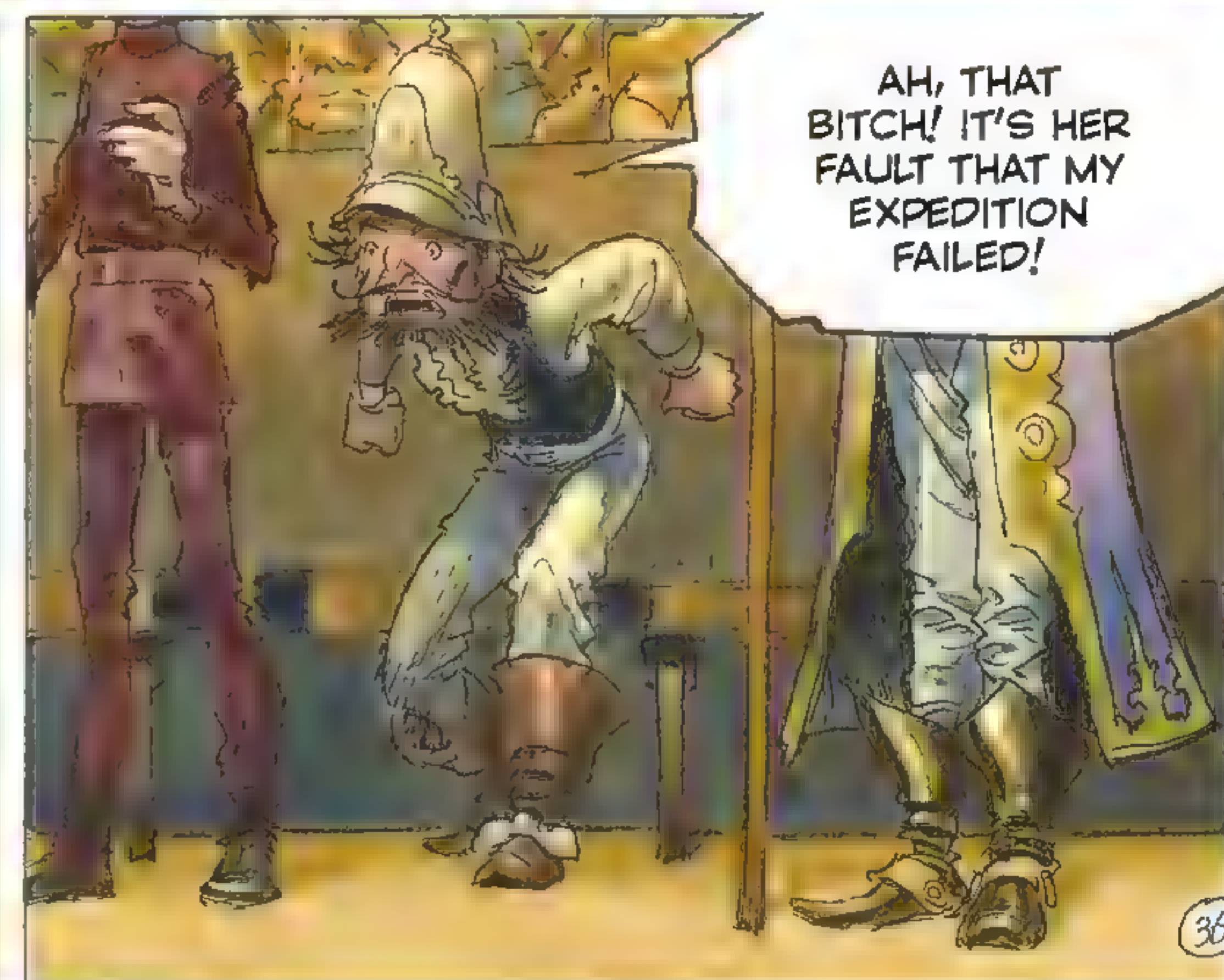
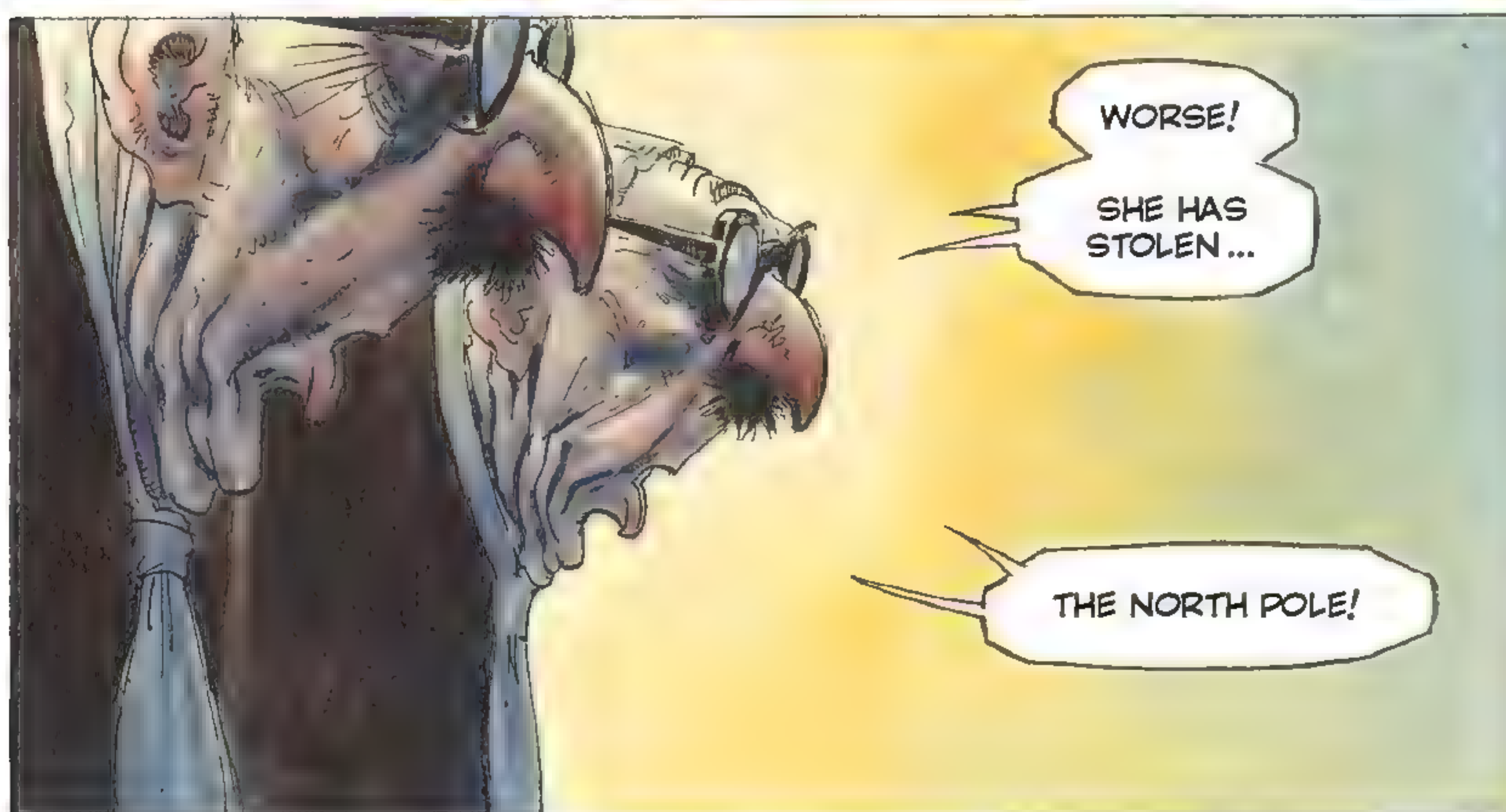
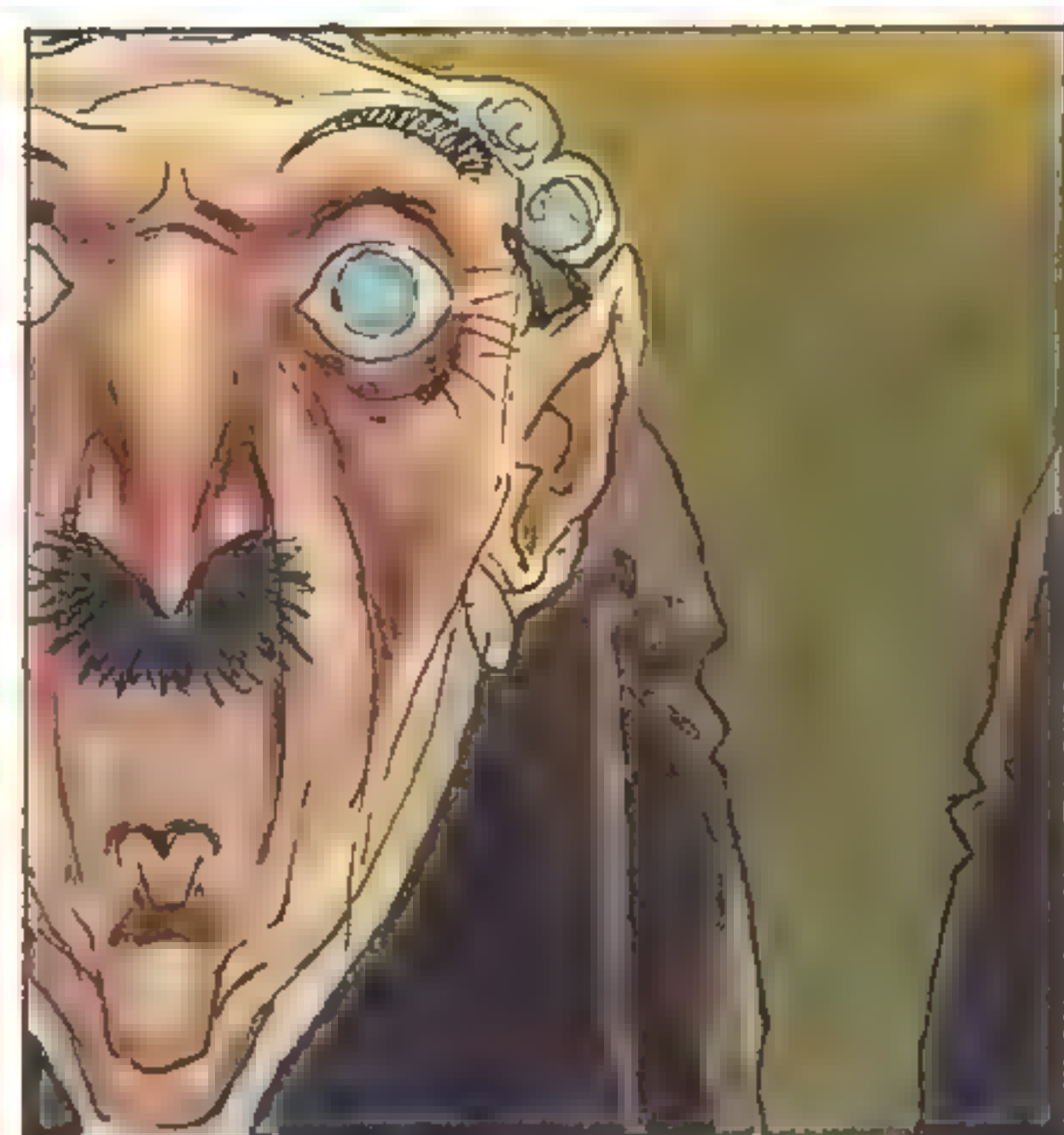
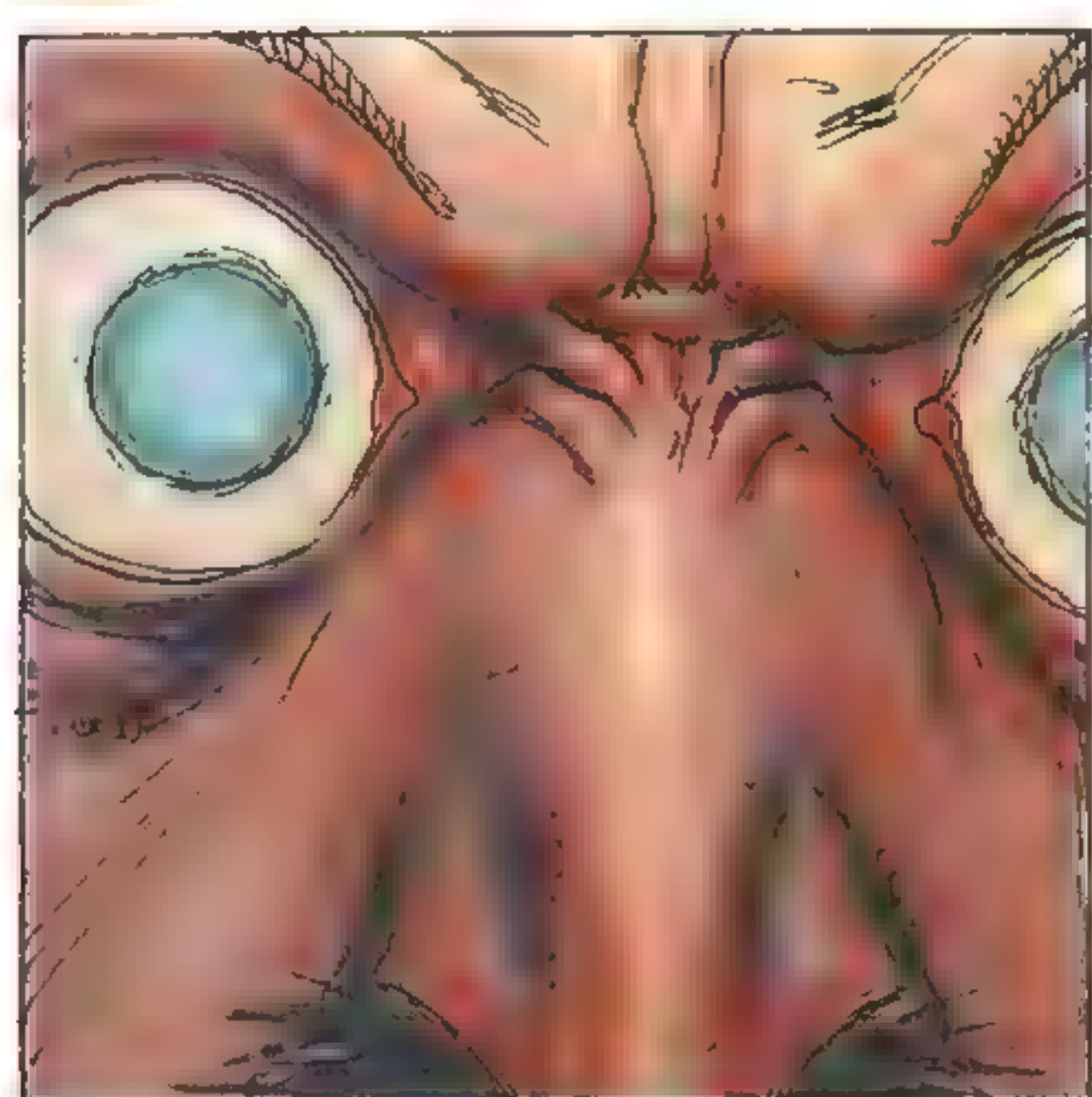
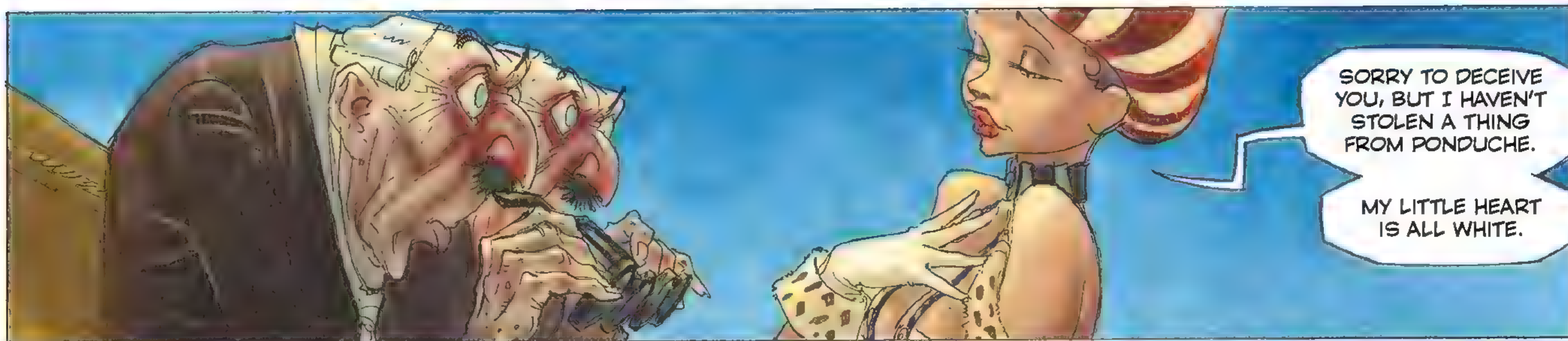


THAT IS NOT EVEN TRUE.



NO IDEA, BUT IT SMELLS FISHY.





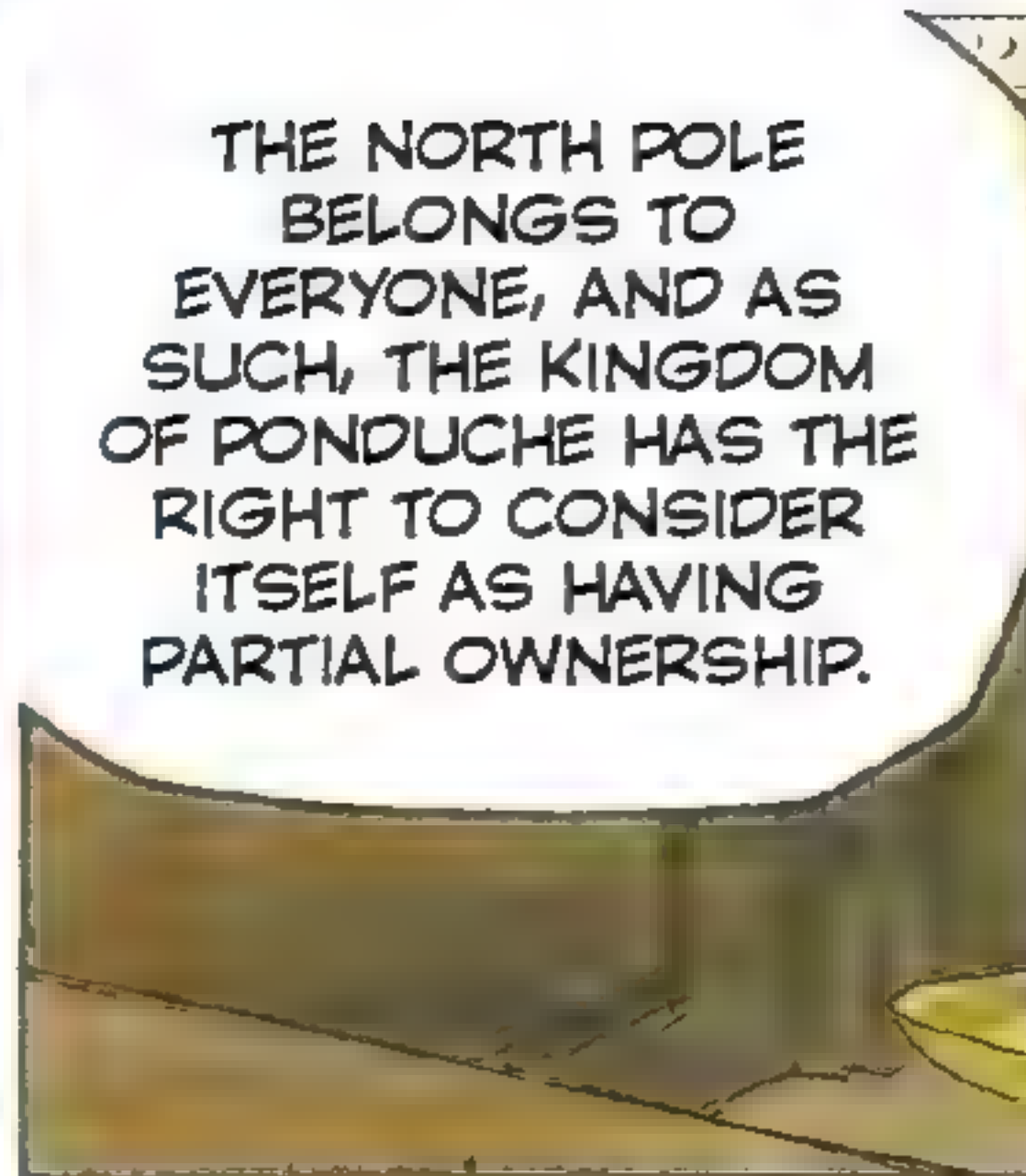




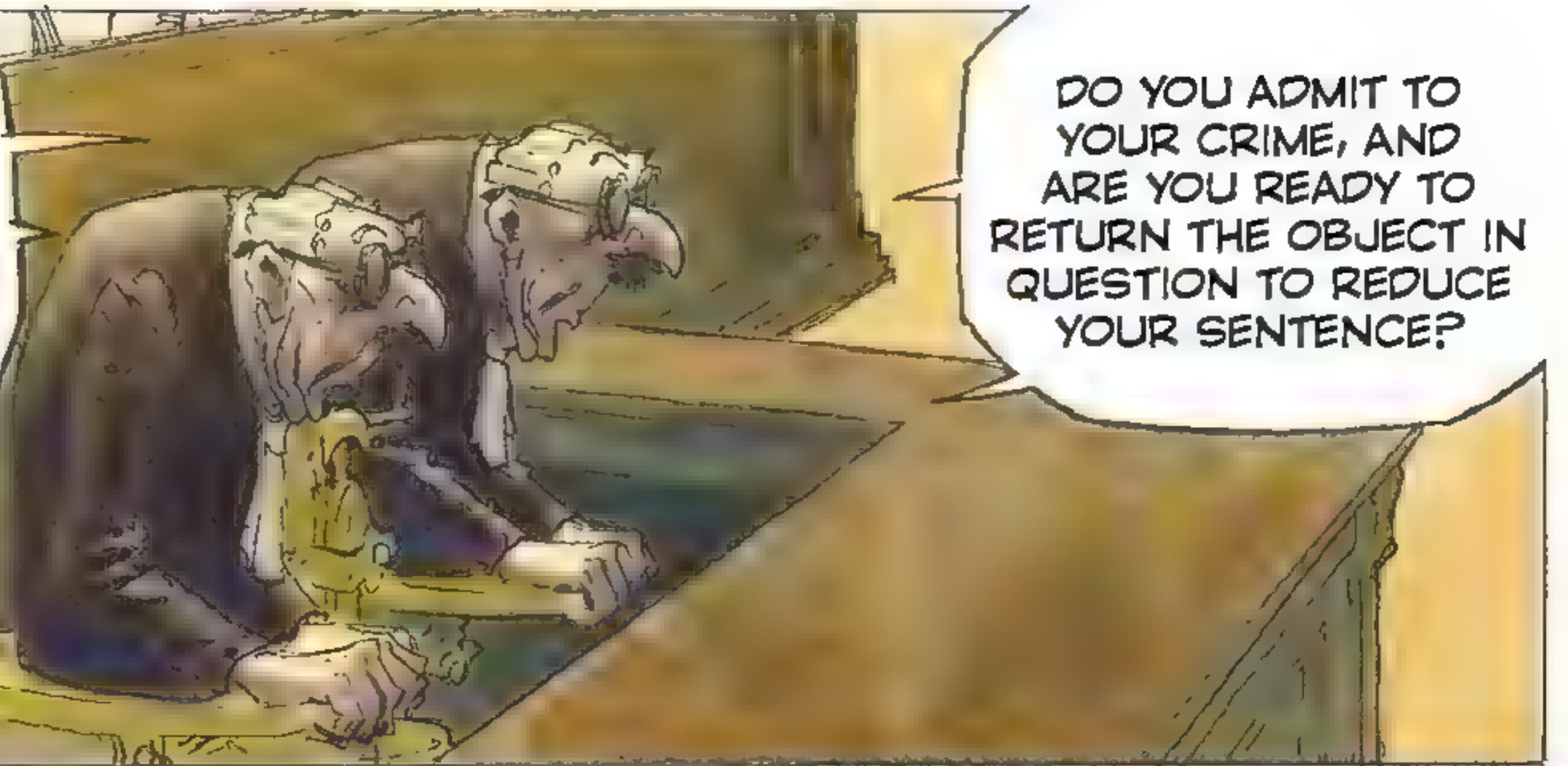
ERM, NOT WANTING TO QUIBBLE, BUT ALLOW ME TO MAKE TWO LITTLE REMARKS...

ONE -- I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE STOLEN THE NORTH POLE, BUT CLEARLY, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...

AND TWO -- WERE IT EVEN THE CASE, THE NORTH POLE DOESN'T EVEN BELONG TO YOU -- THAT I KNOW FOR SURE...



THE NORTH POLE BELONGS TO EVERYONE, AND AS SUCH, THE KINGDOM OF PONDUCE HAS THE RIGHT TO CONSIDER ITSELF AS HAVING PARTIAL OWNERSHIP.

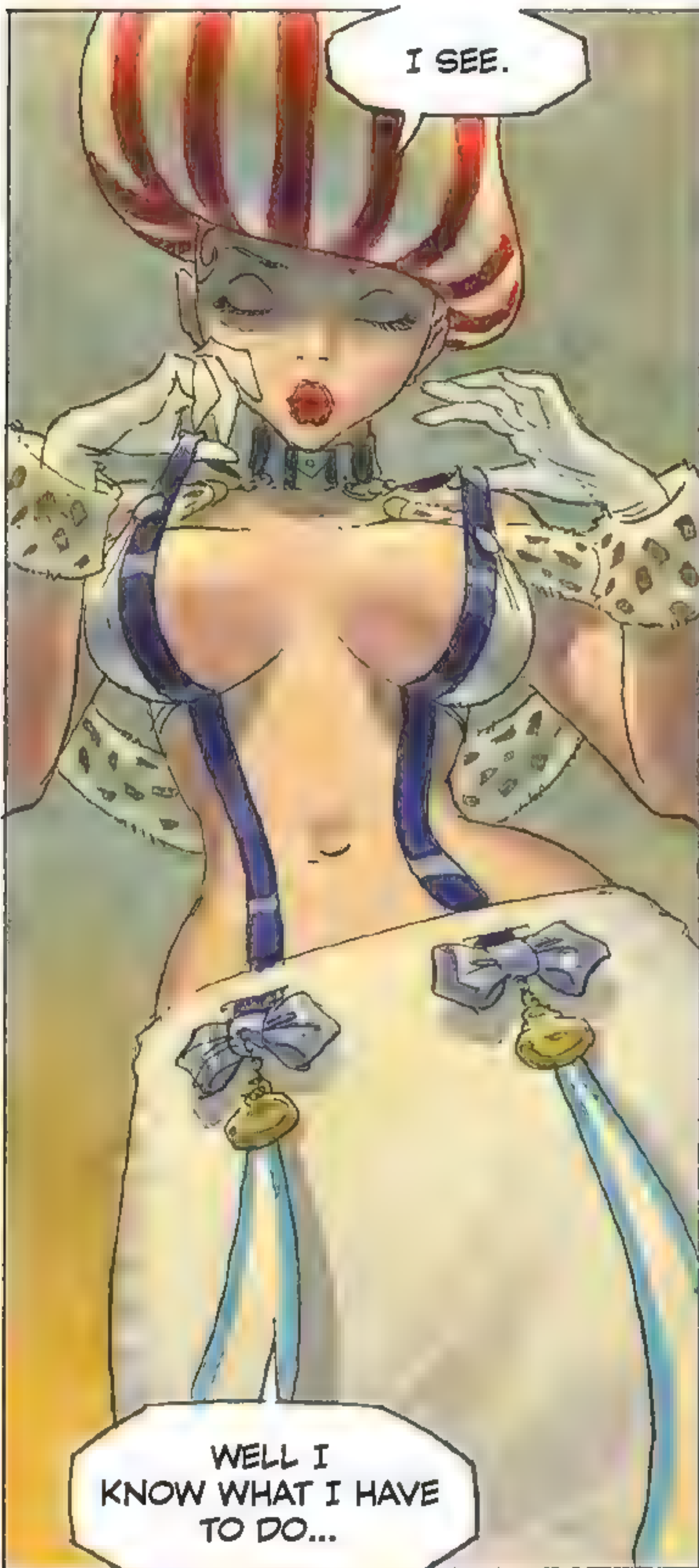


DO YOU ADMIT TO YOUR CRIME, AND ARE YOU READY TO RETURN THE OBJECT IN QUESTION TO REDUCE YOUR SENTENCE?



ARE YOU BEING SERIOUS RIGHT NOW?

WE DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH JUSTICE IN THIS KINGDOM, PRINCESS.



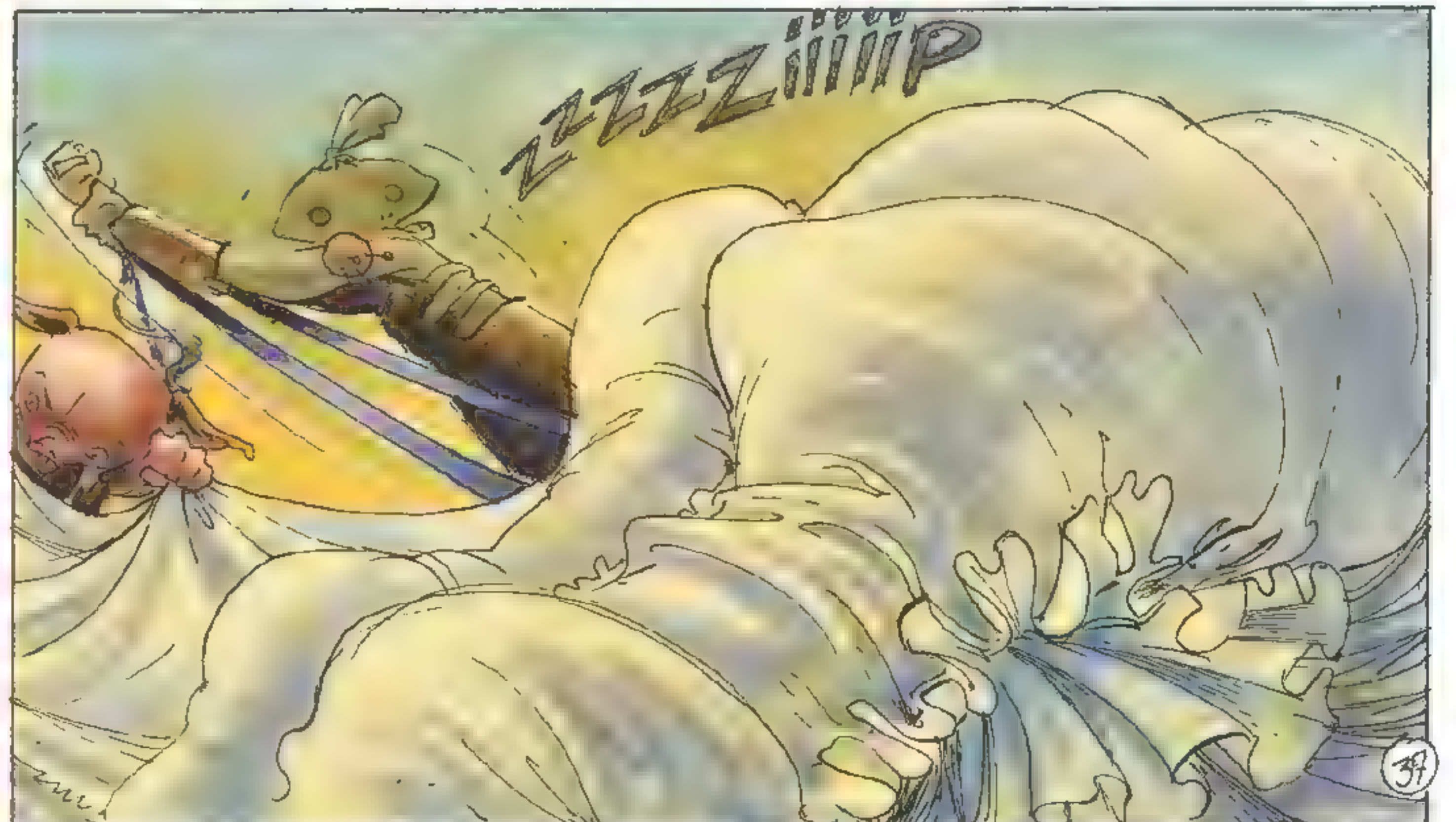
I SEE.

WELL I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO...



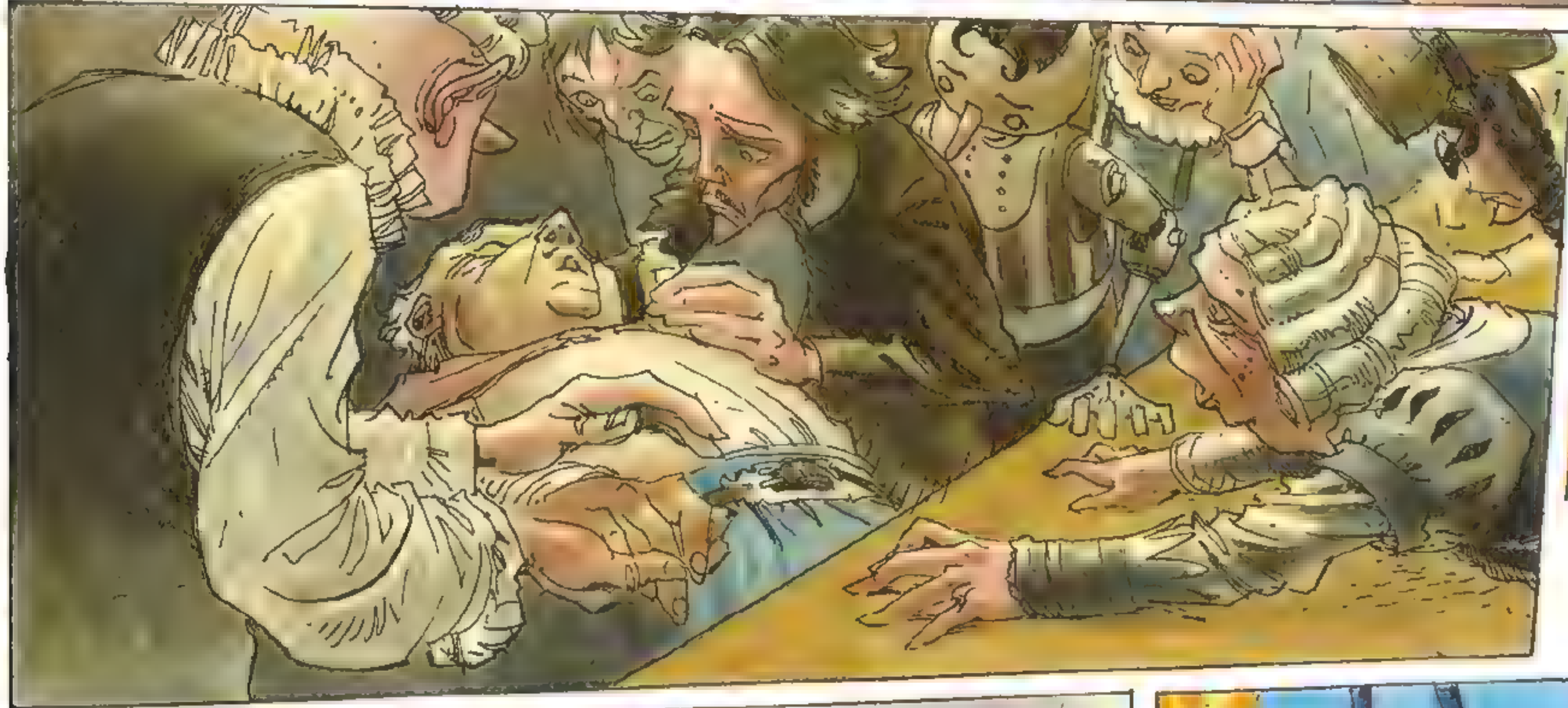
THE KING IS UNWELL!

HAVE SOME FENNEL LIQUOR BROUGHT!

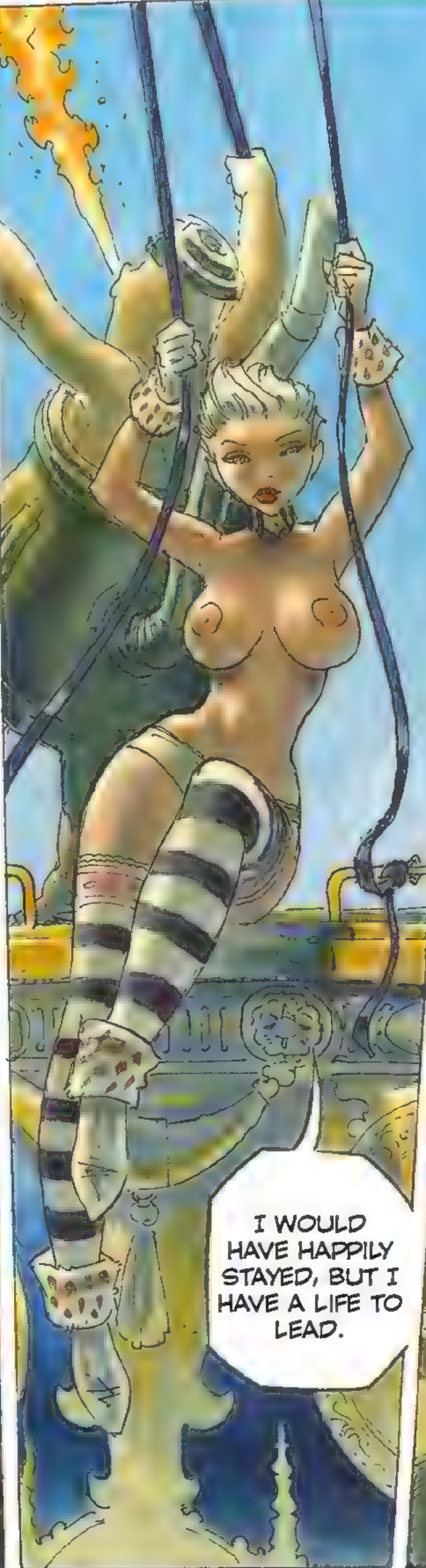
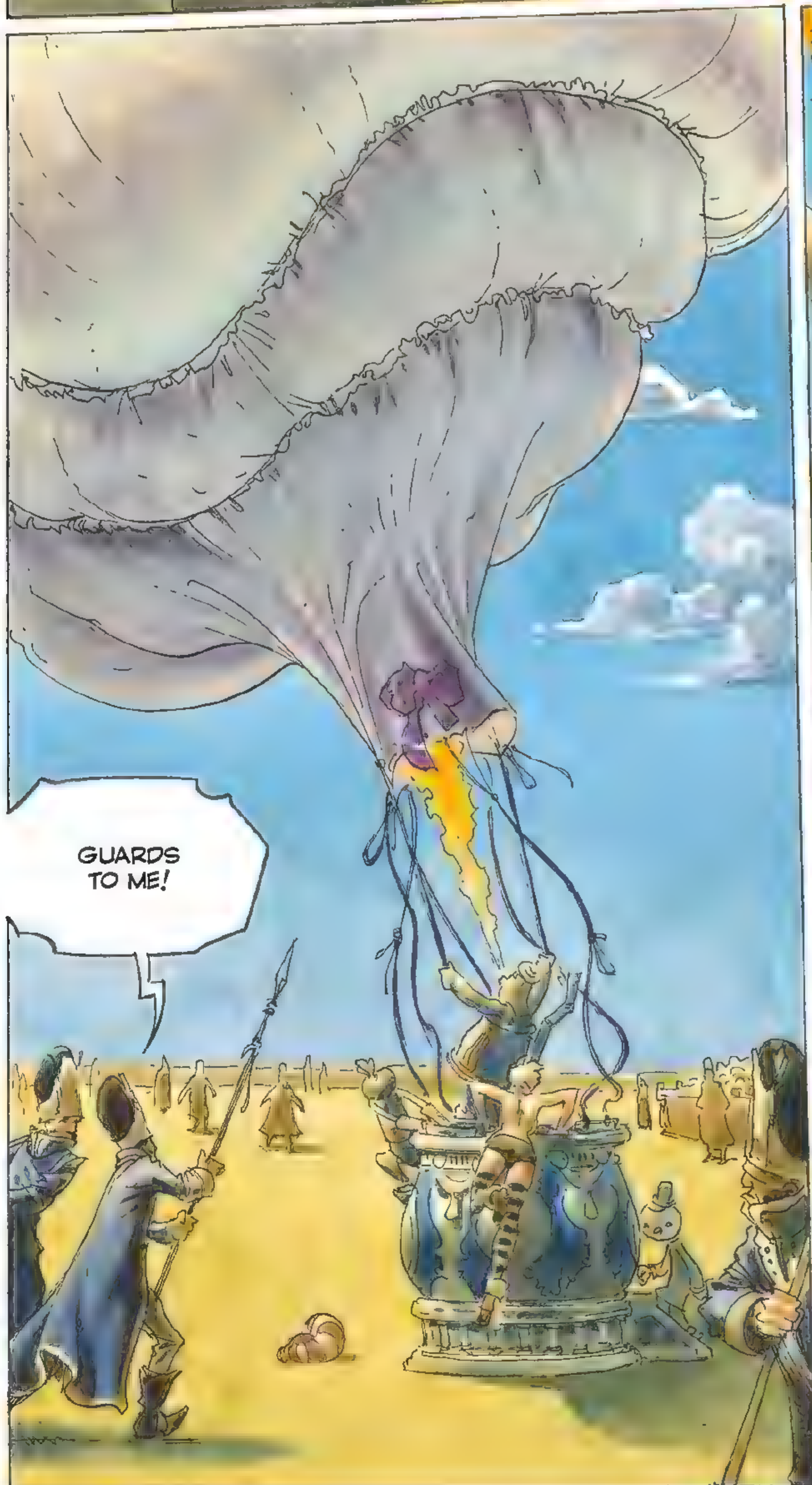


ZZZZZZZZ

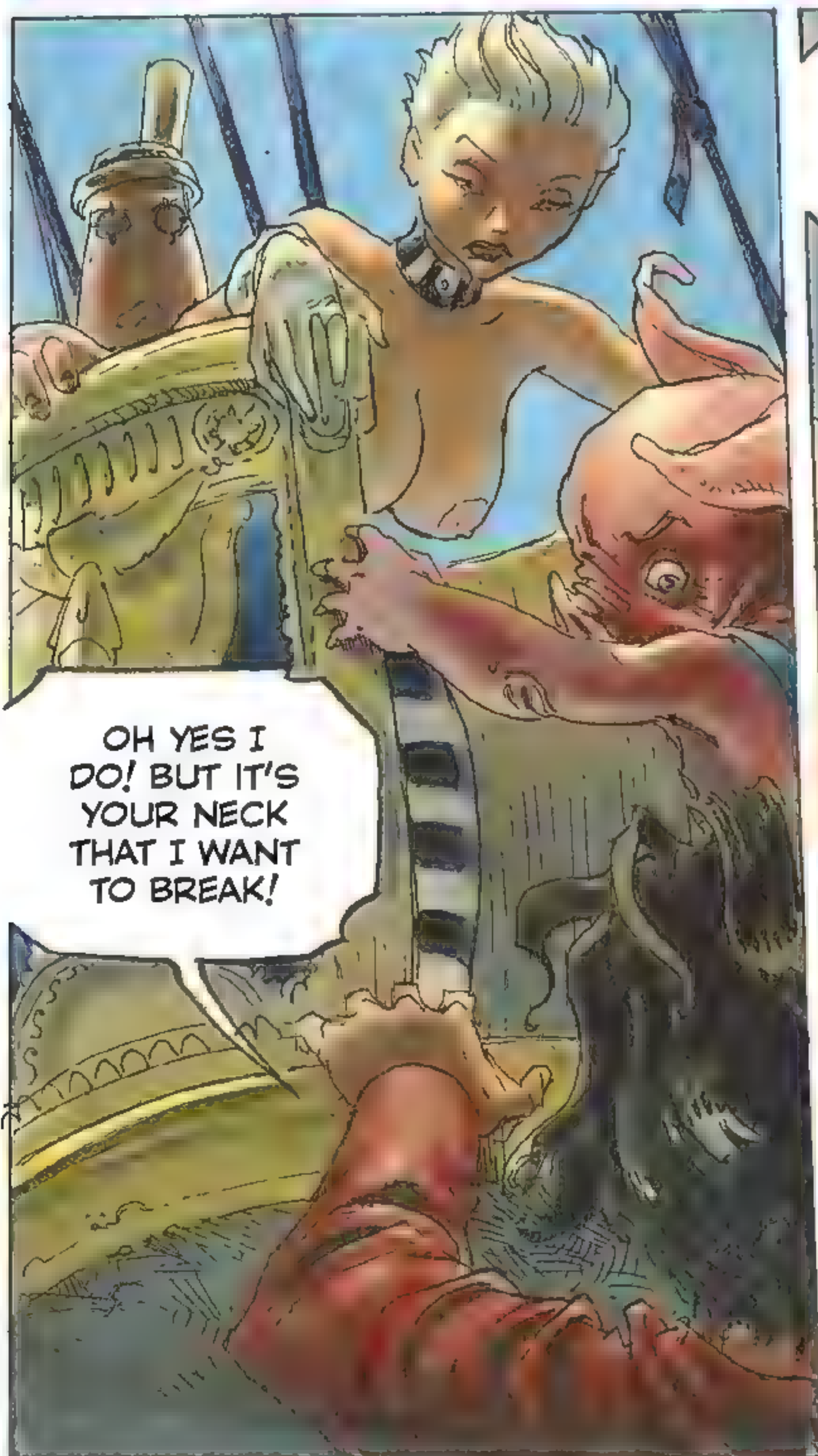
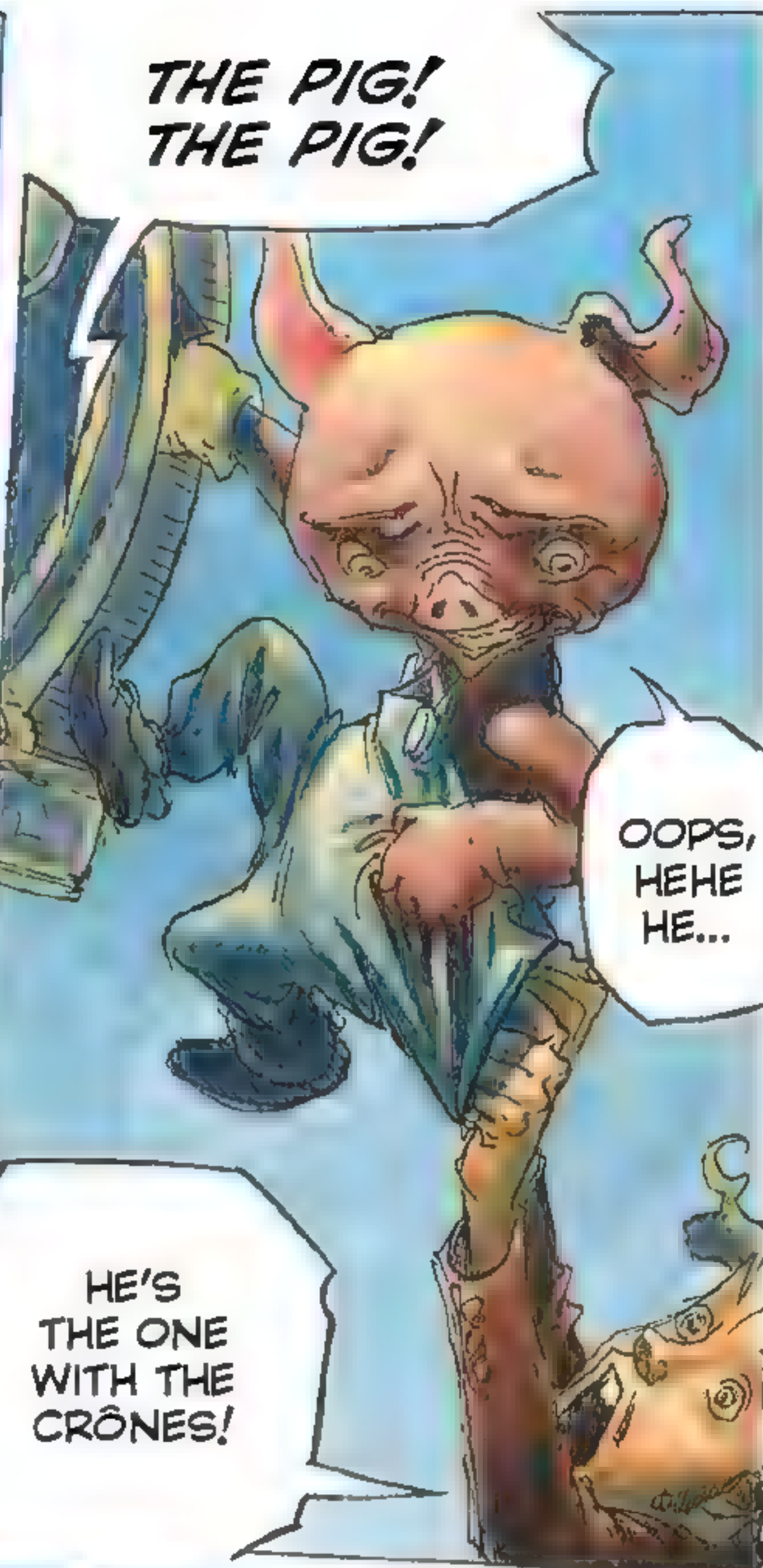




**LOOK!**



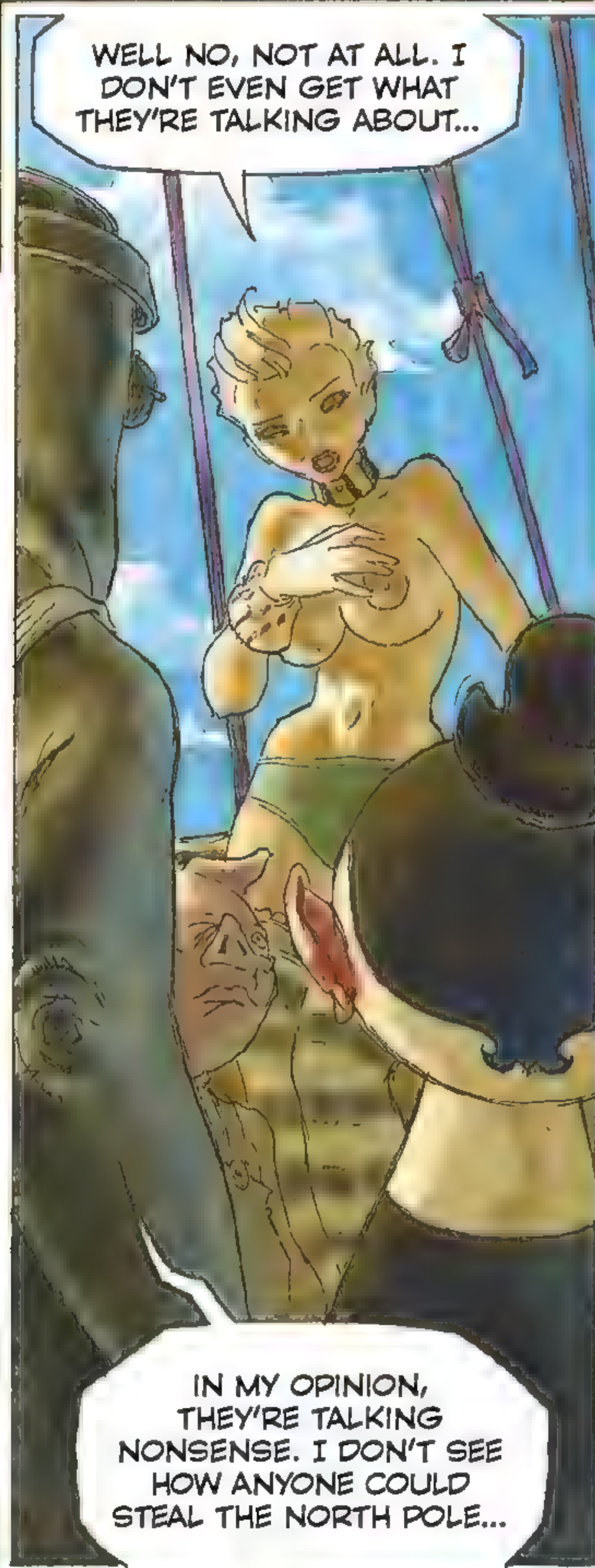








RIGHT, CAN YOU EXPLAIN TO US THIS WHOLE THING WITH THE NORTH POLE?



WELL NO, NOT AT ALL. I DON'T EVEN GET WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT...

IN MY OPINION, THEY'RE TALKING NONSENSE. I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE COULD STEAL THE NORTH POLE...



ALTHOUGH, CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD MEAN -- EVERY COMPASS IN THE WORLD POINTING IN MY DIRECTION!

I'D BE THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING!

WELL, COME NOW...



I THOUGHT THE JUDGES HYACINTHE AND ABSINTHE WERE NEVER WRONG...

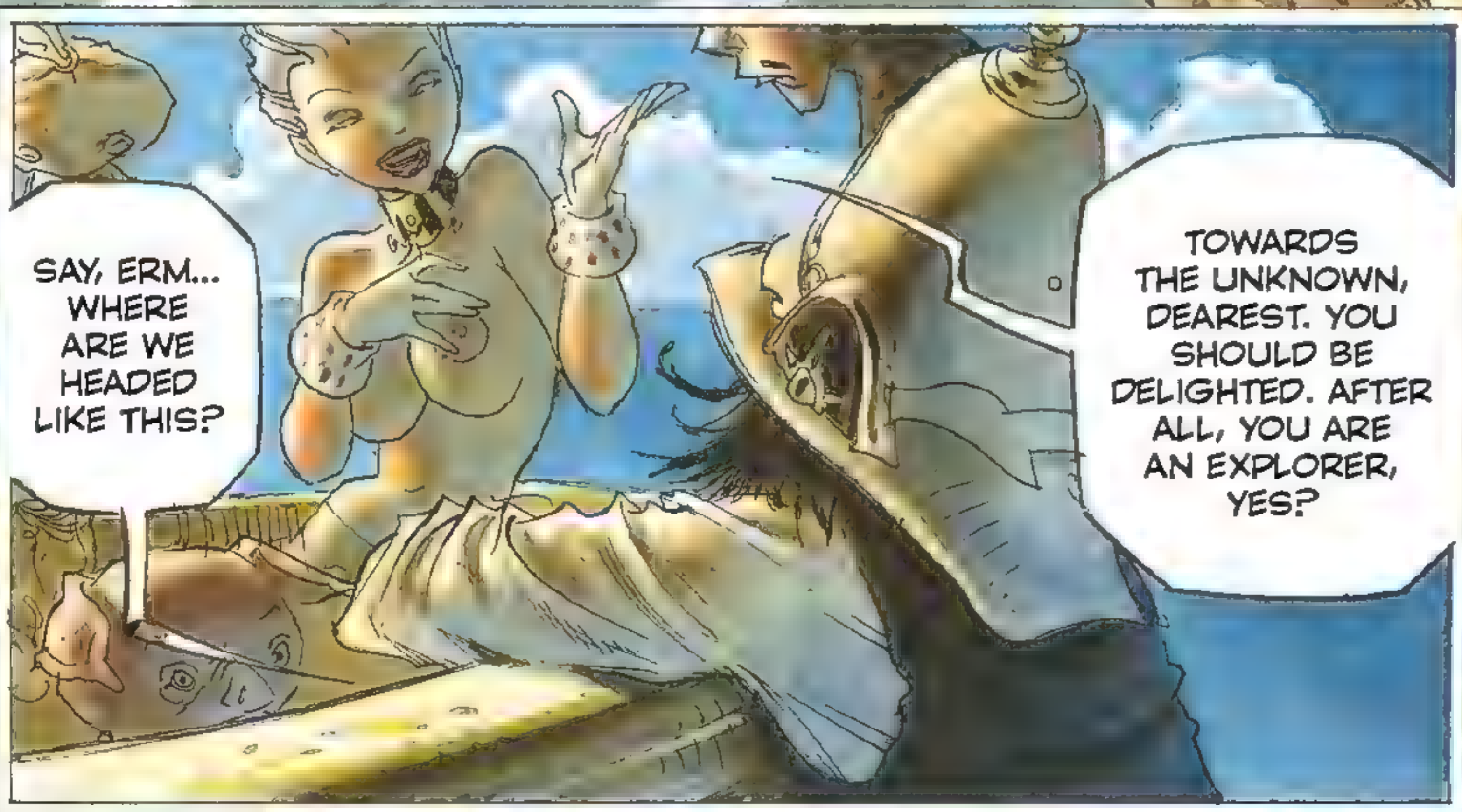
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY, YES.



IN ANY CASE, THE RUMOR IS GOING TO SPREAD.

IN EVERYONE'S EYES, YOU'LL BE THE THIEF OF THE NORTH POLE.

I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I DON'T ALTOGETHER DISLIKE THE IDEA.



SAY, ERM... WHERE ARE WE HEADED LIKE THIS?

TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN, DEAREST. YOU SHOULD BE DELIGHTED. AFTER ALL, YOU ARE AN EXPLORER, YES?



GULP... YES, CERTAINLY...



I'D SUGGEST YOU MAKE AN  
EFFORT WITH YOUR BEHAVIOR.

IF YOU DON'T FANCY  
BEING SEEN AS VULGAR  
DEAD WEIGHT.

YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THAT.

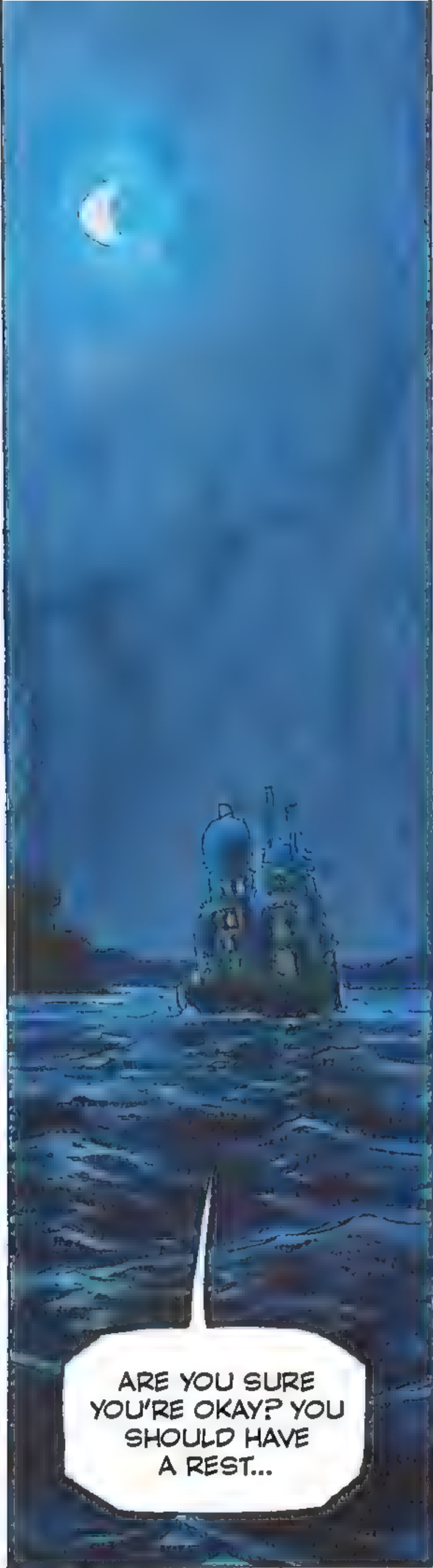
IT'S TRUE -- AND SINCE  
WE'RE CONDEMNED TO  
WANDER TOGETHER ALONG  
THE WHIMS OF THE WIND,  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL...

WHAT...  
WHAT IS THAT  
MACHINE?



NO IDEA.  
BUT WE DO  
HAVE TO LAND  
SOMEWHERE...





ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY? YOU SHOULD HAVE A REST...



I'M FINE, I'M TELLING YOU. I'M HEALTHY AS AN OX.

SO THAT'S MY "FREAK" NAMESAKE?

SO TO SPEAK, YES. BUT I DOUBT THAT HE'S A FREAK.



LISTEN, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT BEFORE YOU PASSED OUT?



HMM?

MANIE... THE BANK OF TIME.



OOOH YES, THE BANK OF TIME. A DELUSION. A DREAM DROWNED BENEATH WATER.

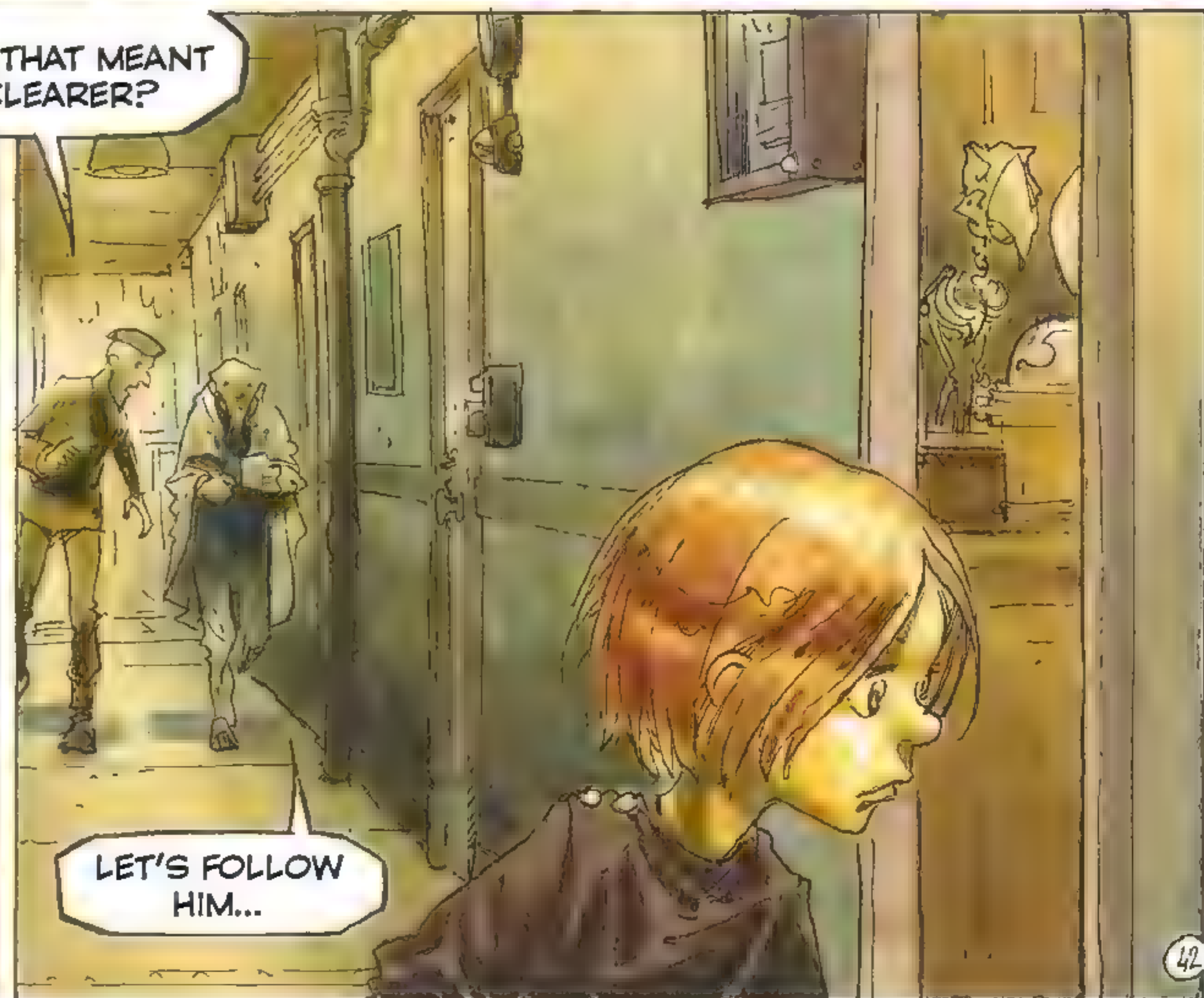
C... CAN YOU BE CLEARER?



WHY OF COURSE! WHAT MANIE AND I LIVED THROUGH IS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN THE GREATEST WASTE IN THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY. UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE ENGULFED! SACRIFICED BY SOME AMATEURS OF PEDALO.



OF PE... IS THAT MEANT TO BE CLEARER?



LET'S FOLLOW HIM...



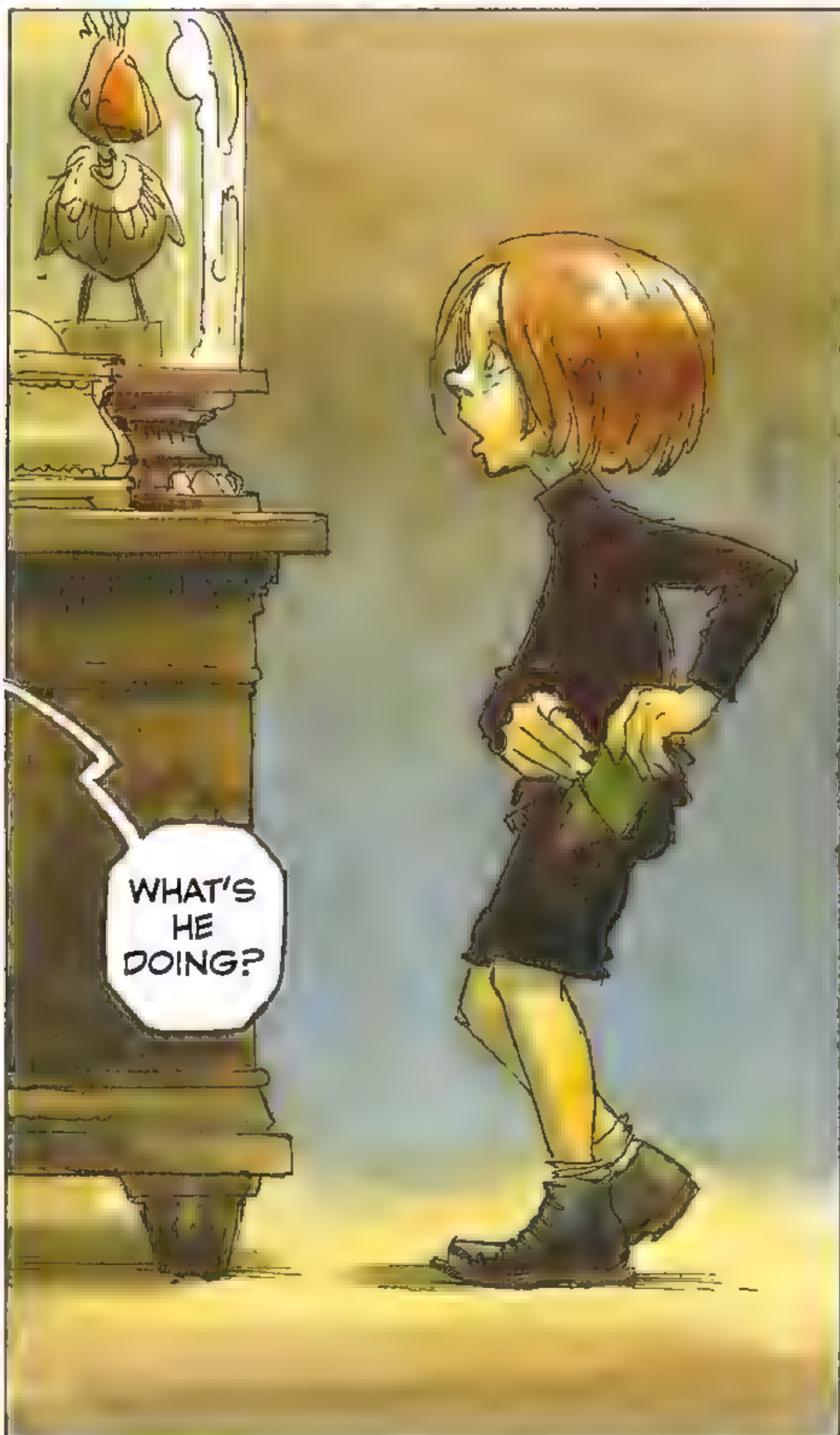


WOOOOH...

HE... HE STOPPED  
JUST BEFORE MY  
FATHER'S AEON!

I SEE, YES... BUT THIS BANK  
OF TIME...?

IT WAS SEVEN  
YEARS AGO -- MANIE AND  
I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT  
TEMPLE, BURIED BENEATH A  
HILL. IT WAS THERE, ON THE  
MURAL PAINTINGS, THAT WE  
LEARNED OF THE EXISTENCE  
OF WHAT WE CALLED THE  
BANK OF TIME...



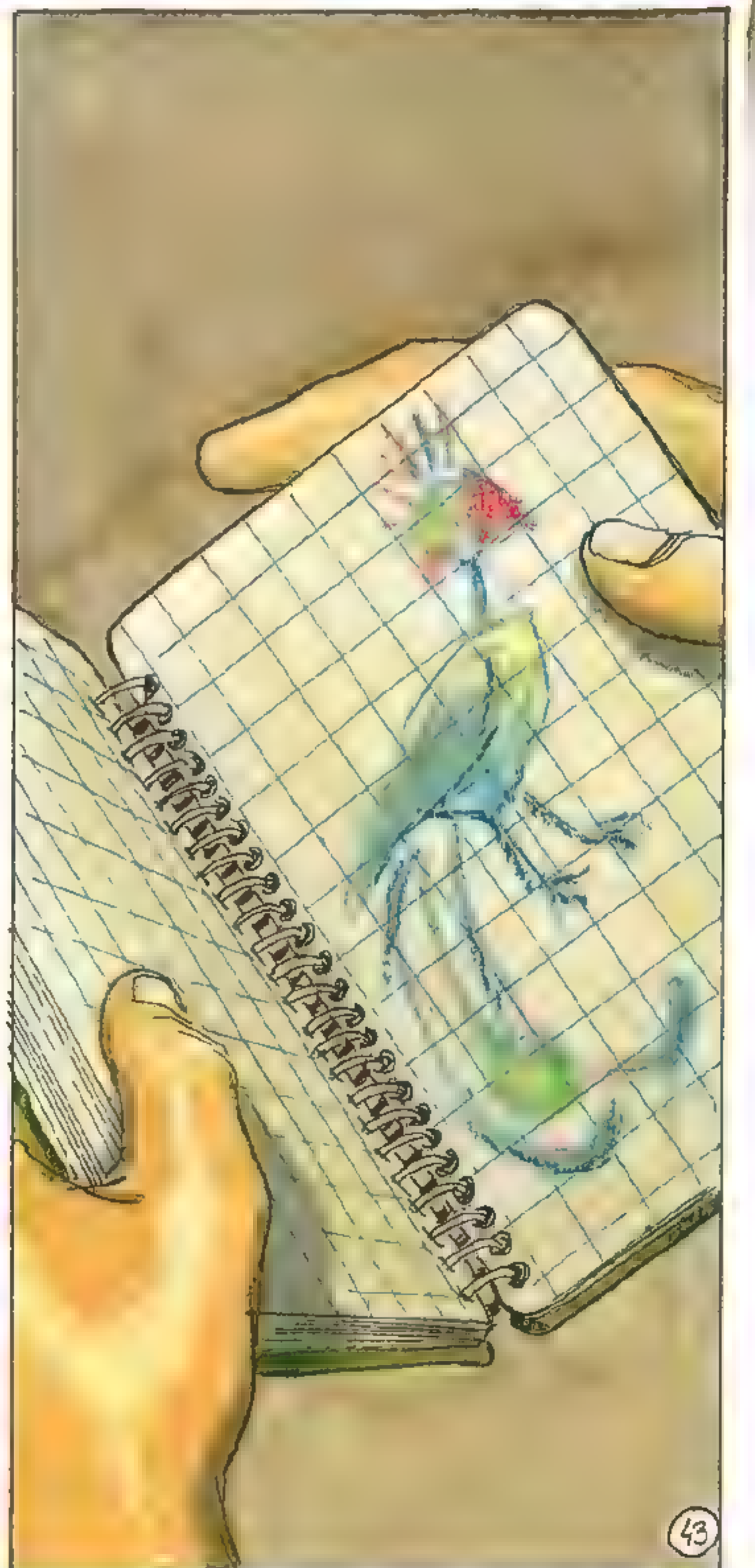
WHAT'S  
HE  
DOING?



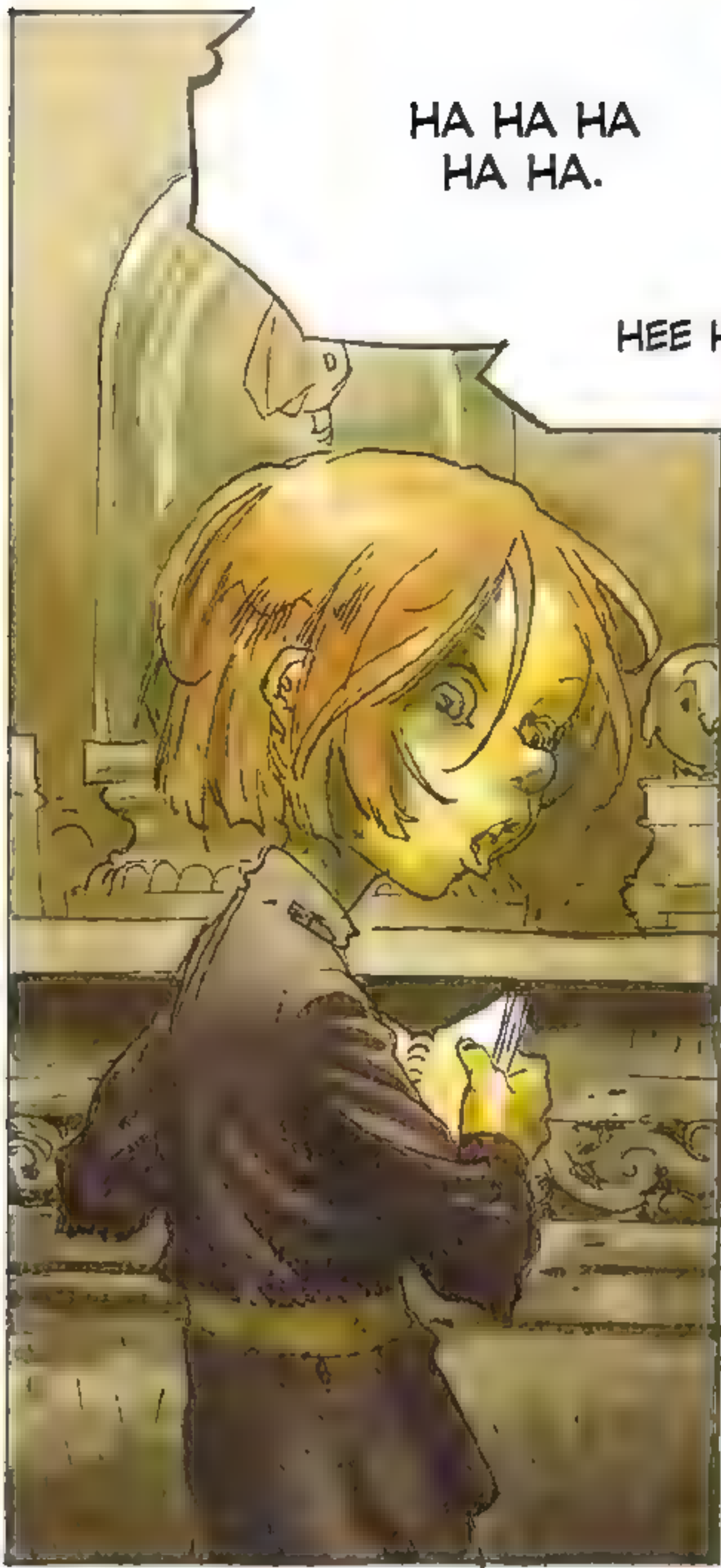
HE'S LOOKING AT  
A NOTEBOOK...

I CAN  
SEE THAT,  
BUT WHAT'S  
IN THE  
NOTEBOOK?

HOW AM I  
MEANT TO  
KNOW?







HA HA HA  
HA HA.

HEE HEE.



HA HA!



AND WHAT'S  
YOUR RABBIT DOING  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF MY COMPASS  
COLLECTION?



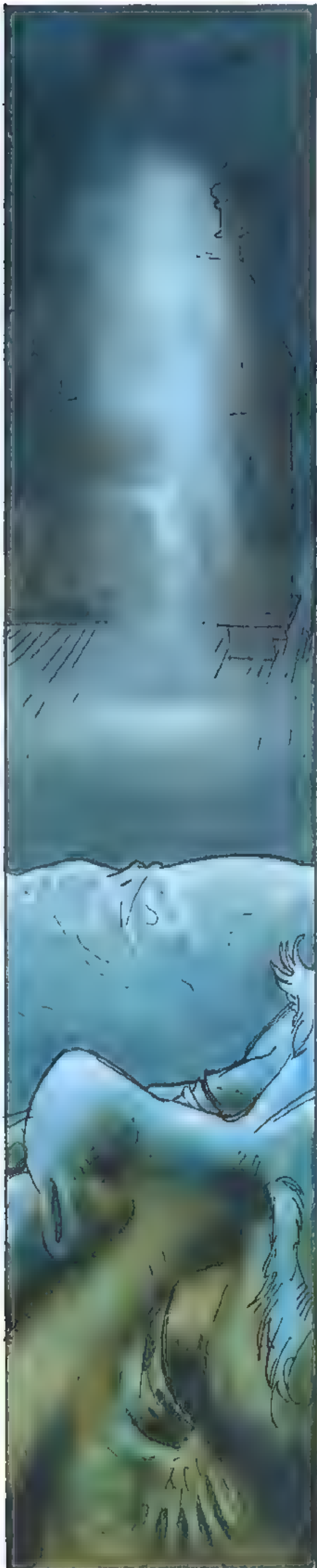
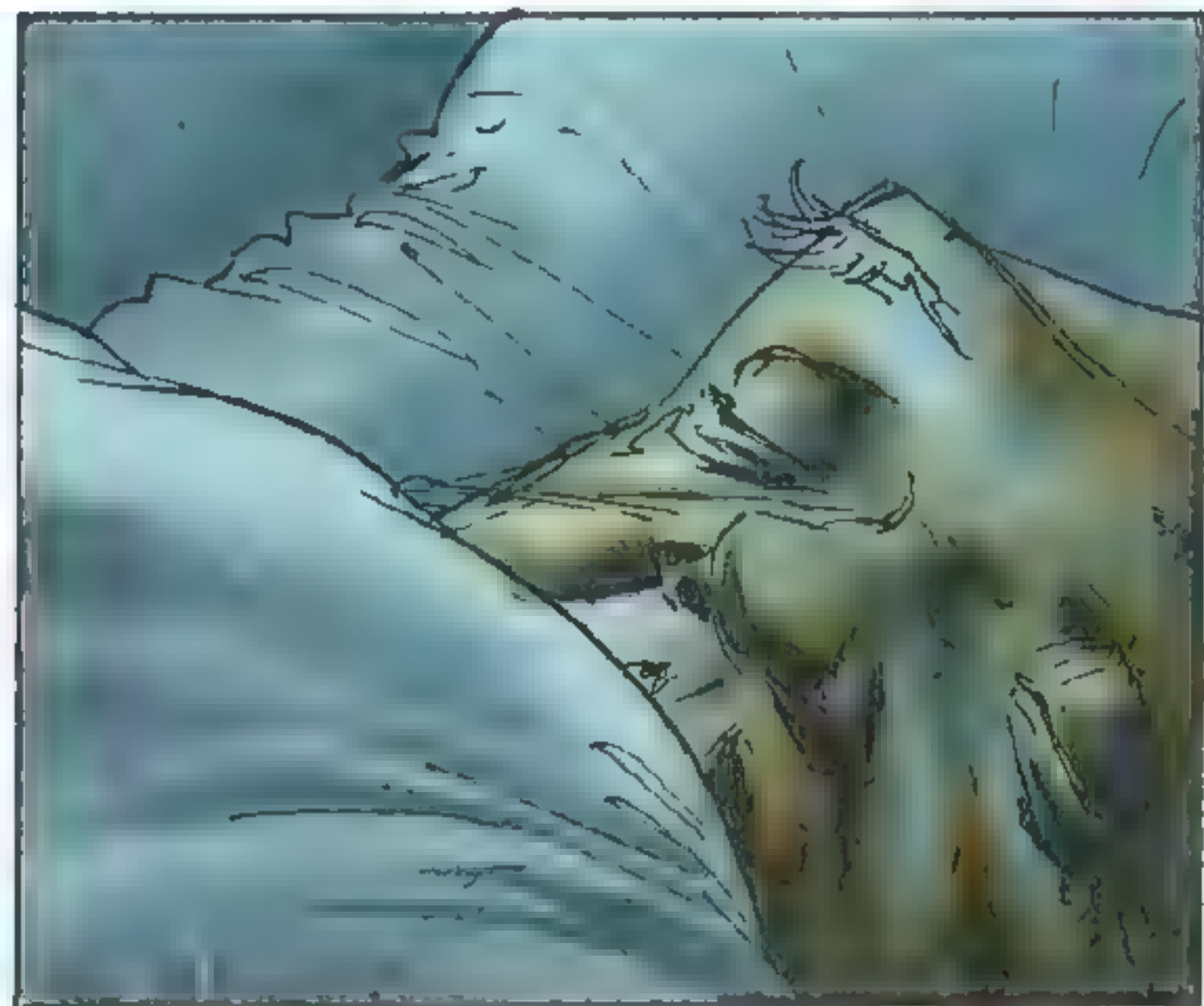
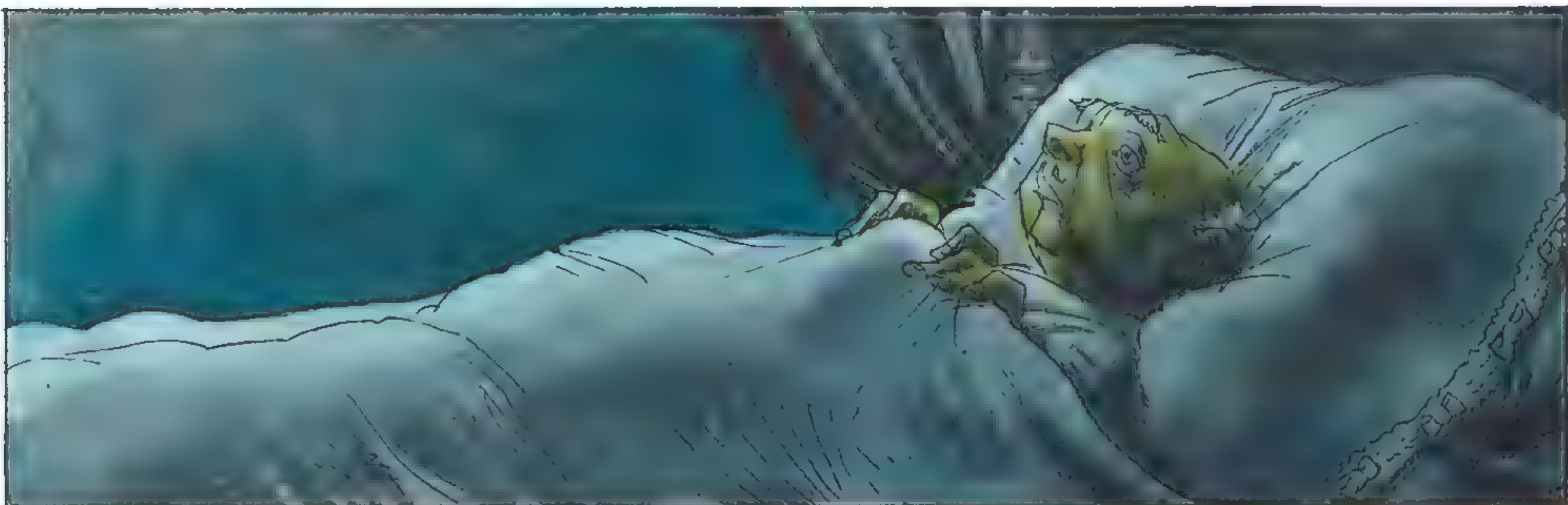
I'D SAY HE'S JUST  
BEING AN IDIOT...

HE ALWAYS  
HAS TO GET  
ATTENTION, THAT  
ONE...

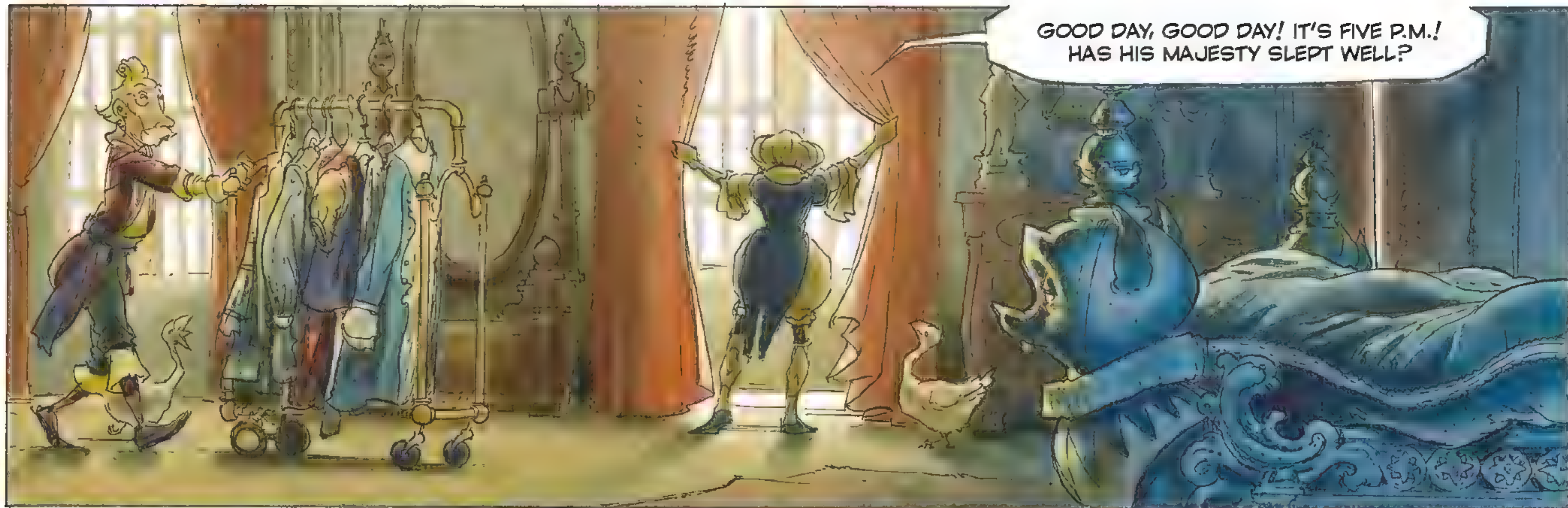
DOONG  
DOONG!



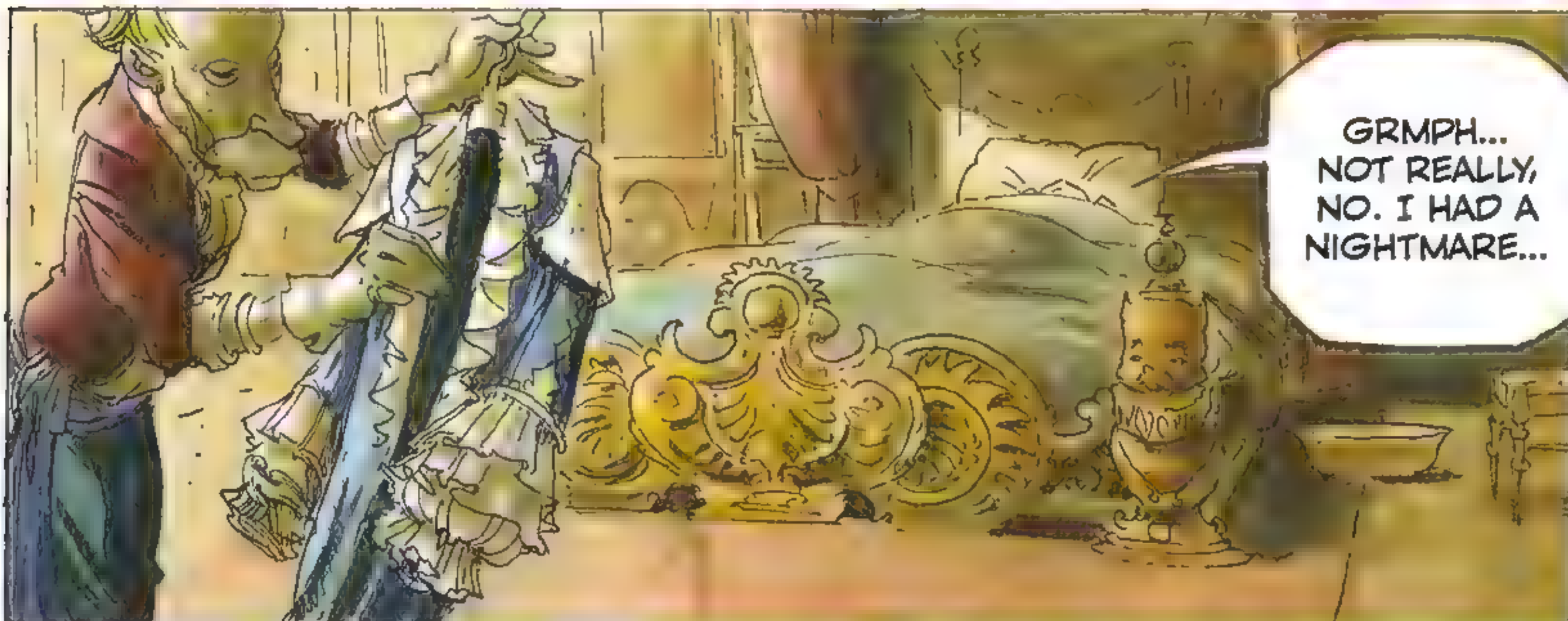
GOOD NIGHT, MAJESTY.







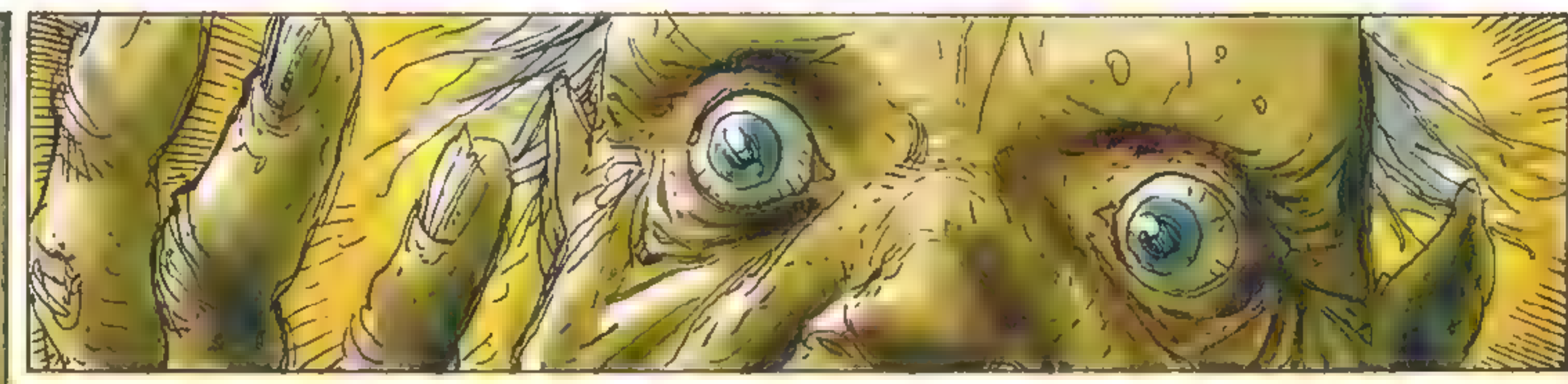
GOOD DAY, GOOD DAY! IT'S FIVE P.M.!  
HAS HIS MAJESTY SLEPT WELL?



GRMPH...  
NOT REALLY,  
NO. I HAD A  
NIGHTMARE...



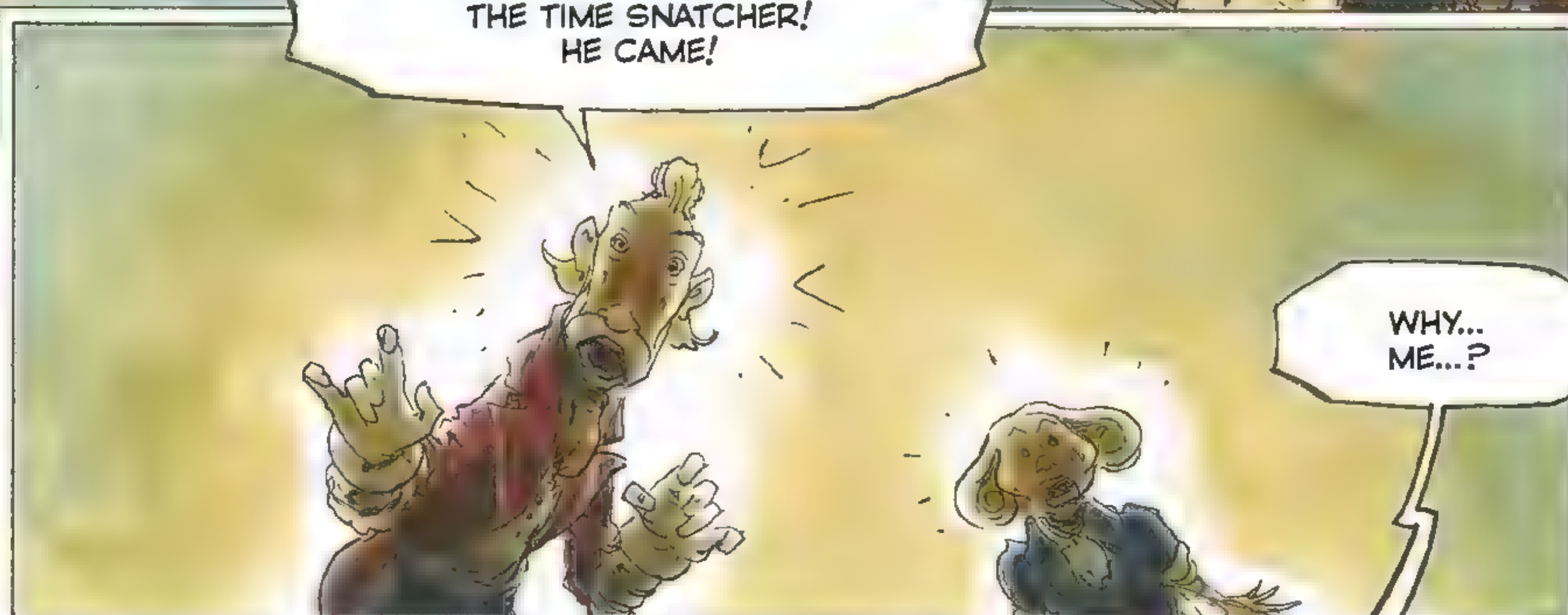
I DREAMT AGAIN THAT I  
WAS BEING VISITED BY THE  
TIME SNATCHER AND...?!



NO...

NO...

THE TIME SNATCHER!  
HE CAME!



WHY...  
ME...?

End of part 1





# AZIMUT

Quelque part dans le vaste océan des mondes possibles...

il en existe un où, plus qu'ailleurs, on reste profondément outré par l'idée  
de la vieillesse et de son issue tragique : la mort.

Mais selon la possibilité d'y échapper ? Ailleurs peut-être pas, mais dans ce monde-là...

il est permis de le penser. C'est en tout cas la théorie du vieux professeur

Alexis Etroquoise qui coupe ses temps à étudier les esprits du temps à bord du Lapin,  
son vieux laboratoire. C'est aussi l'avis de la belle Marie Garret, qui semble convaincue

que le temps s'est de l'argent, et même des aspects sombres et trébuchants

de l'existence, disent certains, non sans dire les autres.

En compagnie d'une myriade de personnages fantastiques

embarquez pour un fabuleux voyage

qui vous mènera tout autant dans les sphères éthérées de l'imagination

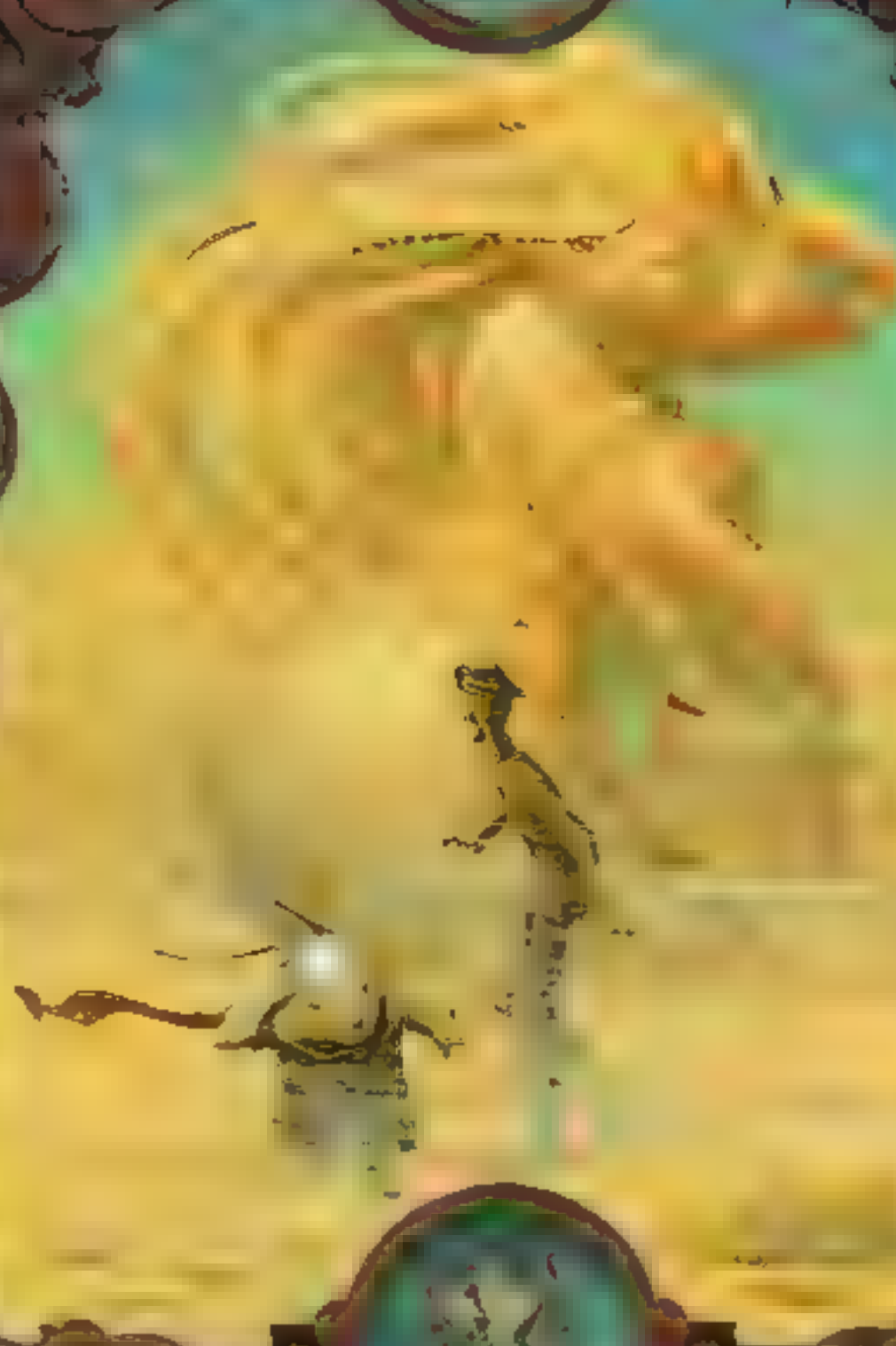
qu'au cœur des préoccupations existentielles humaines.



9 782 40 306476



# AZAIMUR



VENTS D'QUEST





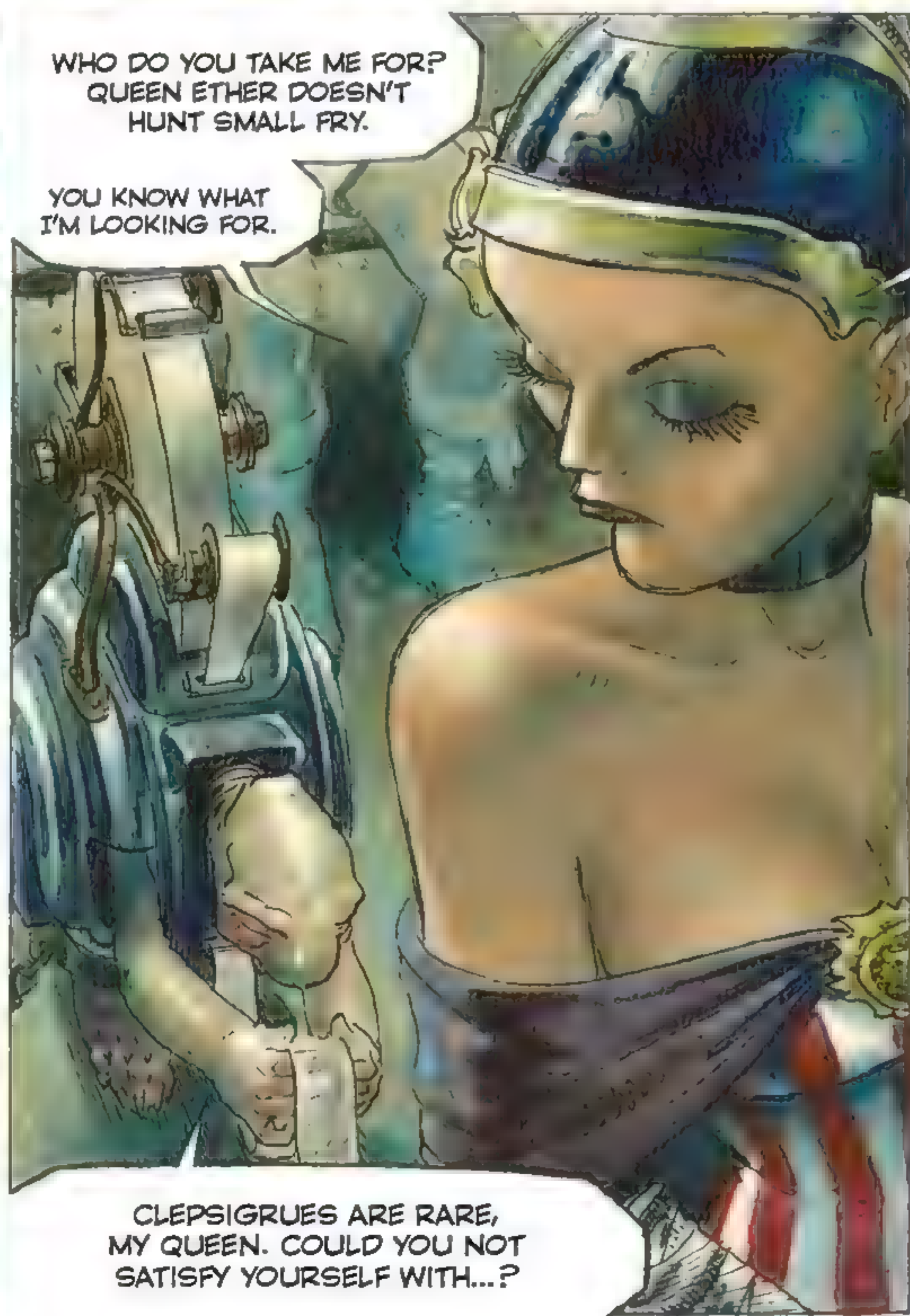
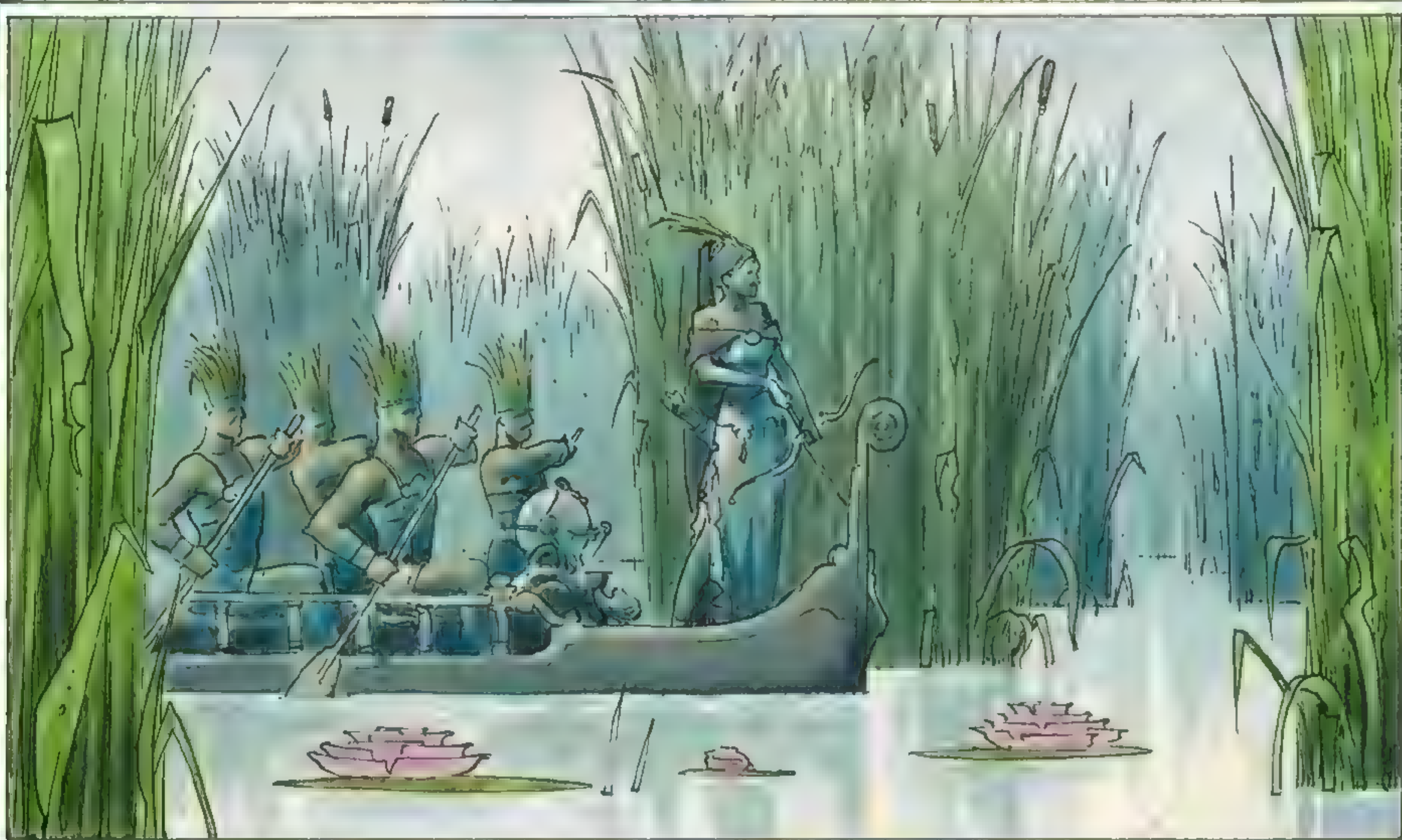
LUPANO ~ ANDREA

# AZIMUT

— TOME 2 —  
QUE LA BELLE MEURE

**VENTS D'OUEST**





ON YOUR LEFT, MAJESTY.  
A CYGNUS ARTIME.

WHO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?  
QUEEN ETHER DOESN'T  
HUNT SMALL FRY.

YOU KNOW WHAT  
I'M LOOKING FOR.

CLEPSIGRUES ARE RARE,  
MY QUEEN. COULD YOU NOT  
SATISFY YOURSELF WITH...?

NO, I CANNOT. WITHOUT THE WATER  
FROM THEIR CLEPSYDRE, I'LL SHRIVEL UP  
LIKE AN OLD APPLE. I NEED IT.

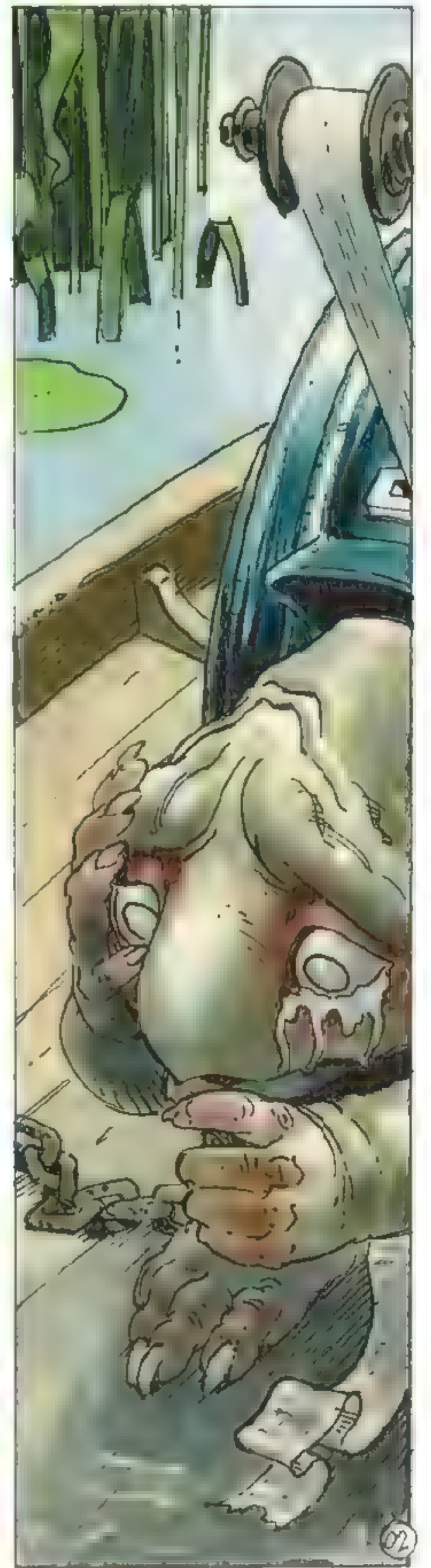
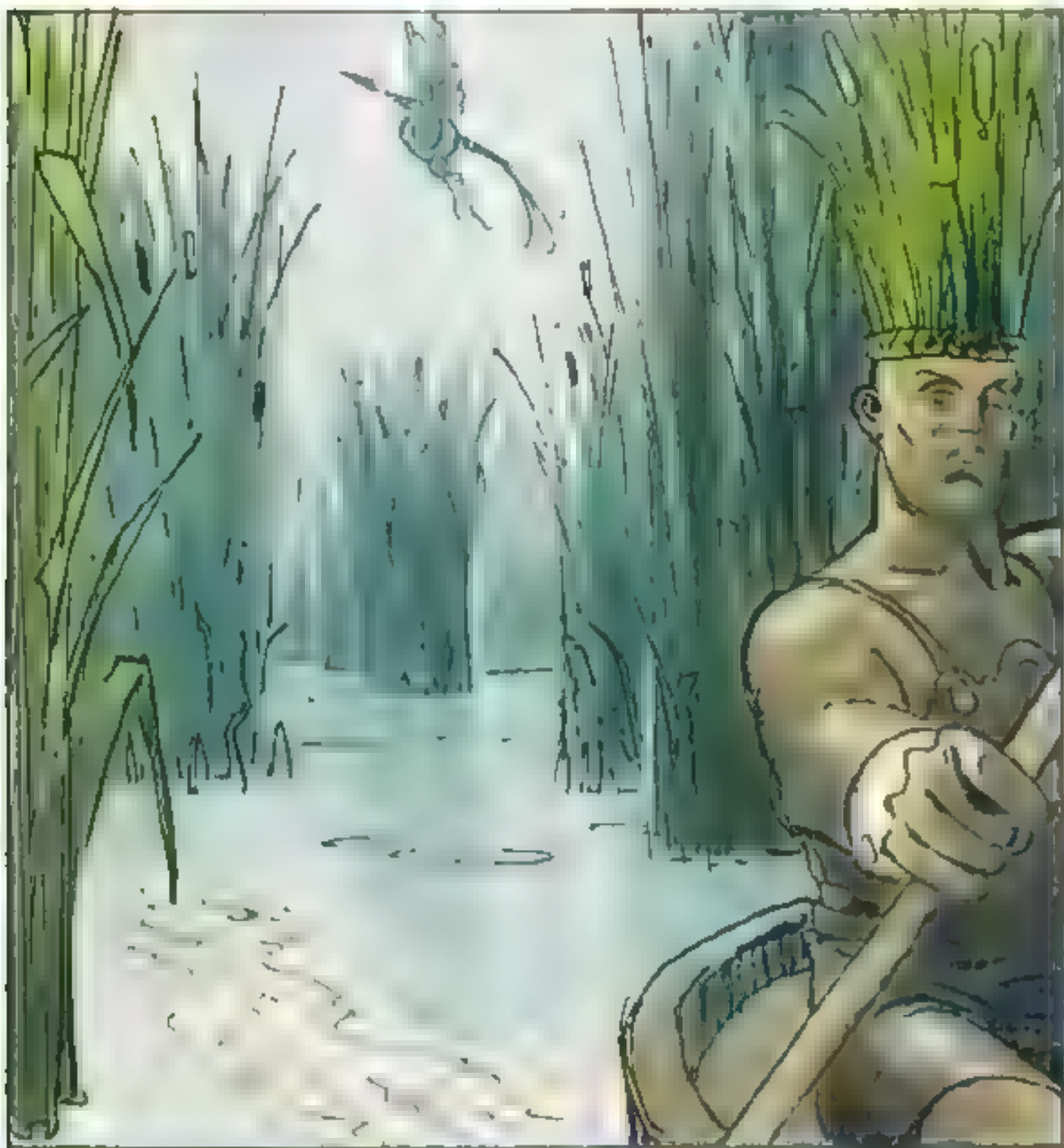
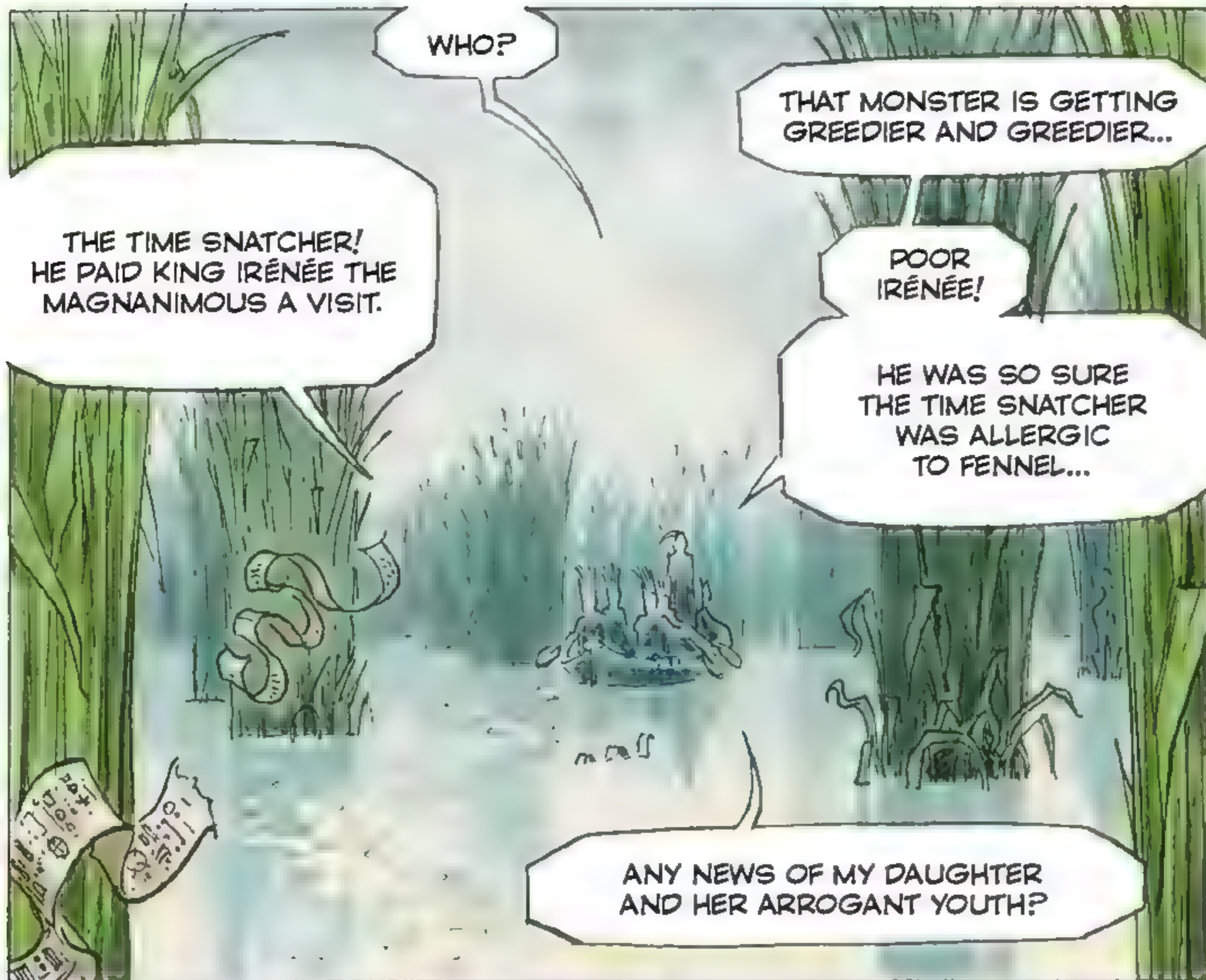
FIND  
THEM!

YOU KNOW FULL  
WELL THAT...

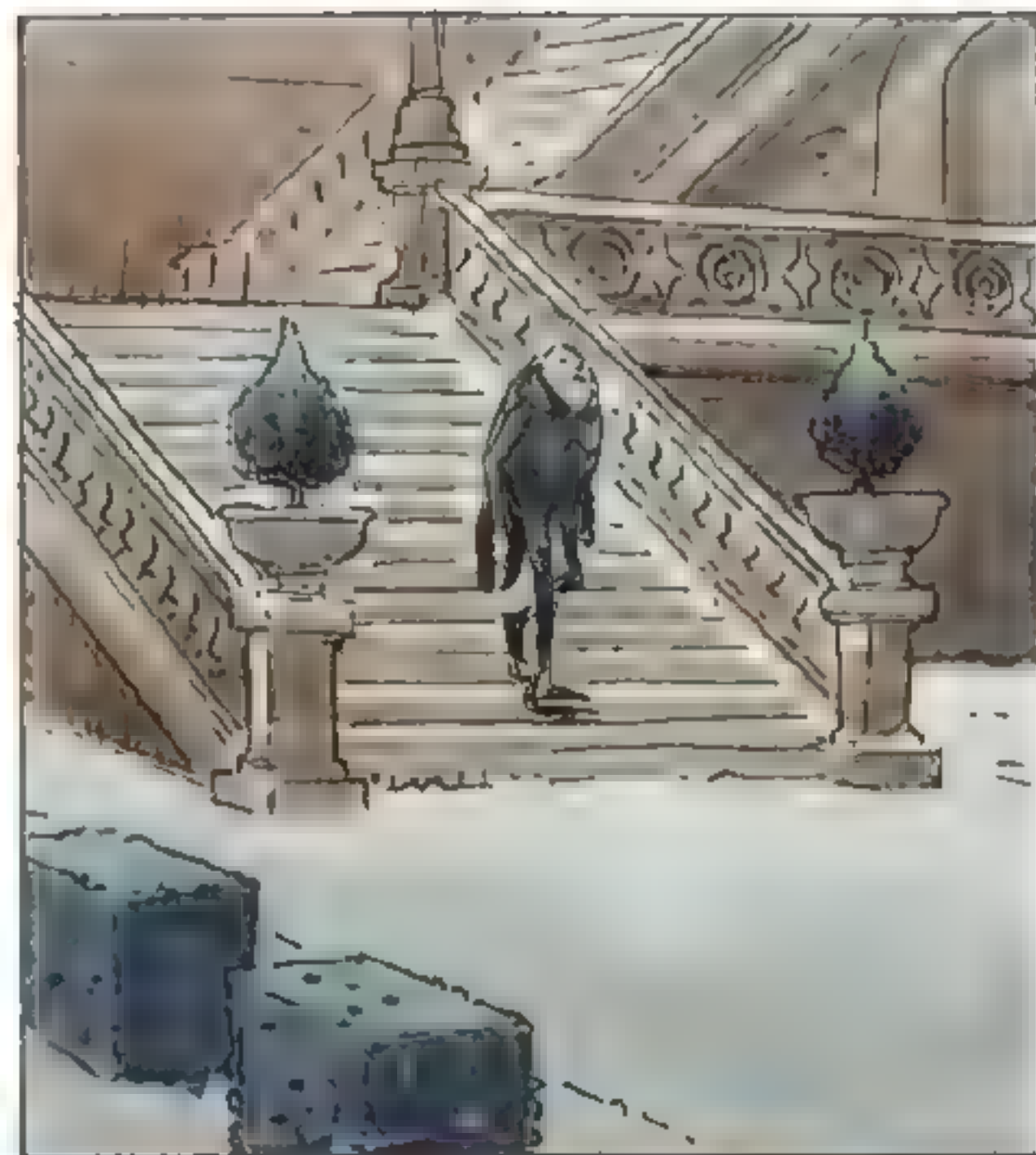
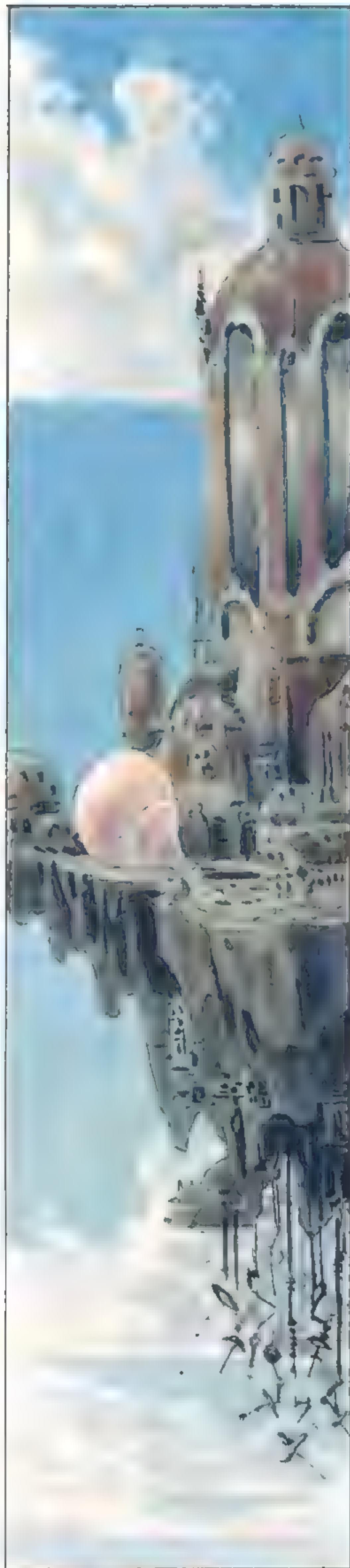
OH!

HE'S STRUCK  
AGAIN!













WHO'S THE BARON CHAGRIN?

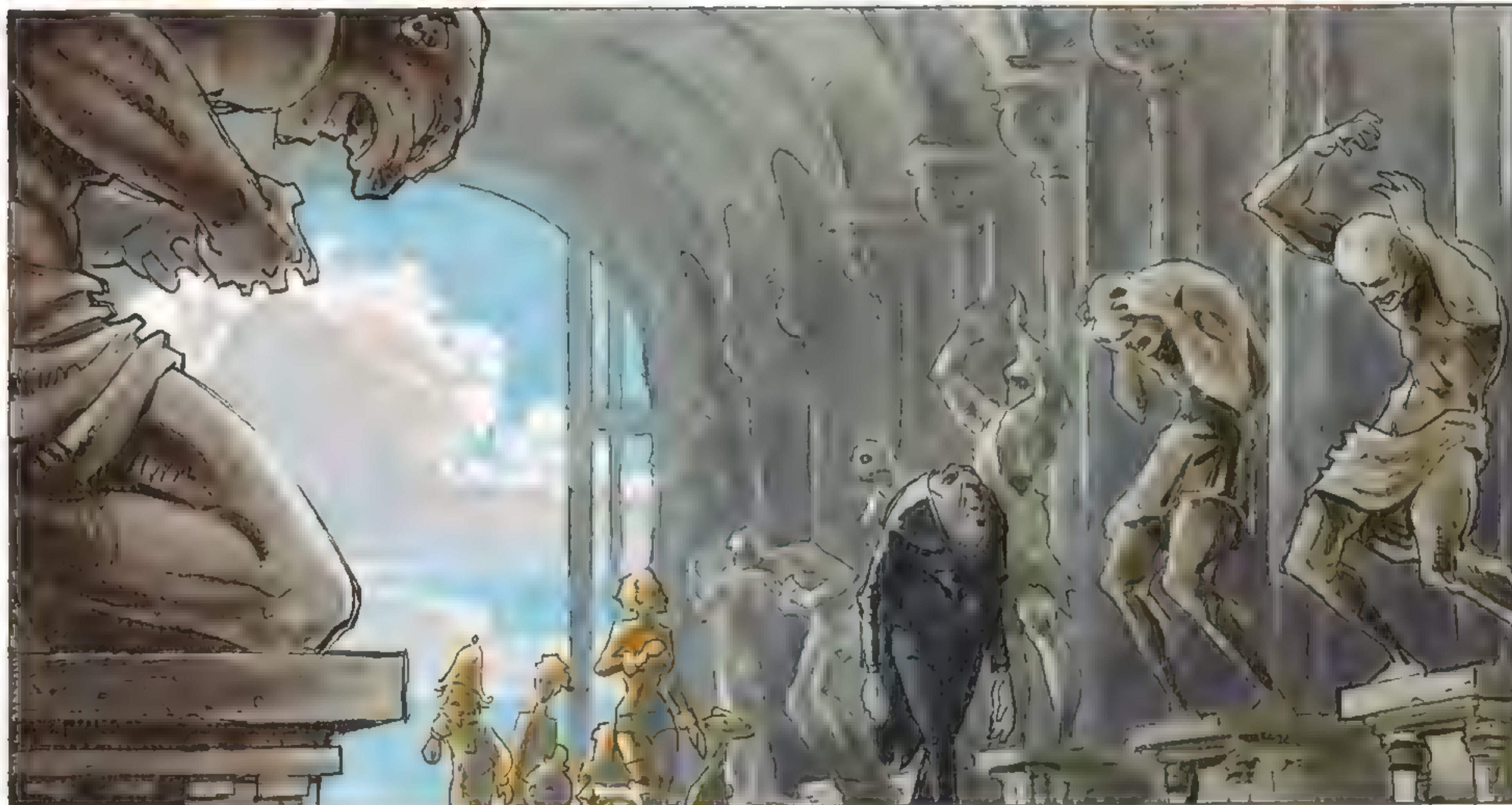
AN OLD MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURE, IGNARE. I NEVER IMAGINED HE COULD REALLY EXIST.



IF THAT'S THE CASE, HE MUST BE PRETTY... AGED, RIGHT?

YOU COULD SAY OLD LIKE THE WORLD.

PUT THAT HUNGRY EXPRESSION AWAY, WOULD YOU?



YOU'LL FIND ROOMS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TORMENTED GALLERY. THE BARON HOPES THAT THEY ARE TO YOUR LIKING.

THE BARON WILL RECEIVE YOU AFTER THE CONCERT.

CONCERT?

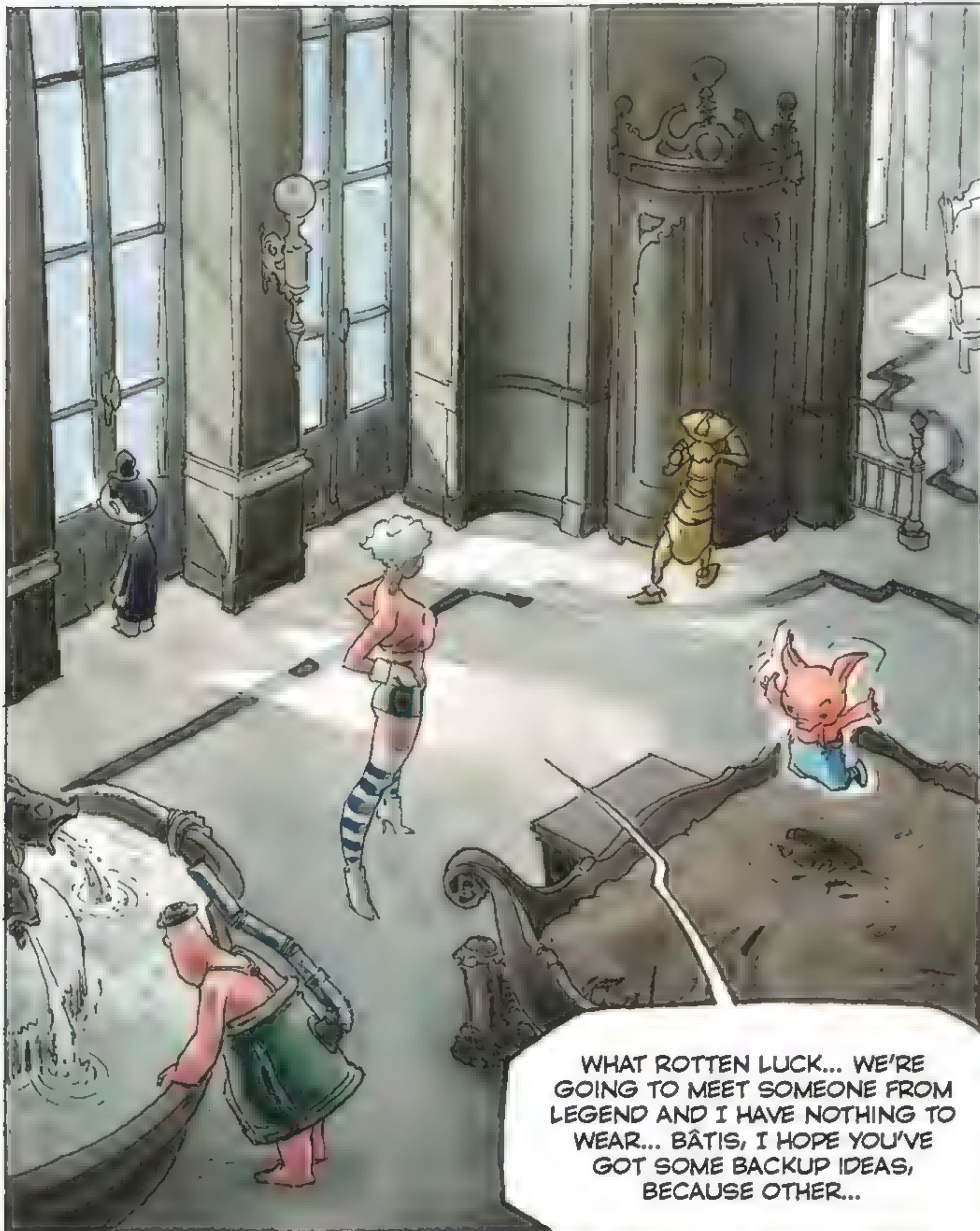
SAY, WHERE HAVE ALL THE COLORS GONE?



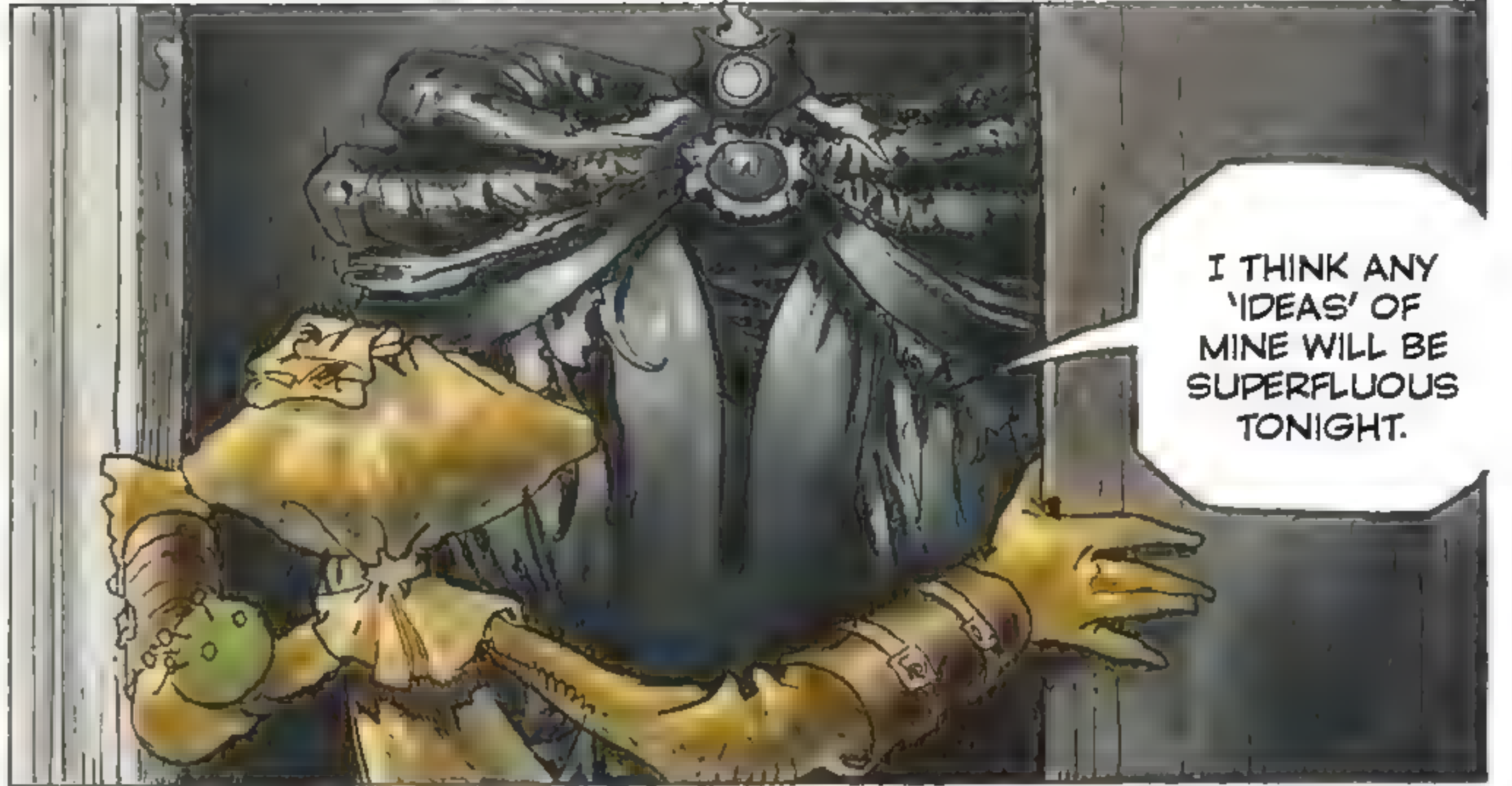
UNTIL LATER.







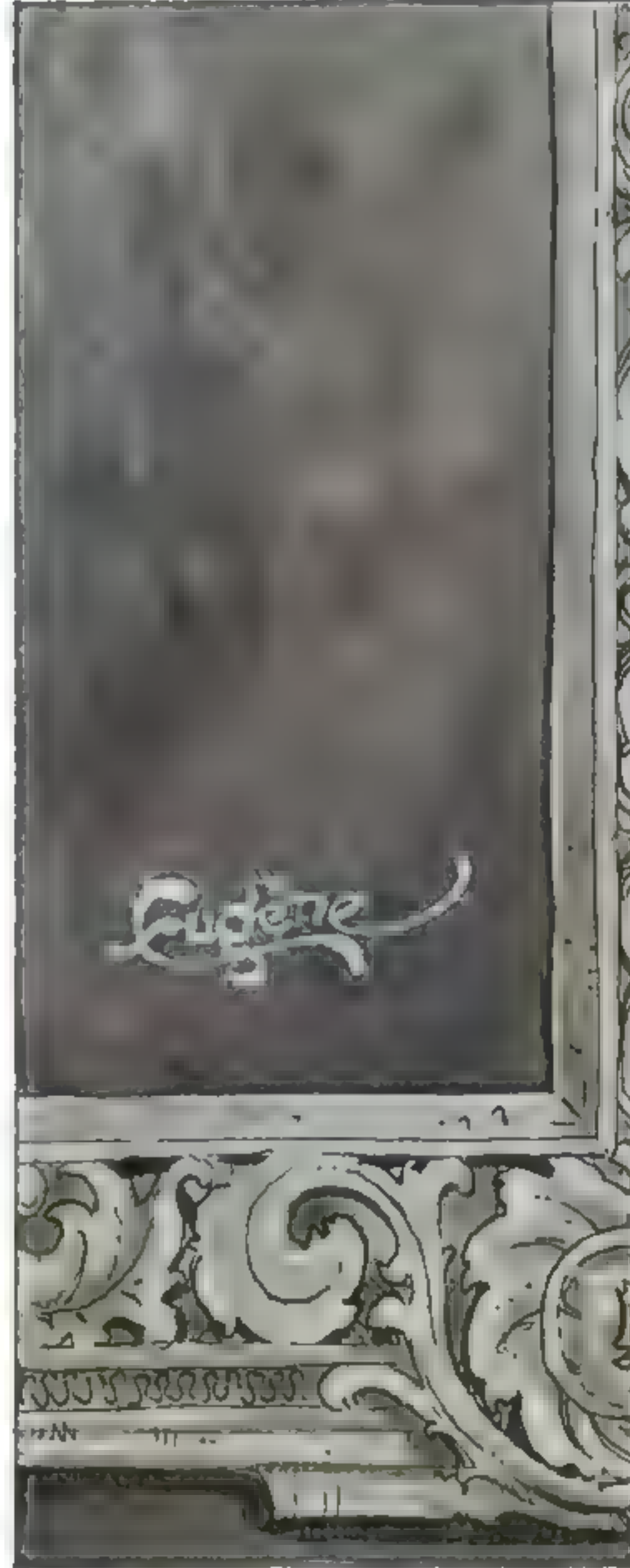
WHAT ROTTEN LUCK... WE'RE GOING TO MEET SOMEONE FROM LEGEND AND I HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR... BÂTIS, I HOPE YOU'VE GOT SOME BACKUP IDEAS, BECAUSE OTHER...



I THINK ANY 'IDEAS' OF MINE WILL BE SUPERFLUOUS TONIGHT.



I REALLY HAVE A BAD FEELING.



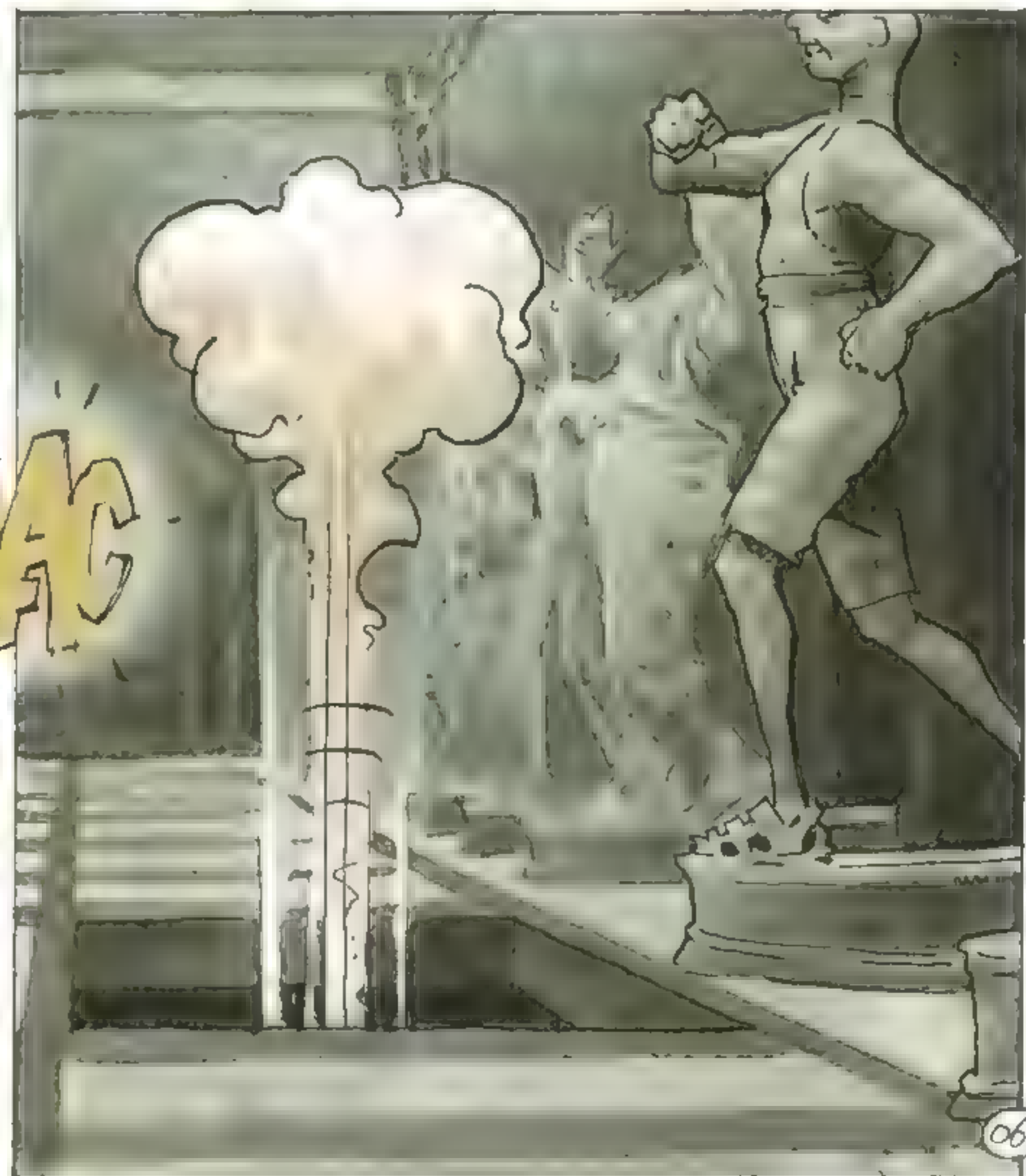
WELL BLOW ME! HE HAS ONE OF MY PAINTINGS, BUT ALL THE COLORS ARE GONE...



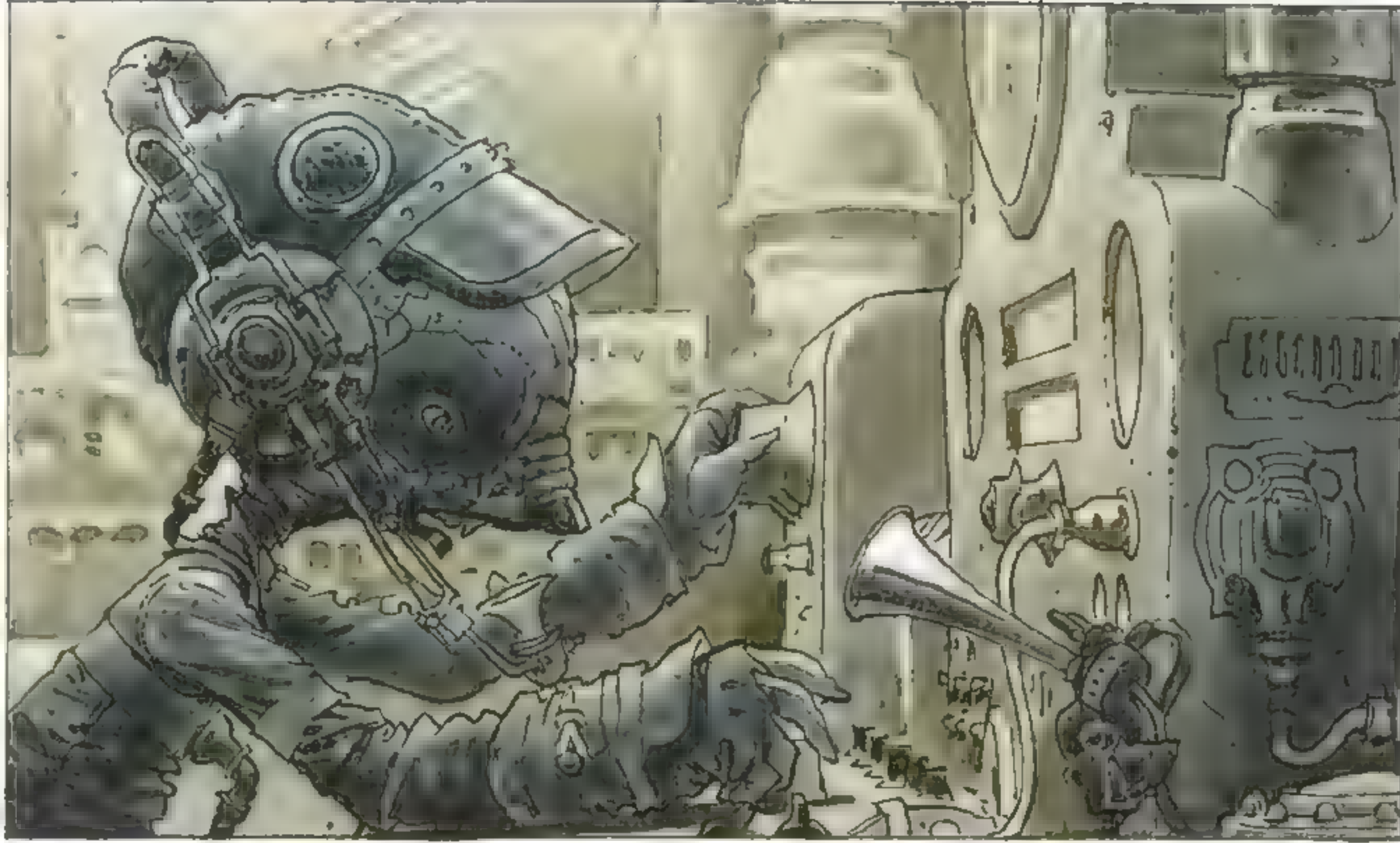
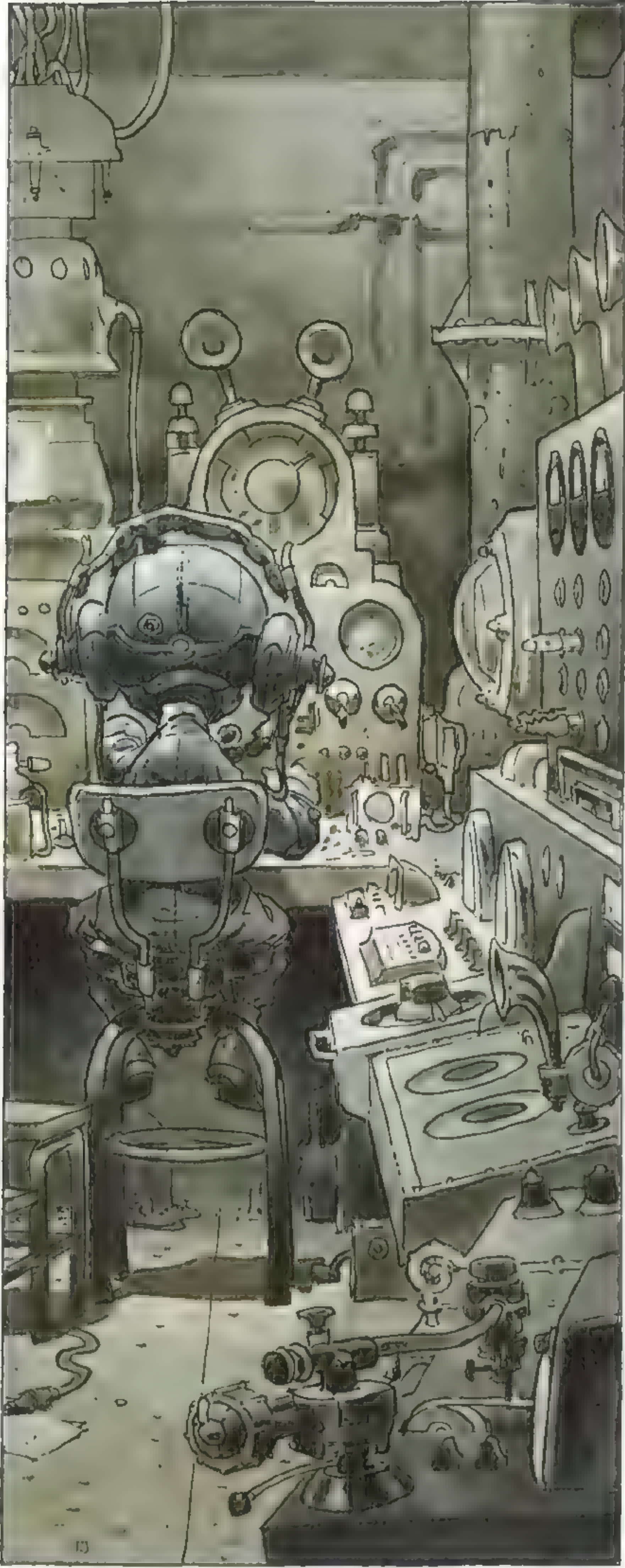
LET'S GO SEE WHAT THIS FAMOUS BARON CHAGRIN IS ALL ABOUT...





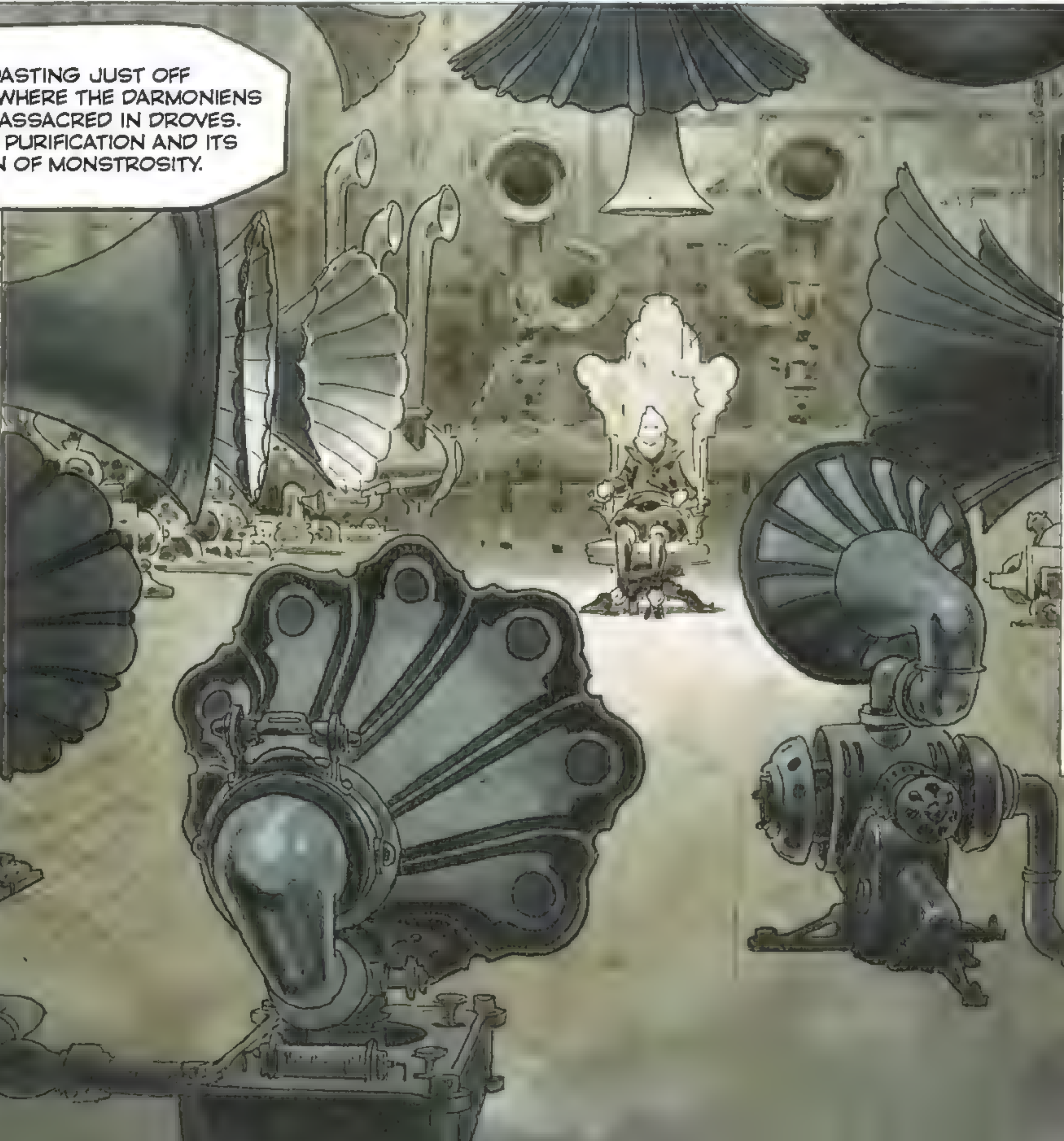






YOU ARE GOING TO FIND THIS DELICIOUS, MISTER BARON...

WE ARE COASTING JUST OFF BOURG-FELICITY, WHERE THE DARMONIENS ARE GETTING MASSACRED IN DROVES. IT'S THE GREAT PURIFICATION AND ITS PROCESSION OF MONSTROSITY.



EXCELLENT. THERE ARE ALWAYS PLENTY OF CHILDREN WITH THE DARMONIENS.



I WISH YOU  
A LOVELY  
CONCERT.

AAAAAAAAA

XAAAAAIIIIII

AAAAARRRRRIIIII

MOOOOOO AAAAAA

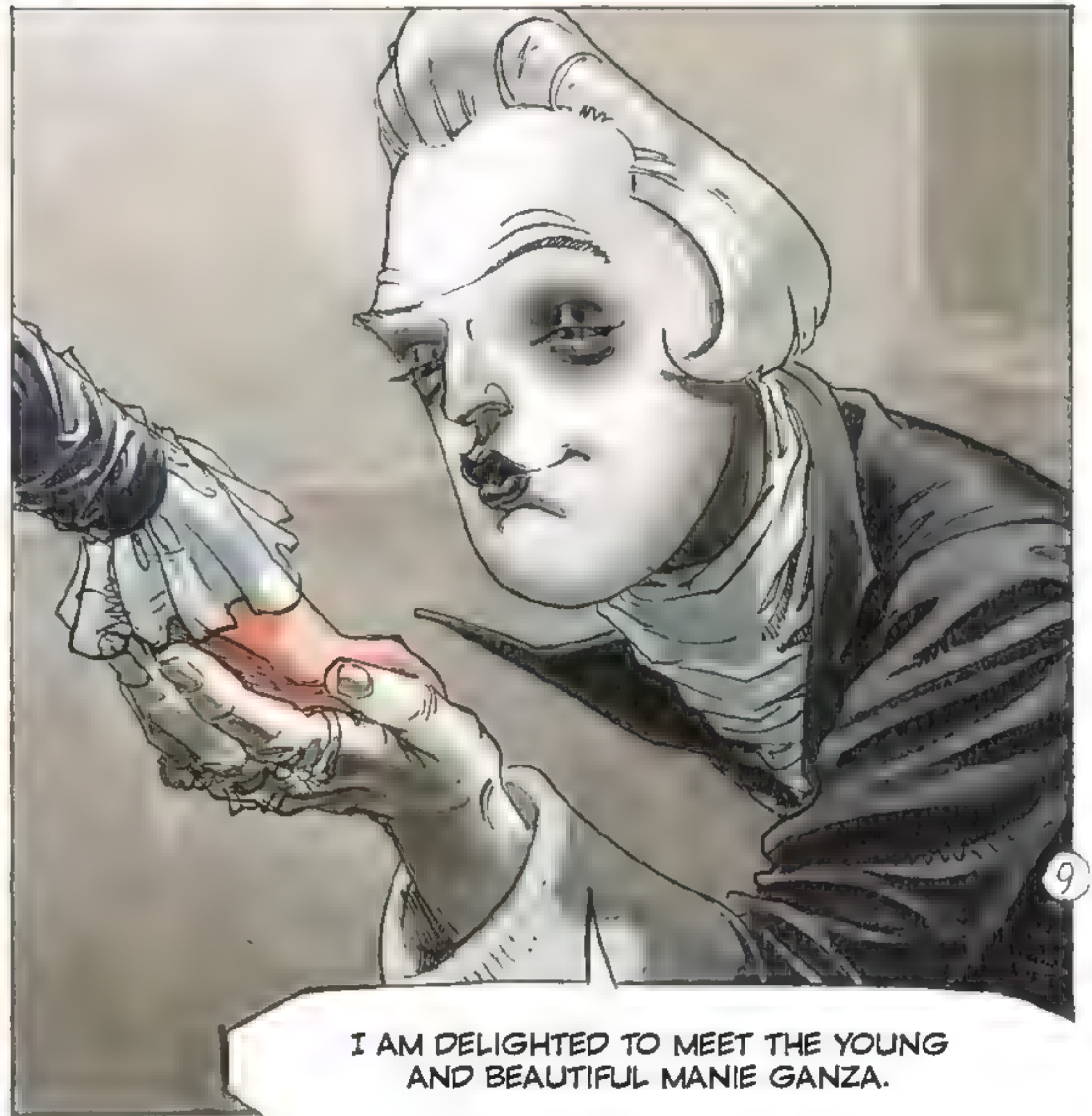
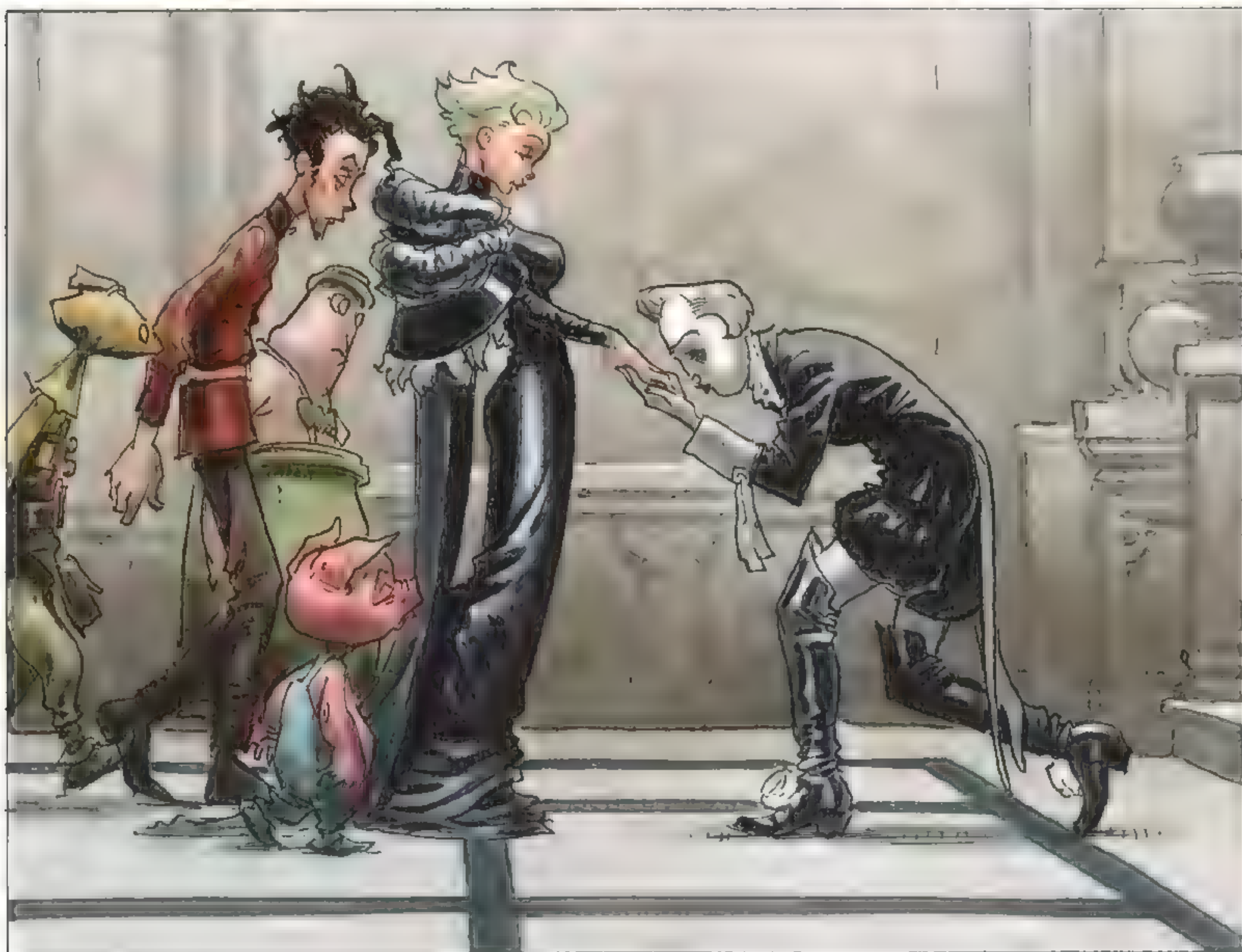
WHAT IN THE...? WHAT ARE  
THOSE SCREAMS?!

IT SOUNDS LIKE  
THE END OF  
THE WORLD.

HOW  
HORRIBLE!

GAIIIIIAARRRRRAA  
AAAAWWWWIIIIII

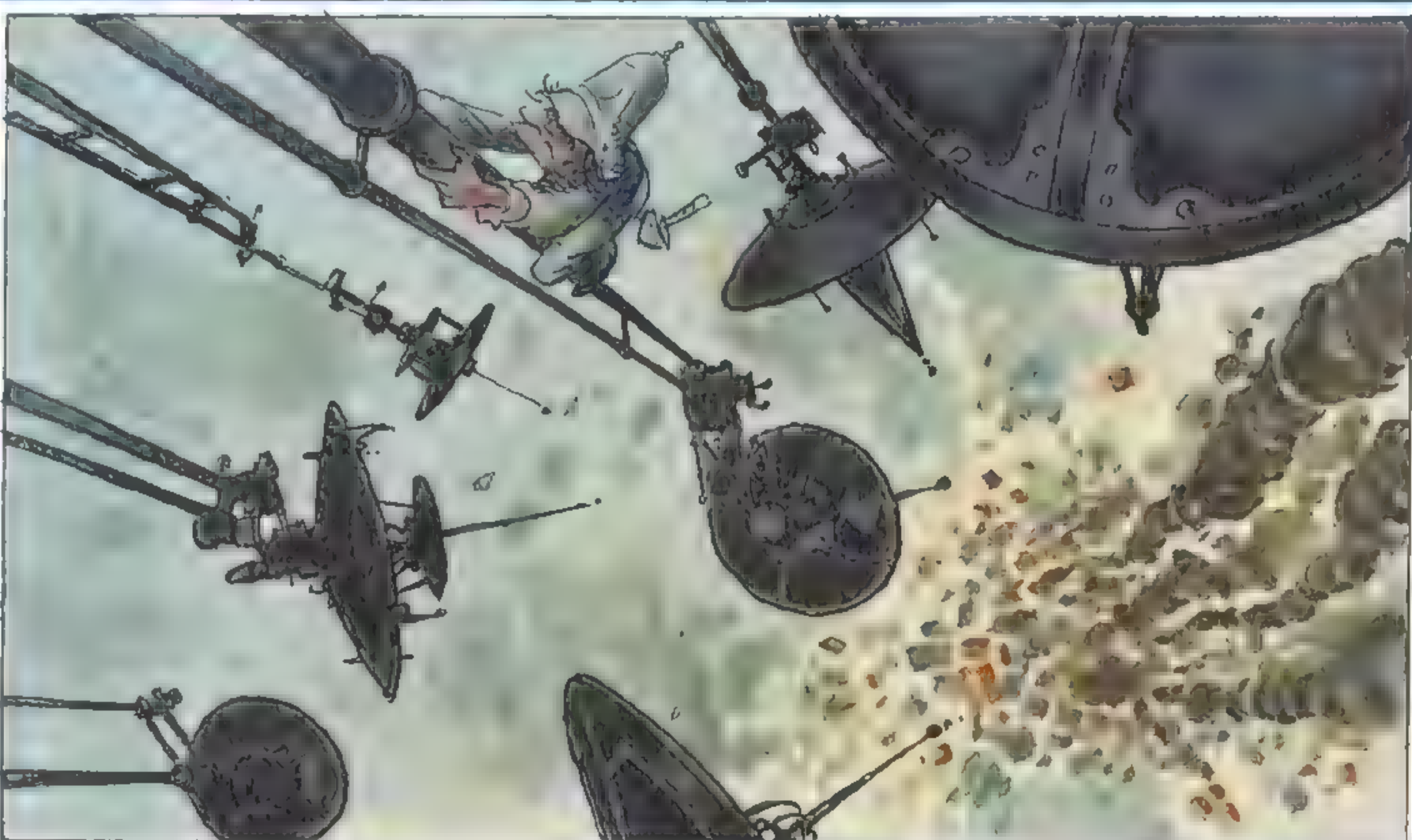




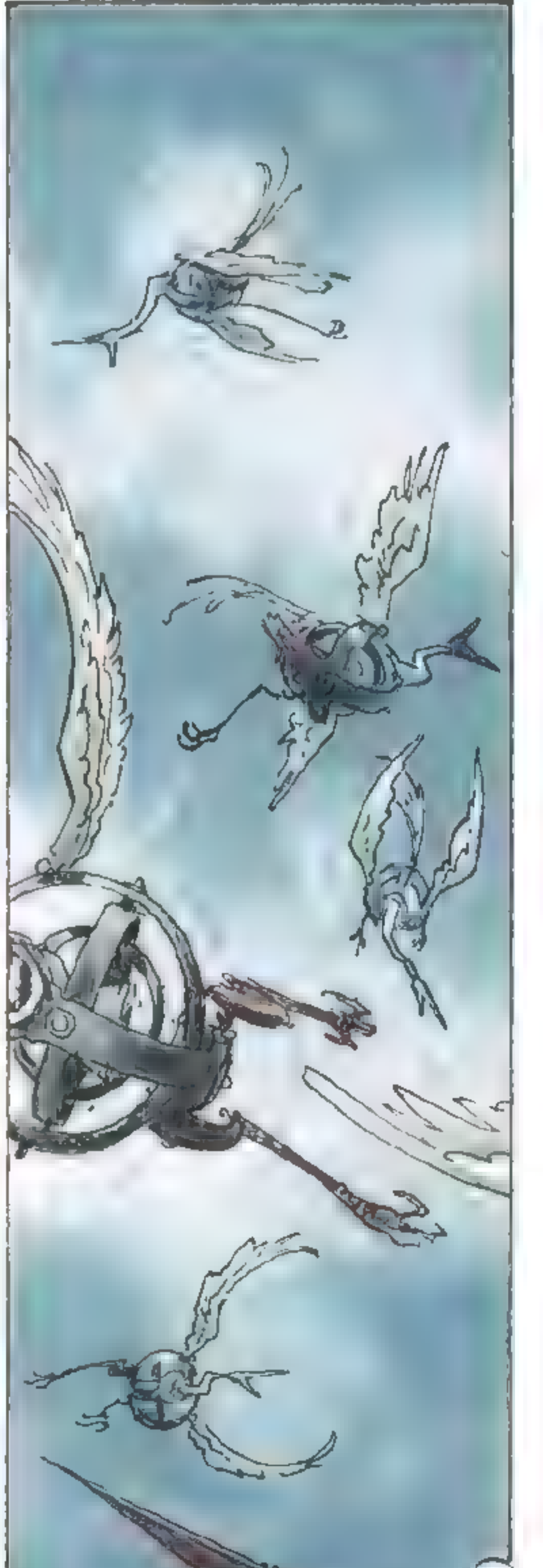
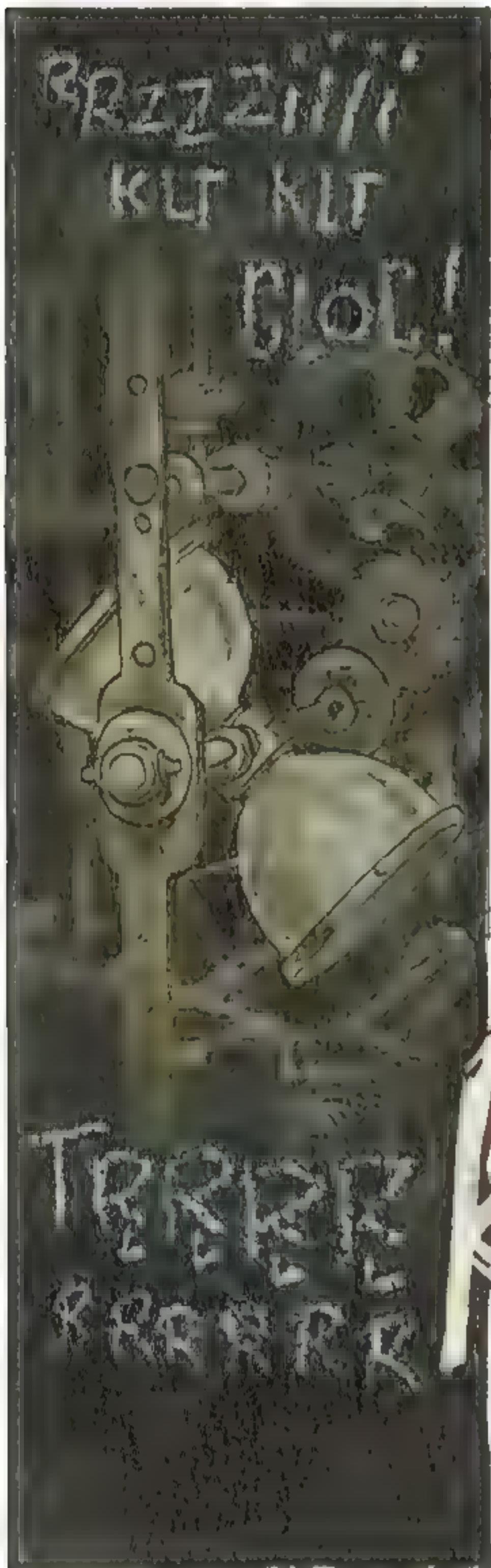
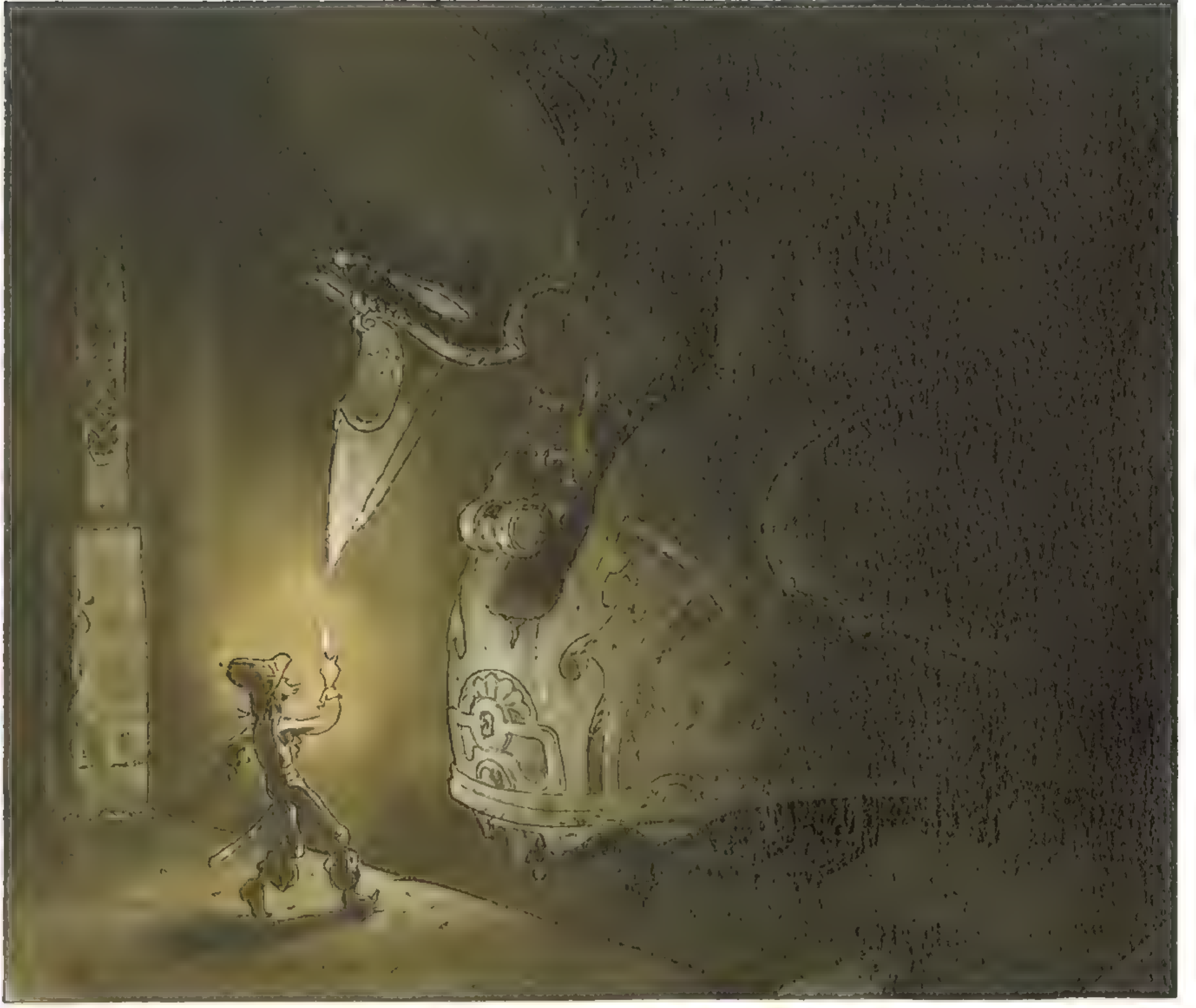




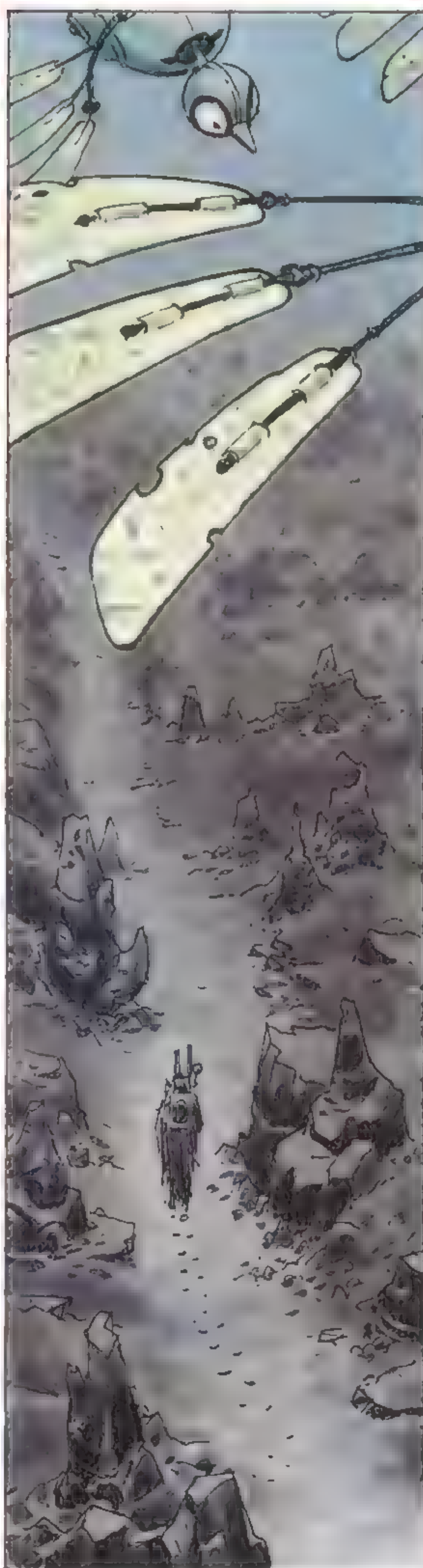
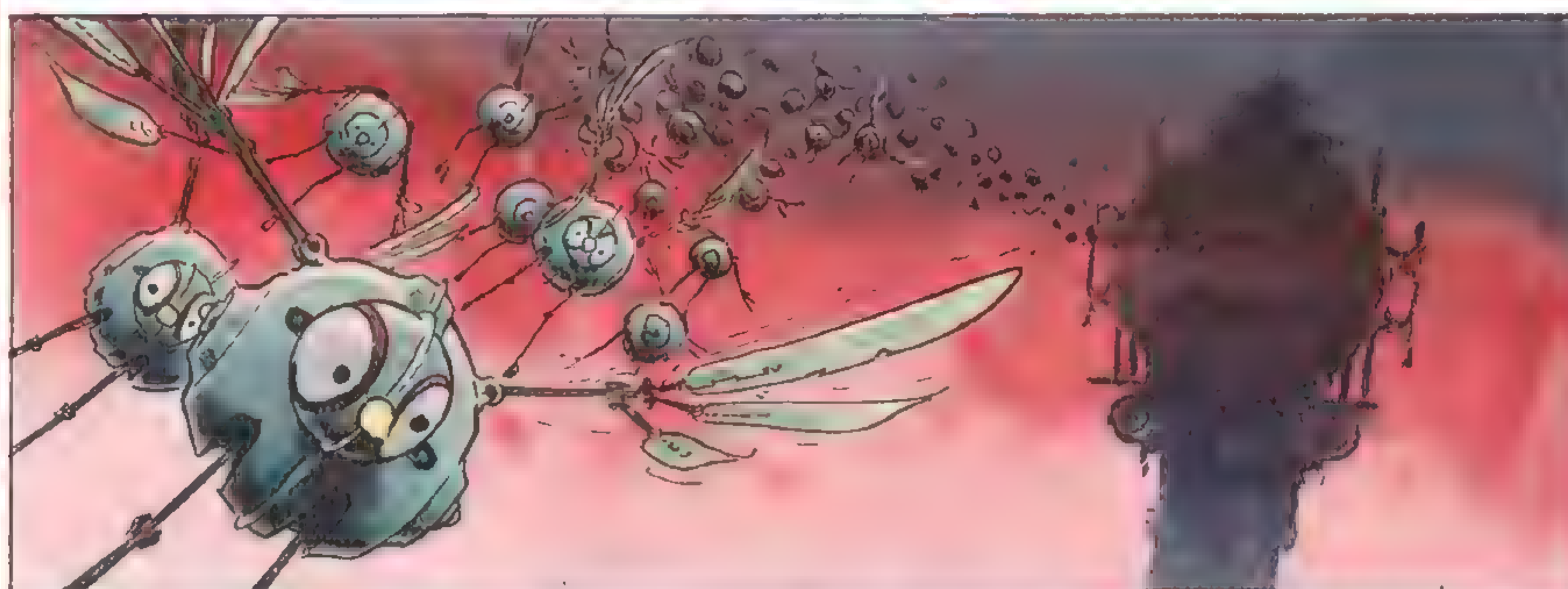
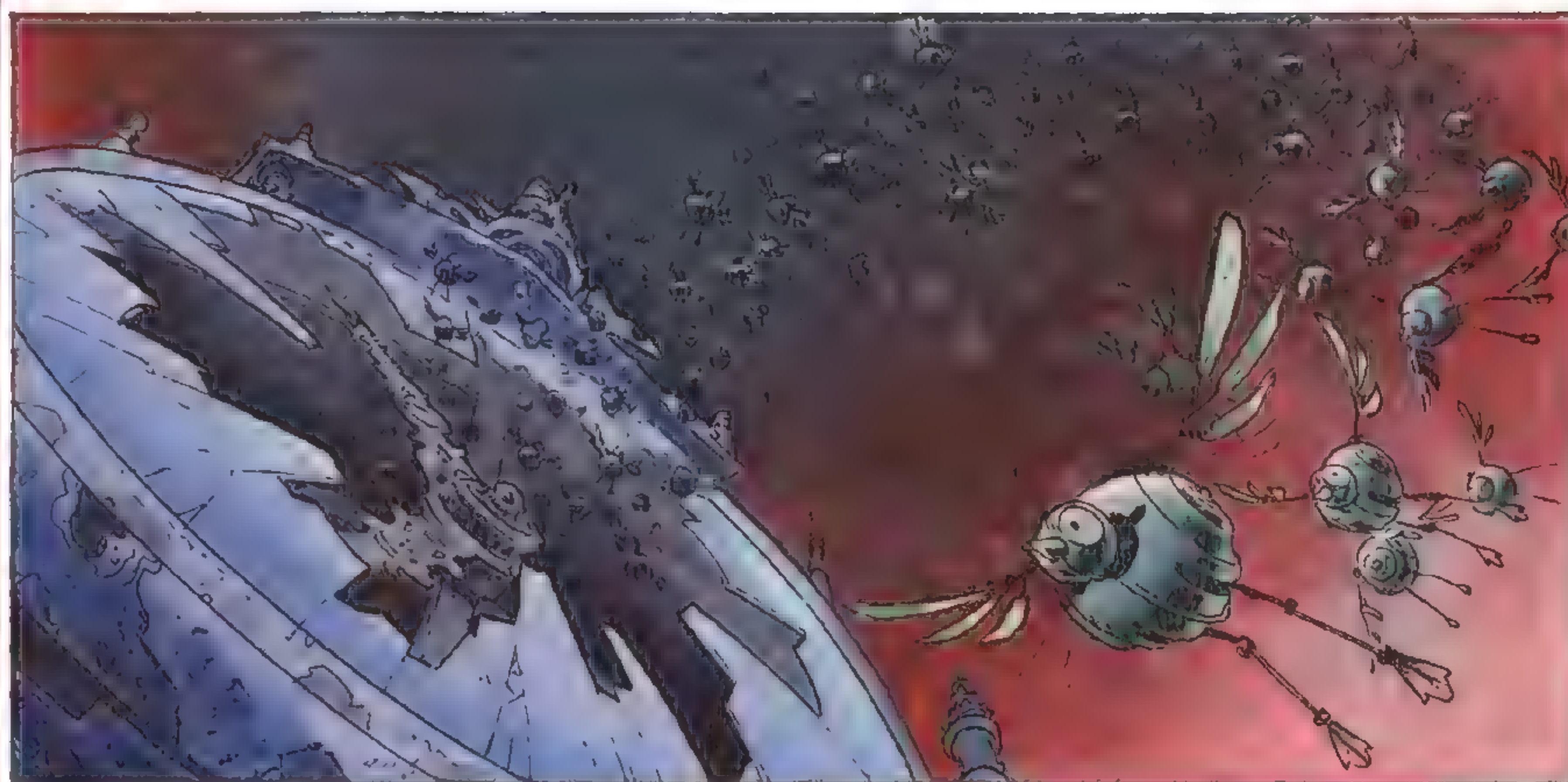










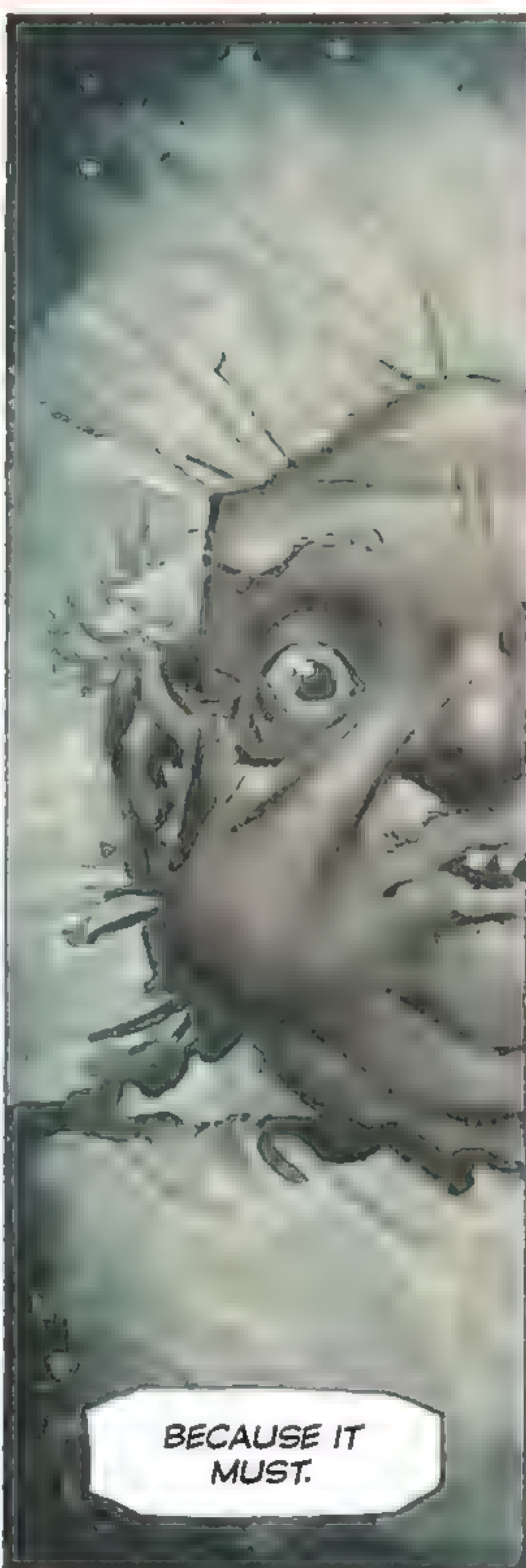
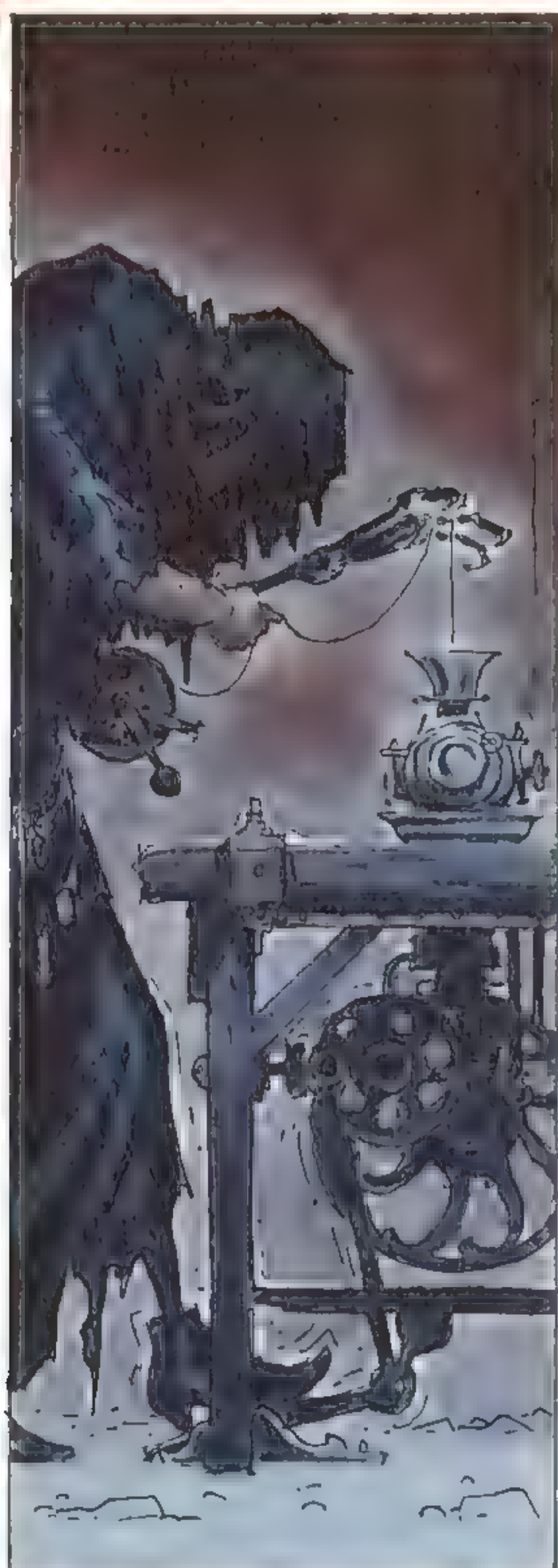
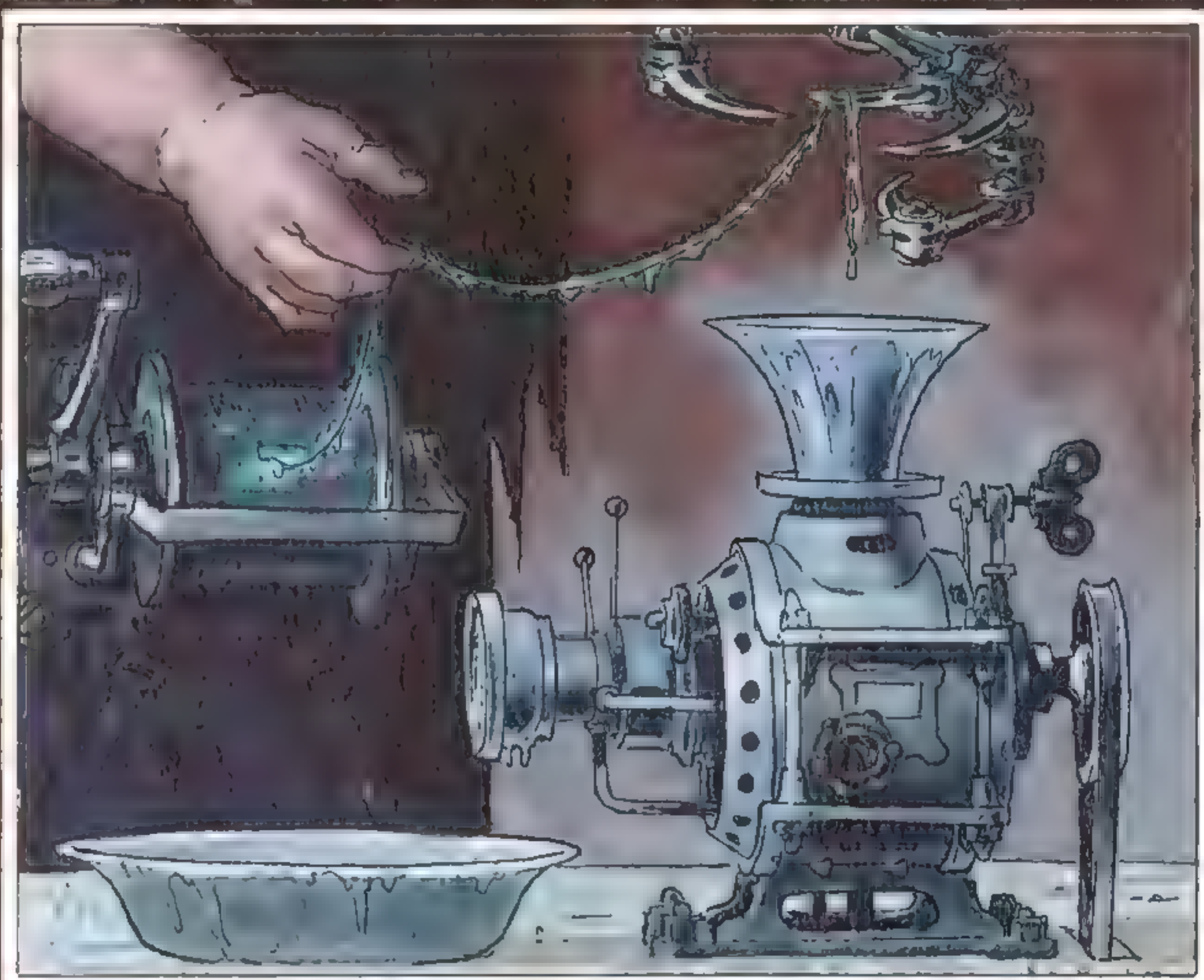


A RESINOUS BLOOD  
CONGEALS INTO A  
STALACTITE...

ON THE BARK OF  
MY TREE OF LIFE...



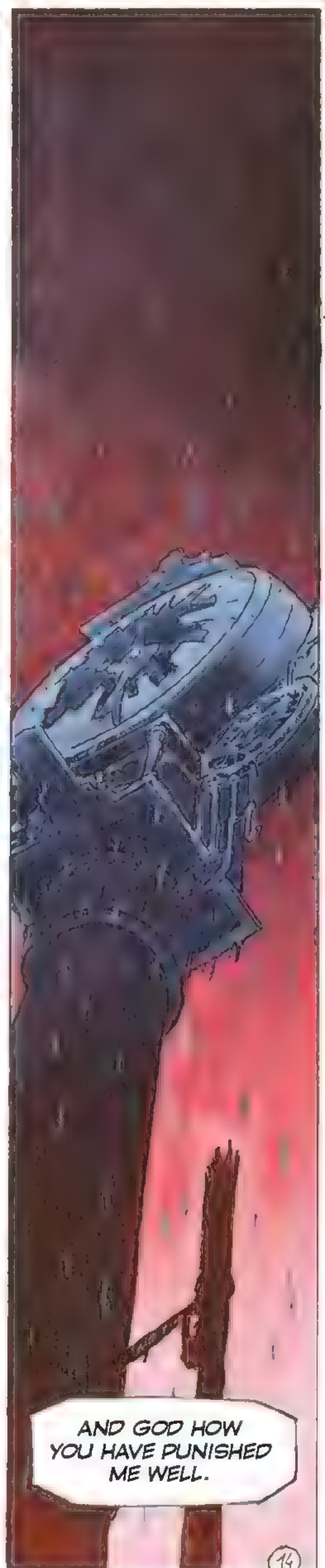
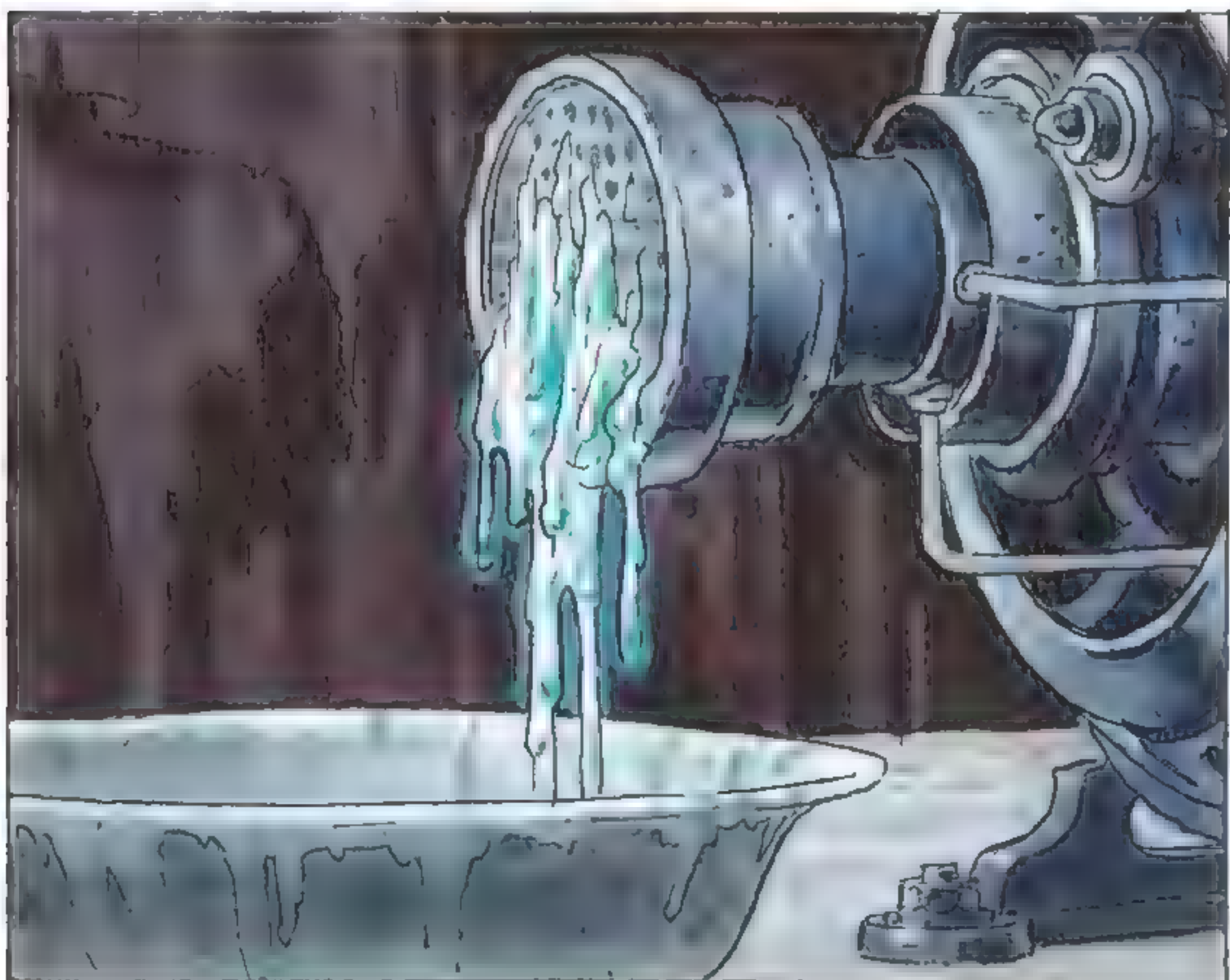
THE PENDULUM OF A  
CLOCK KNOWS ITS  
WORTHLESSNESS.  
MOVING IN THIS  
OPAQUE SILENCE...



BECAUSE IT  
MUST.



GOD HOW  
BEAUTIFUL YOU  
ARE, OH SORROW  
OF MINE.



AND GOD HOW  
YOU HAVE PUNISHED  
ME WELL.

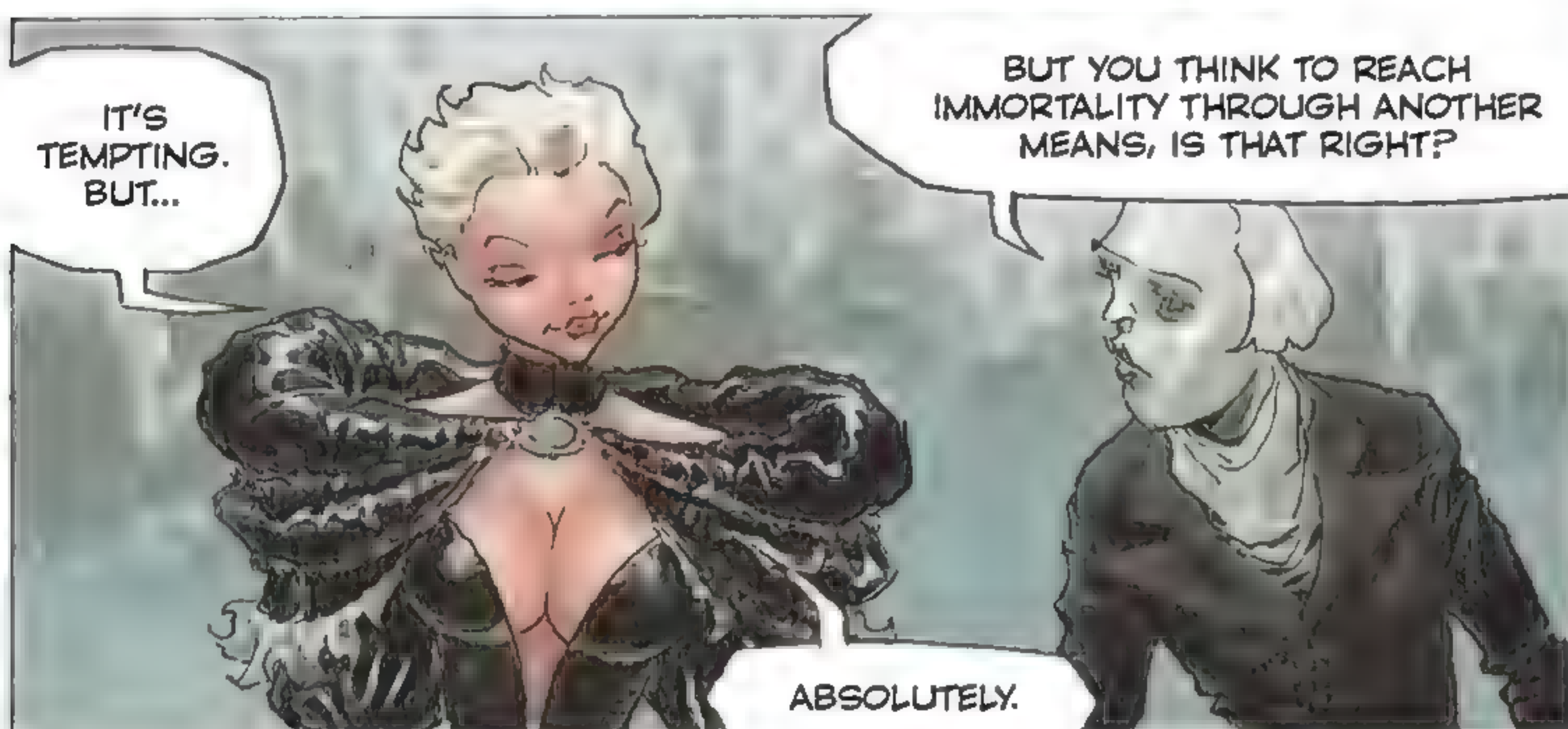




AND SO, BARON, YOU AMUSE YOURSELF WITH THE PASSING OF TIME...

ALAS, NOT AS MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE. TIME HAS NO GRIP ON MY BODY, BUT IT DOES ON MY MOOD. I GET BORED, SOMETIMES, IN MY PALACE. THESE GARDENS DON'T BRING ME QUITE AS MUCH JOY AS THEY USED TO.

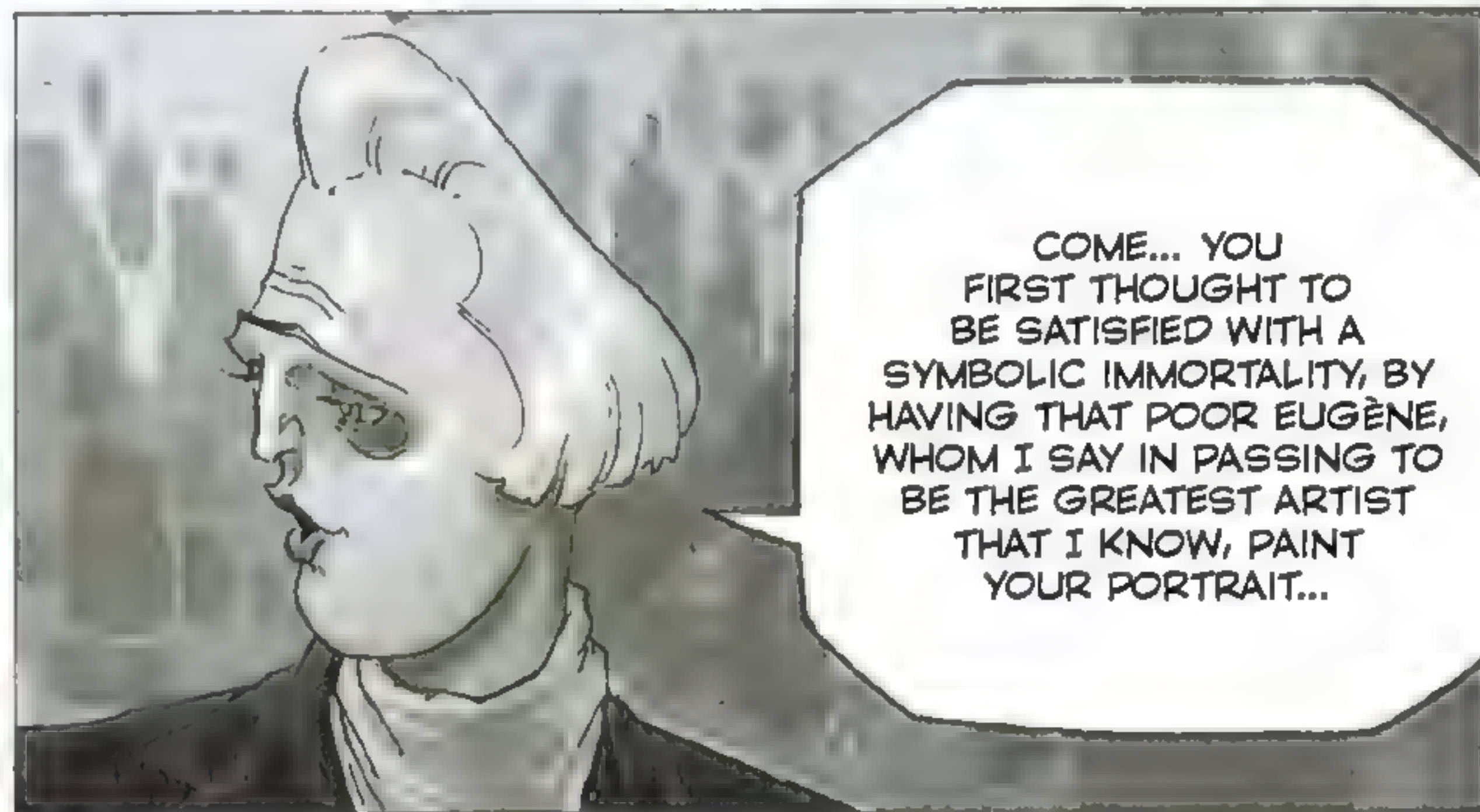
I REQUIRE A COMPANION WITH WHOM TO SHARE ETERNITY.



IT'S TEMPTING. BUT...

BUT YOU THINK TO REACH IMMORTALITY THROUGH ANOTHER MEANS, IS THAT RIGHT?

ABSOLUTELY.



COME... YOU FIRST THOUGHT TO BE SATISFIED WITH A SYMBOLIC IMMORTALITY, BY HAVING THAT POOR EUGÈNE, WHOM I SAY IN PASSING TO BE THE GREATEST ARTIST THAT I KNOW, PAINT YOUR PORTRAIT...



YET I ADMIT THIS OPTION LEFT A SOUR TASTE OF THE UNFINISHED, IT'S TRUE. THAT BUFFOON FELL IN LOVE, AND LOVE DOESN'T HELP HIS ART. AND SO I WANT THE REAL THING, LIFE ETERNAL. AND FOR THAT, I HAVE A PLAN.

THE BANK OF TIME?

EXACTLY.



DEAR MANIE. AND IF I WERE TO TELL YOU THAT THE BANK OF TIME IS NOTHING BUT A MYTH?

I WOULD REPLY THAT I THOUGHT THE SAME AS YOU SEVERAL HOURS AGO.

LET ME CONFIDE SOMETHING IN YOU, BARON -- FOR SEVERAL YEARS I REGULARLY RECEIVED VISITS FROM THE TIME SNATCHER IN MY SLEEP.



YOU... YOU'RE MOCKING ME...





I SWEAR IT ON THE HEADS  
OF MY DEAR FREAKS. NO ONE  
BELIEVES ME WHEN I TELL THEM,  
BUT IT'S TRUE. HE COMES...  
AND HE GOES.

AND HE  
DOESN'T 'EXTRACT'  
FROM YOU?

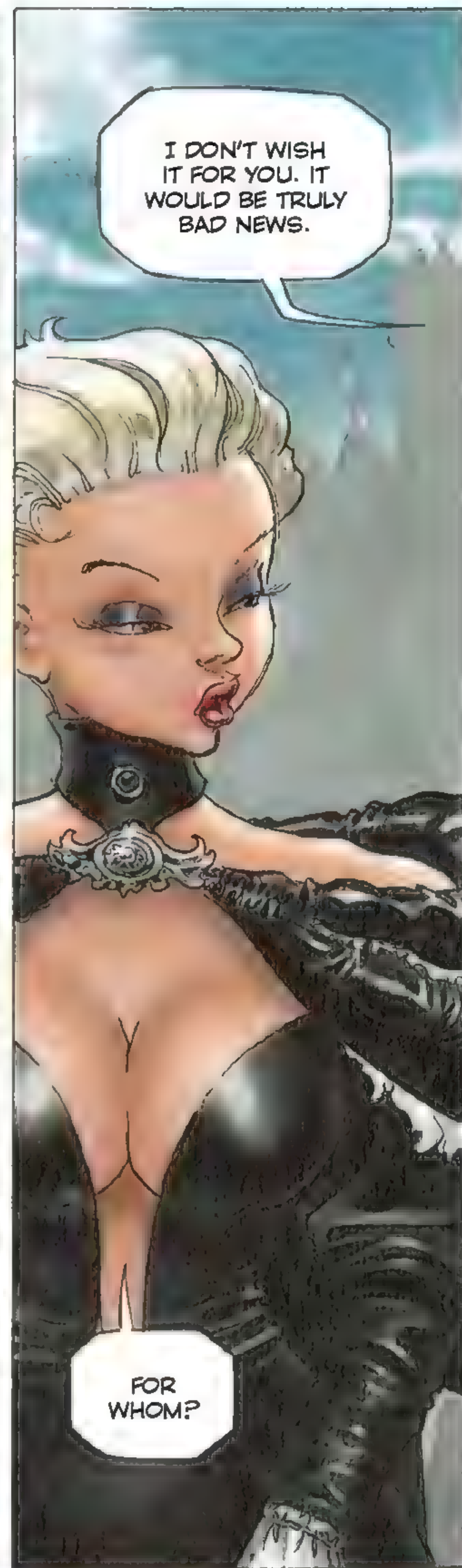
NO. NOT  
ONCE. HE COMES...  
AND HE GOES.



WELL HERE I AM  
CONSUMED WITH ENVY.

THIS GIVES YOU  
SOMETHING IN COMMON  
WITH MY MOTHER...

YOU THINK  
HE HAS A CRUSH  
ON ME?



I DON'T WISH  
IT FOR YOU. IT  
WOULD BE TRULY  
BAD NEWS.

FOR  
WHOM?



FOR THE WHOLE WORLD.  
AND EVEN THE HEREAFTER.

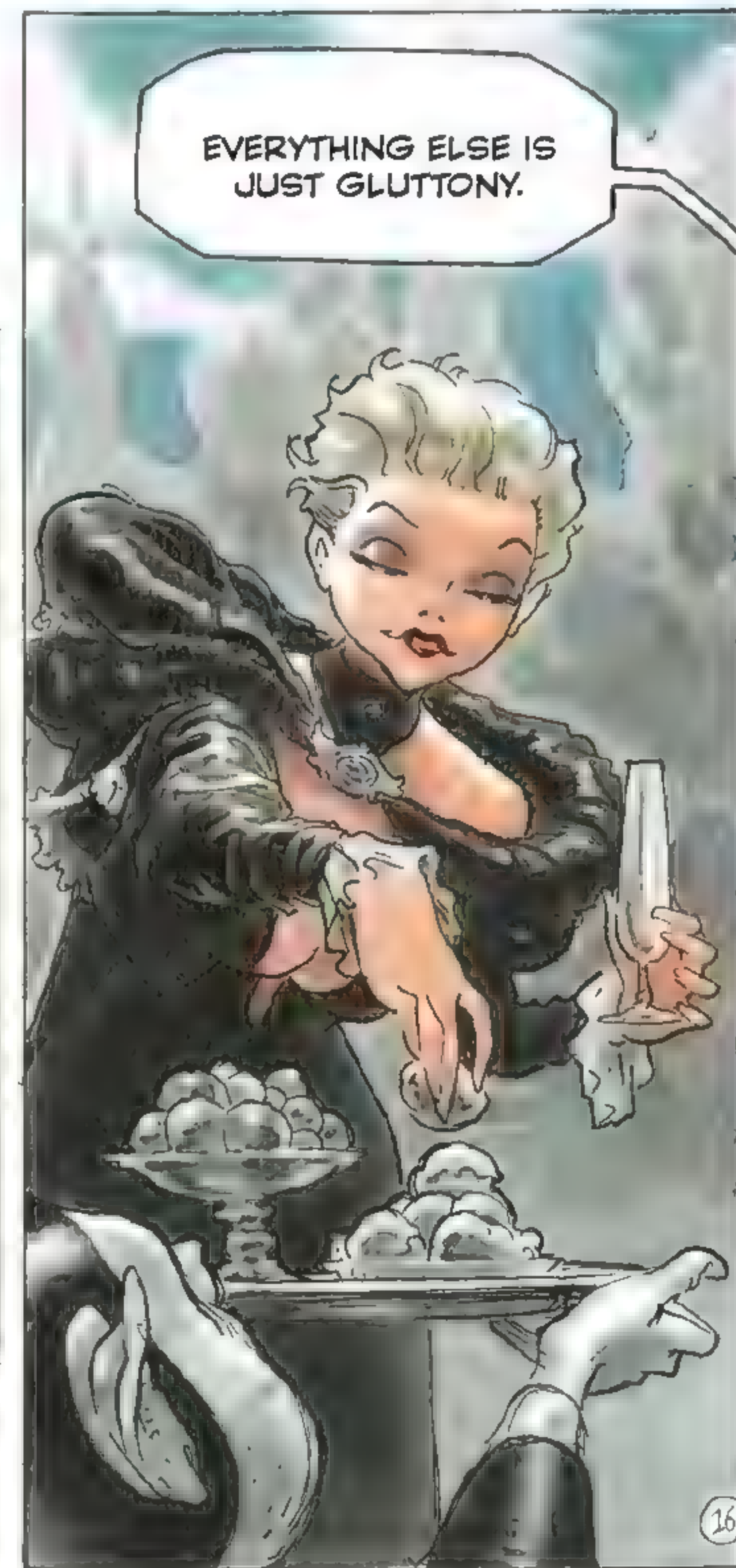
PFT -- ALL MY SUITORS ARE BAD NEWS.

SAY, THOSE CRIES, EARLIER TODAY...




THAT MUSIC, YOU MUST MEAN?  
I OWE EVERYTHING TO IT. VIGOR  
AND LONGEVITY. THE INCOMPARABLE  
SYMPHONY OF THE CRIES AND SCREAMS  
WHICH EMERGE FROM THE THROATS  
OF MEN BEING MADE TO SUFFER  
BY OTHER MEN.

IT'S A VERITABLE SOURCE  
OF REJUVENATION FOR ME, AND WE  
CAN RELY ON HUMANITY FOR THE  
SOURCE OF IT TO NEVER DRY UP.



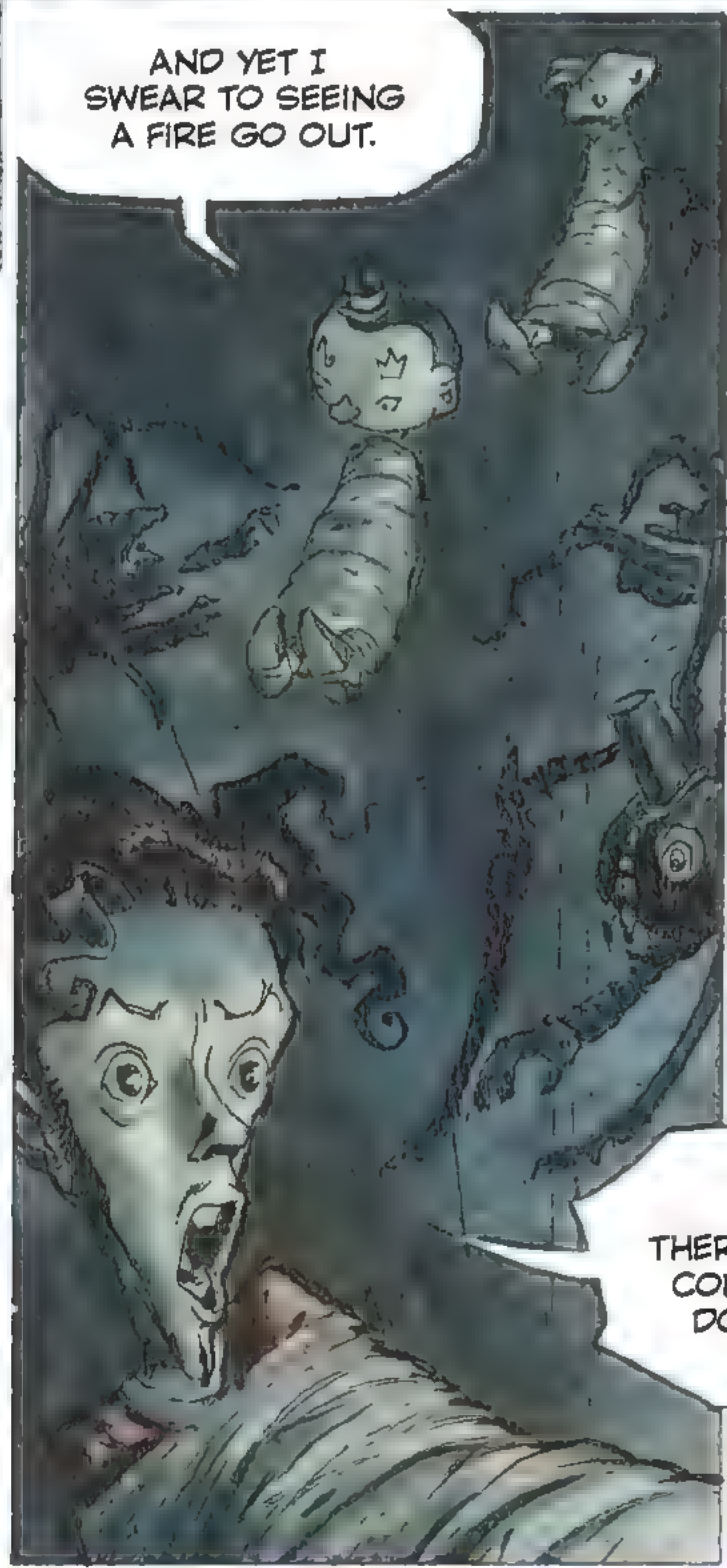
EVERYTHING ELSE IS  
JUST GLUTTONY.






THE TAILOR THAT I AM DEPLORES THE  
FACT THAT YOUR INTUITIONS ARE NOT  
WHAT THEY ONCE WERE, AUGURE.

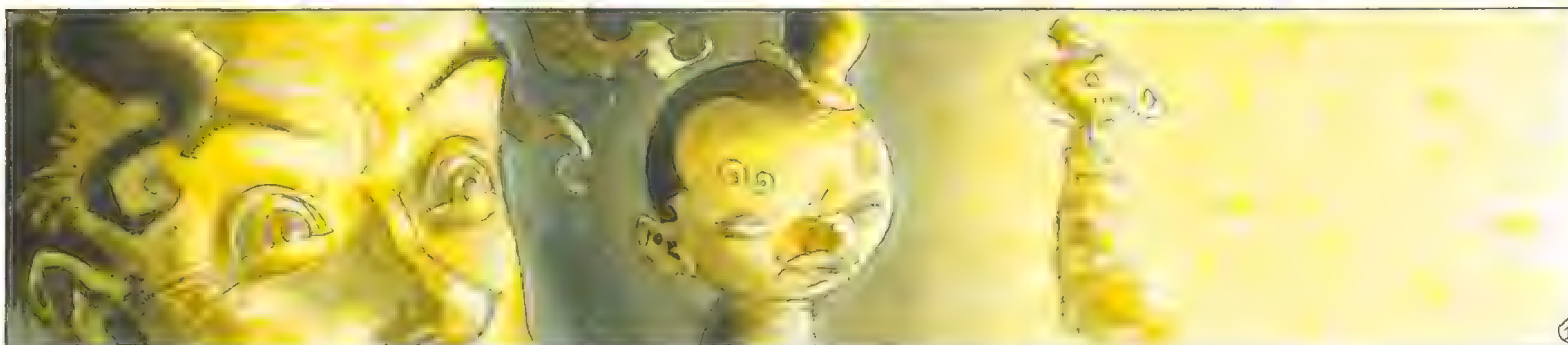
BÂTIS, DOES THE TAILOR  
IN YOU HAVE A SOLUTION  
FOR EXTRICATING  
US FROM THIS HELL  
OF WEBS?



AND YET I  
SWEAR TO SEEING  
A FIRE GO OUT.



THERE...  
THERE ARE LIGHTS  
COMING CLOSE,  
DOWN THERE.



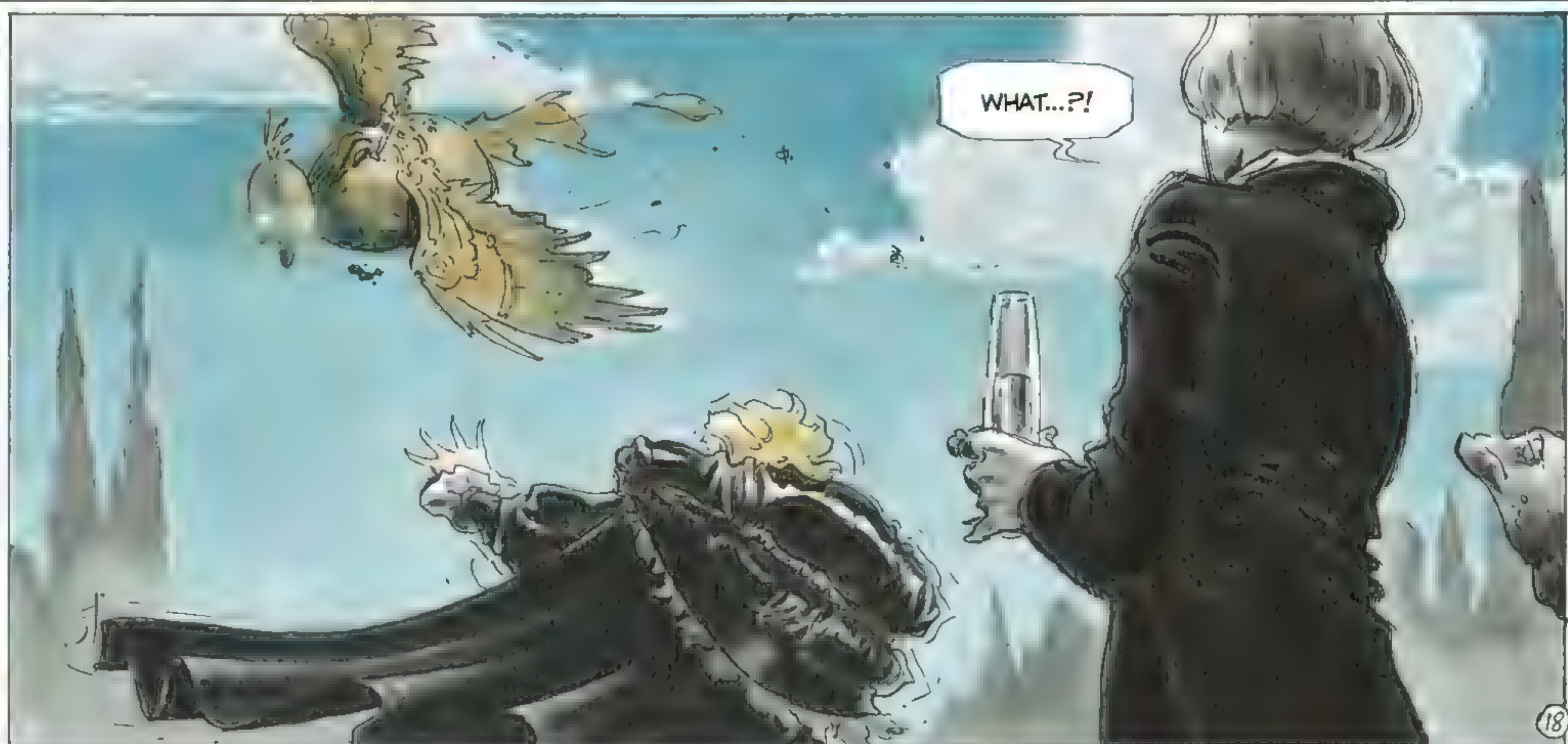
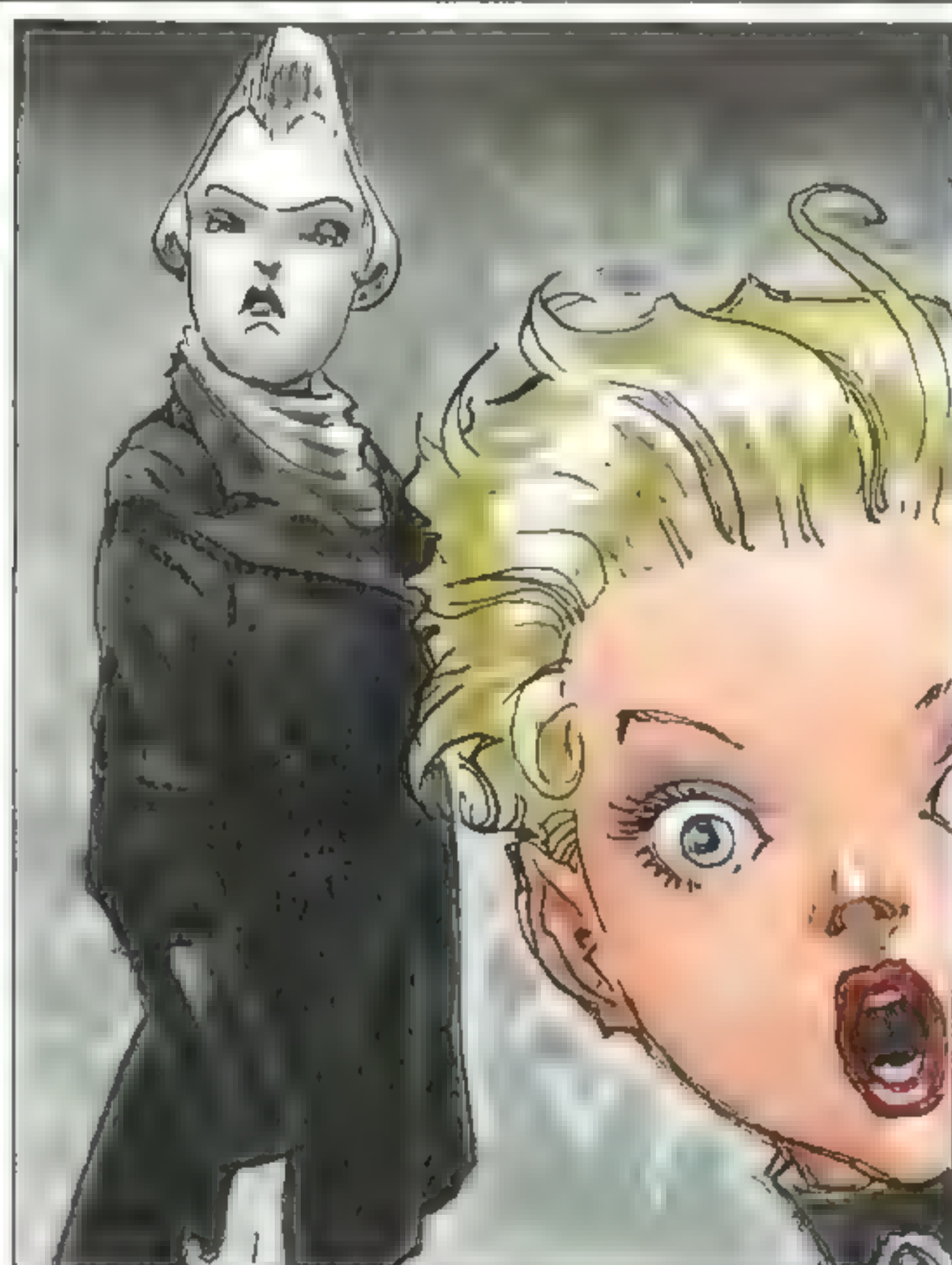
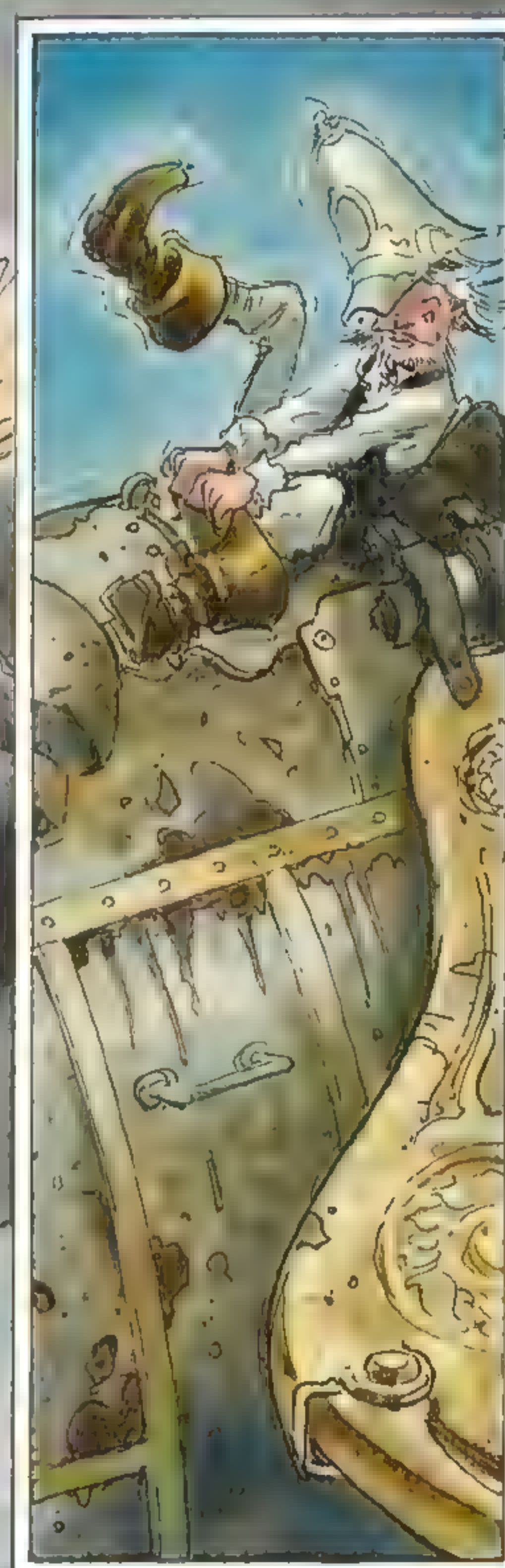


ALL THIS IS QUITE DELICIOUS, BARON.  
HOWEVER, I'M AFRAID TO SAY THAT I FOUND  
YOUR SYMPHONY QUITE DETESTABLE.

IT'S A DEMANDING MUSIC,  
AND I CAN CONCEIVE IT MIGHT  
PUT OFF THE UNINITIATED.

I'LL MAKE  
YOU LIKE IT.

YOU'LL  
DISCOVER  
IT'S FAR MORE  
COLORFUL THAN  
YOU MIGHT  
IMAGINE UPON  
FIRST TASTE...







MANIE, YOUR FRIENDS ARE RUFFIANS AND LOUITS.



AND YOU'RE AN ASSASSIN. MOVE AWAY FROM THAT LADY, OR I'M ORDERING THIS IRON BIRDIE TO PECK OUT YOUR BRAIN!

THIS IRON BIRDIE, AS YOU SAY, IS A DIVINITY FROM ANCIENT TIMES. AND OF ALL THE THINGS TO NEVER DO IN LIFE, WAKING UP A GOD FROM ANCIENT TIMES COMES SECOND PLACE.



YOU HAVE REVIVED A CYCLE THAT HAD COME TO AN END.



MY IRON BIRDIE -- A GOD?

GOOD LORD...



AND WHAT'S IN FIRST PLACE OF THINGS NEVER TO DO?



BARON, ALAS I MUST DECLINE YOUR OFFER AND BID YOU FAREWELL.

THE PRICE YOU'RE ASKING FOR ETERNAL LIFE IS TOO HEAVY. I LIKE COLOR AND COULD NEVER TAKE PLEASURE IN THE SCREAMS OF HUMANS LIKE YOU DO.





ALAS, I AM YOUR ONLY ALTERNATIVE. WITH ME IT'S LIFE ETERNAL. WITHOUT ME, IT'S THE SLOW DECREPITUDE OF YOUR FLESH... AND DEATH.

I HAVE A PASSIONATE DISLIKE OF BINARY PROBLEMS. I PREFER TO BELIEVE IN A THIRD PATH.



THAT'S FUNNY, I HAVE THE FEELING I'VE ALREADY SEEN THIS BIRD SOMEWHERE...

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO PILOT A GOD?

WELL, IN FACT... I MUST CONFESS THAT I HAVE LITTLE INFLUENCE ON THE TRAJECTORY OF THIS... THING.



WITHOUT WANTING TO OFFEND YOU, I CAN'T SEE HOW A 'MECHANICAL MACHINE' CAN BE A GOD.

A GOD CREATES, IT ISN'T CREATED.



MAYBE IT'S A GOD BECAUSE MEN ARE CAPABLE OF CREATING THINGS WHICH SUPERSEDES THEM? MAYBE ONE DAY MAN MADE ETERNAL MACHINES TO BRING ABOUT THEIR OWN OBSOLESCENCE.



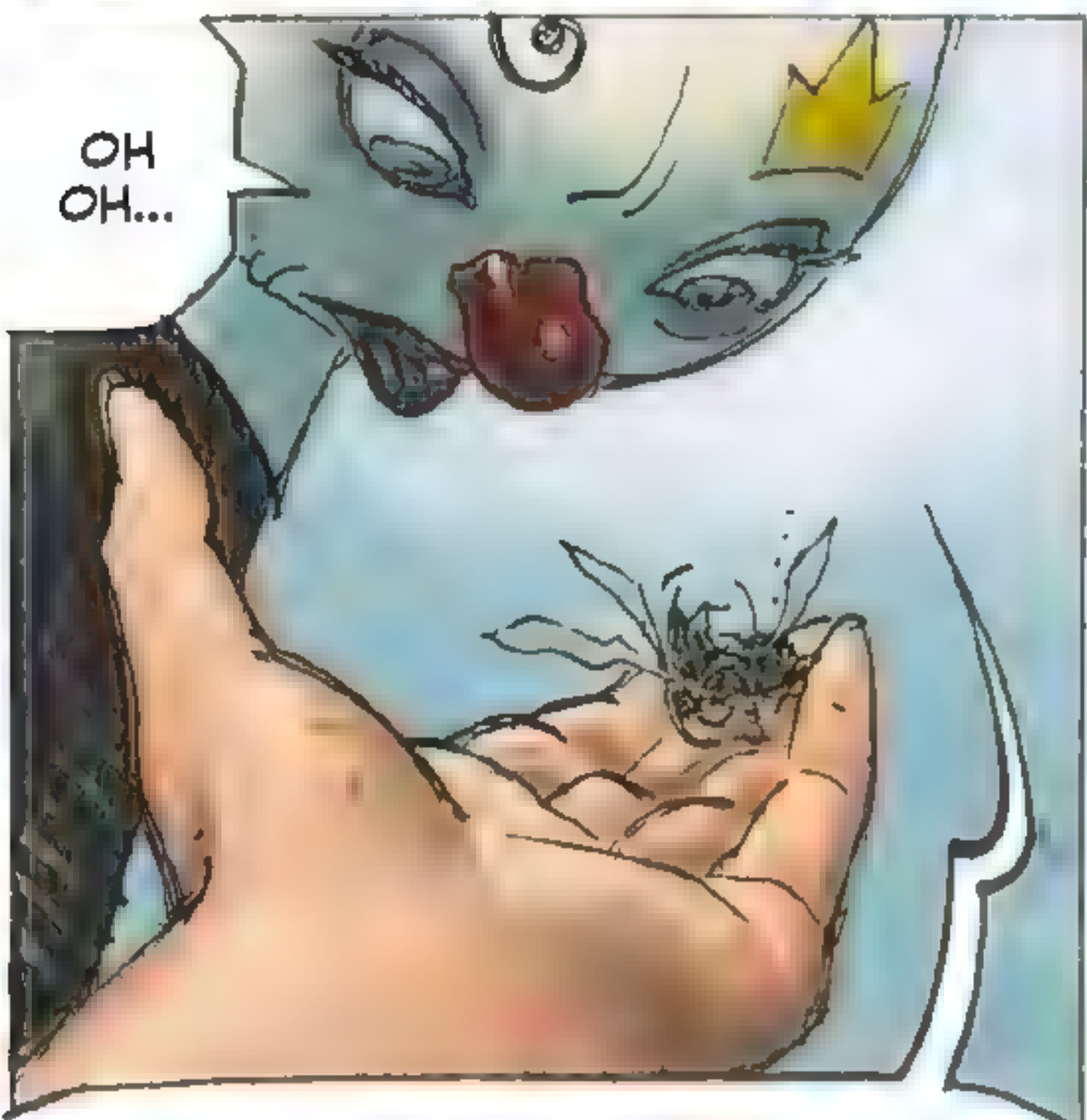
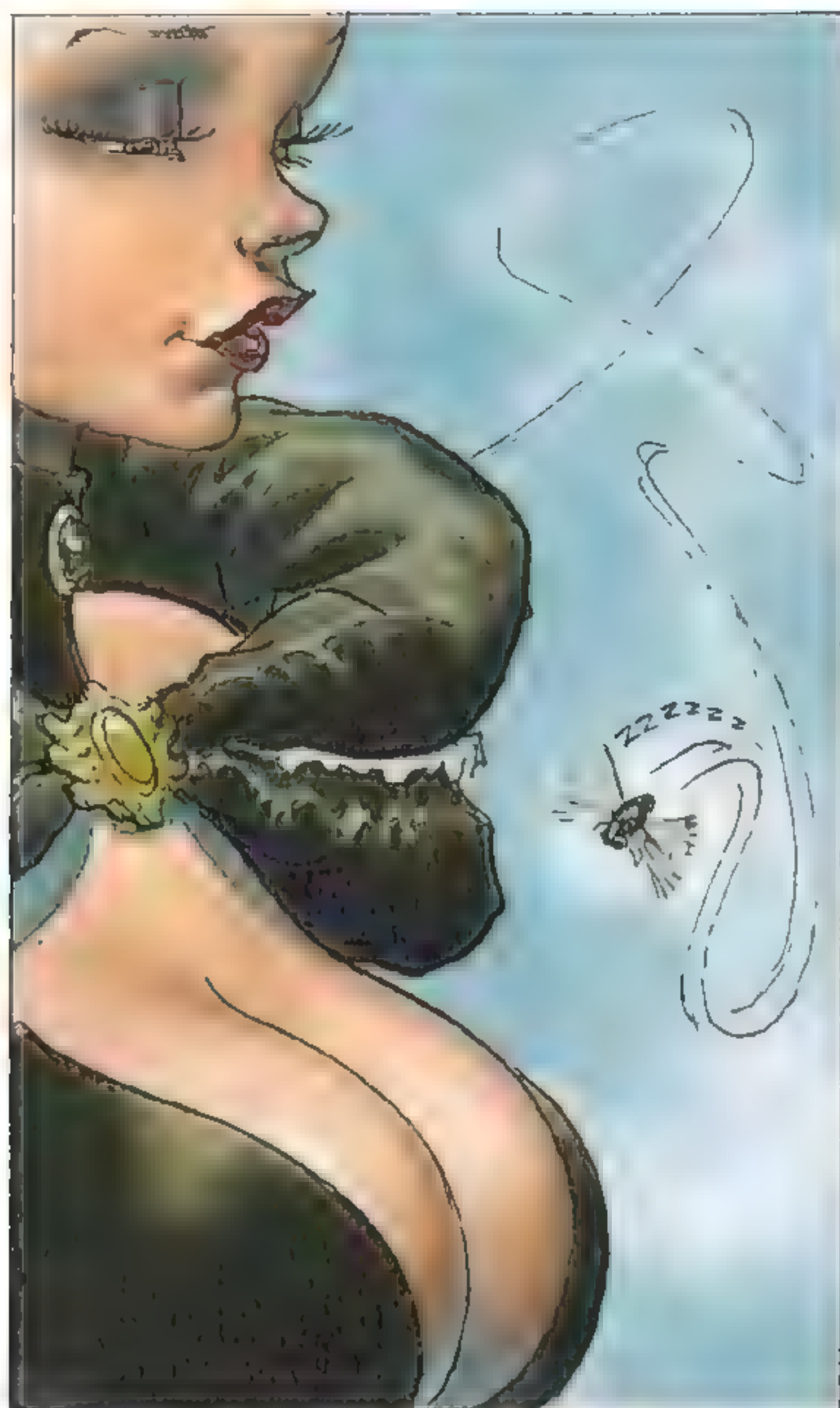
MAYBE MAN ENDED UP DEVOTING ITSELF TO A MACHINE CULT BECAUSE THEY ARE THE PRODUCT OF RATIONAL PROCESSES WHILST HE IS BUT THE FRAGILE FRUIT OF CHANCE?



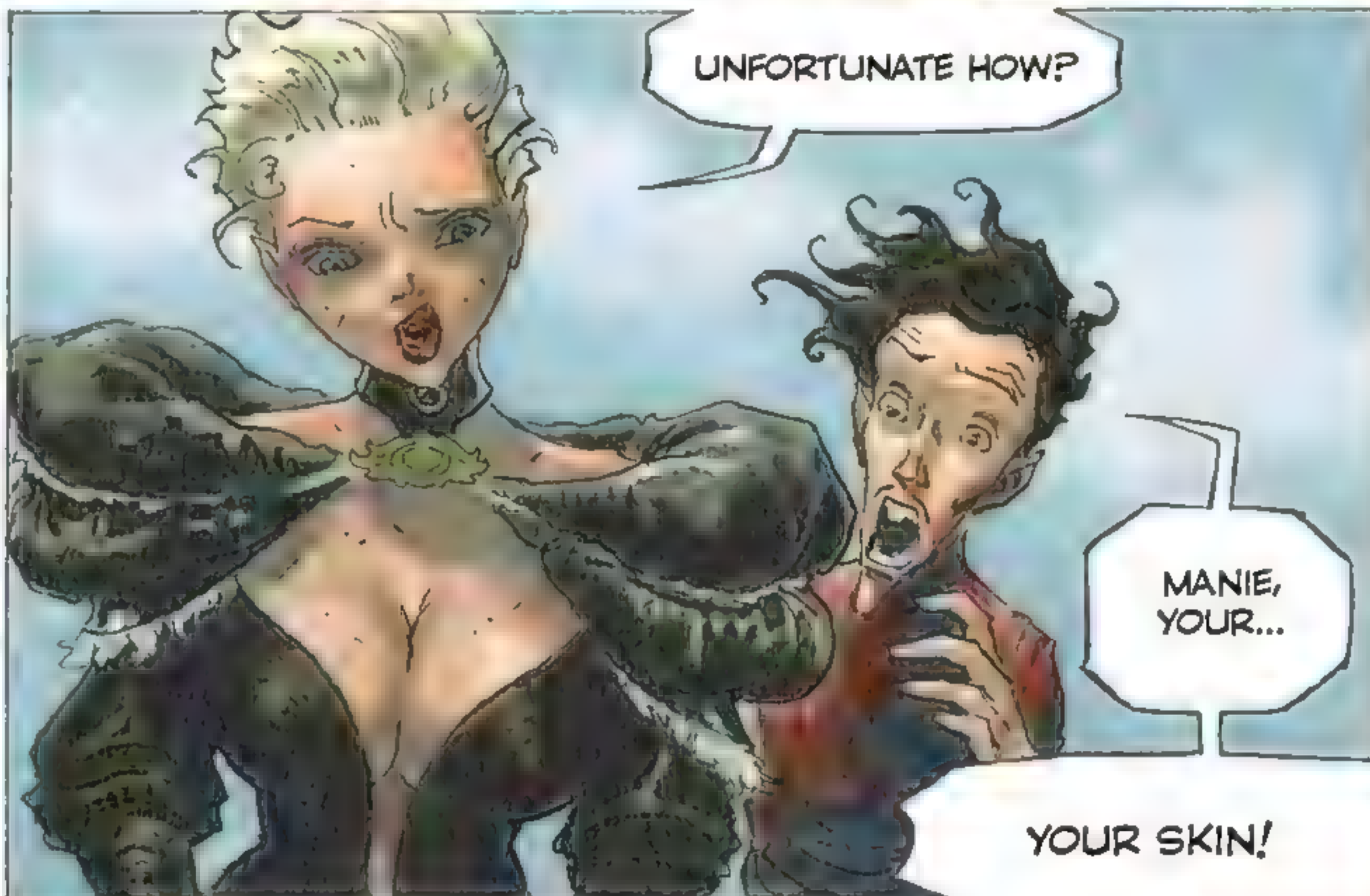
AUGURE, YOU KNOW I HATE ALL THESE SENTENCES WHICH START WITH 'MAYBE'.

IN THE END, I GOT AWAY WITH THIS FABULOUS DRESS -- DON'T YOU AGREE?





IT'S A HORSEFLY. THE MOST UNFORTUNATE CHRONOPTÈRE.



MANIE, YOUR...

YOUR SKIN!



NO!

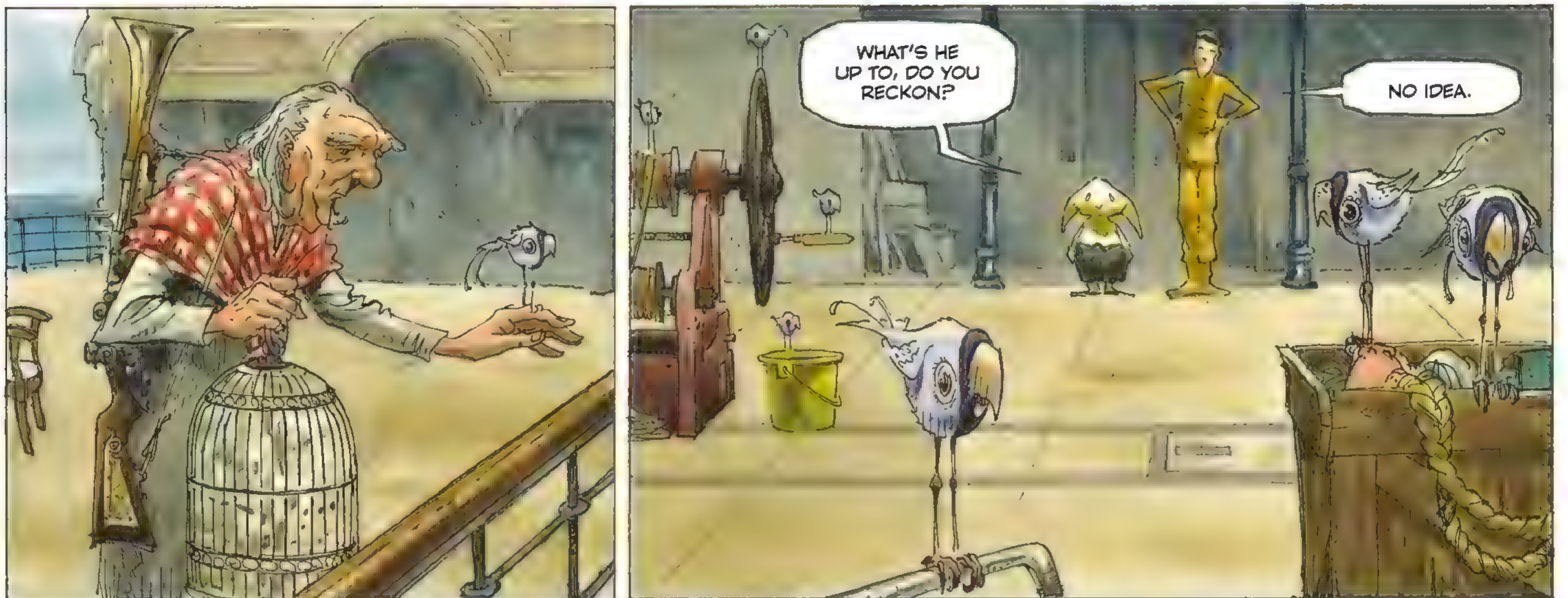


BUT...

BUT...









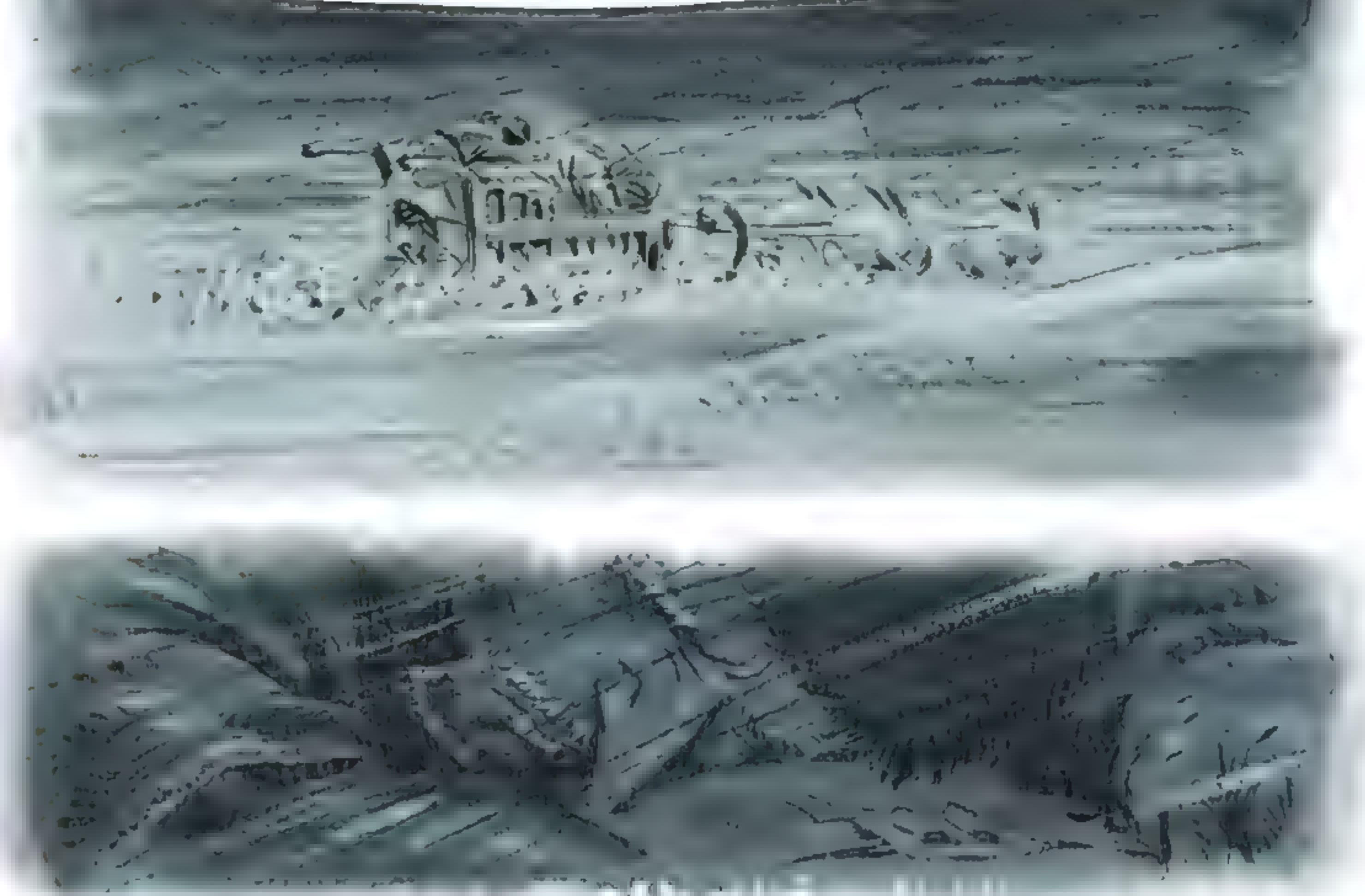






GIVING IT SOME THOUGHT, IT IS NOT ENTIRELY DEVOID OF SENSE.

IT WAS SEVERAL MONTHS AGO. I HAD TRACKED MANIE TO THE FAR STEPPES OF THE GREAT NORTH, WHERE HER HOT-BLOODEDNESS HAD MELTED HALF THE ICE CITY.

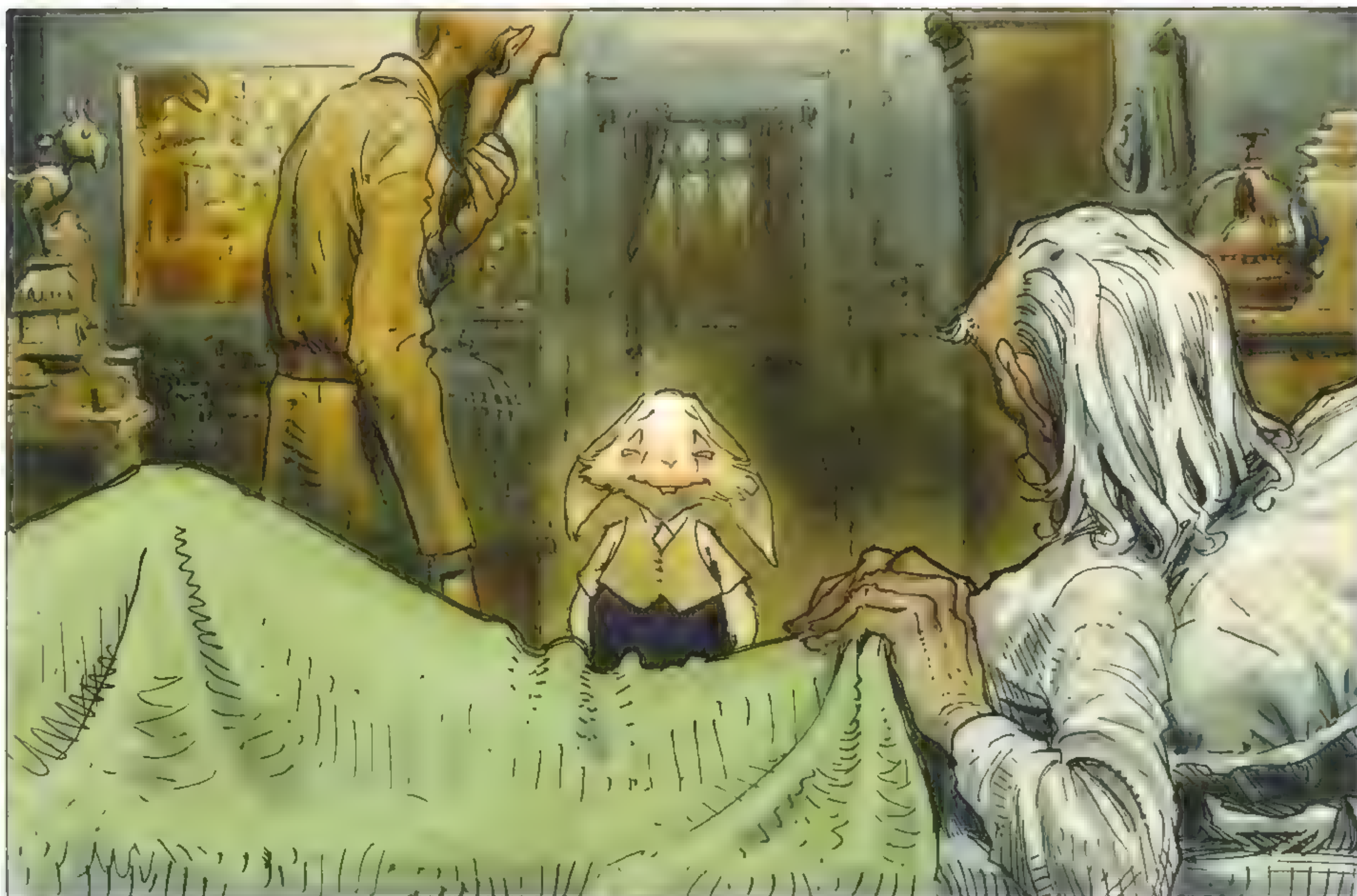
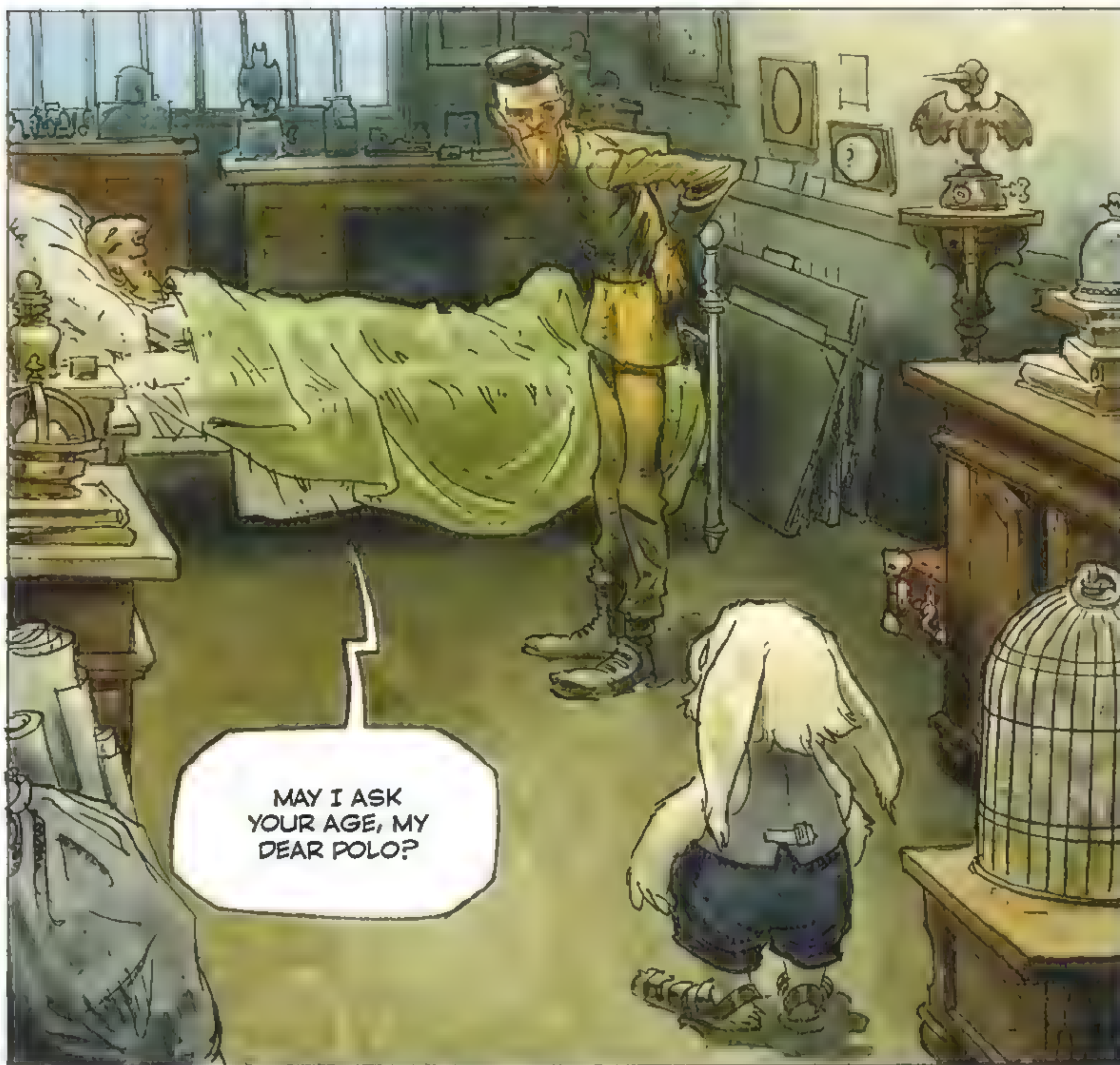


I WAS COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, WHEN SUDDENLY...

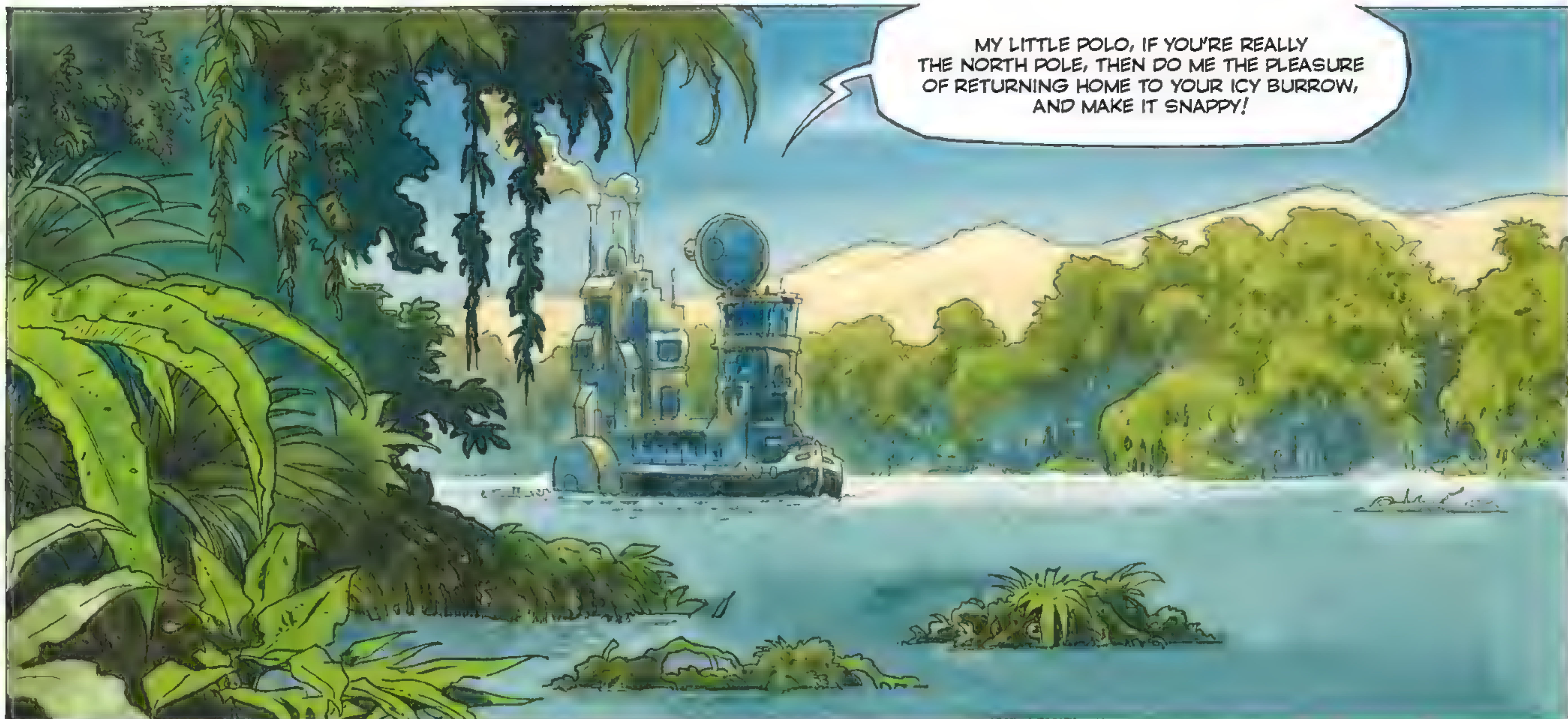


HAP FAP!









MY LITTLE POLO, IF YOU'RE REALLY THE NORTH POLE, THEN DO ME THE PLEASURE OF RETURNING HOME TO YOUR ICY BURROW, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!



WE CAN'T HAVE THE NORTH POLE GO WALTZING ABOUT. PEOPLE NEED REFERENCE POINTS!



I AM NOT WALTZING, I'M ON THE PATH TOWARDS LOVE.

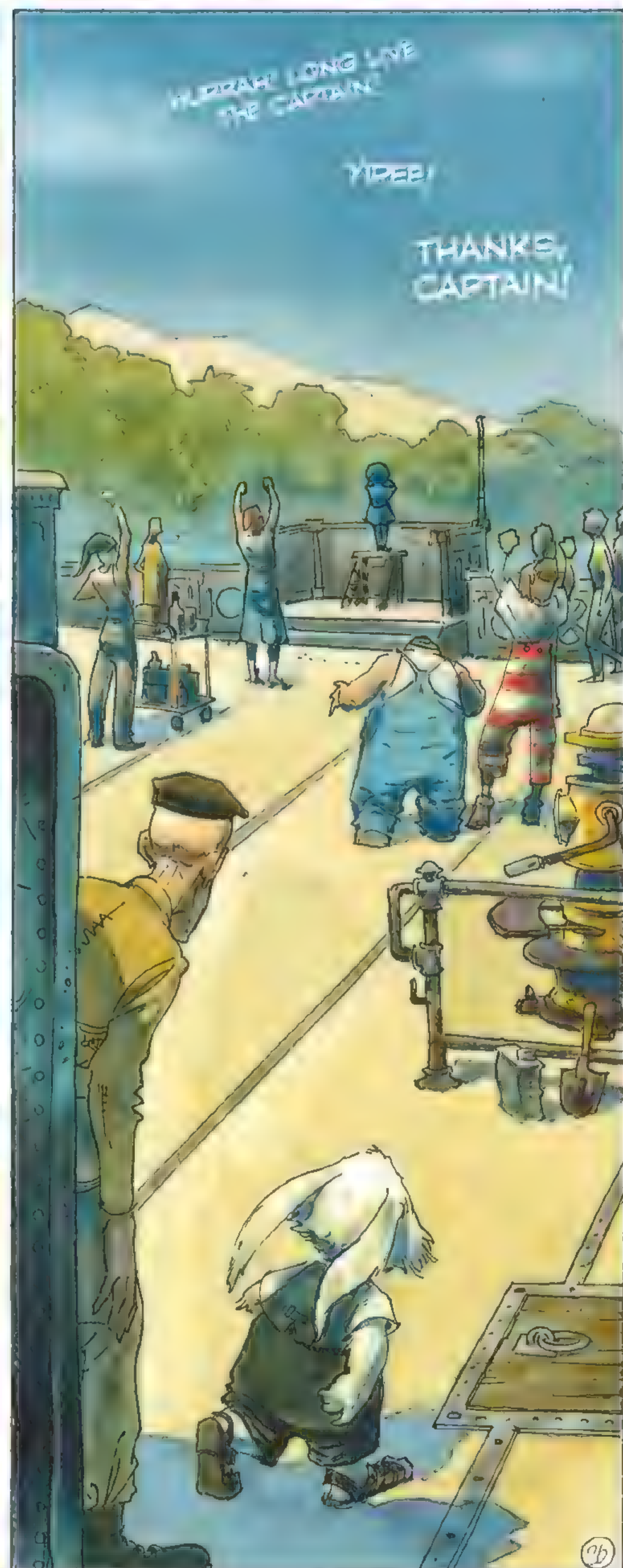
I'LL ONLY GO BACK TO MY ICY HOME IF MANIE COMES WITH ME.



GO LIVE AT THE NORTH POLE WITH A RABBIT! I'M SURE SHE'LL LOVE THE IDEA!

WE'RE BEGINNING OUR ASCENT OF THE NIHIL, CAPTAIN.

EXCELLENT! DOUBLE RUM RATIONS FOR THE WHOLE CREW!



WELCOME LONG LIVE THE CAPTAIN!

YIPPEE!

THANKS, CAPTAIN!





SAY, WHY DO YOU CALL THAT KID 'CAPTAIN'?



WELL COS IT IS CAPTAIN ARISTIDE! JOKER! WHAT HOLE DID YOU CRAWL OUT OF?



COME NOW, YOUR CAPTAIN IS... CONSIDERABLY OLDER!

OH, YOU KNOW, THE CAPTAIN'S AGE...



CAP... CAPTAIN?



AH! MAJOR ORESTE! WE WILL SOON BE IN NEED OF YOUR MILITARY KNOWHOW.

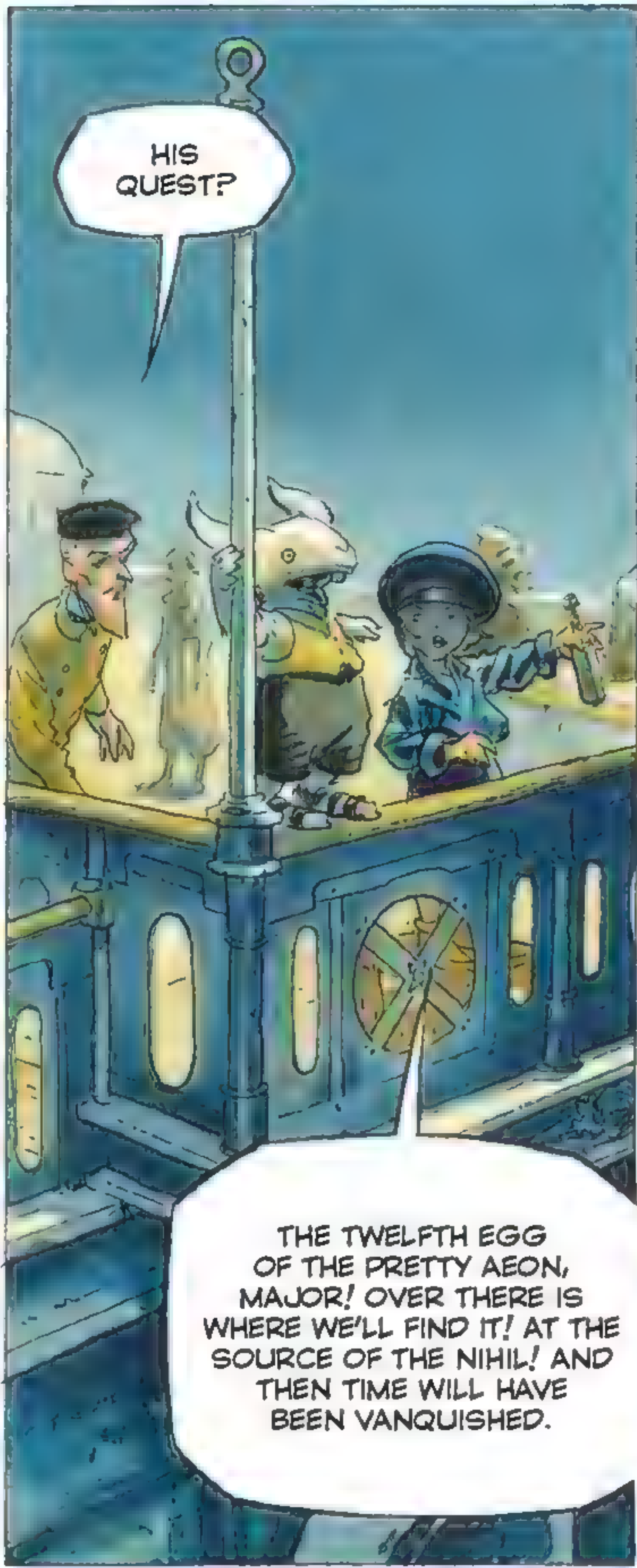
THE NIHL IS NOT A GENTLE RIVER.





YES, WELL... THE  
OTHER ARISTIDE...  
THE PROFESSOR  
BRELOQUINTE...  
IS HE...

HE'S VERY TIRED.  
LET HIM REST, AND LET US  
PURSUE HIS QUEST!



HIS  
QUEST?

THE TWELFTH EGG  
OF THE PRETTY AEON,  
MAJOR! OVER THERE IS  
WHERE WE'LL FIND IT! AT THE  
SOURCE OF THE NIHIL! AND  
THEN TIME WILL HAVE  
BEEN VANQUISHED.



SPEAKING OF EGGS.  
SOMETHING ESCAPES ME.

ONLY SEVERAL HOURS AGO  
YOU EMERGED FROM A CLEPSIGRUE  
EGG, BARELY REMEMBERING YOUR  
OWN NAME. AND NOW, I FIND YOU  
HERE... CAPTAIN! AND NOW THAT...

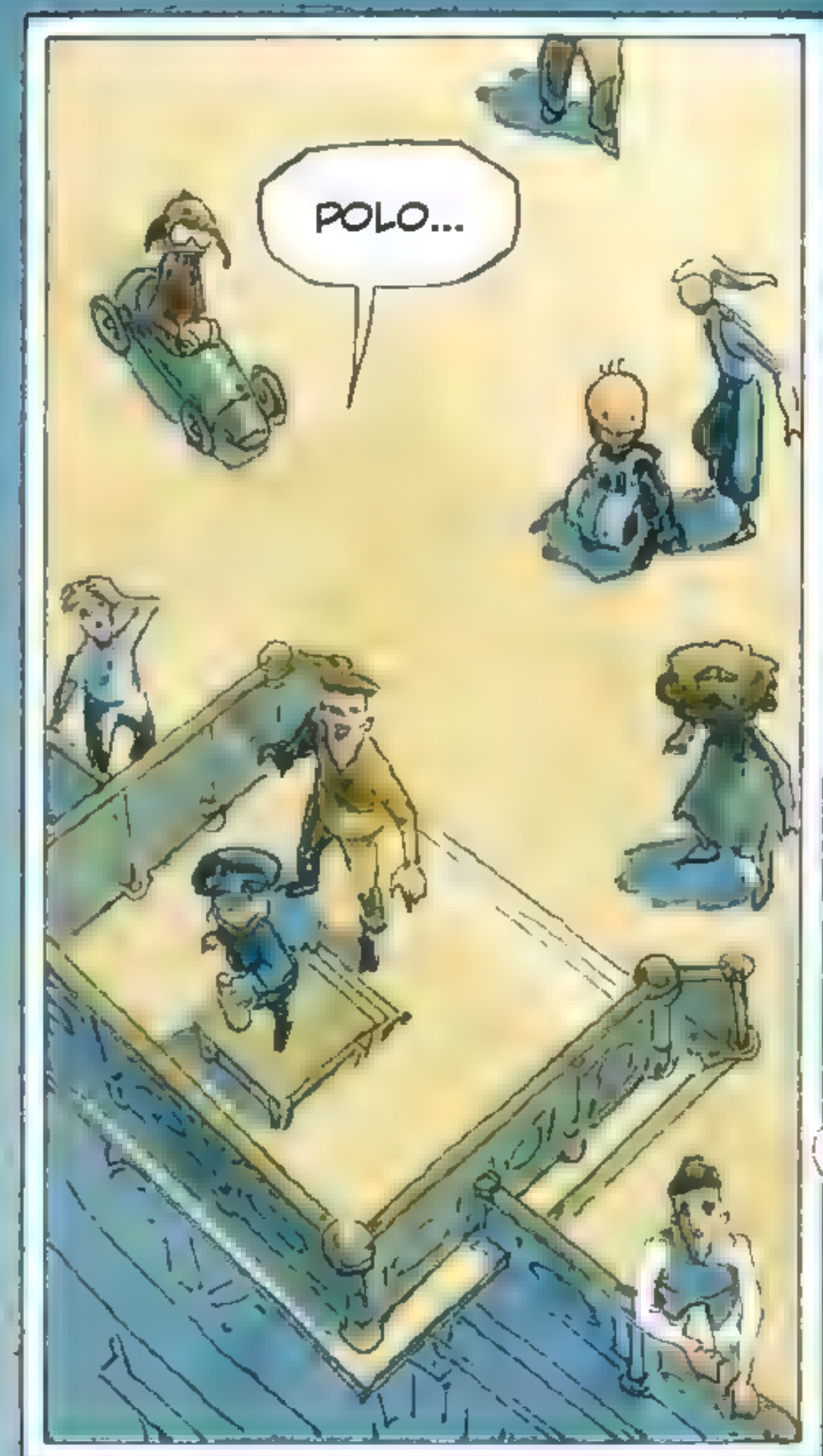
NOW THAT WE HAVE  
ALREADY FOUND THE  
NORTH!! WHAT DO YOU  
SAY OF THAT?



WHAT JUST  
HAPPENED?!

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

WE JUST CAUGHT  
A WHITE RABBIT.



POLO...



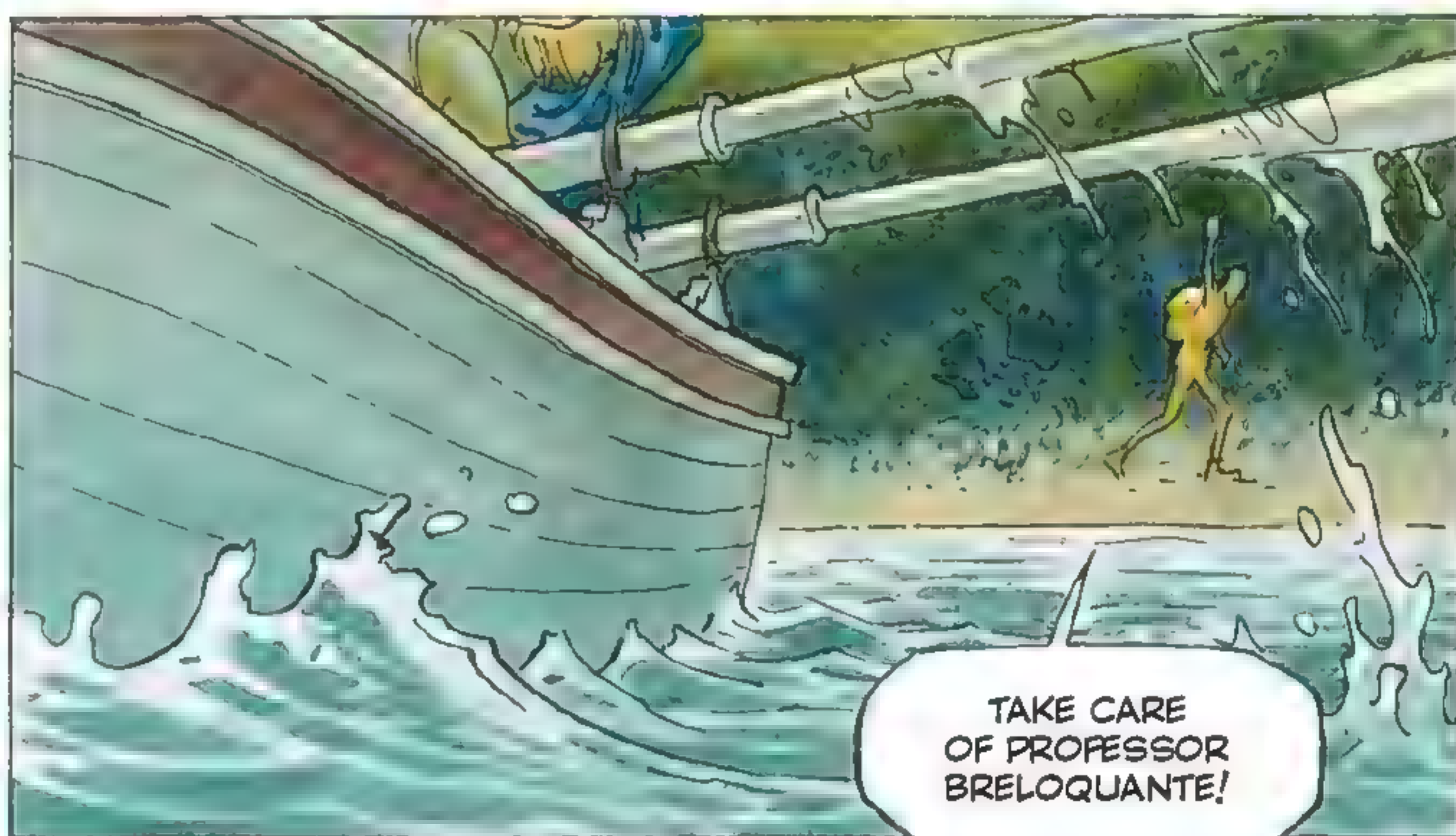
I'M SORRY THAT I'M UNABLE TO ACCOMPANY YOU, MAJOR. BUT THE LAPS HAS A MISSION TO ACCOMPLISH, AND ONE I CANNOT AFFORD TO TURN AWAY FROM, EVEN WERE IT TO SAVE THE NORTH POLE.



I WORRY TO SEE YOU VENTURE OFF ALONE INTO THE DESERT...



DON'T FRET ON MY ACCOUNT, CAPTAIN. IN THE DESERT, I'M NEVER ALONE. AND WITH THIS, NO MATTER WHERE I GO, I'LL ALWAYS END UP TRACKING DOWN MY RABBIT.



TAKE CARE OF PROFESSOR BRELOQUANTE!







ORESTE,  
MY TENDER  
LOVE!



WHAT A JOY TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN.  
HOW LONG HAS  
IT BEEN...?

AN ETERNITY.



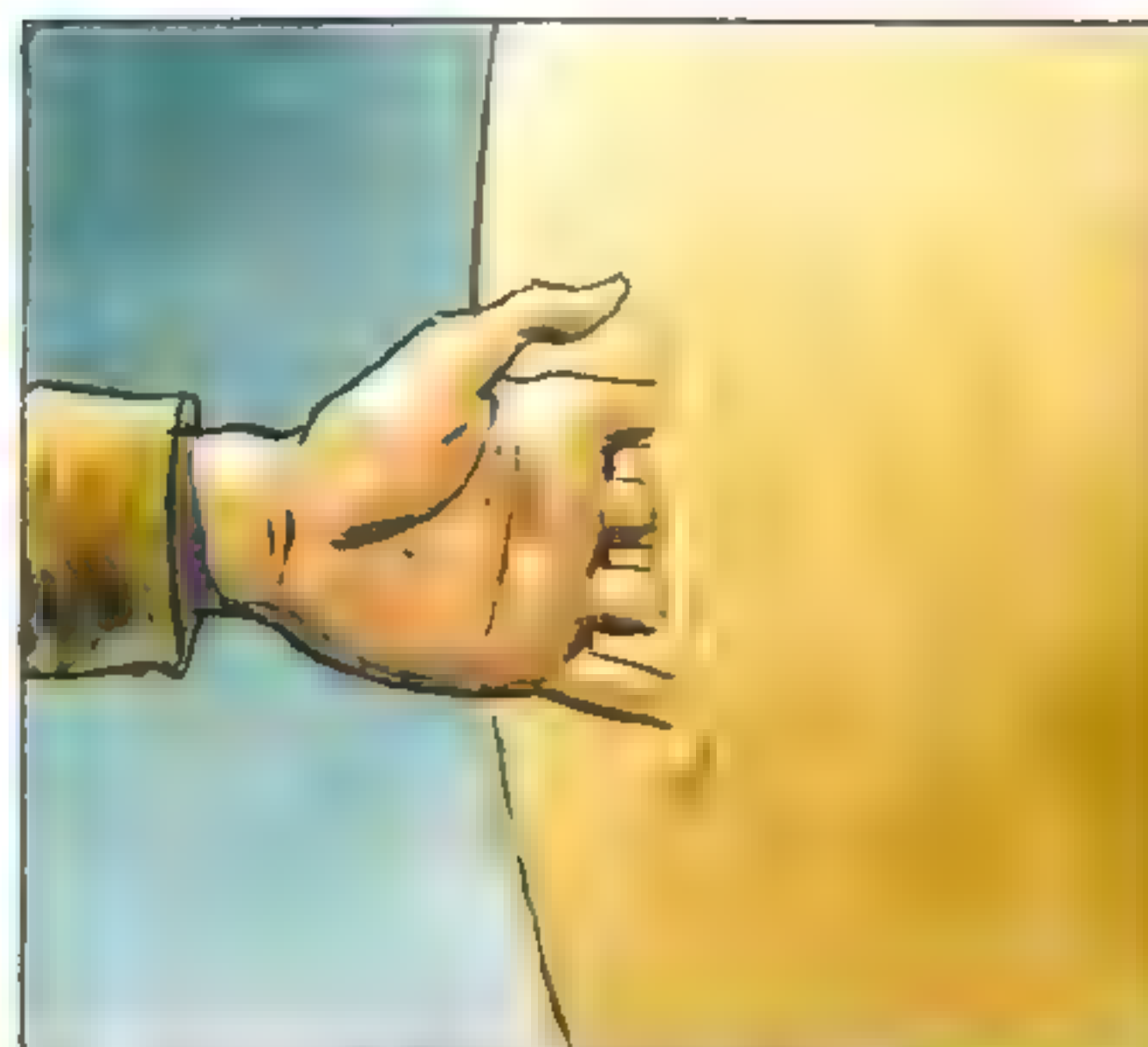
I LONG FOR  
THOSE DAYS. YOU  
WERE YOUNG, YOU  
WERE HANDSOME...



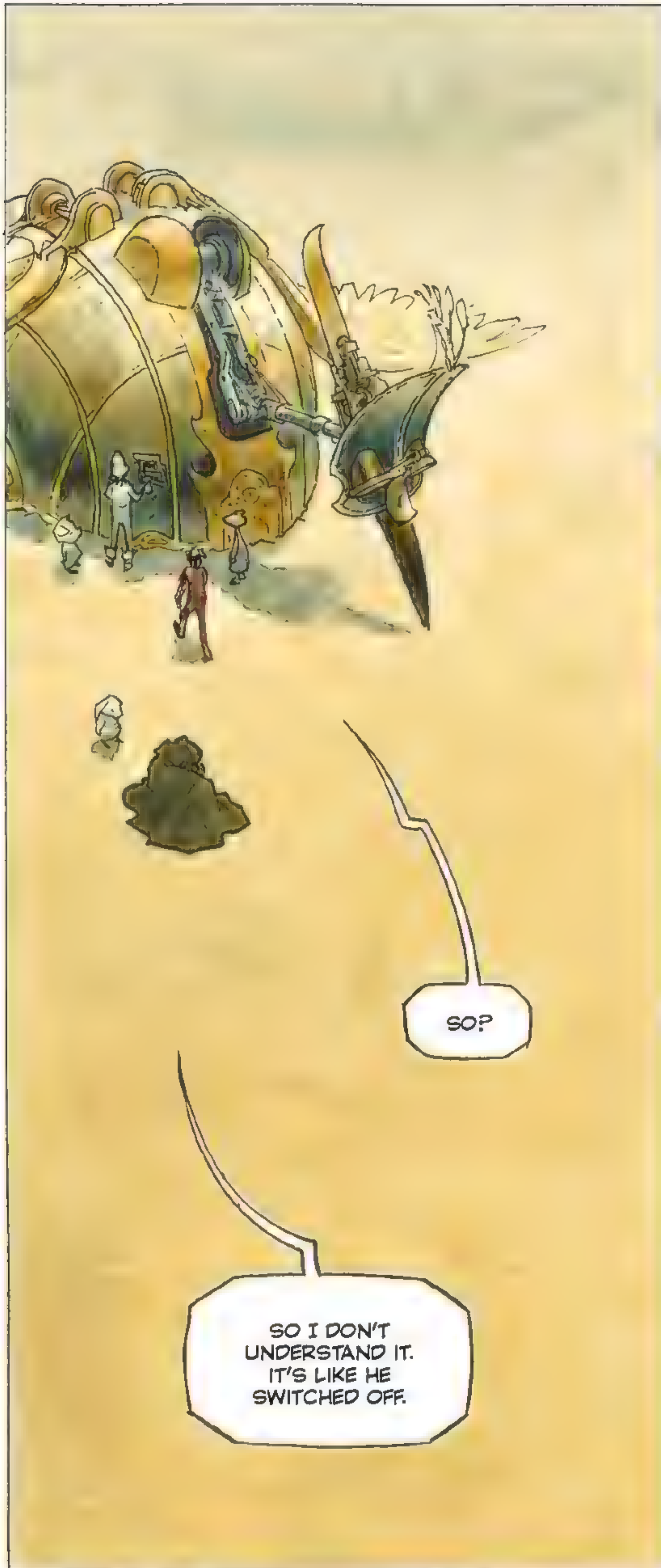
YOU WOULD  
STRADDLE MY  
DUNES...

OH, HAVE  
MERCY.

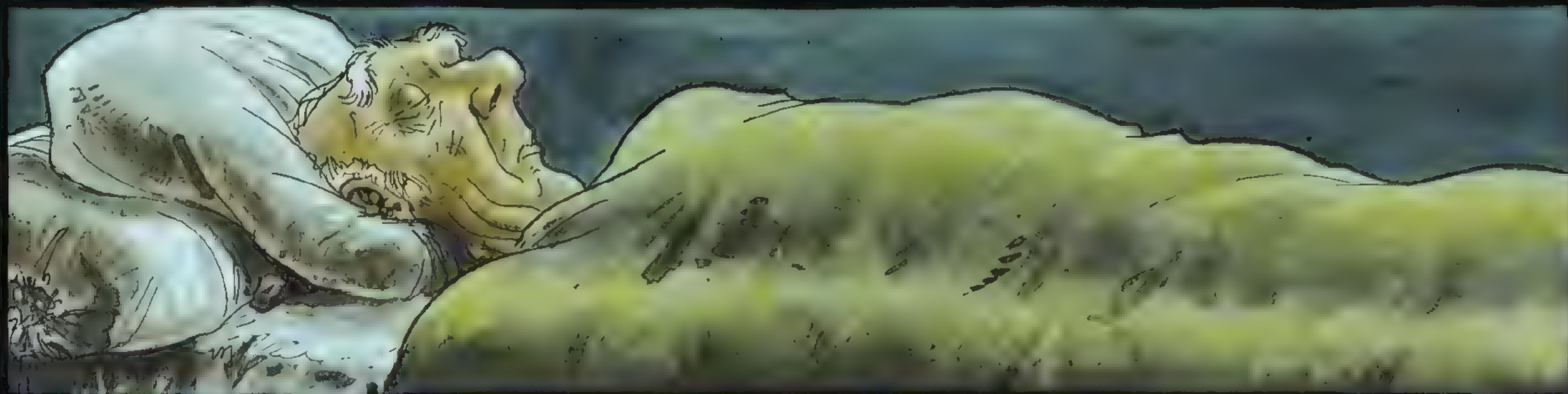




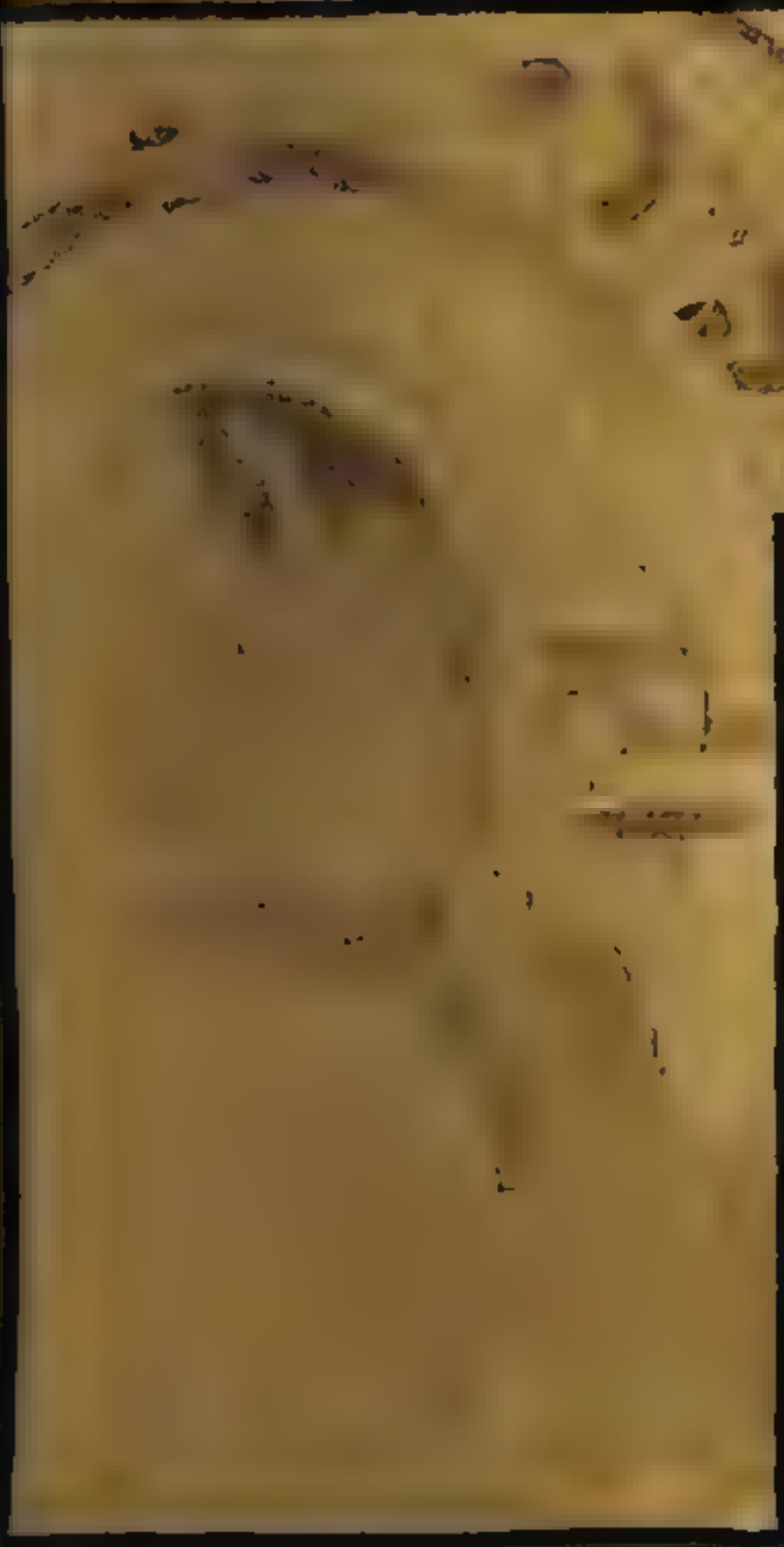
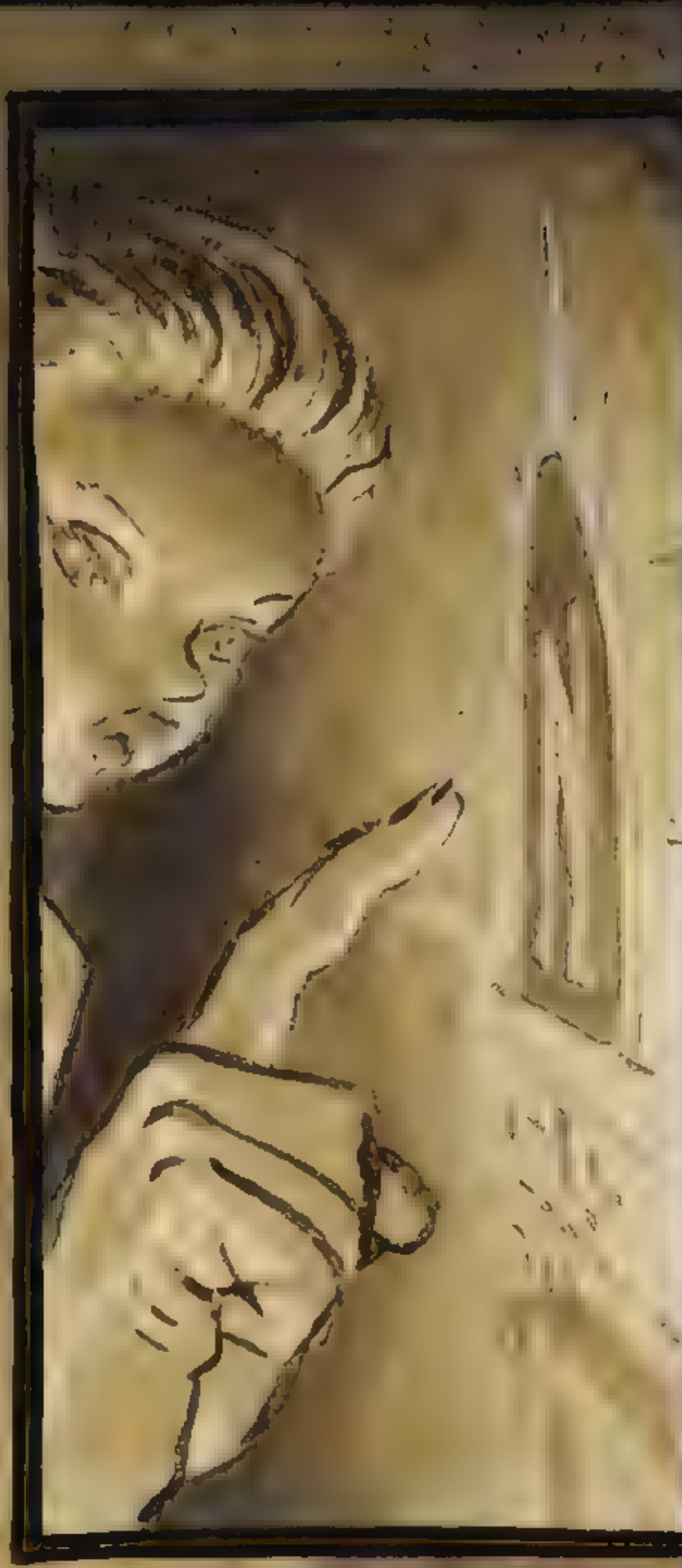




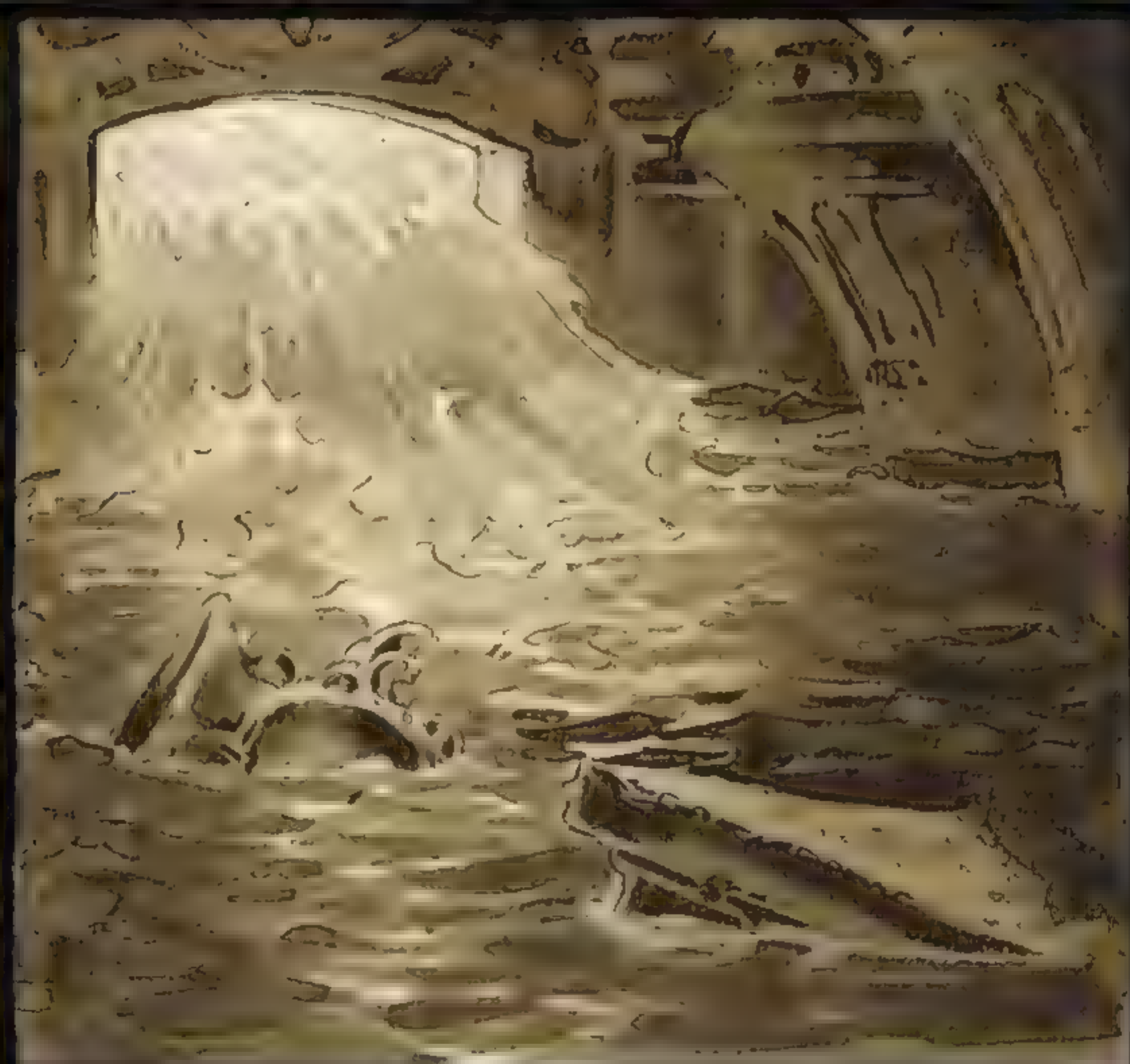




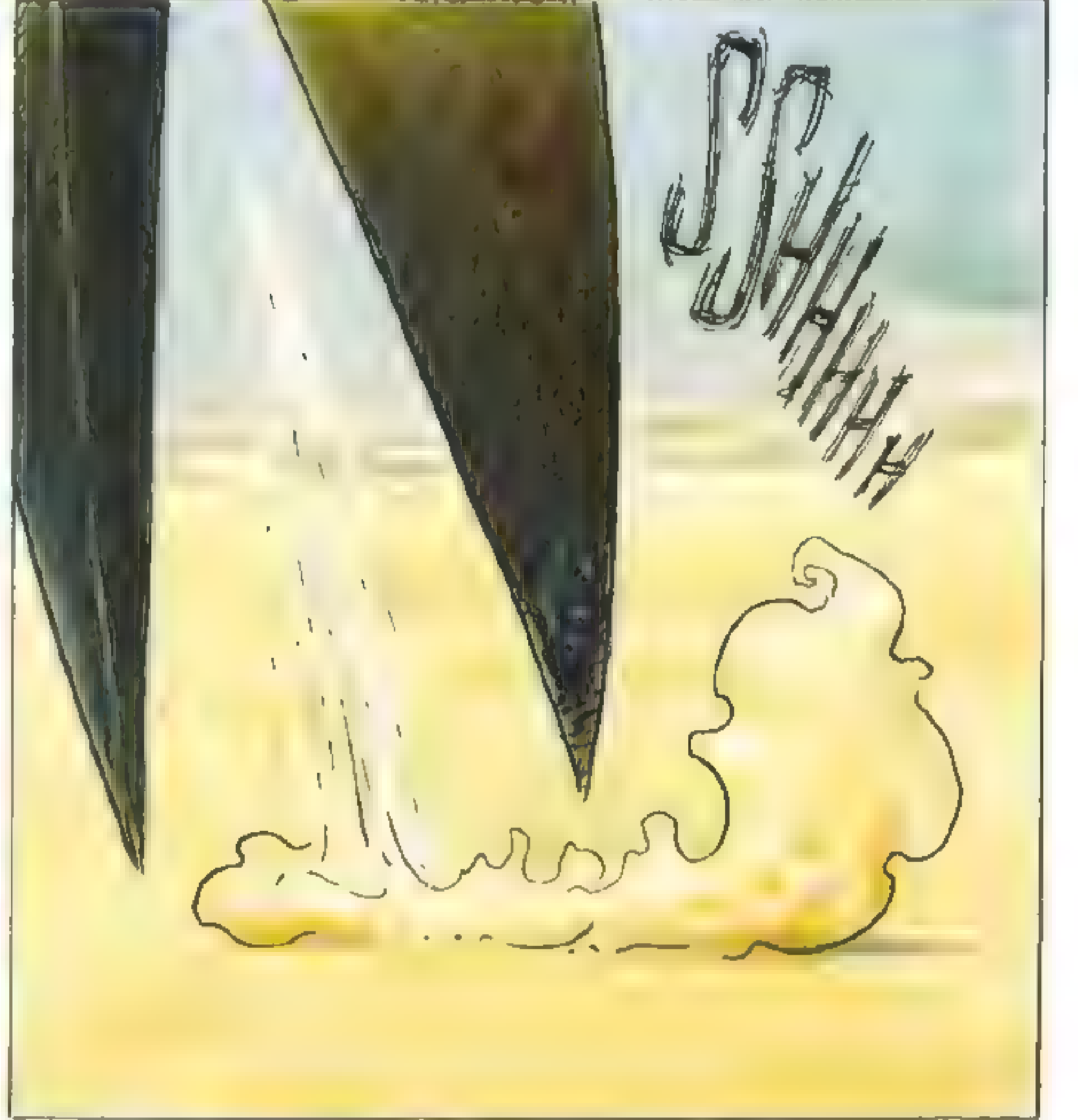
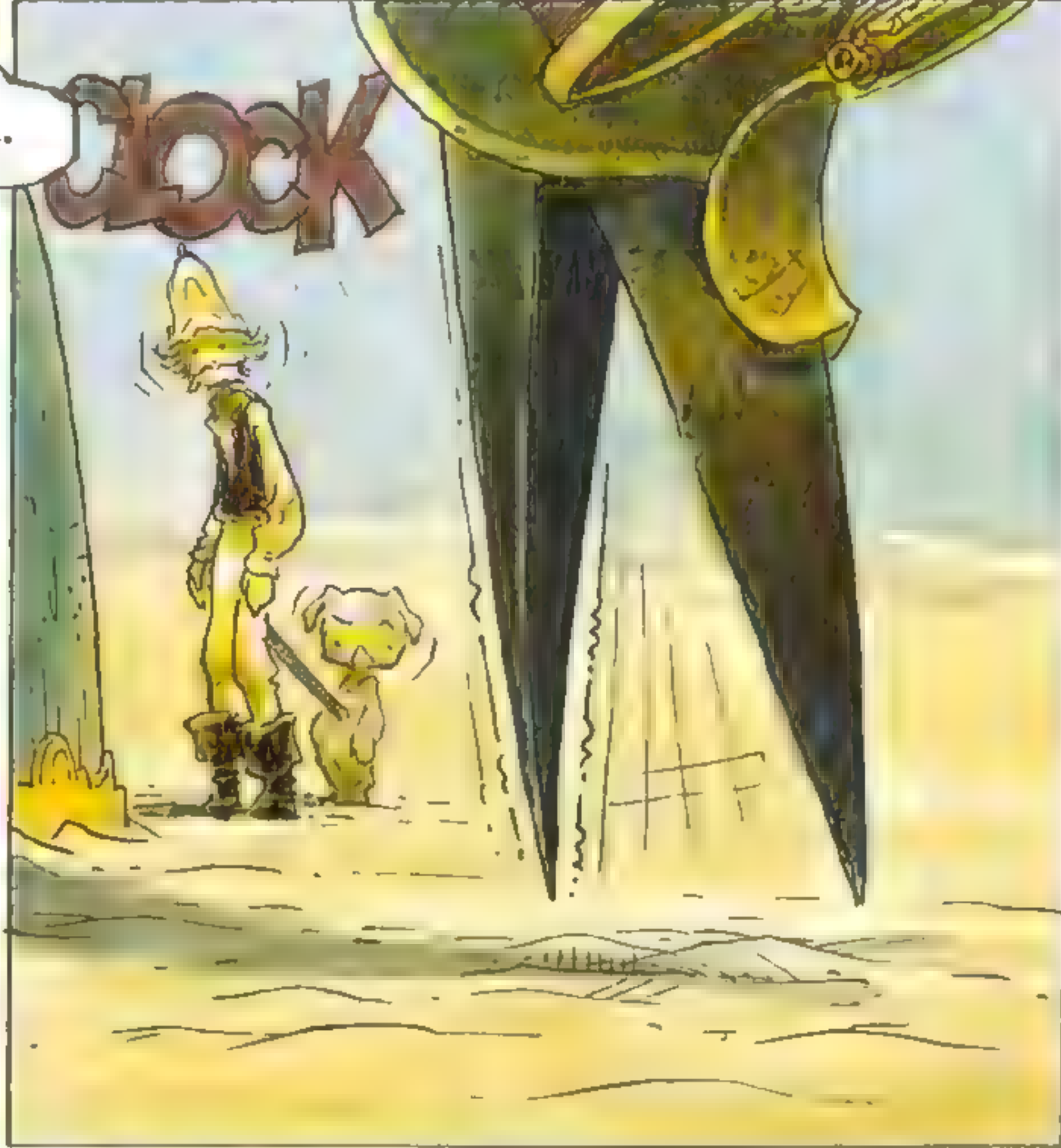








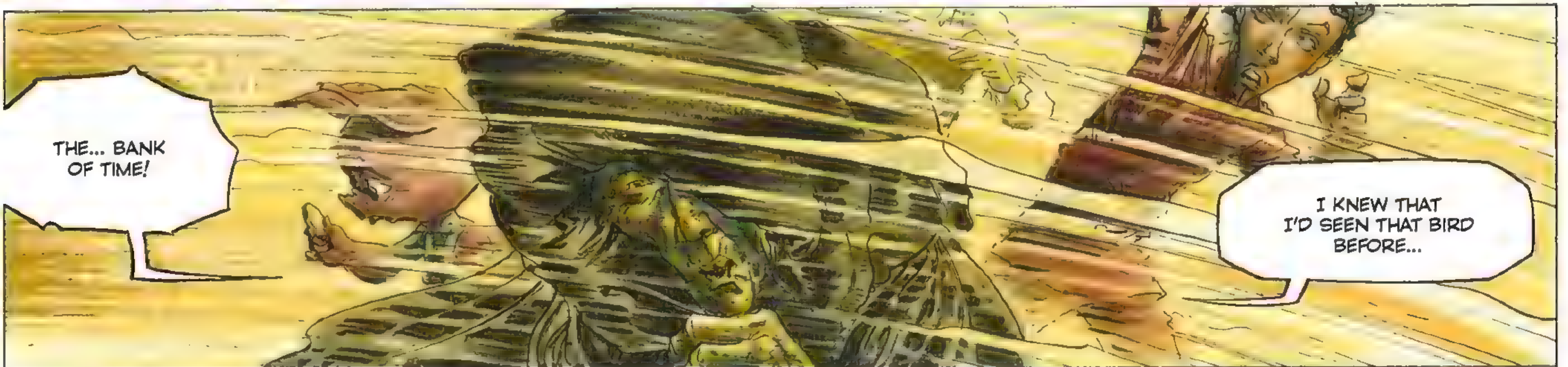








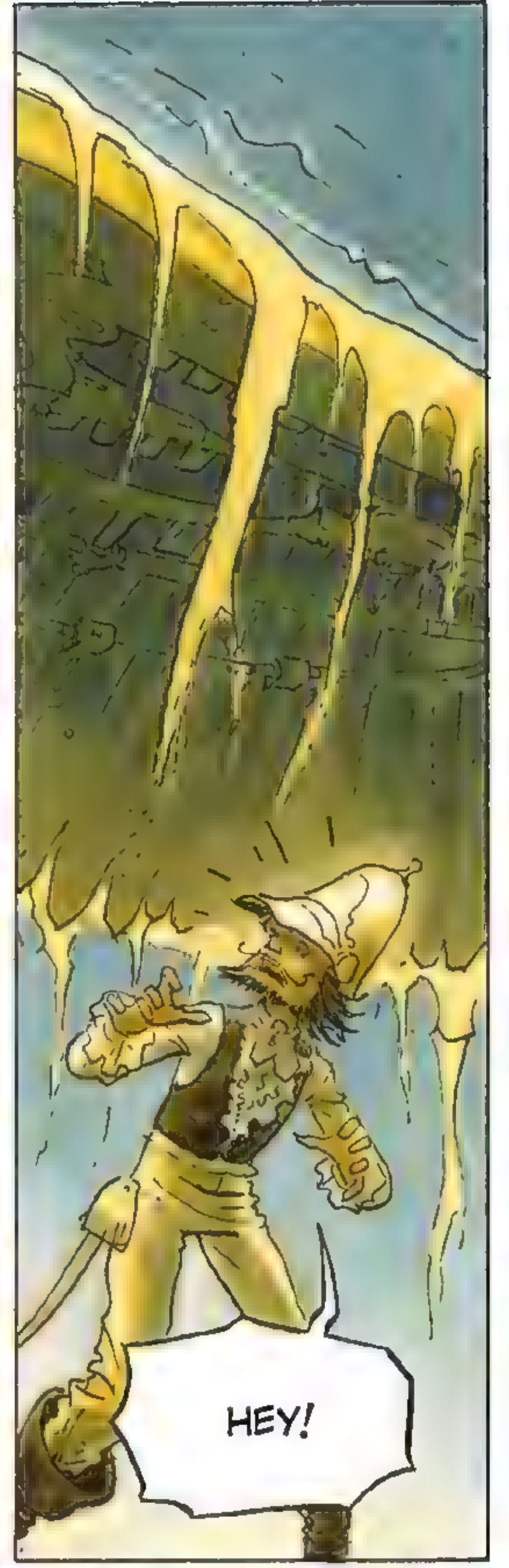
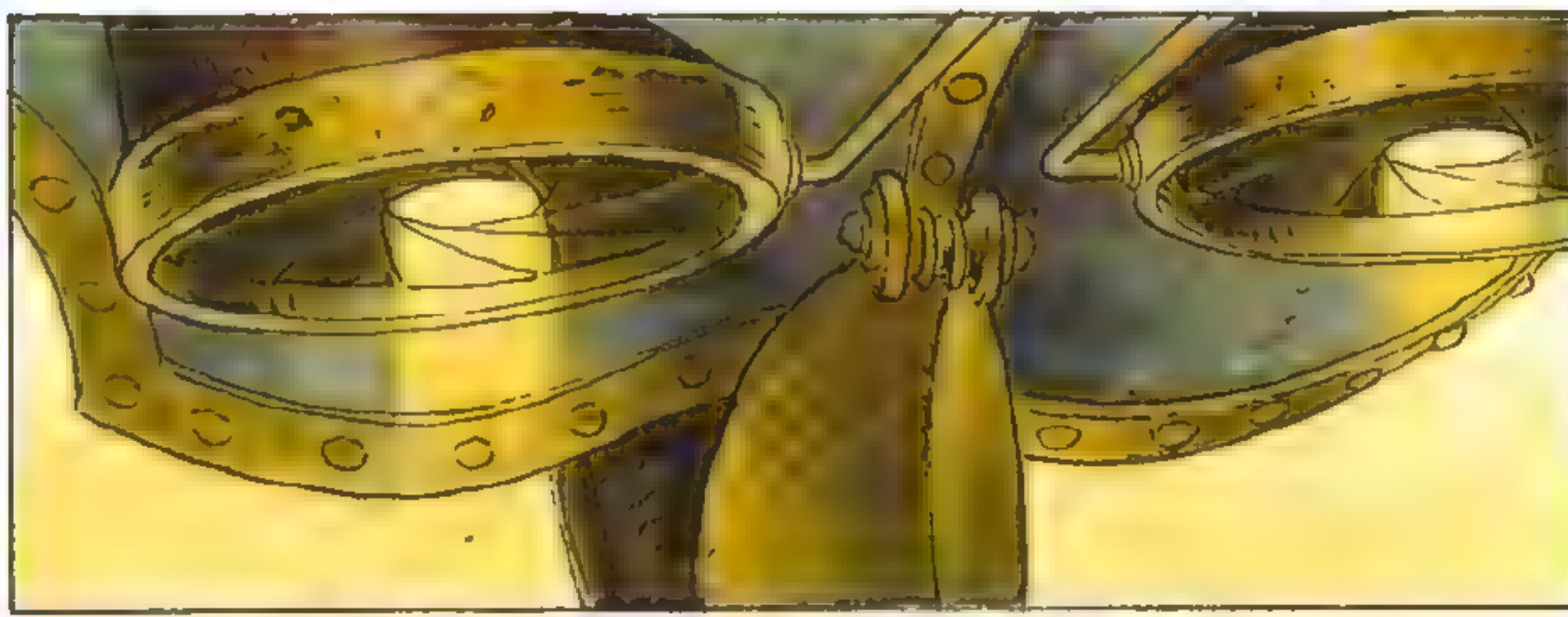




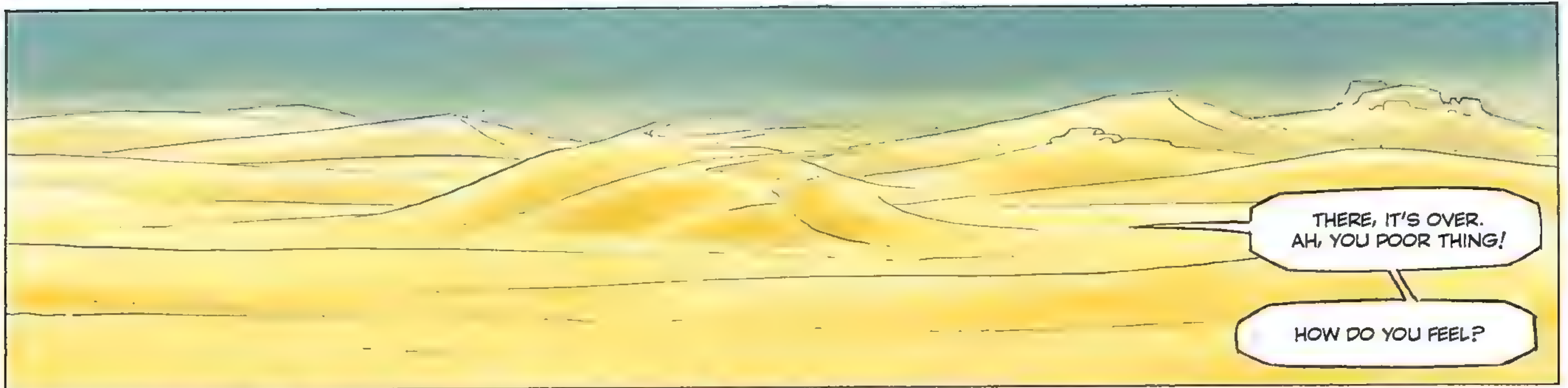






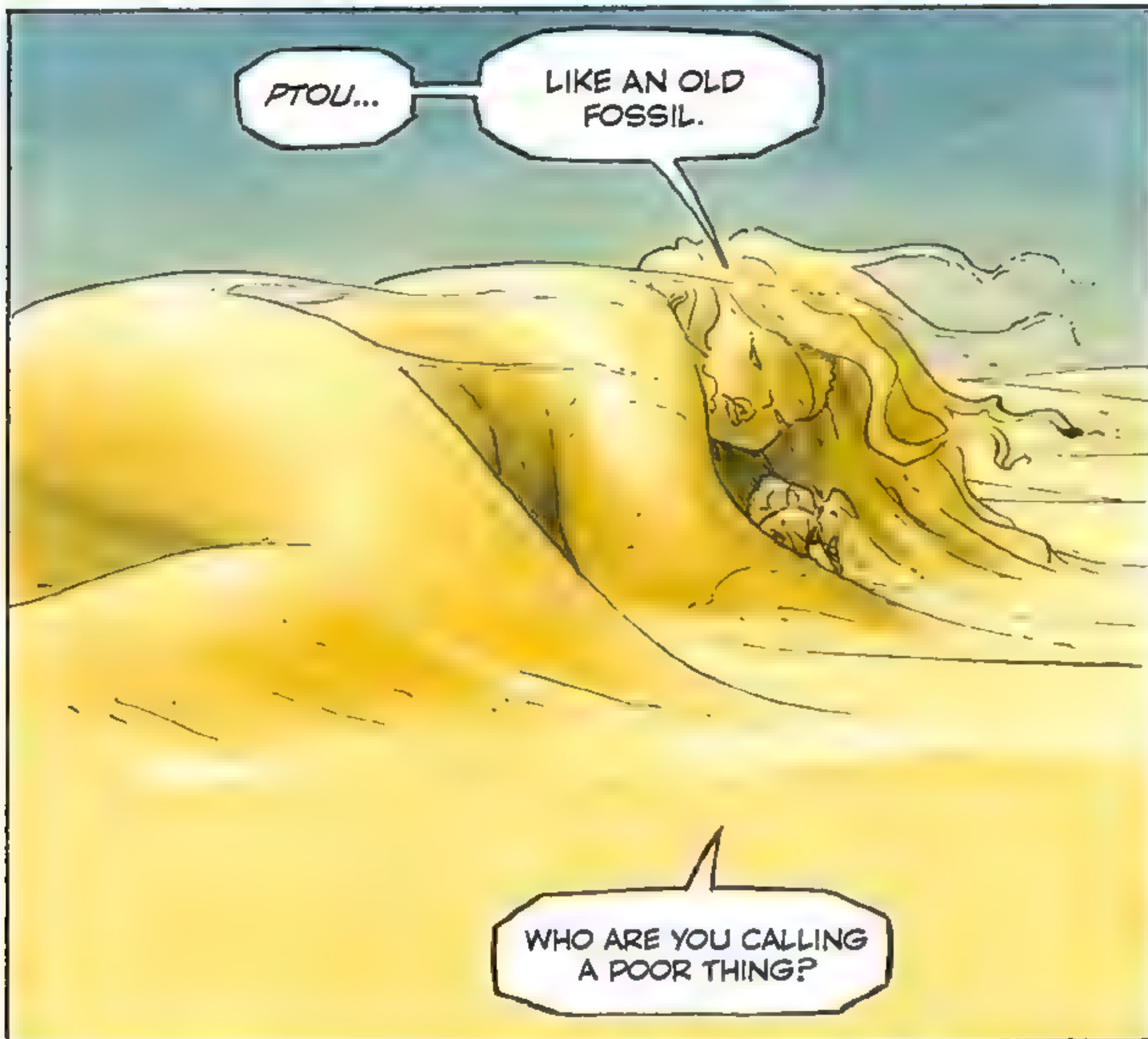






THERE, IT'S OVER.  
AH, YOU POOR THING!

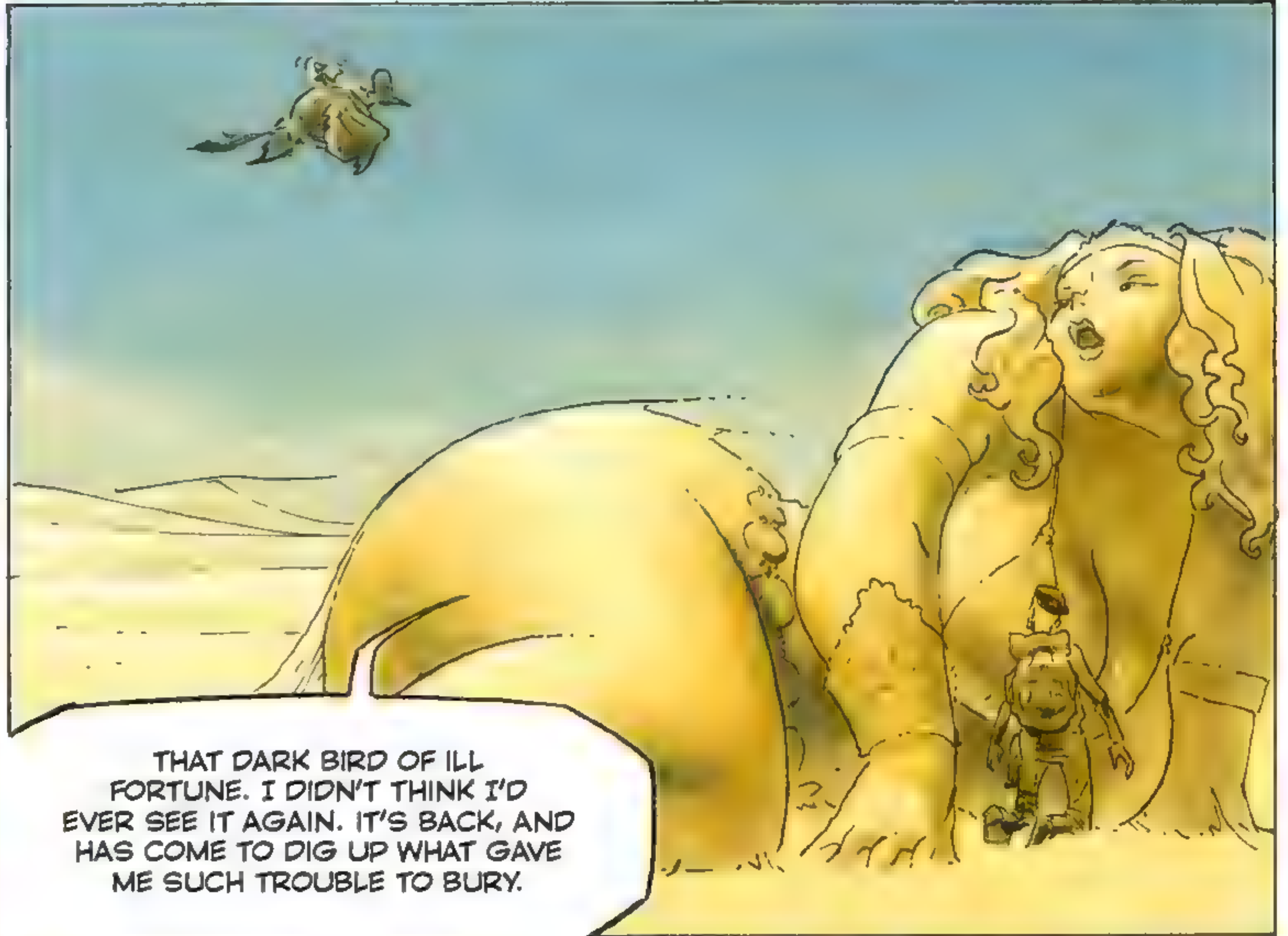
HOW DO YOU FEEL?



PTOU...

LIKE AN OLD  
FOSSIL.

WHO ARE YOU CALLING  
A POOR THING?



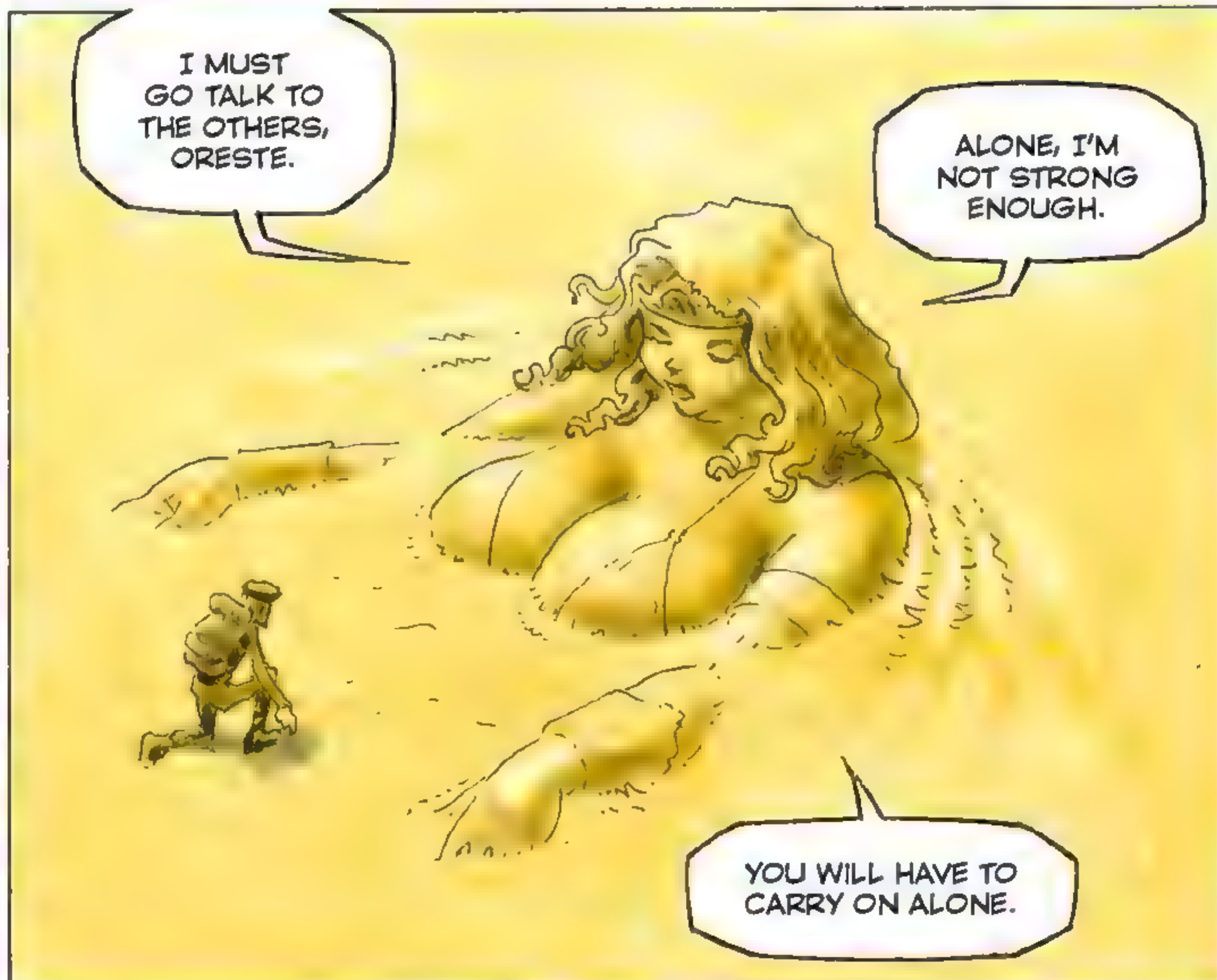
THAT DARK BIRD OF ILL  
FORTUNE. I DIDN'T THINK I'D  
EVER SEE IT AGAIN. IT'S BACK, AND  
HAS COME TO DIG UP WHAT GAVE  
ME SUCH TROUBLE TO BURY.



YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF  
CAUGHT UP IN A DIRTY  
STORY, MY LOVE.

WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

THE BANK OF TIME. THAT  
PLACE IS DEATH FOR THOSE  
OF YOUR SPECIES.



I MUST  
GO TALK TO  
THE OTHERS,  
ORESTE.

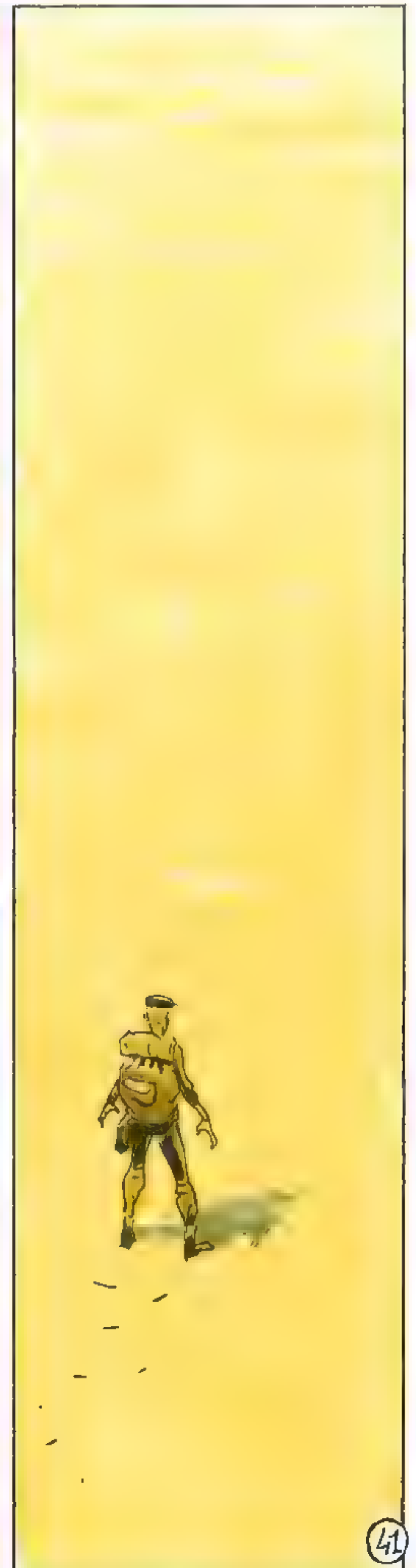
ALONE, I'M  
NOT STRONG  
ENOUGH.

YOU WILL HAVE TO  
CARRY ON ALONE.

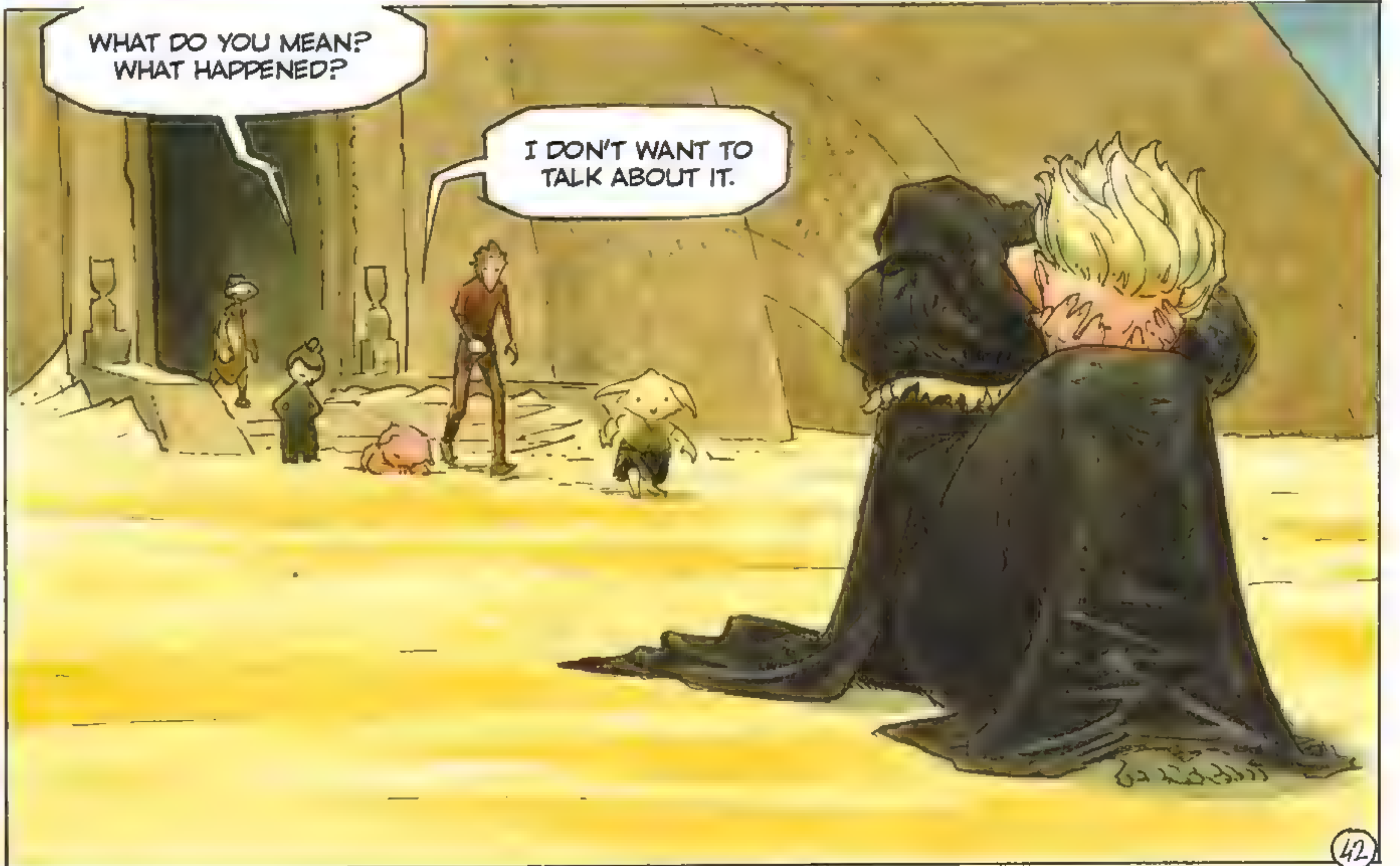
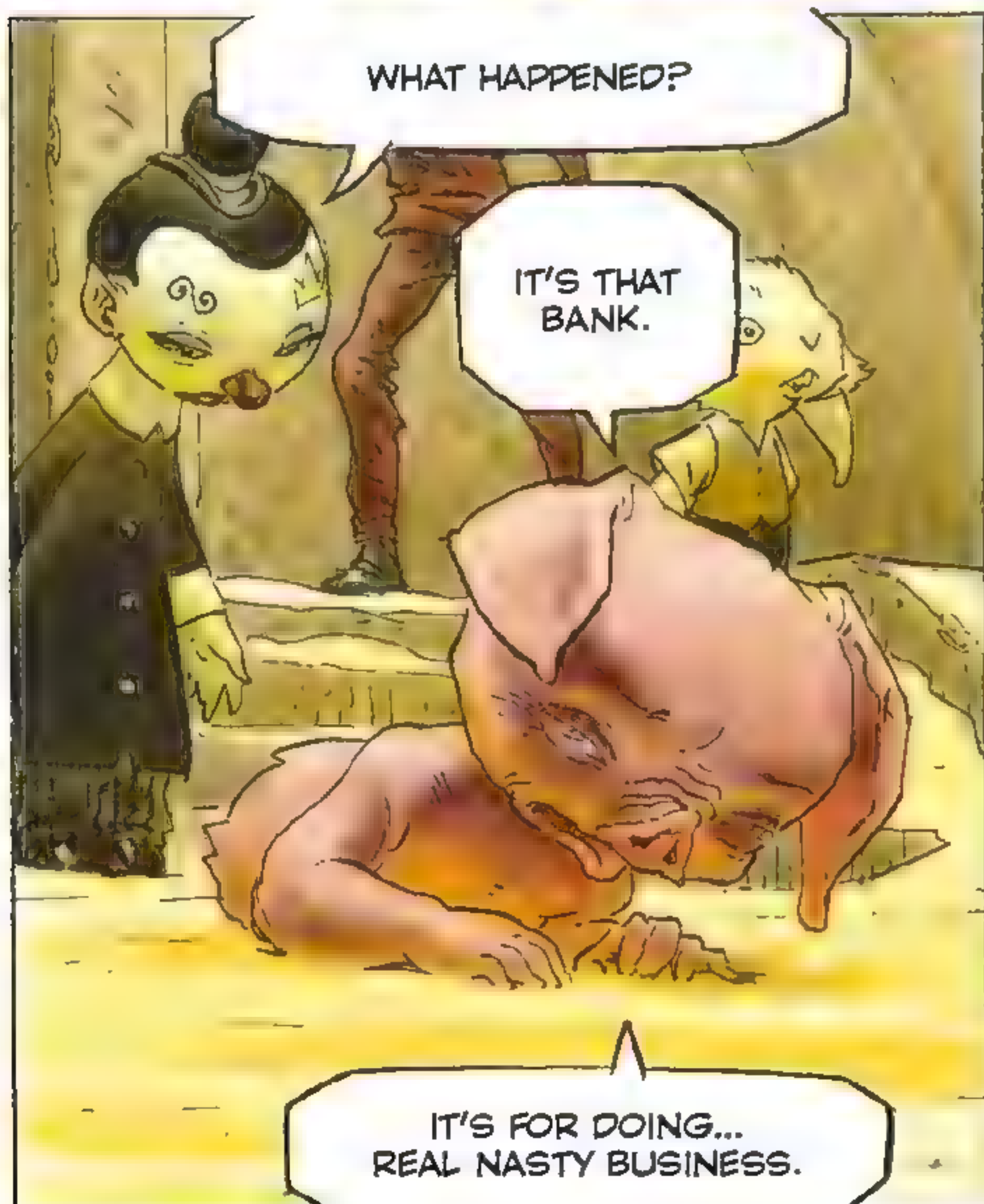
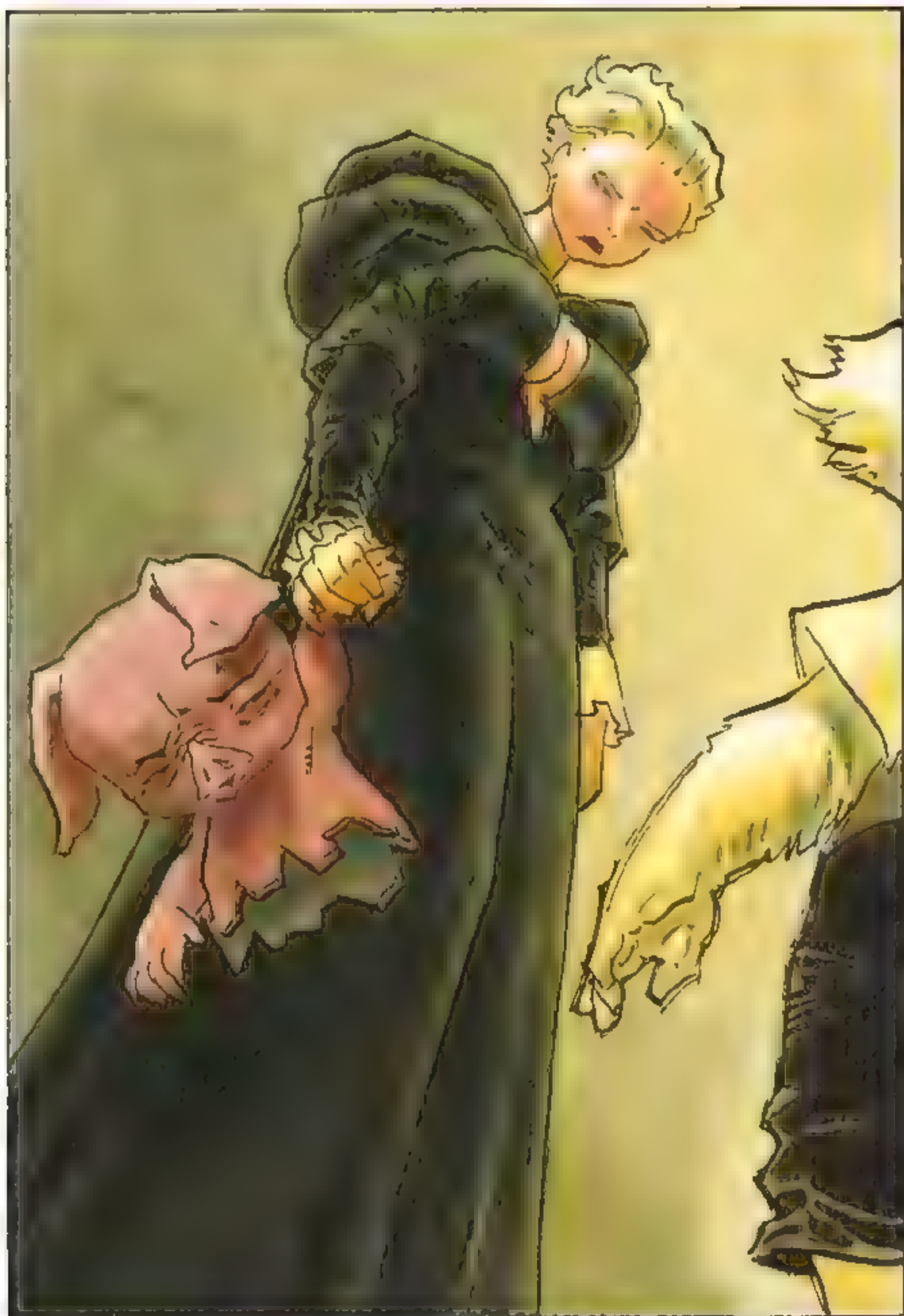


WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING? WHAT OTHERS?

WAIT!





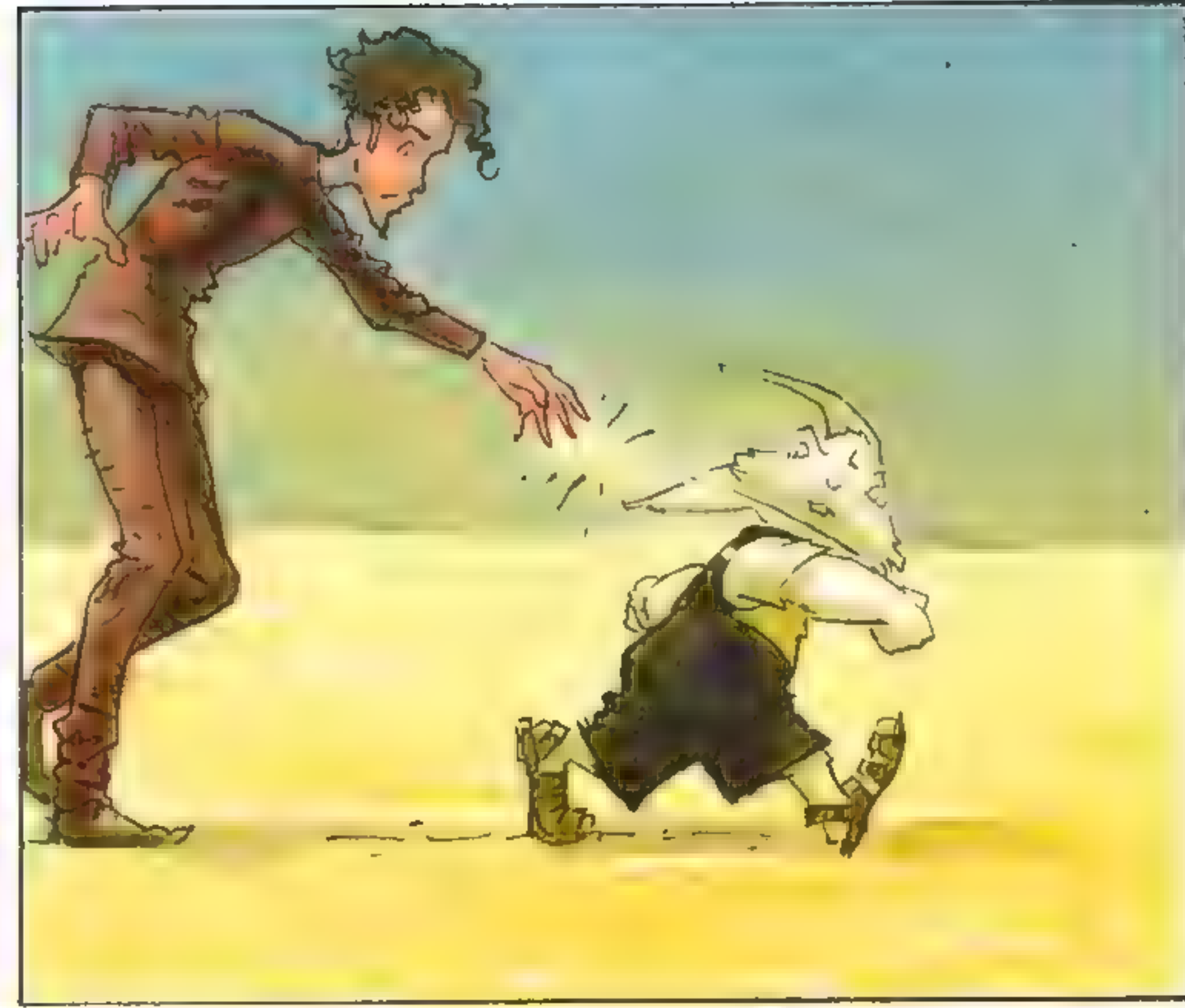






WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

CAN'T YOU SEE THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT TIME? LEAVE HER ALONE!



ARE WE ALLOWED TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?



TRUST ME, IT WOULD BE BEST... TO RE-BURY THAT THING. HELP ME.



H... HELLO. I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW WHEN OR WHERE TO START, I... I'M POLO, AND...

I AM HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH YOU -- SINCE THE DAY I SAW YOUR REFLECTION IN THE BOTTOM OF A COOKING POT.



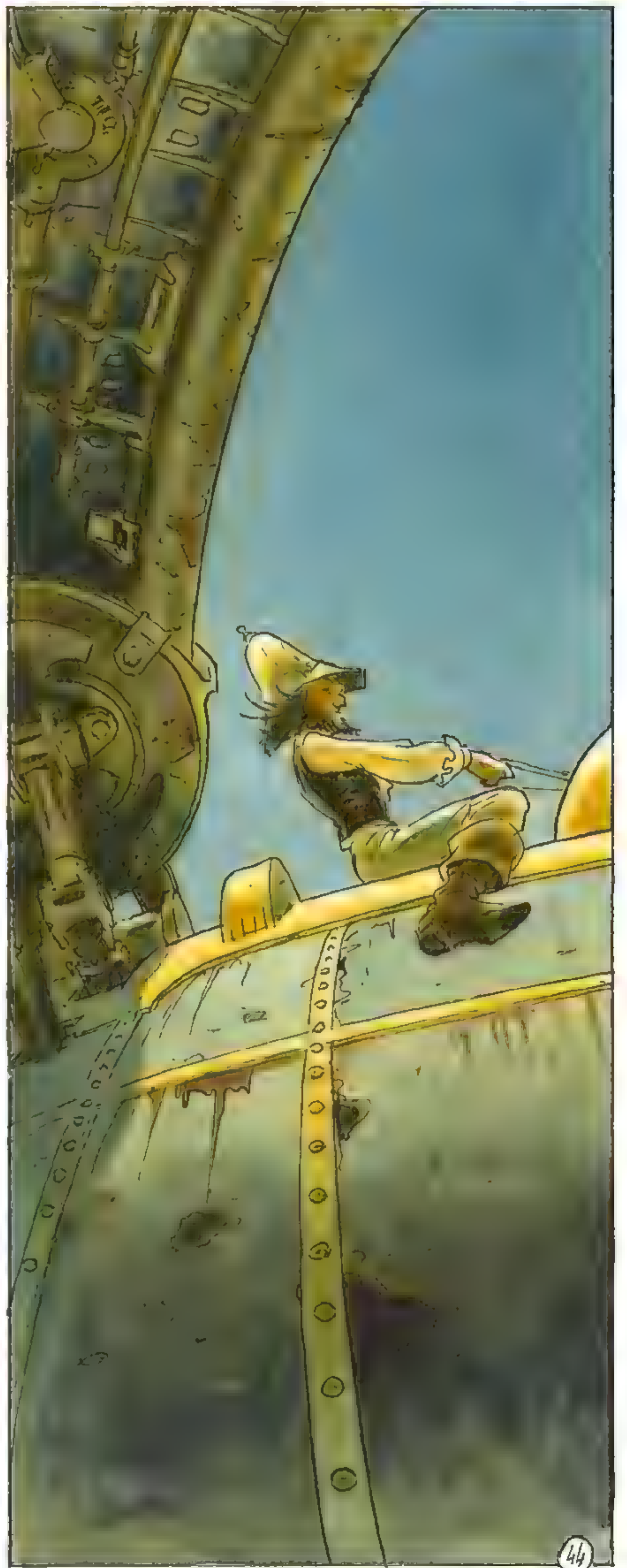
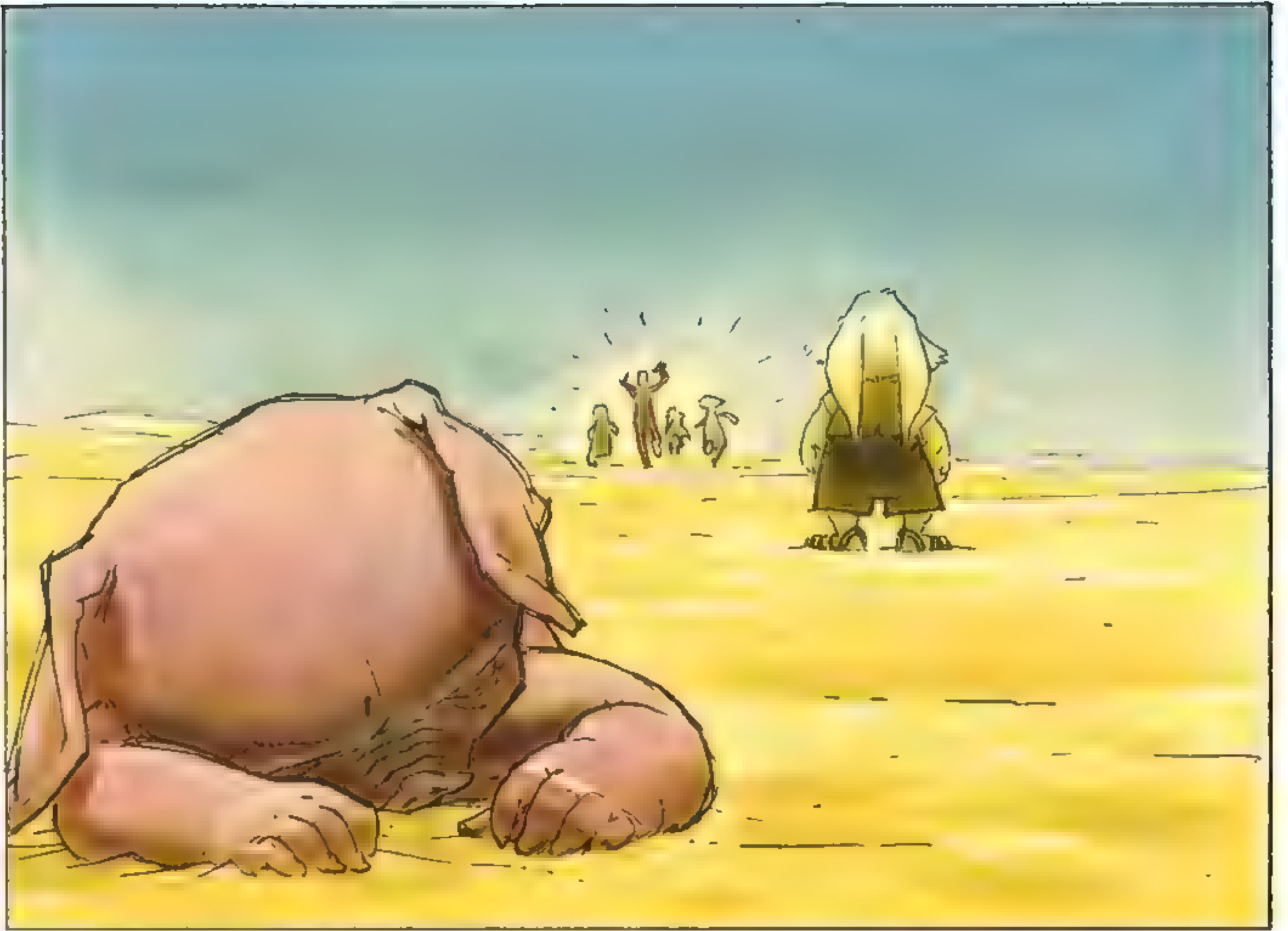
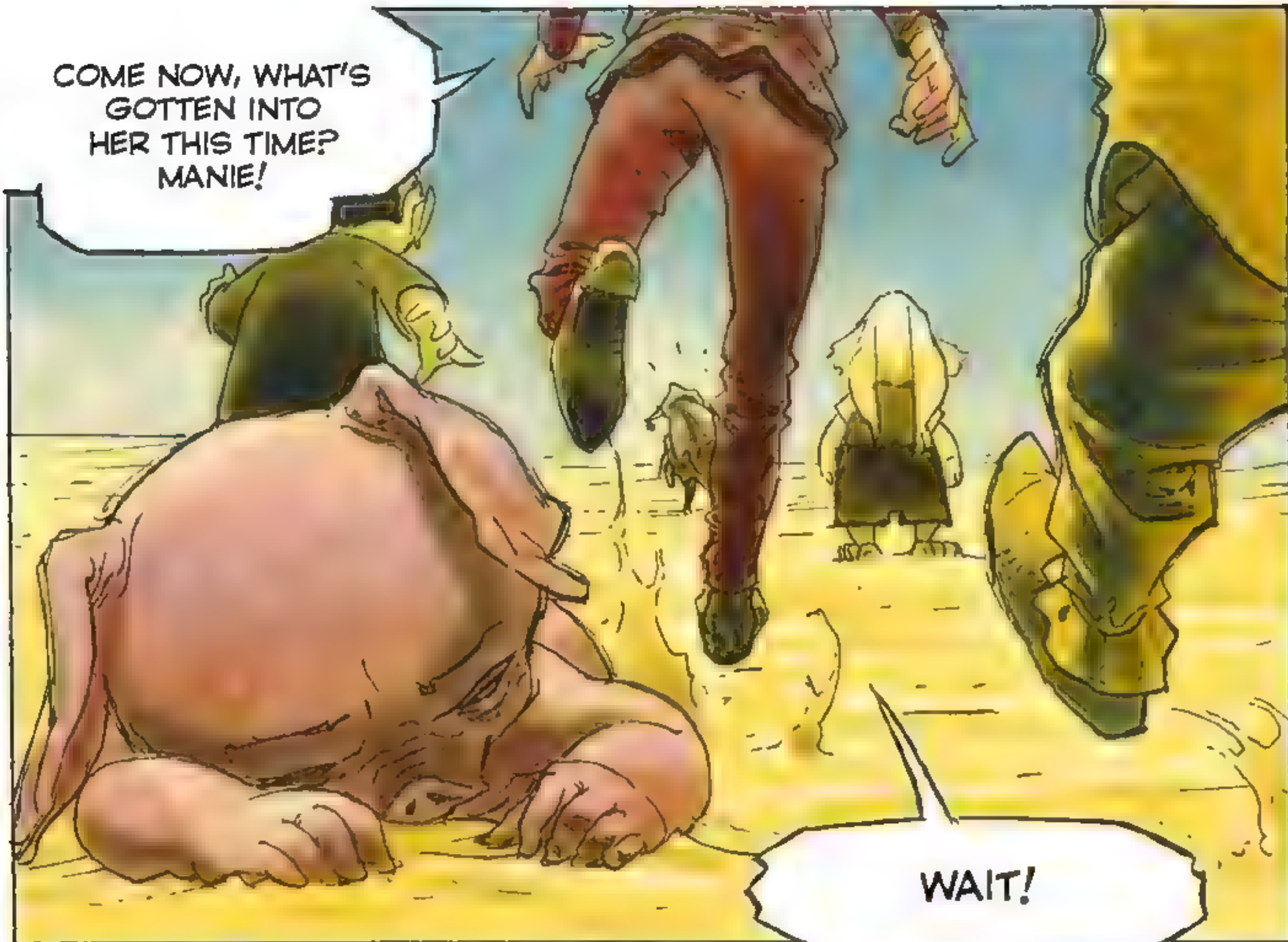
Y... YOUR BEAUTY BECAME AS ESSENTIAL TO ME AS THE AIR THAT I BREATHE. AND NOTHING HENCEFORTH WILL...

LEAVE ME ALONE, WOULD YOU?

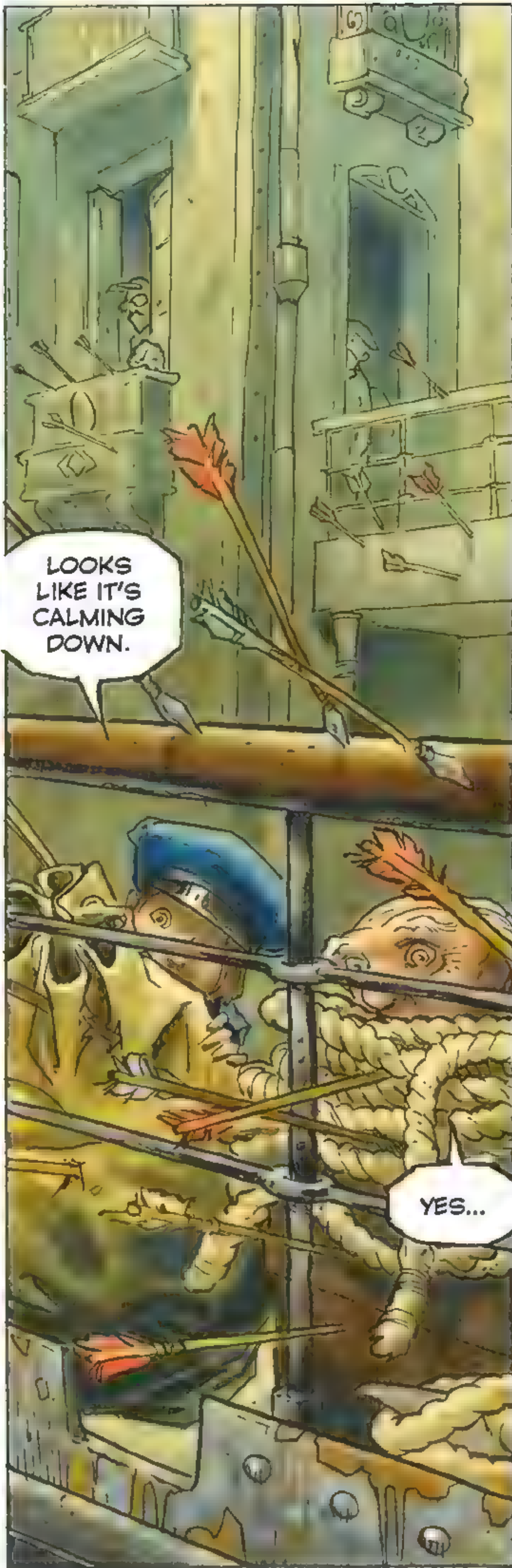


ALL OF YOU, LEAVE ME ALONE!!



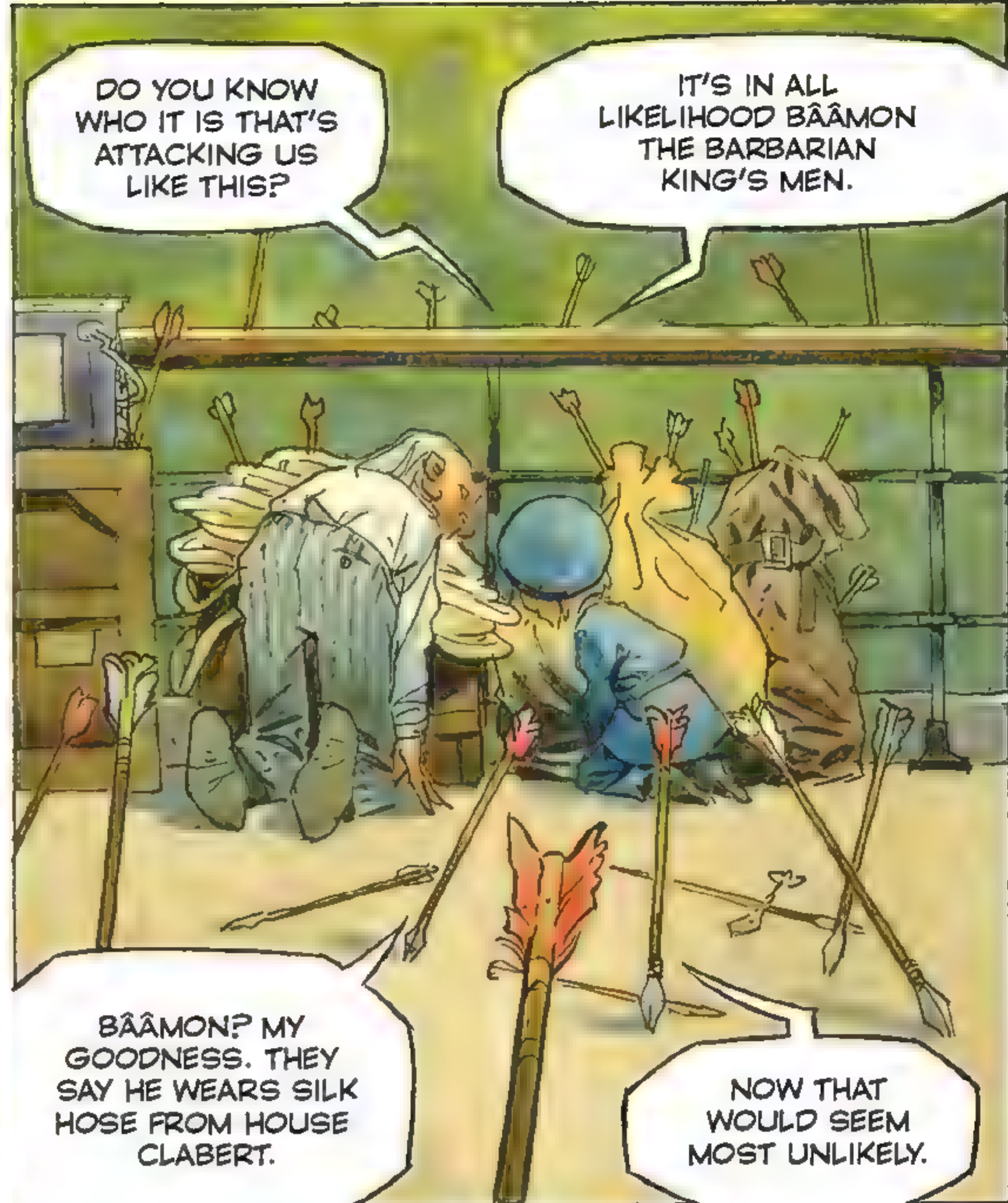






LOOKS LIKE IT'S CALMING DOWN.

YES...



DO YOU KNOW WHO IT IS THAT'S ATTACKING US LIKE THIS?

IT'S IN ALL LIKELIHOOD BĀĀMON THE BARBARIAN KING'S MEN.

BĀĀMON? MY GOODNESS. THEY SAY HE WEARS SILK HOSE FROM HOUSE CLABERT.

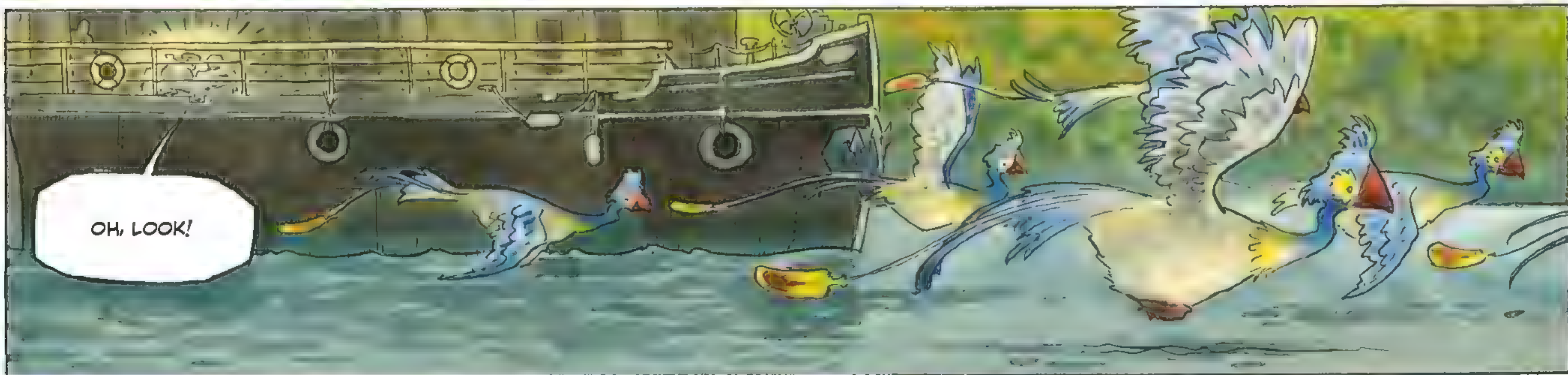
NOW THAT WOULD SEEM MOST UNLIKELY.



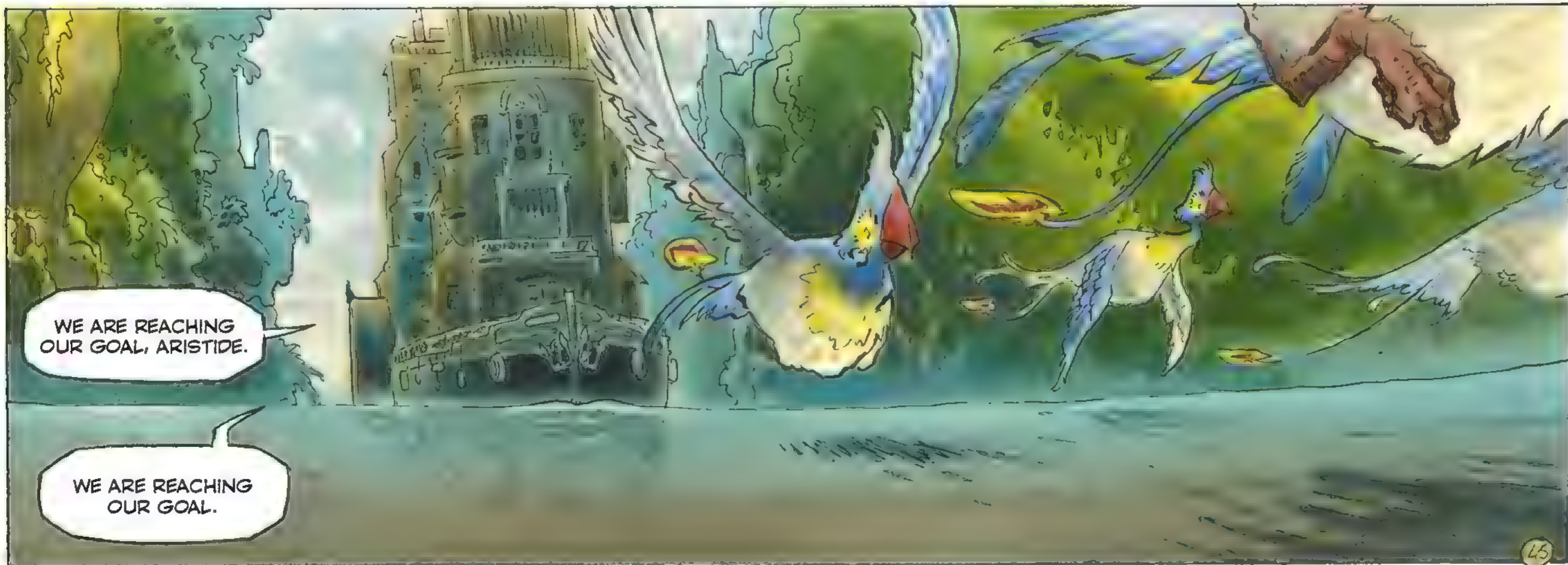
DO WE HAVE ANY CHANCE OF GETTING THROUGH HIS TERRITORY ALIVE?

IF YOU HOLD TO EXISTING STATISTICS...

NO.



OH, LOOK!



WE ARE REACHING OUR GOAL, ARISTIDE.

WE ARE REACHING OUR GOAL.

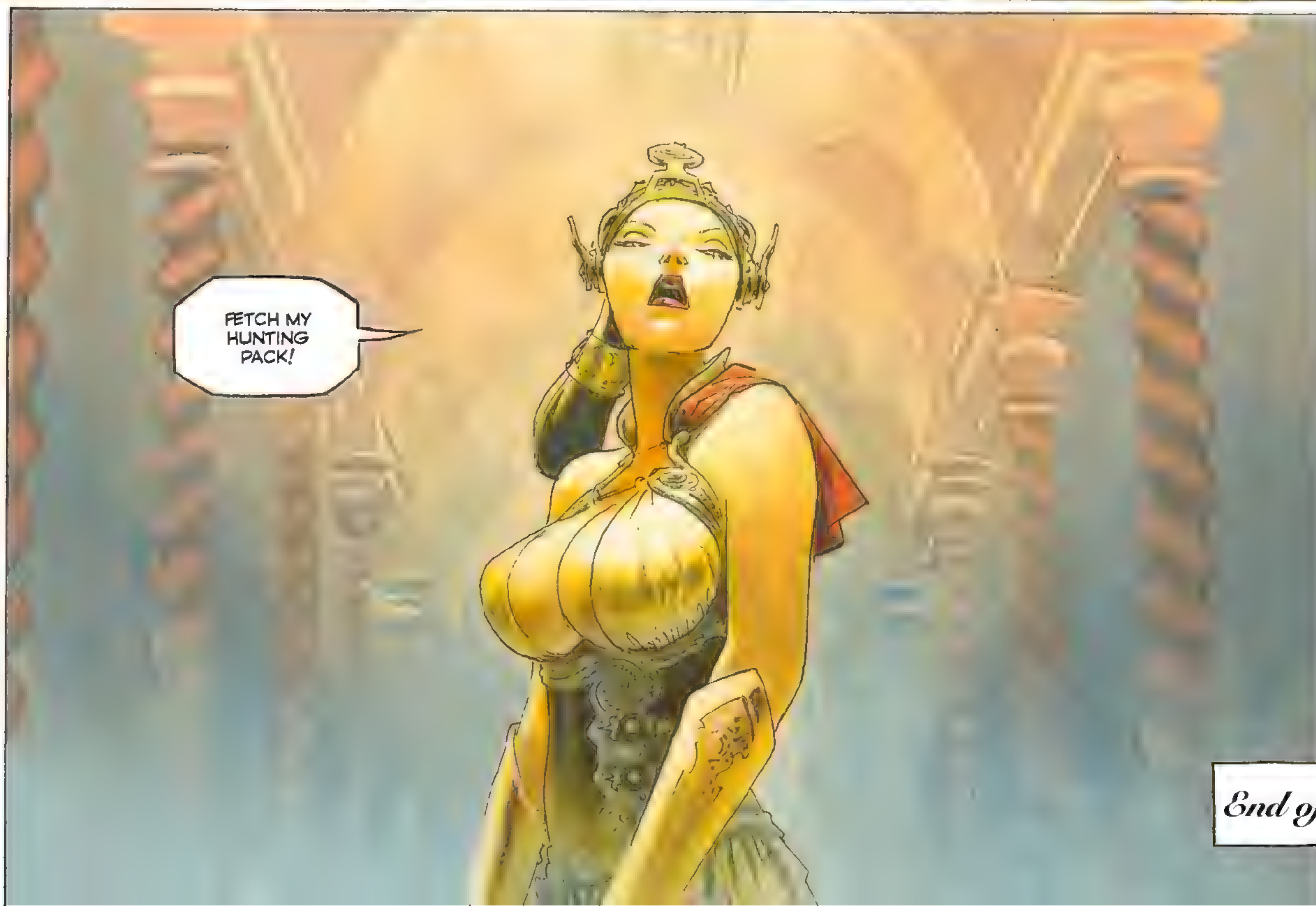




WE'VE LOST YOUR BOUNTY  
HUNTER, MAJESTY. I SEE  
SAND. LOTS OF SAND.



RIGHT, SINCE I HAVE TO  
DO EVERYTHING MYSELF...



FETCH MY  
HUNTING  
PACK!

*End of part 2*





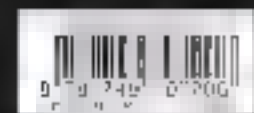
# AZZIMUT

Après avoir échappé au jugement d'Irène le Magnifique, la belle Marie Quercy et ses compagnons échouent sur les terres du Baron Clangrès, un inquiétant Pécrot luisant qui serait résolu à vaincre la vieillesse... mais à quel prix ?  
De leur côté, le professeur Aristide Broloquin et l'équipage de son navire-observatoire de l'océan Atlantique s'interrogent sur la question éternelle du temps qui passe, et semblent avoir de très petites idées quant à la récente disparition du pôle Nord.

En compagnie d'une myriade de personnages fantastiques

embarquez pour un fabuleux voyage

qui vous emportera tout au long des sphères éclairées de l'imagination  
sur un monde des perceptions archaïques et éternelles.



www.glenat.com

LUPANO & ANDREAE

AZZIMUT TOMO 3



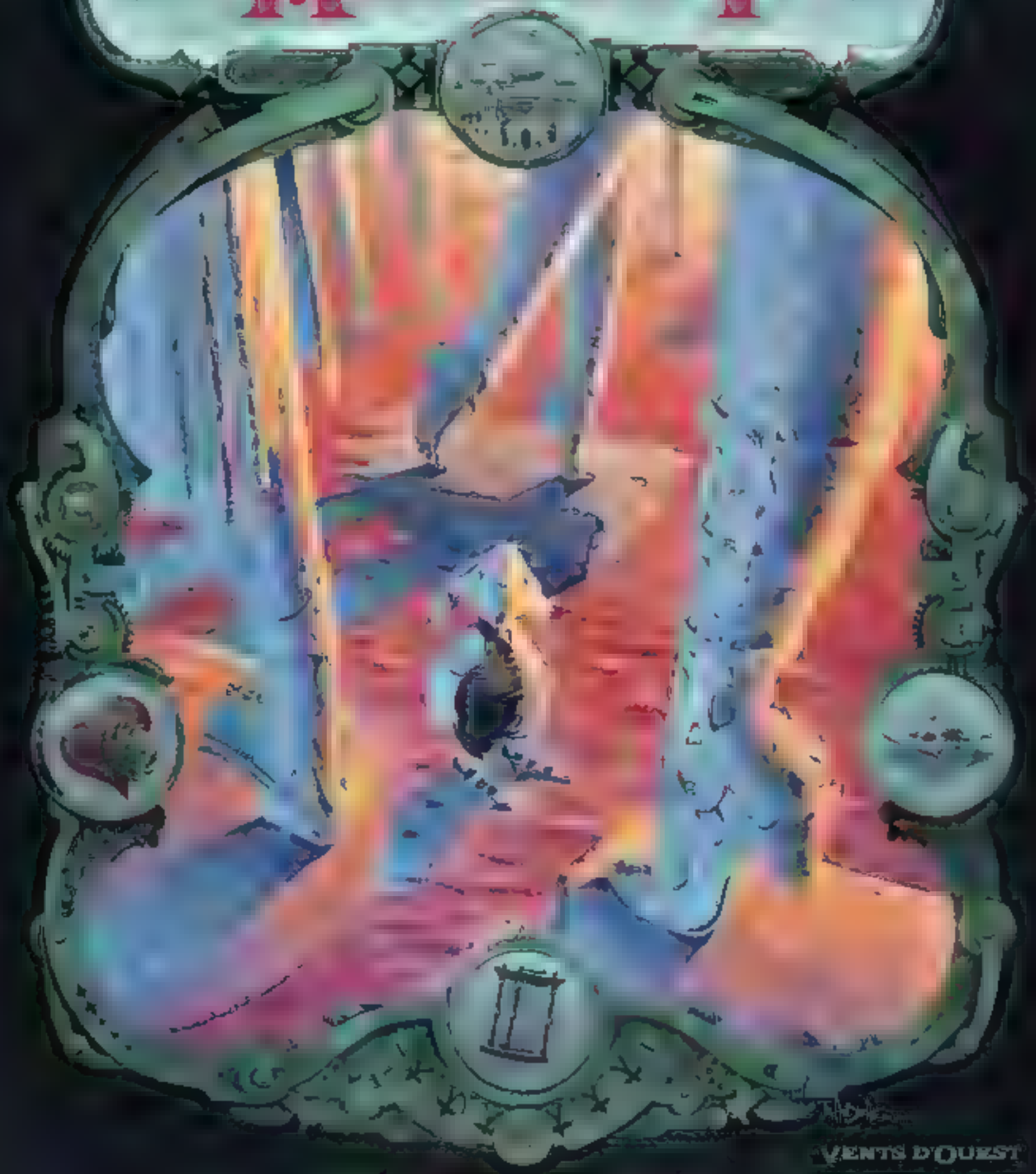


IL FANTASY RUPINIA MESSENGER

LA PANO

# AZIMUT

ANDREAE



VENTS D'OUEST





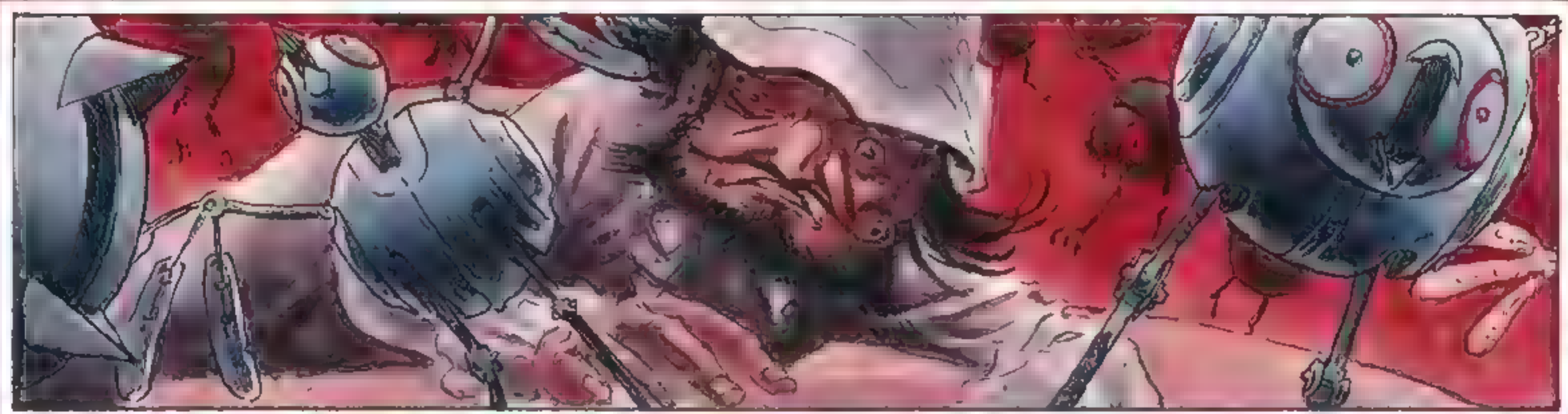
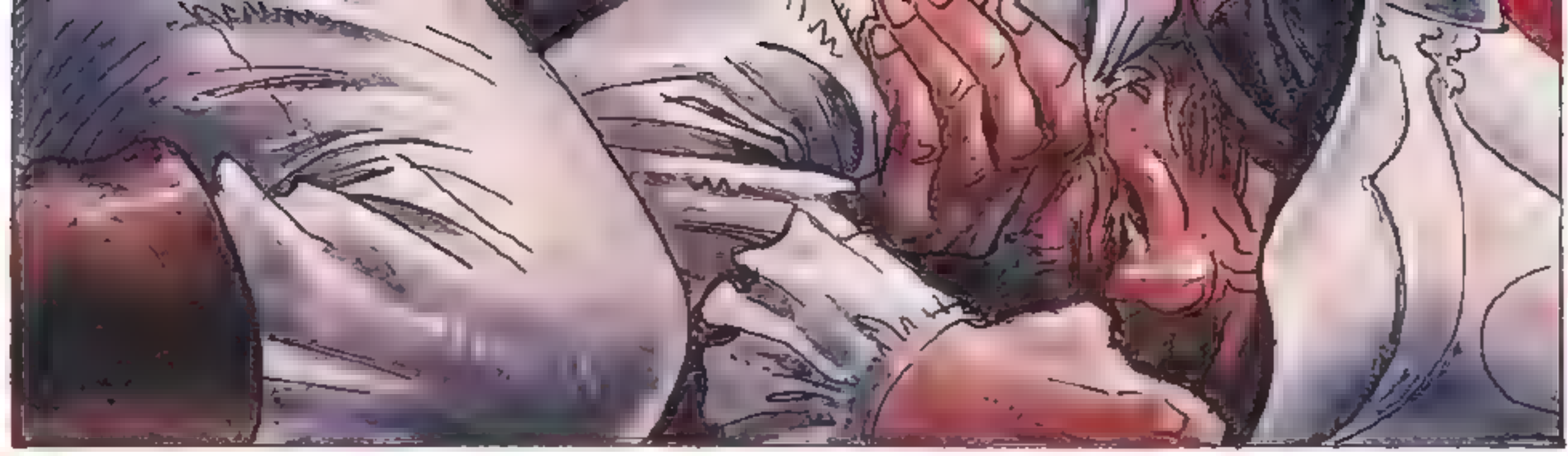
LU PANO & ANDREA E

# AZAIMUT

— TOME 3 —  
I L'ANTHROPOTAMIS DI NILLI

**VENTS D'OUEST**



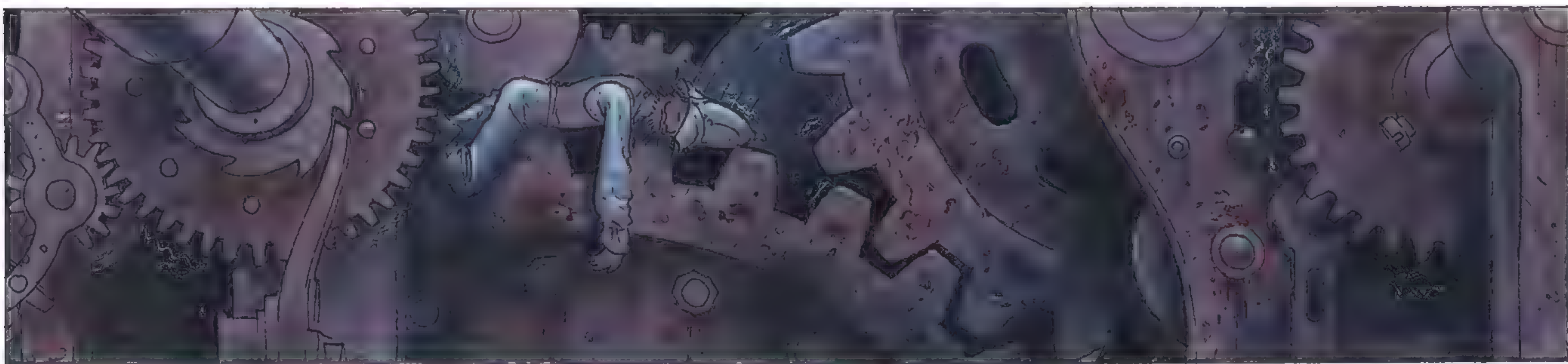
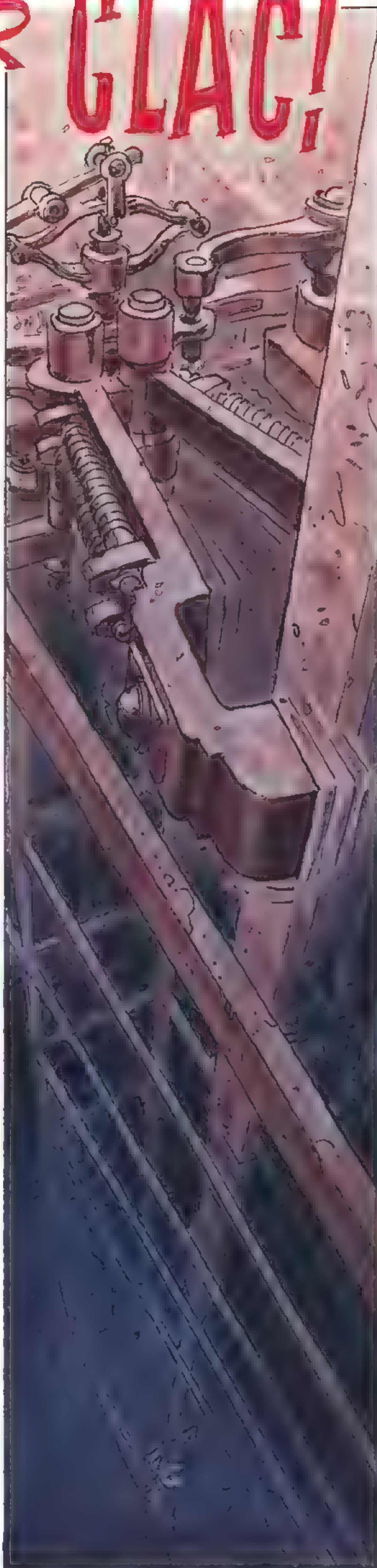
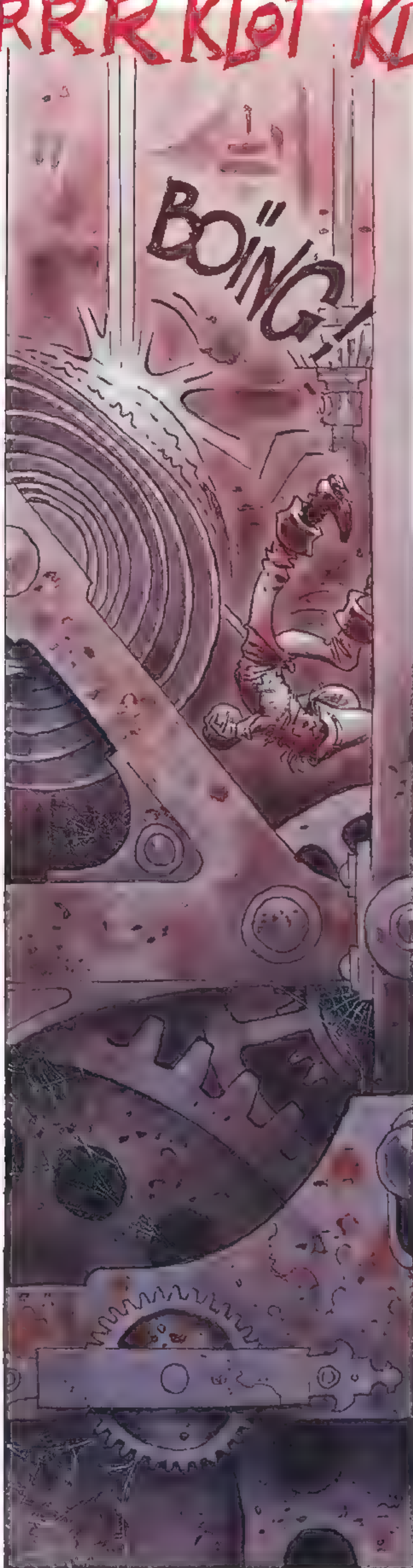


CLONG



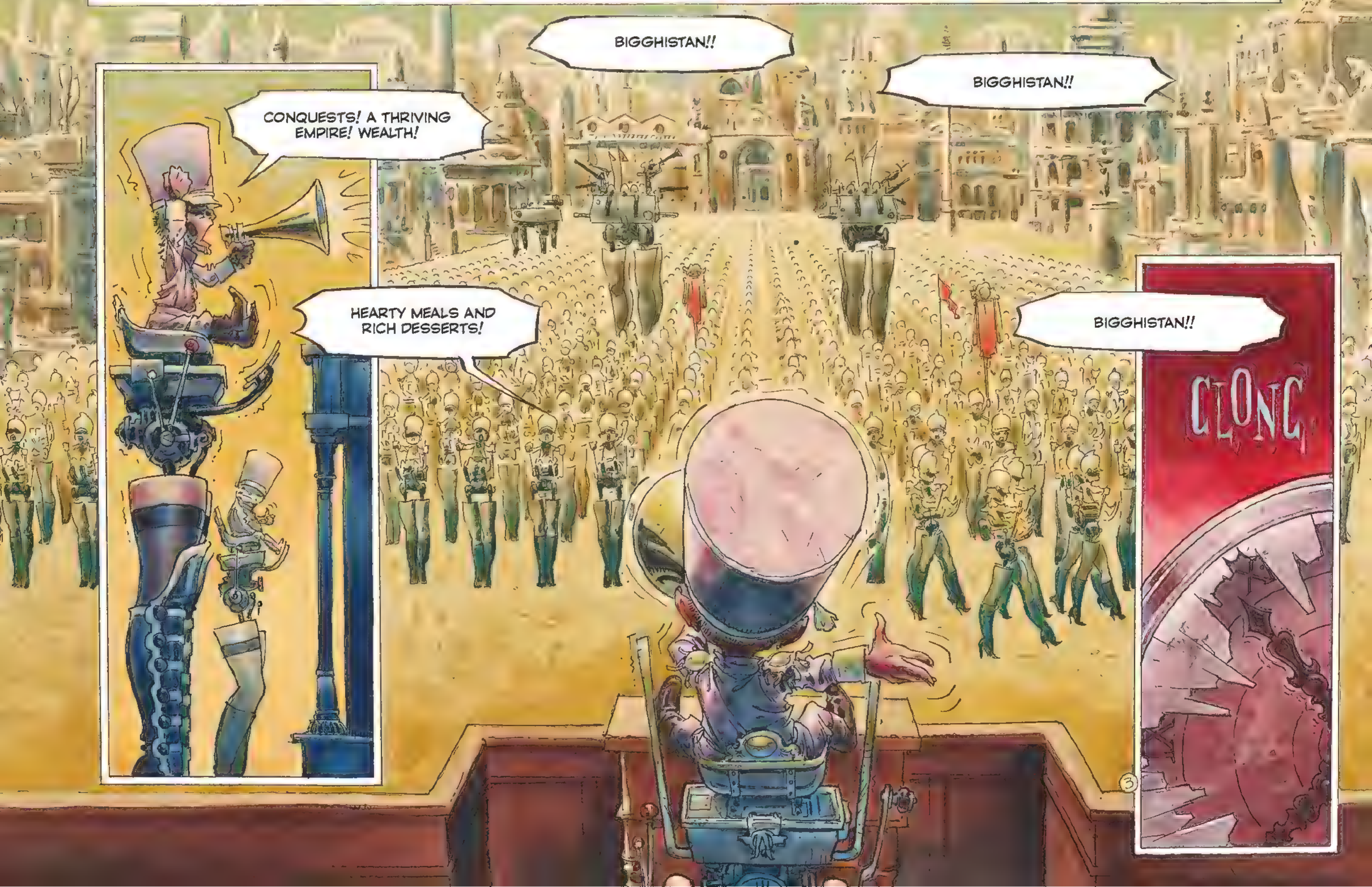
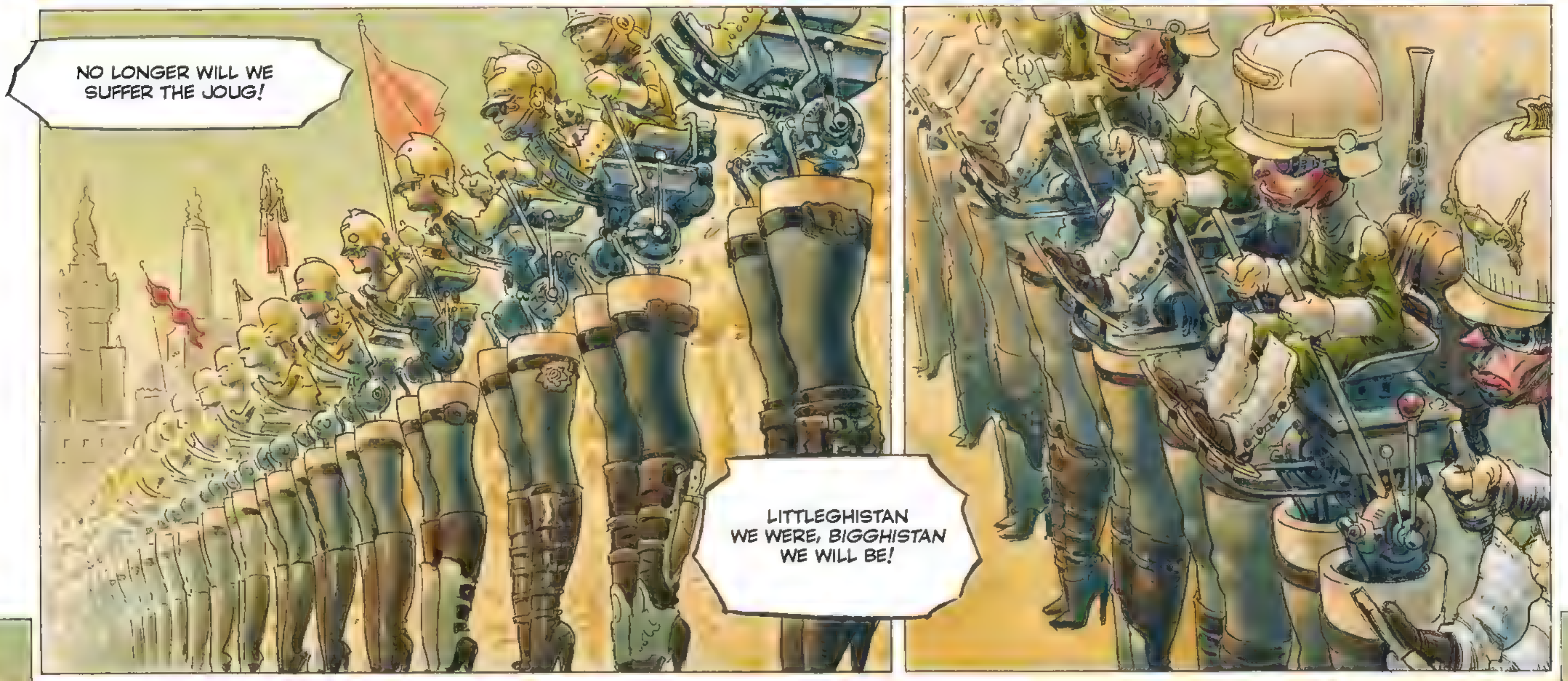


RRR KLOT KLT KLT RRR CLAC!



CLONC!





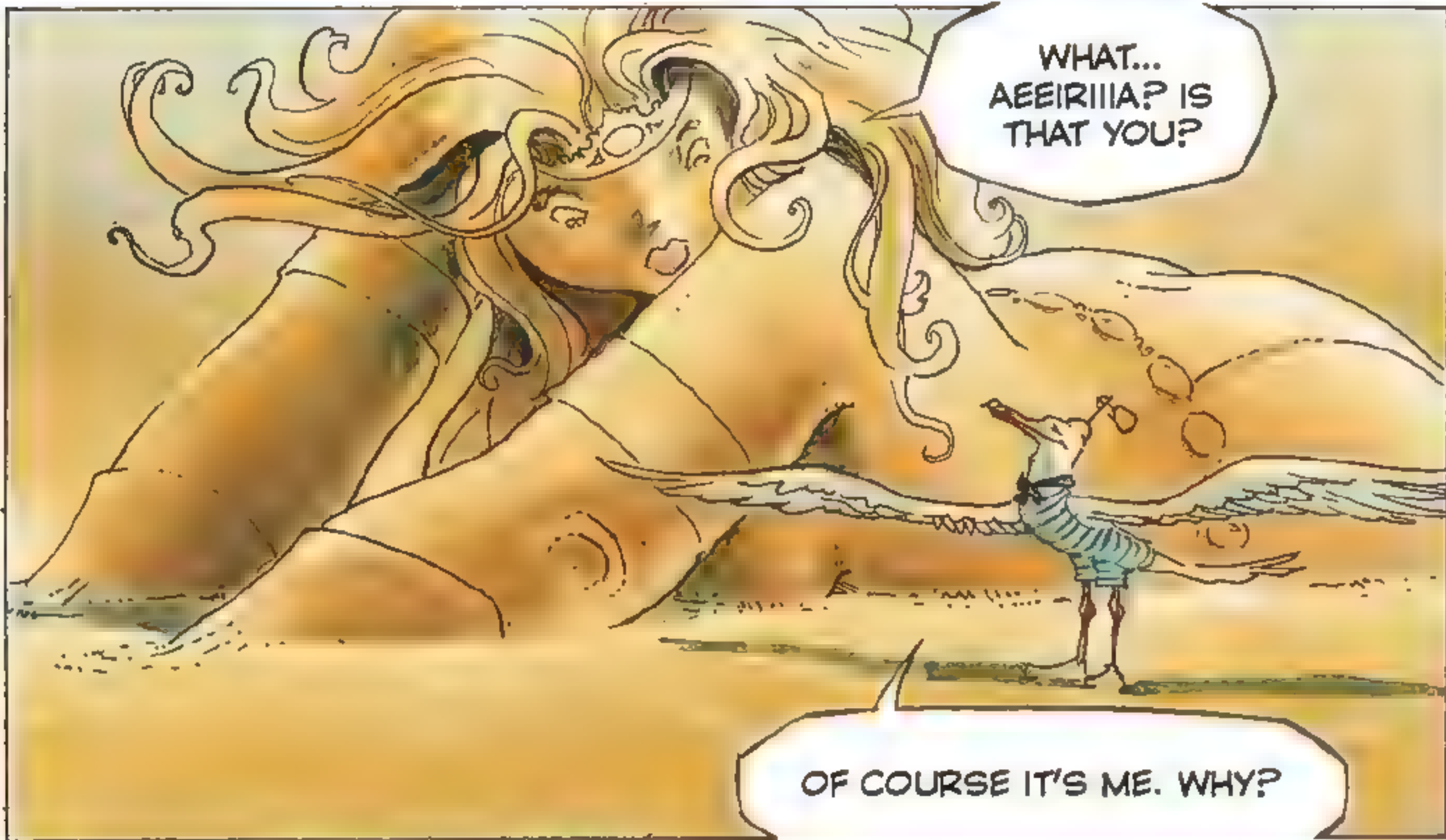




WHAT ARE THEY UP TO,  
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD?



I HOPE YOU HAVE  
A GOOD REASON  
FOR SUMMONING  
THE COUNCIL OF  
PRIMORDIALS.

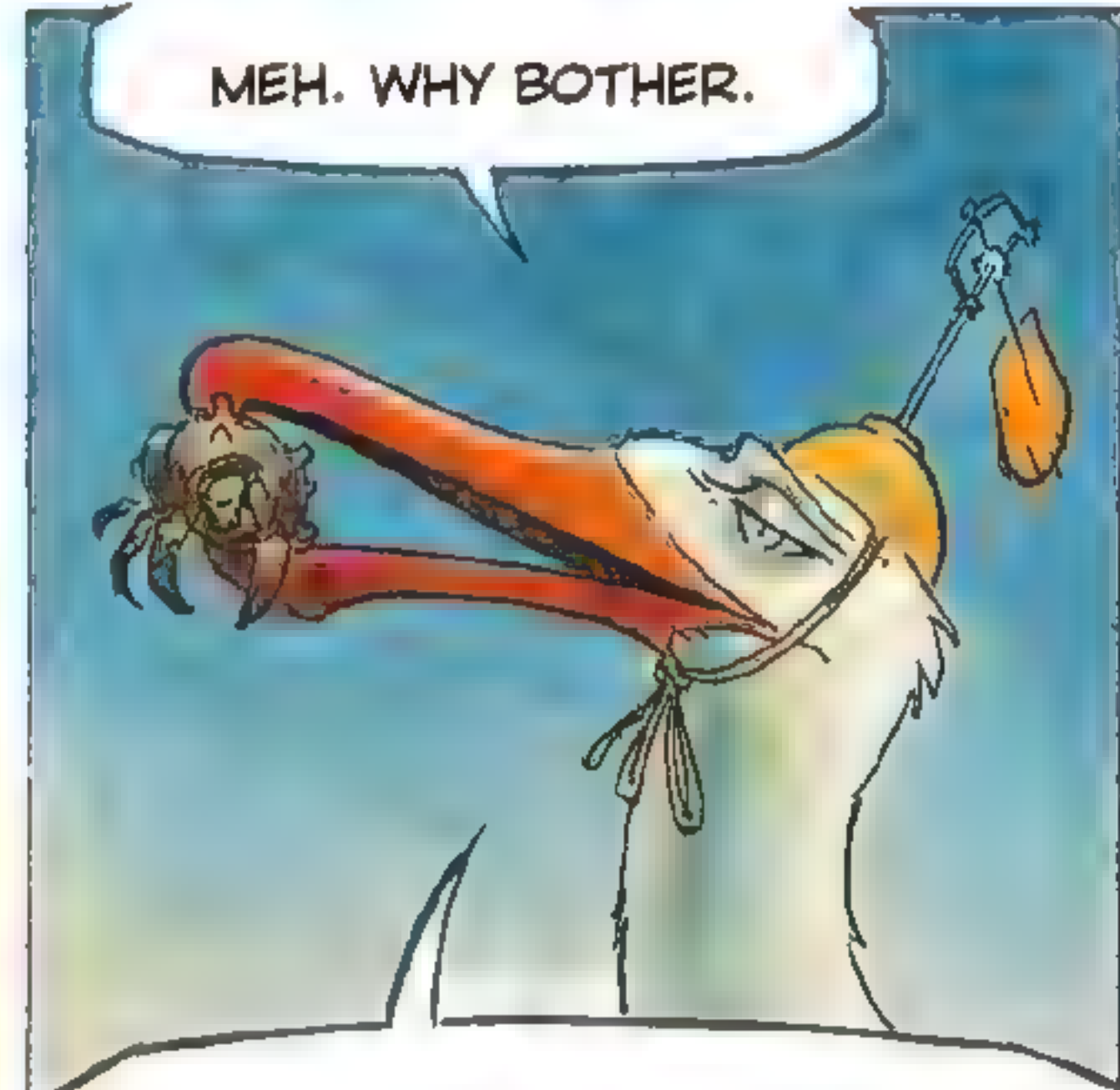


WHAT...  
AEEIRIIIA? IS  
THAT YOU?

OF COURSE IT'S ME. WHY?



I DON'T KNOW. YOU COULD  
HAVE TAKEN A MORE...  
ILLUSTRIOUS APPEARANCE.  
YOU ARE THE PRIMORDIAL  
OF WIND AFTER ALL.



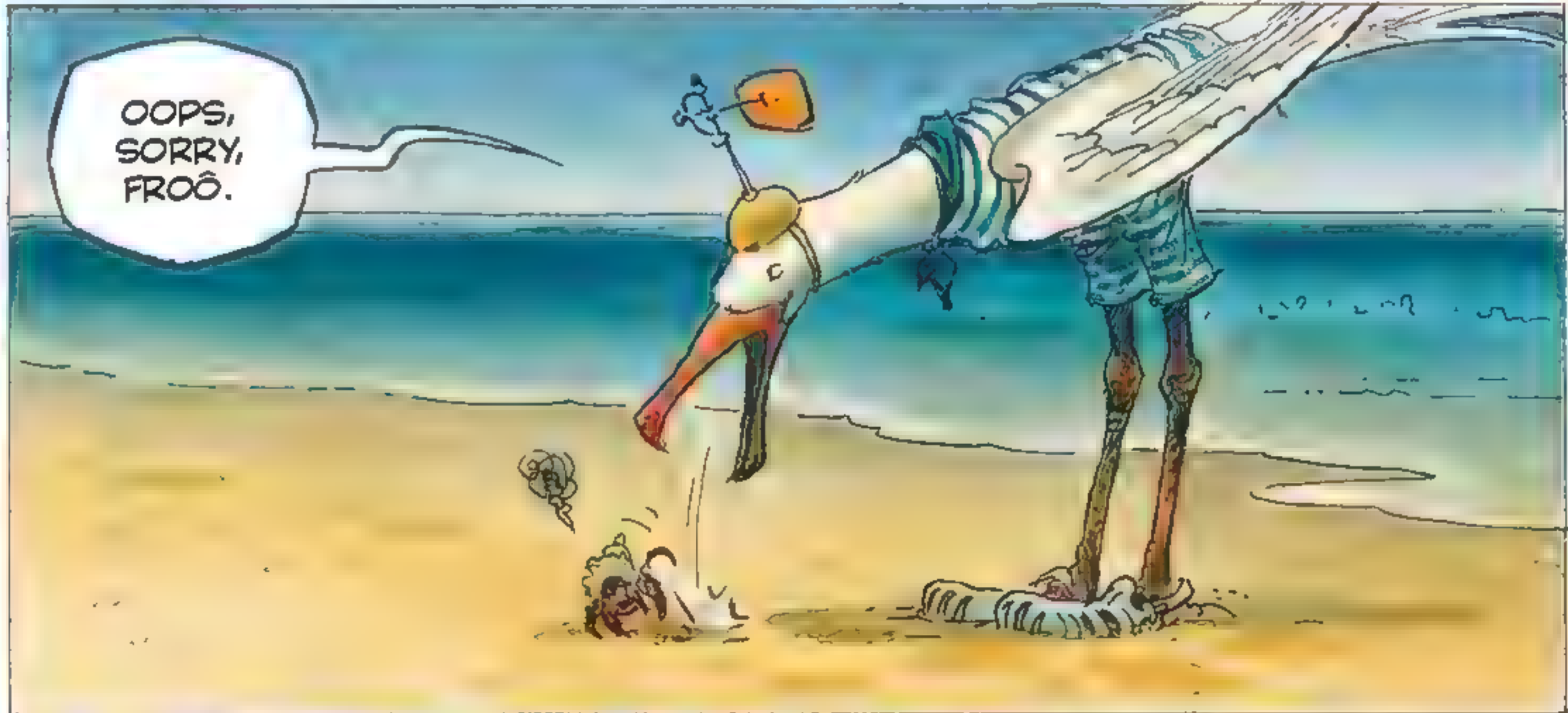
MEH. WHY BOTHER.

I HOPE THE OTHERS  
WON'T BE LONG, BECAUSE  
I HAVE STUFF TO DO.

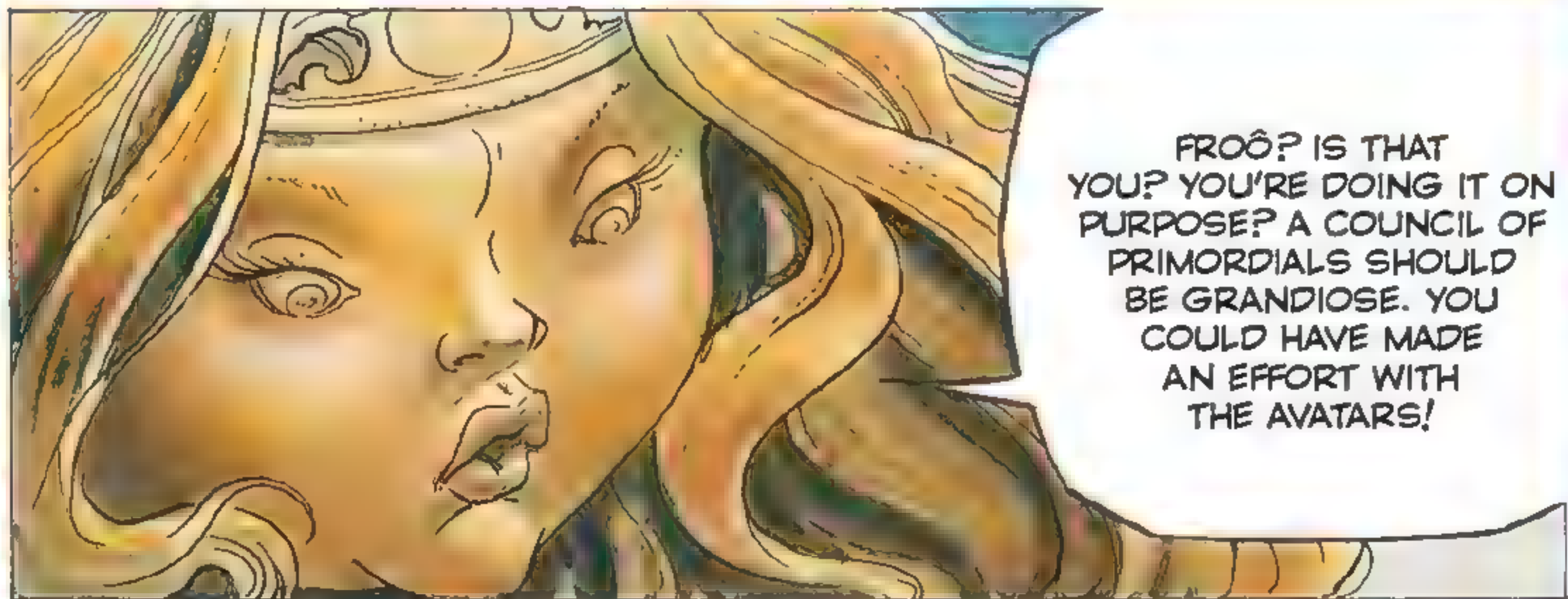


YOU COULD  
START BY NOT  
EATING ME.

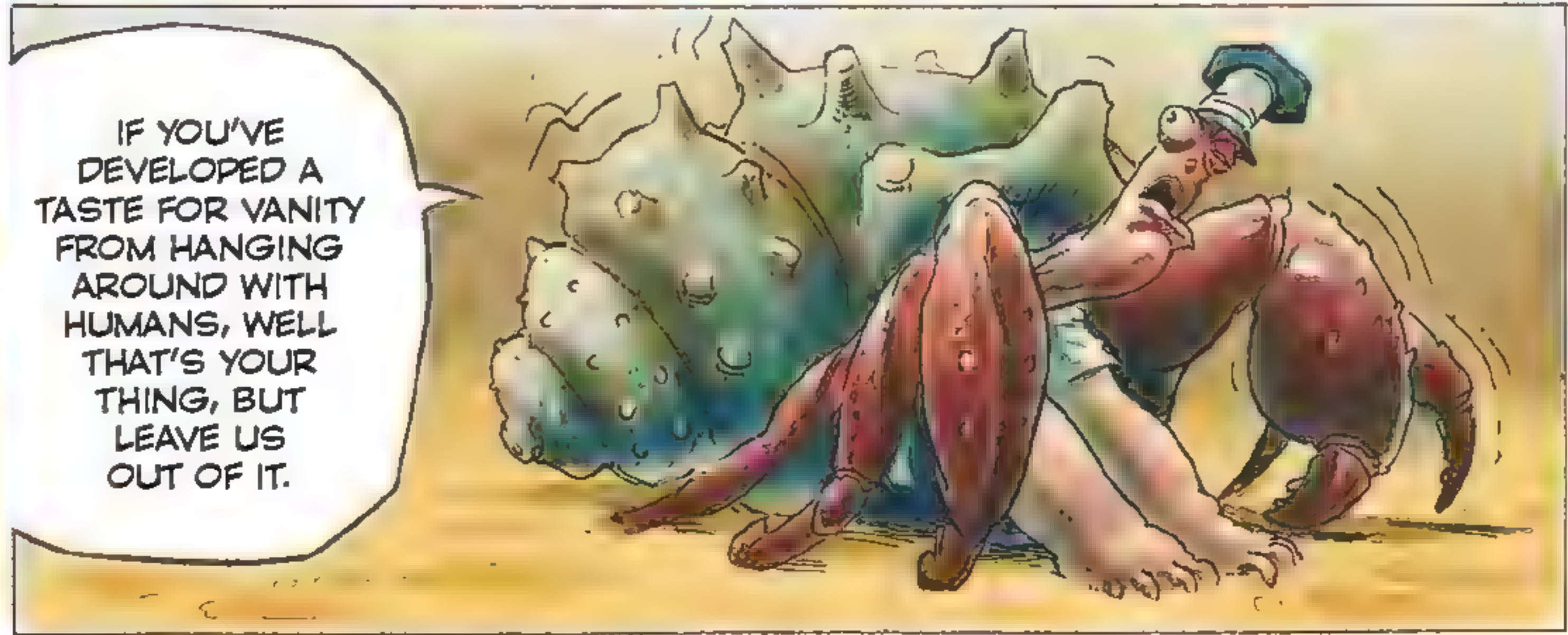
IT WOULD  
MAKE FOR A NICER  
AMBIENCE.



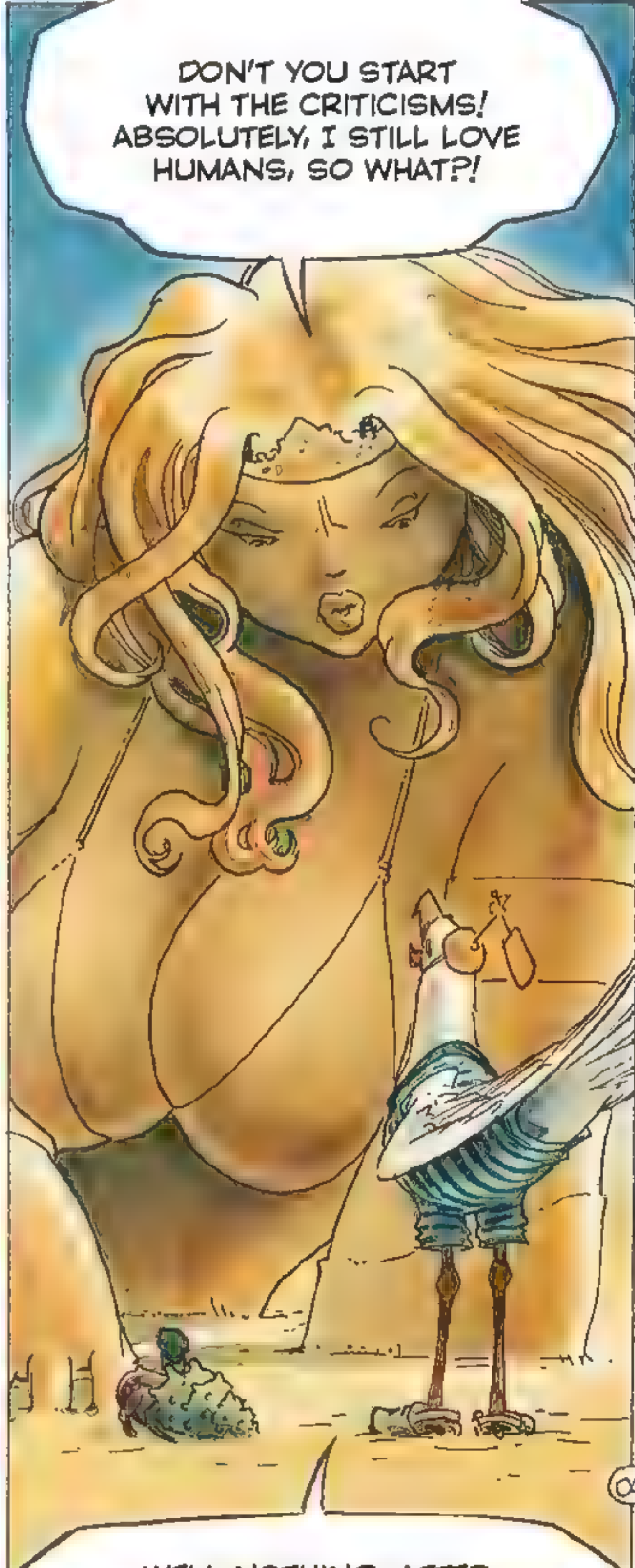
OOPS,  
SORRY,  
FROO.



FROO? IS THAT  
YOU? YOU'RE DOING IT ON  
PURPOSE? A COUNCIL OF  
PRIMORDIALS SHOULD  
BE GRANDIOSE. YOU  
COULD HAVE MADE  
AN EFFORT WITH  
THE AVATARS!



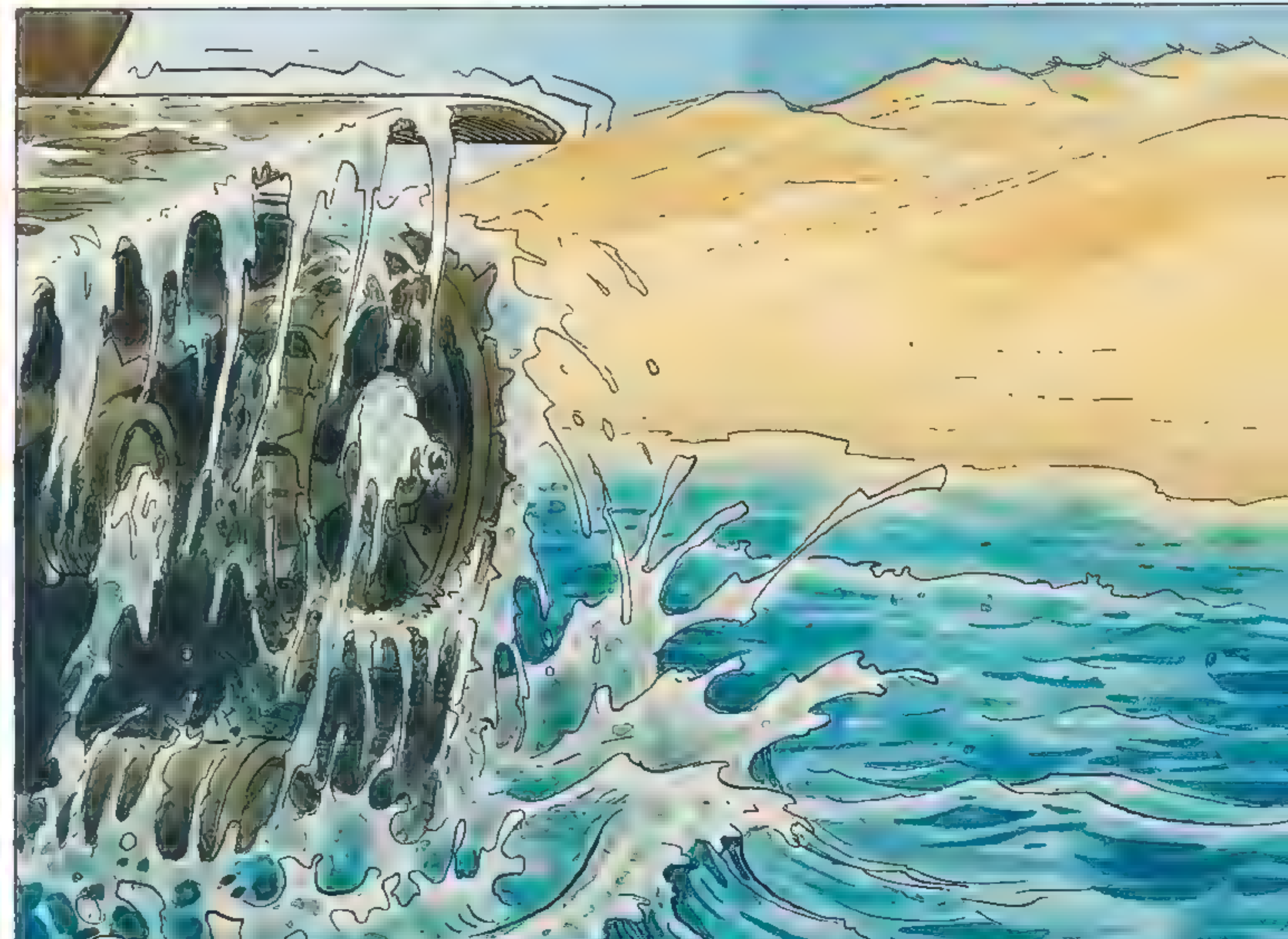
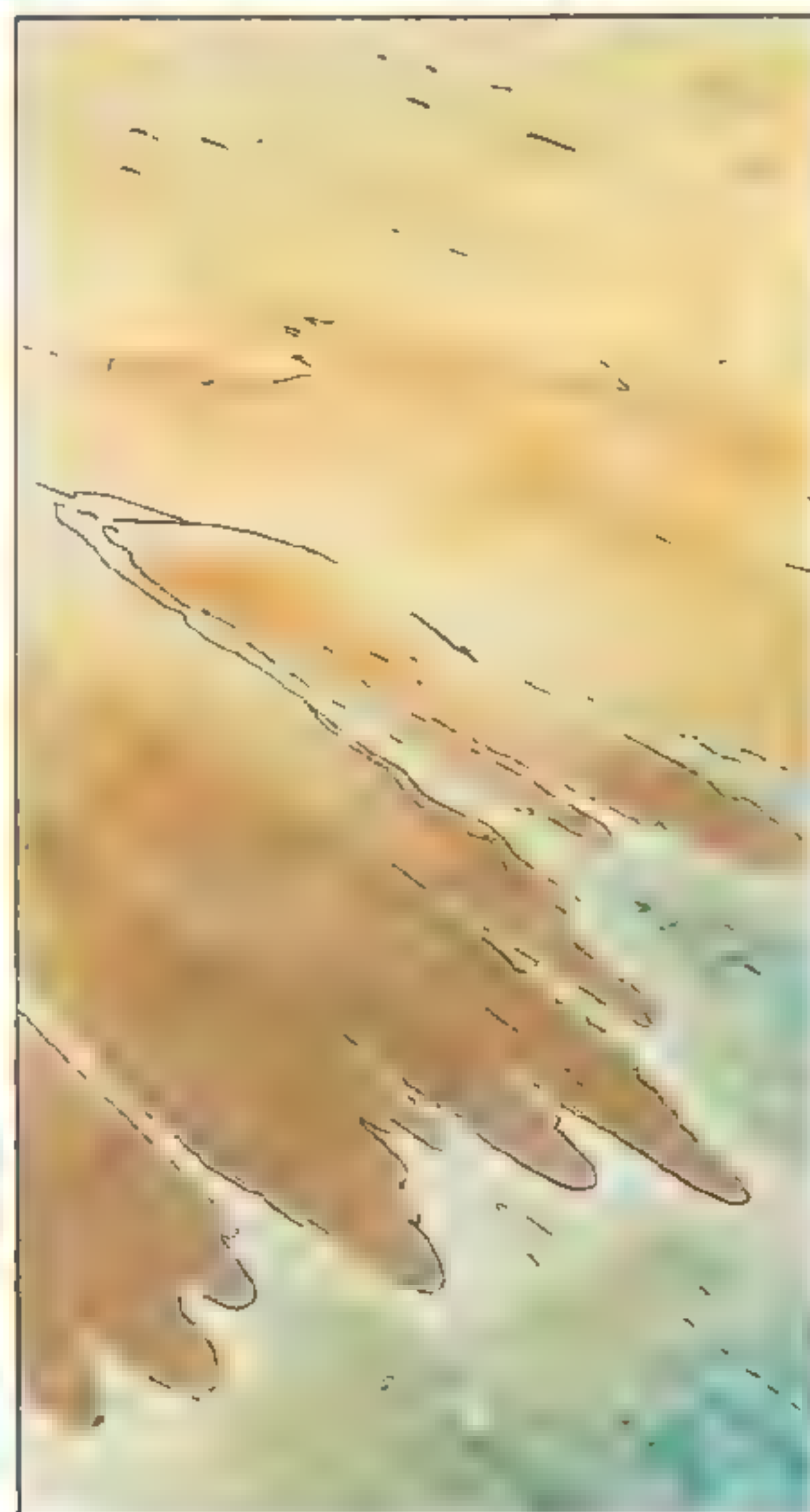
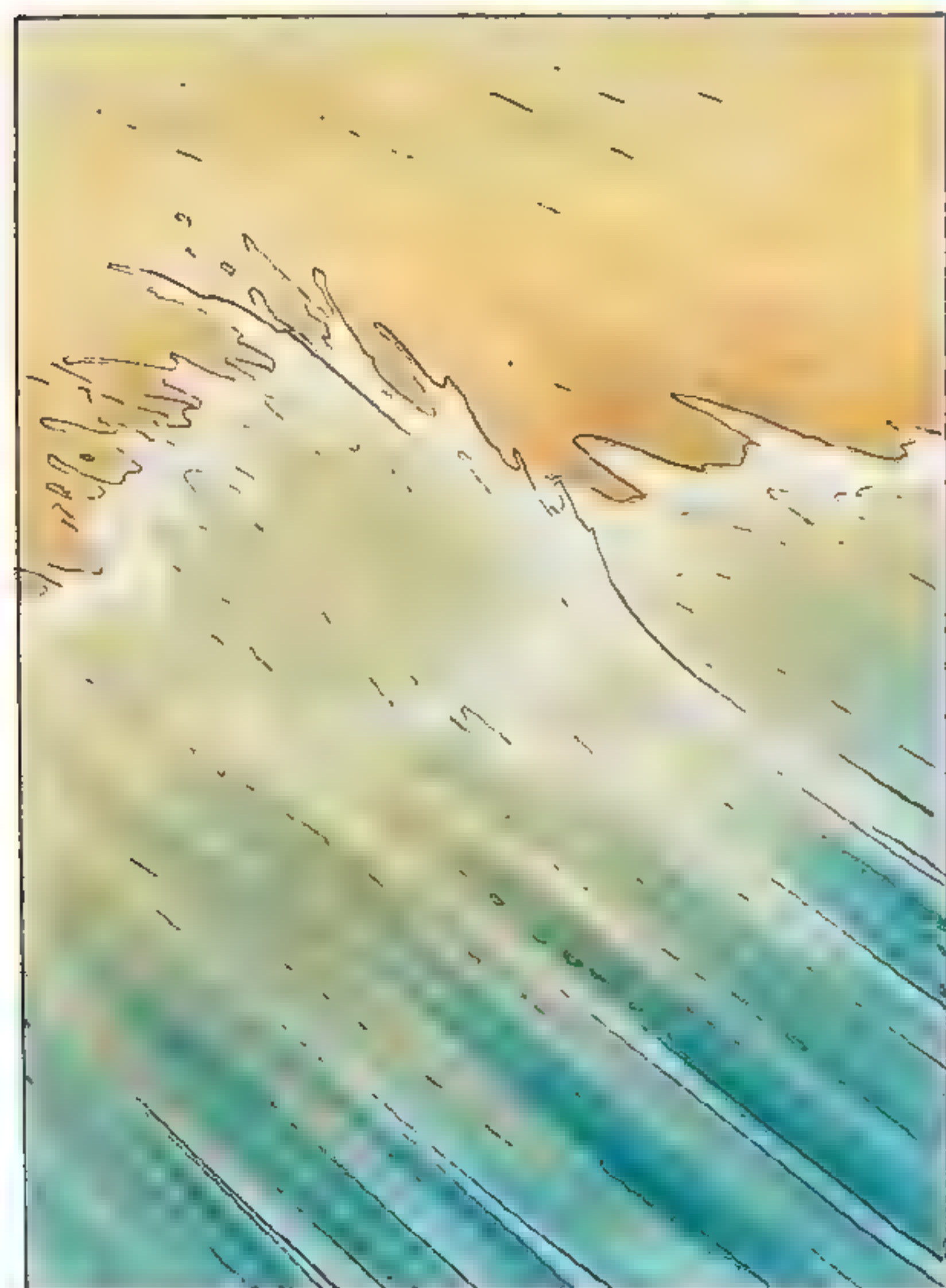
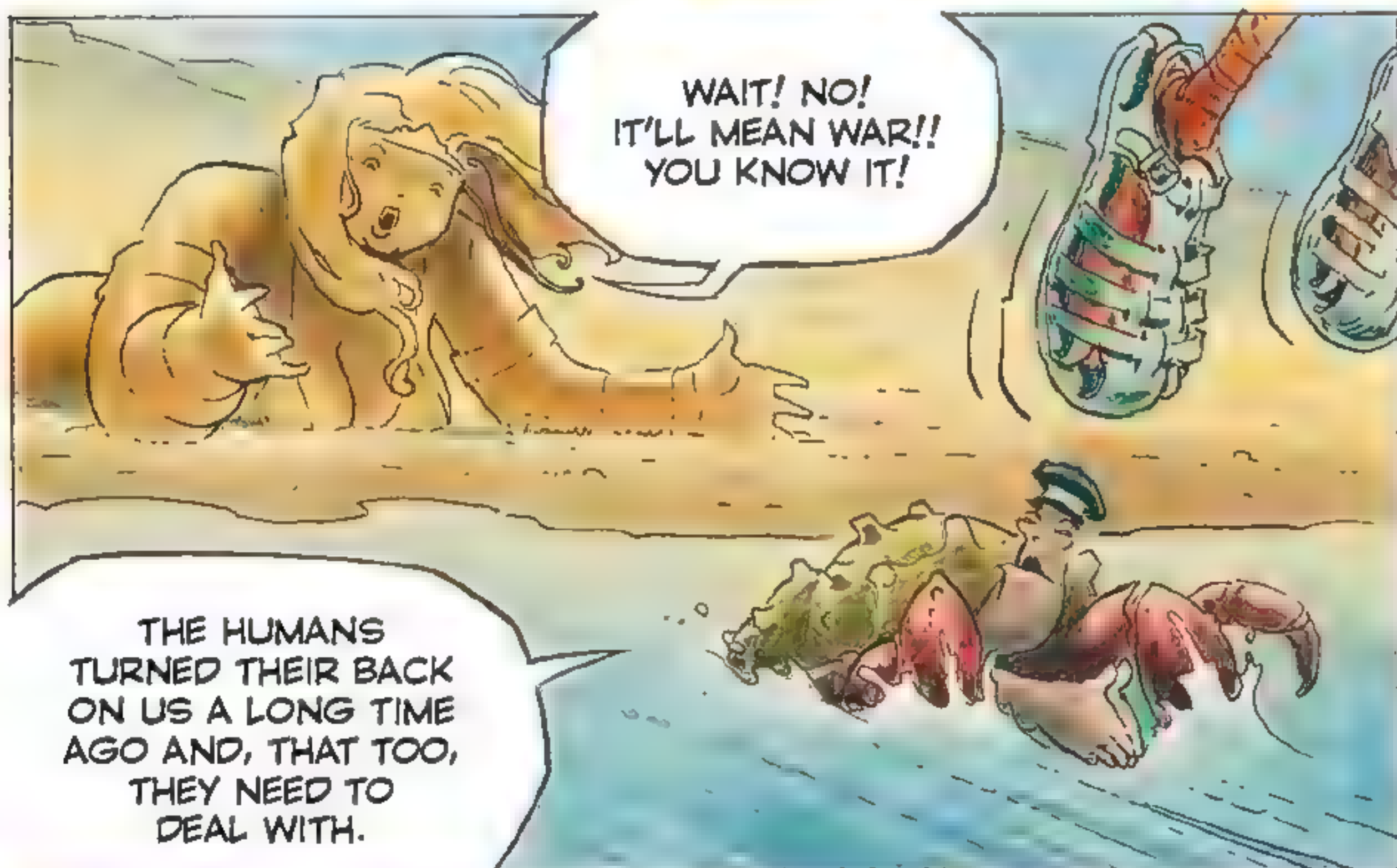
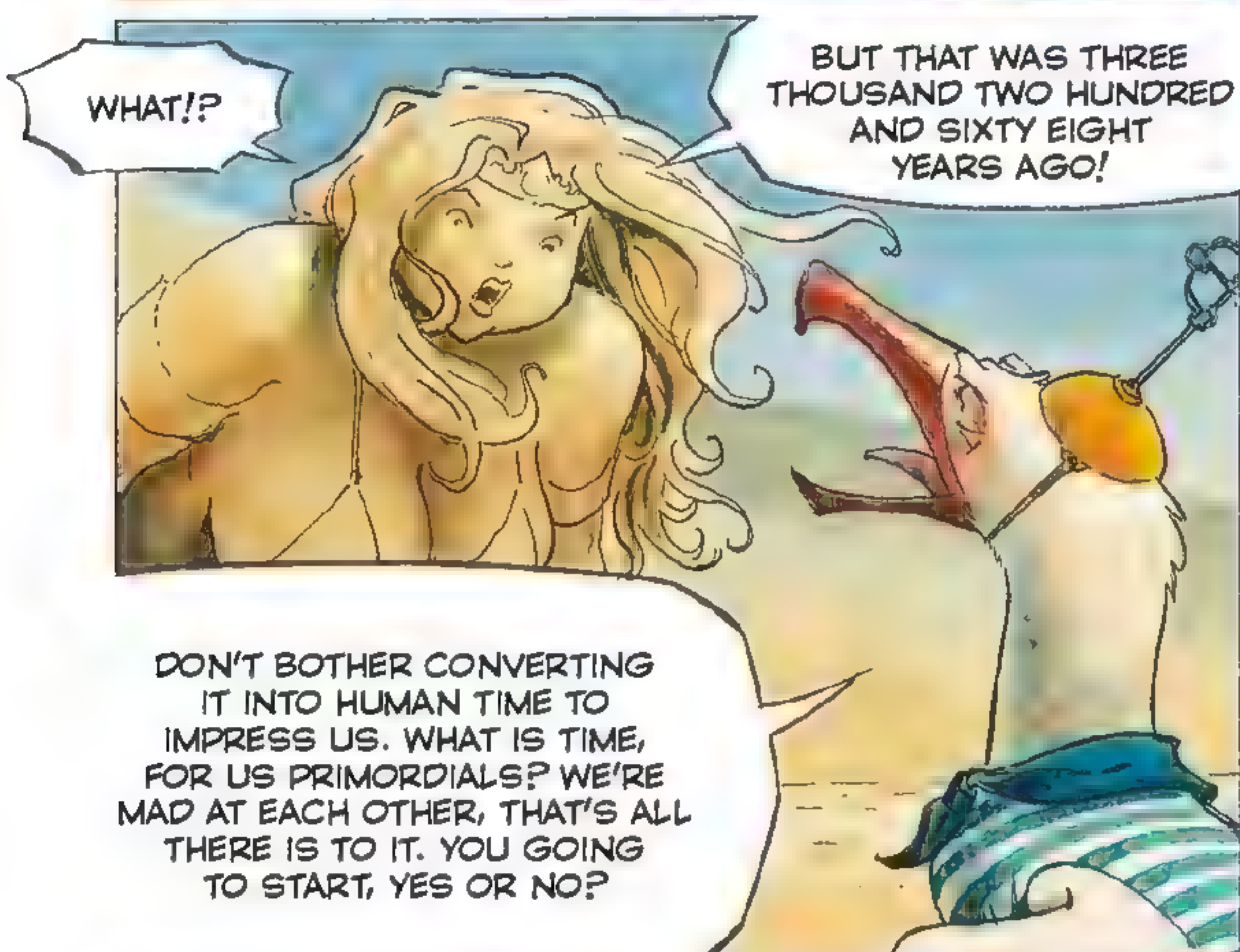
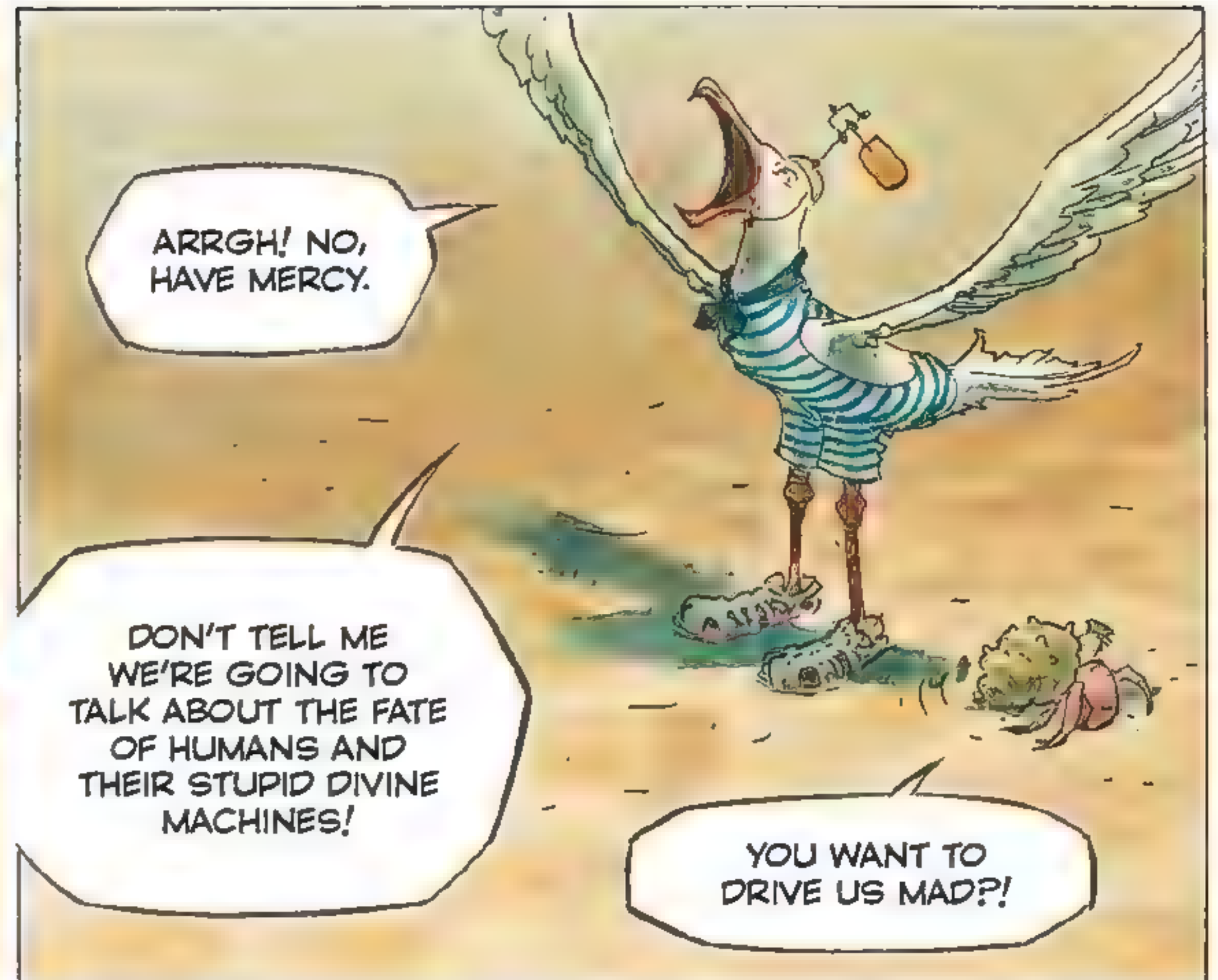
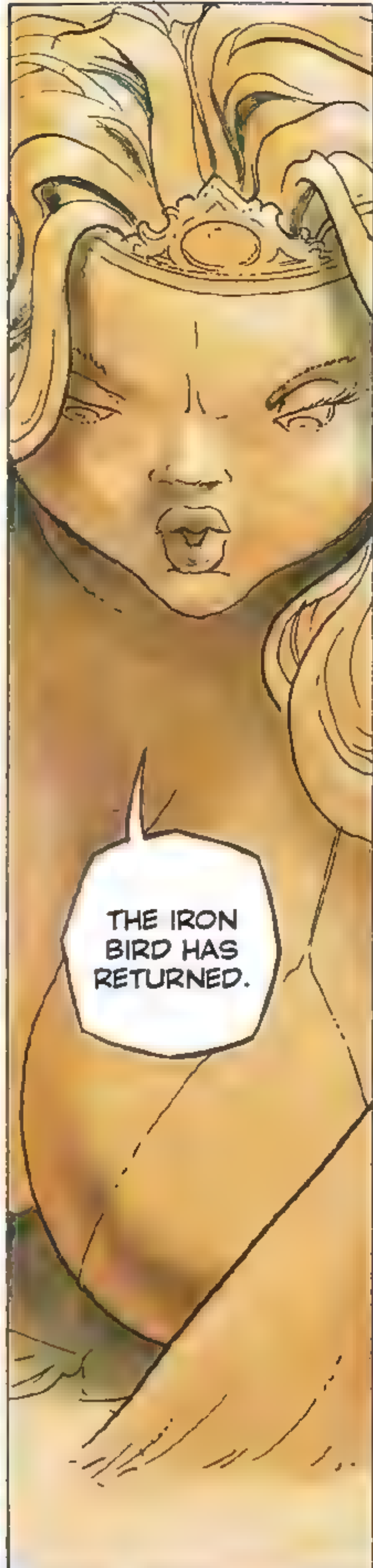
IF YOU'VE  
DEVELOPED A  
TASTE FOR VANITY  
FROM HANGING  
AROUND WITH  
HUMANS, WELL  
THAT'S YOUR  
THING, BUT  
LEAVE US  
OUT OF IT.



DON'T YOU START  
WITH THE CRITICISMS!  
ABSOLUTELY, I STILL LOVE  
HUMANS, SO WHAT?!

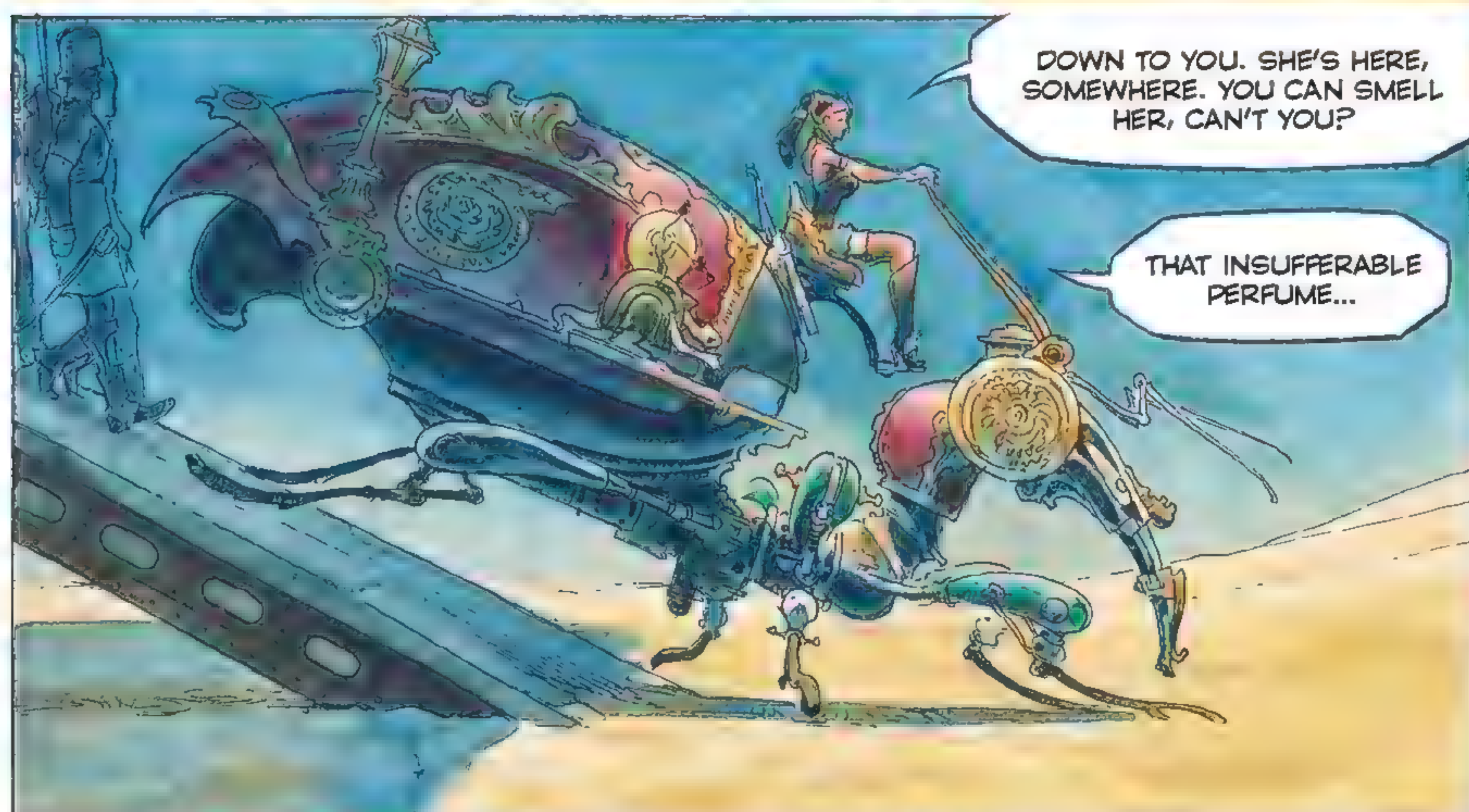
WELL NOTHING, AFTER  
ALL, IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY. WHY  
DID YOU SUMMON THE COUNCIL?



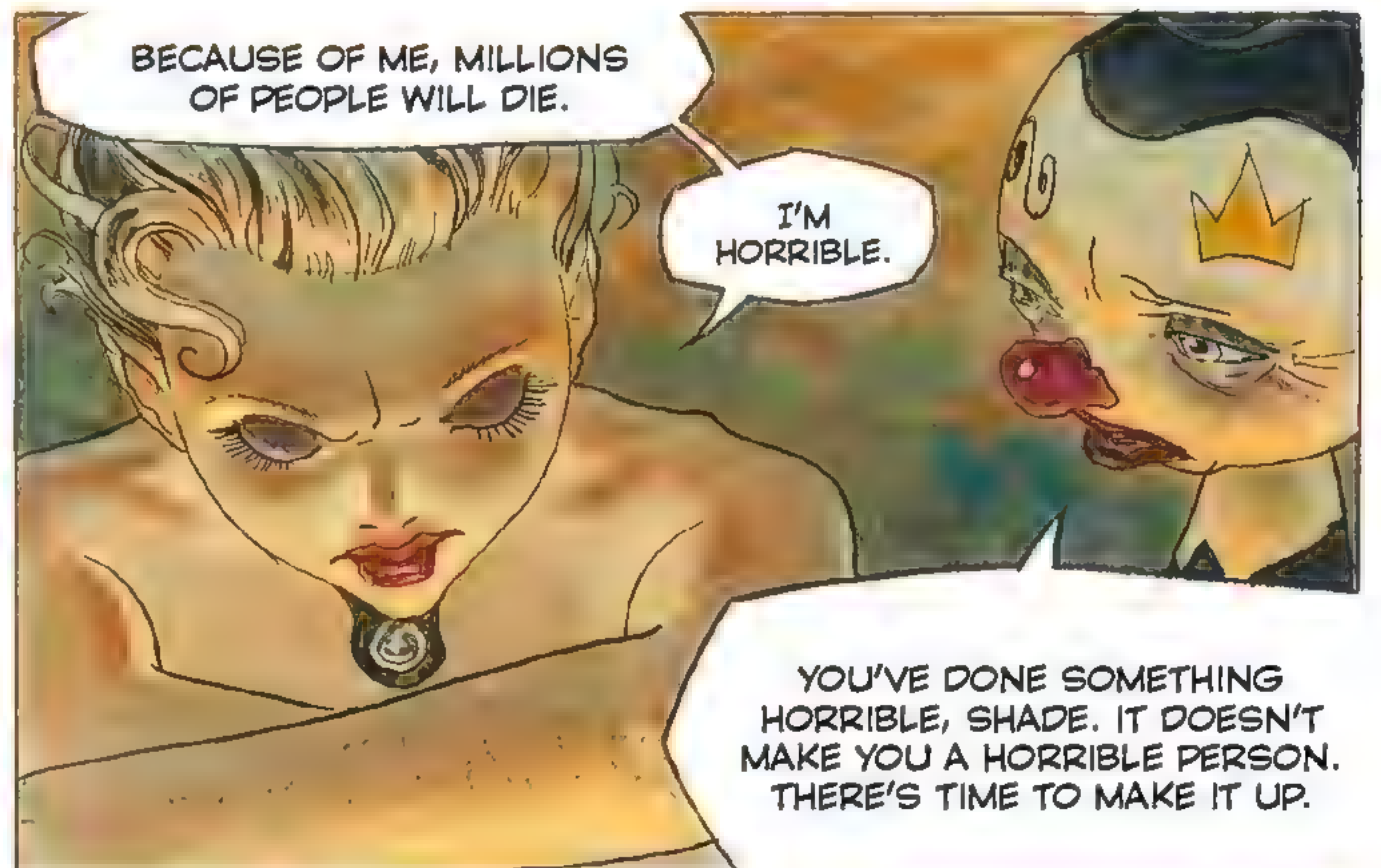
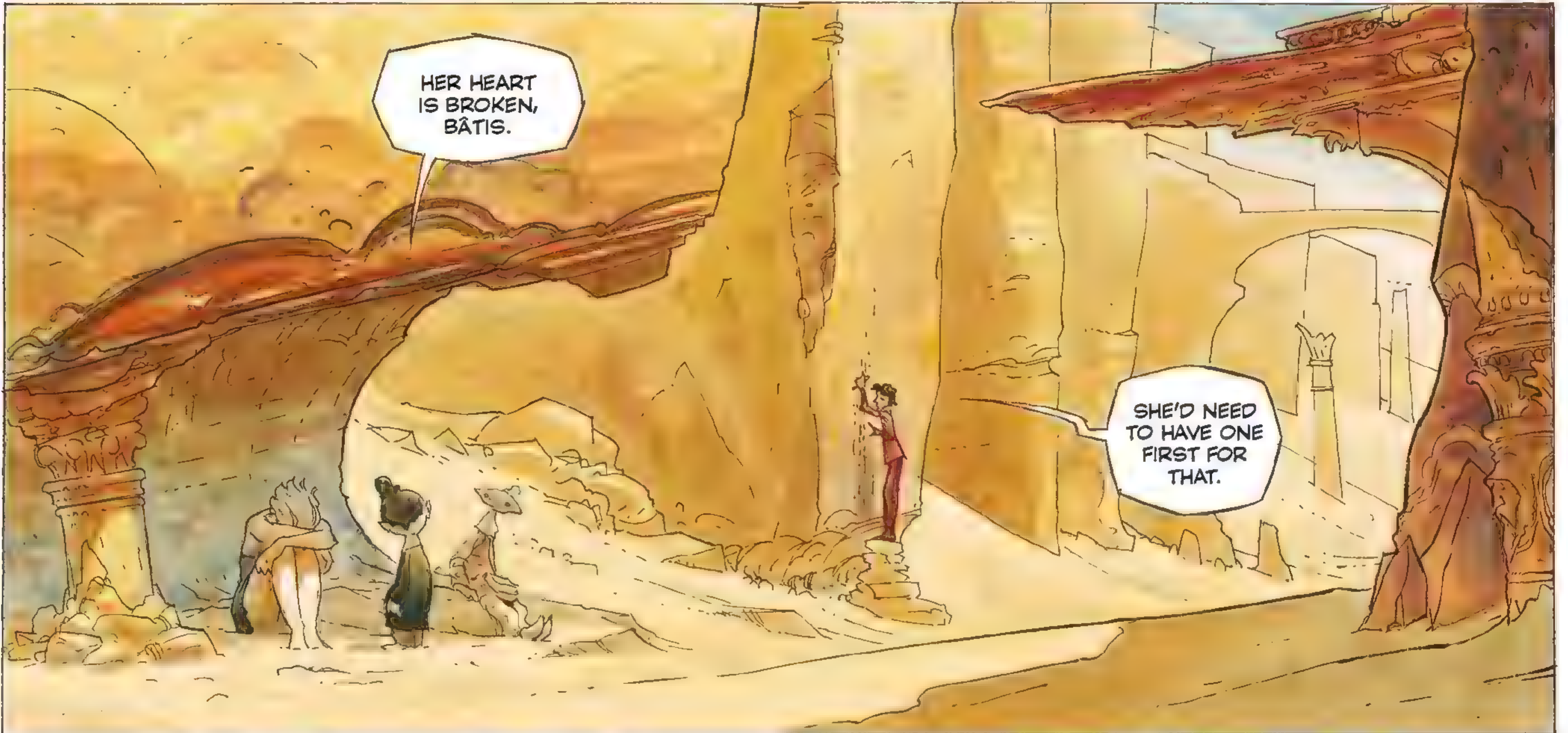
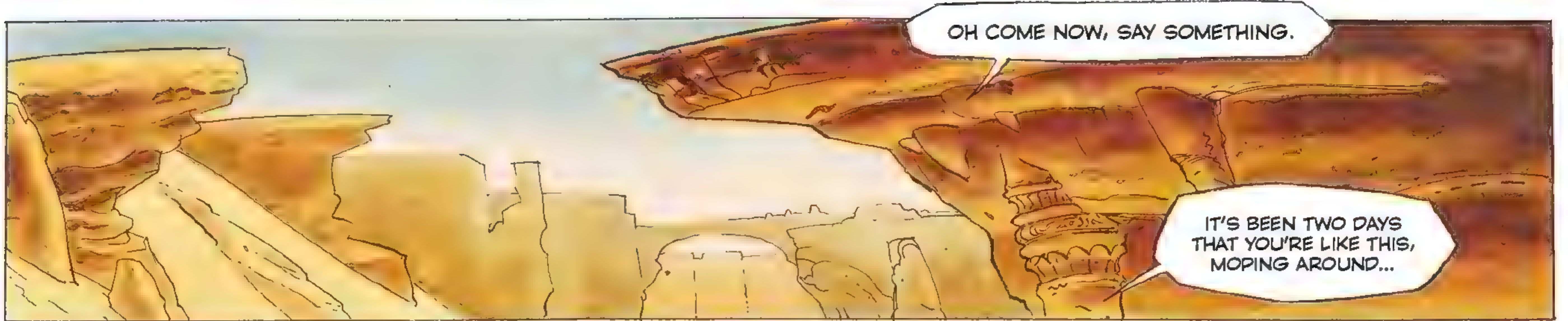


RUMBLE RUMBLE RU





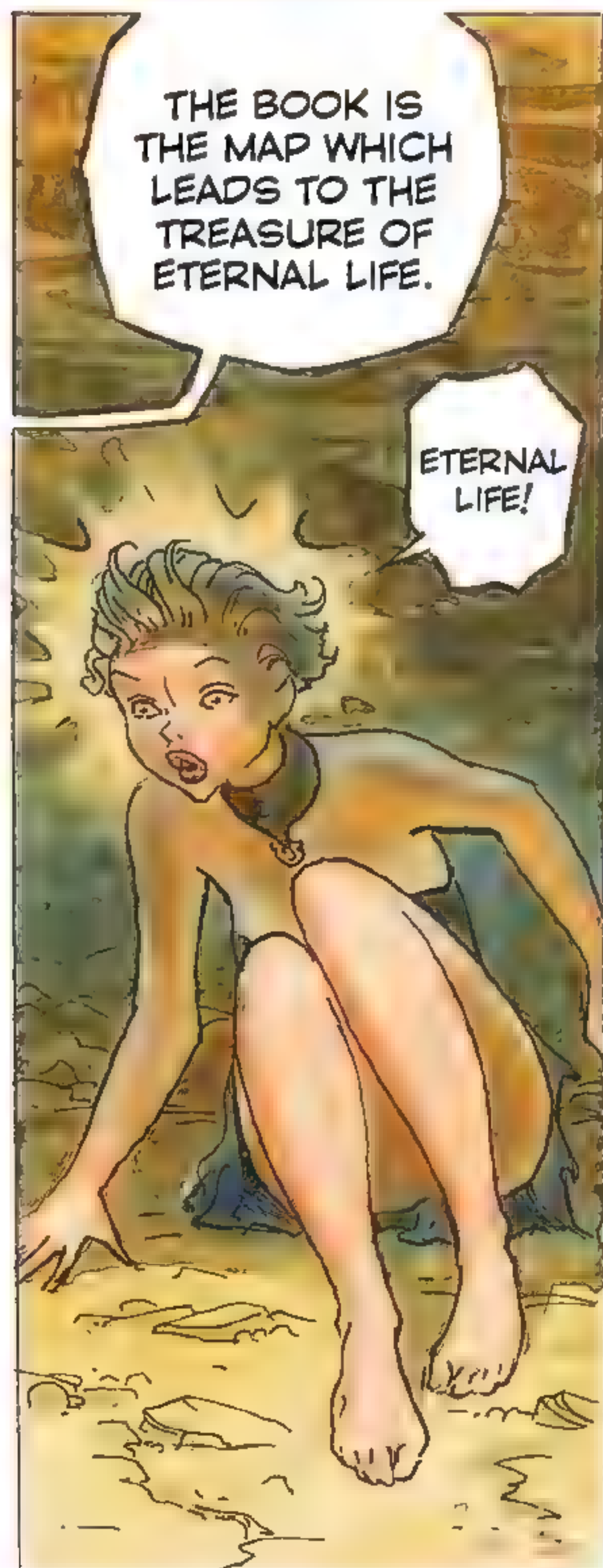
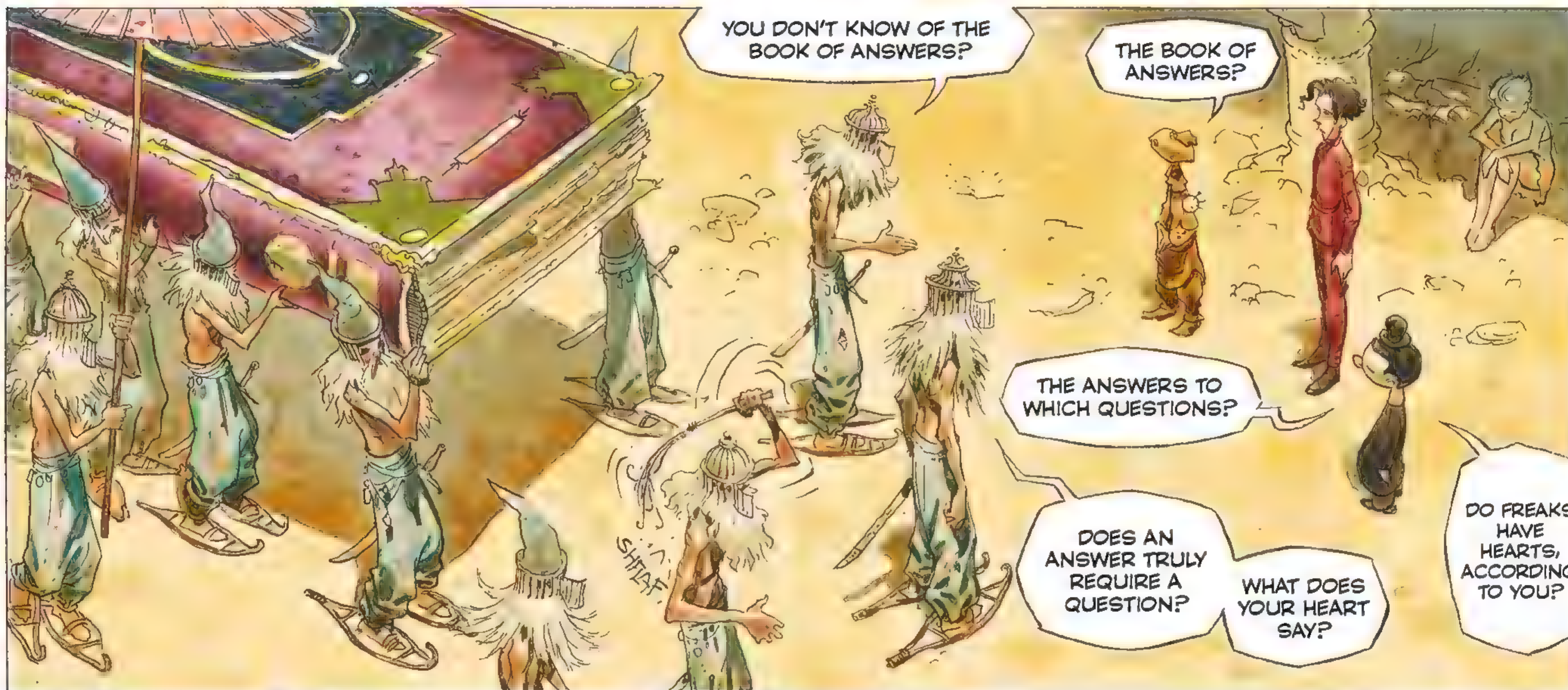
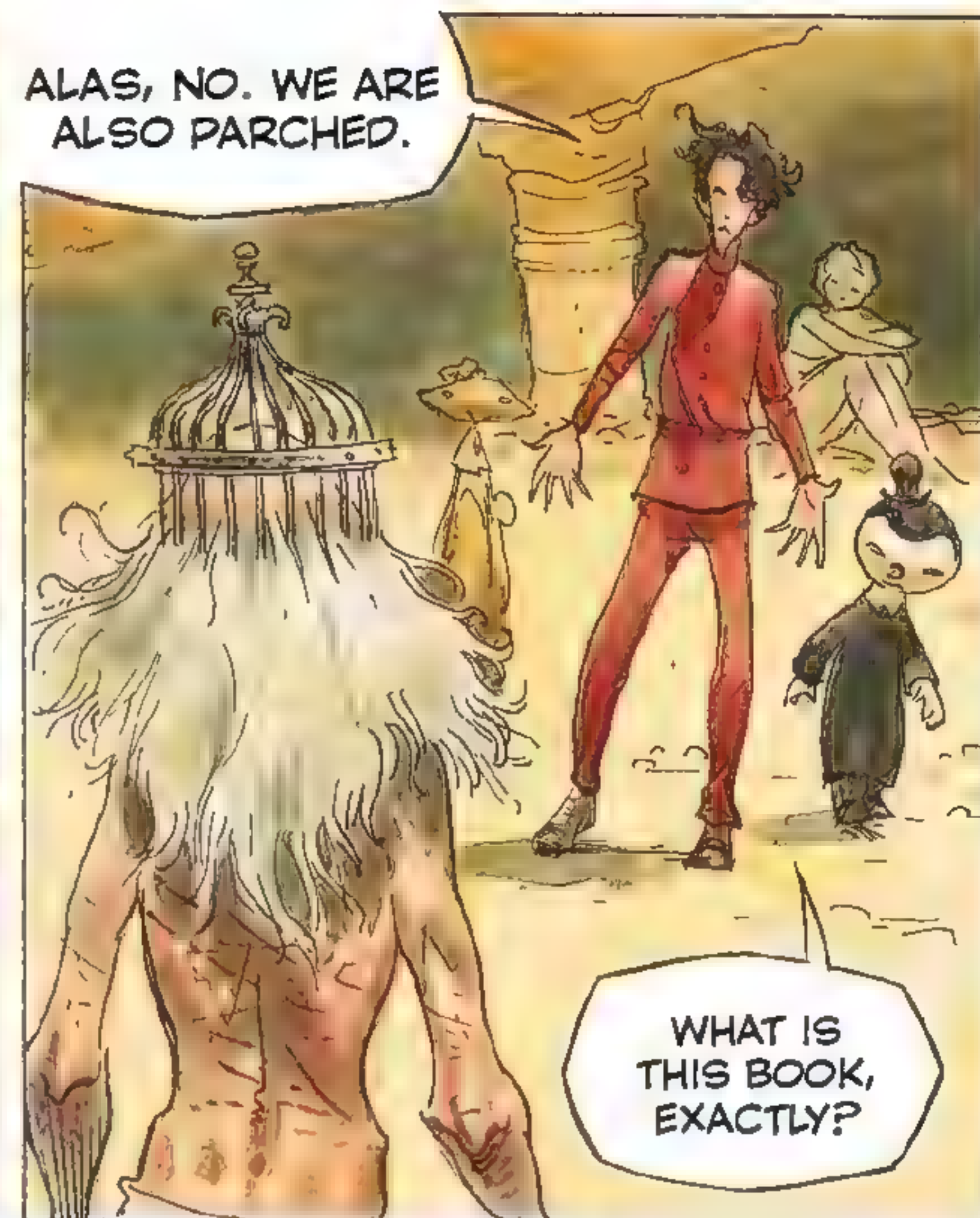
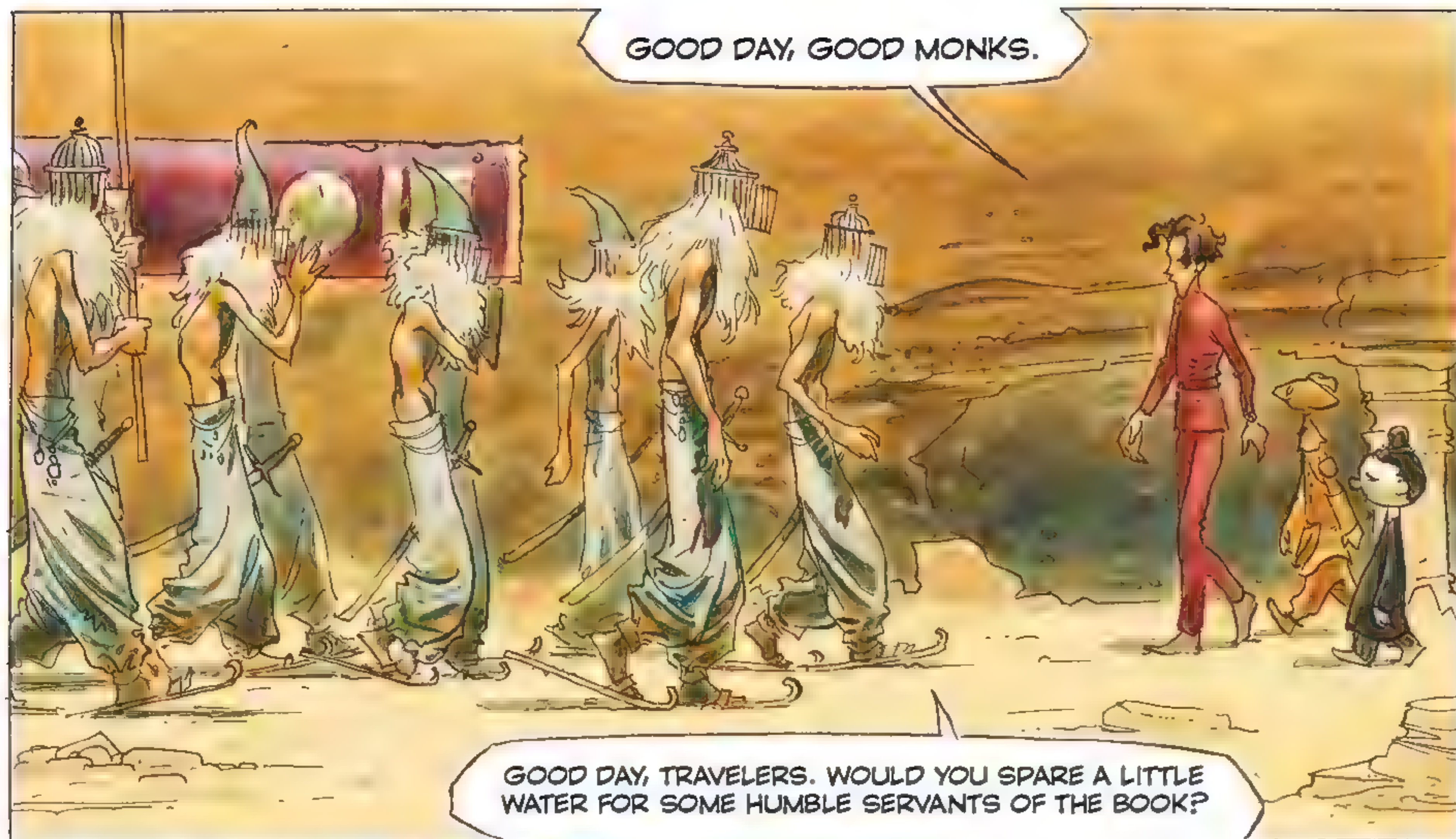
















MAN IS IN DARKNESS...

...UNTIL HE HAS READ THE BOOK!

HEART SEEING,  
SOUL SEARCHING,  
FLESH FEELING.

AND THEN,  
EVERYTHING BECOMES CLEAR.



DOUBT BECOMES HOPE!

ANXIETY BECOMES SERENITY!

AND MUCH JOY IN THE HEART!

MUCH.

LOTS LOTS LOTS.

ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

AND EXQUISITE PAIN.

WAIT, I'M NOT SURE THAT I FOLLOW...

YOUR BOOK... IT SPEAKS OF JOY, OR PAIN?



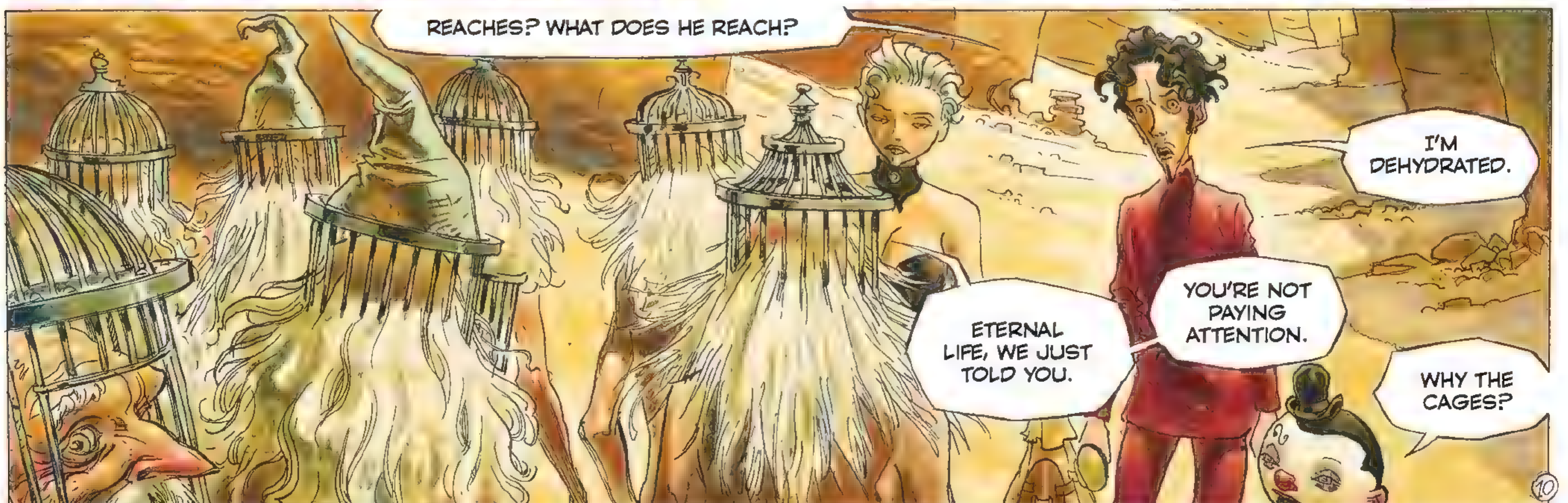
PAIN BECAUSE OF JOY, AND JOY DUE TO PAIN.

MYSTICAL ESOTERIC TAUTOLOGY.

CIRCUMFLEX ABSOLUTES.

METAPHYSICS OF JOVIAL SUFFERING.

WHICH IS HOW MAN REACHES.



REACHES? WHAT DOES HE REACH?

I'M DEHYDRATED.

ETERNAL LIFE, WE JUST TOLD YOU.

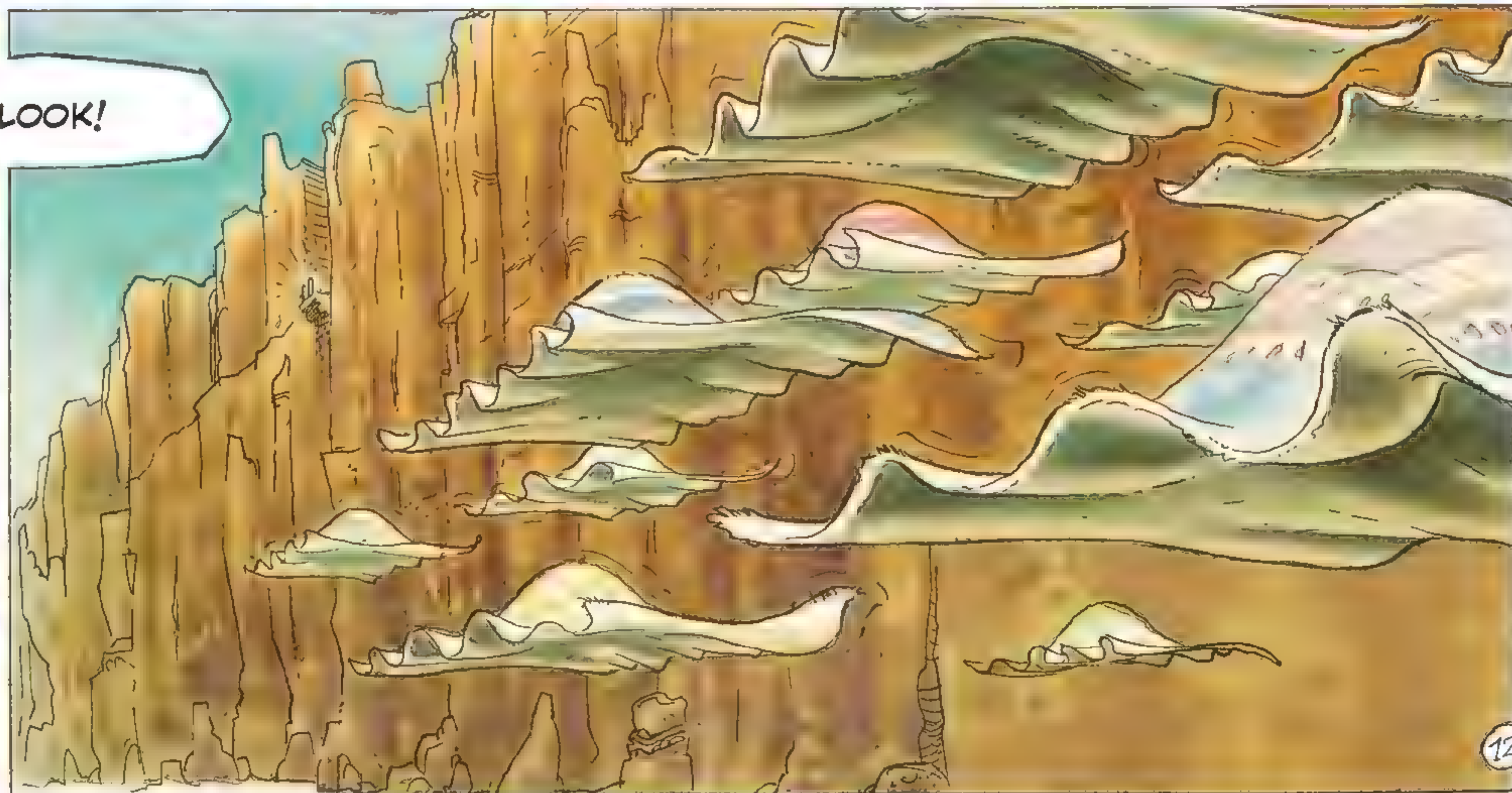
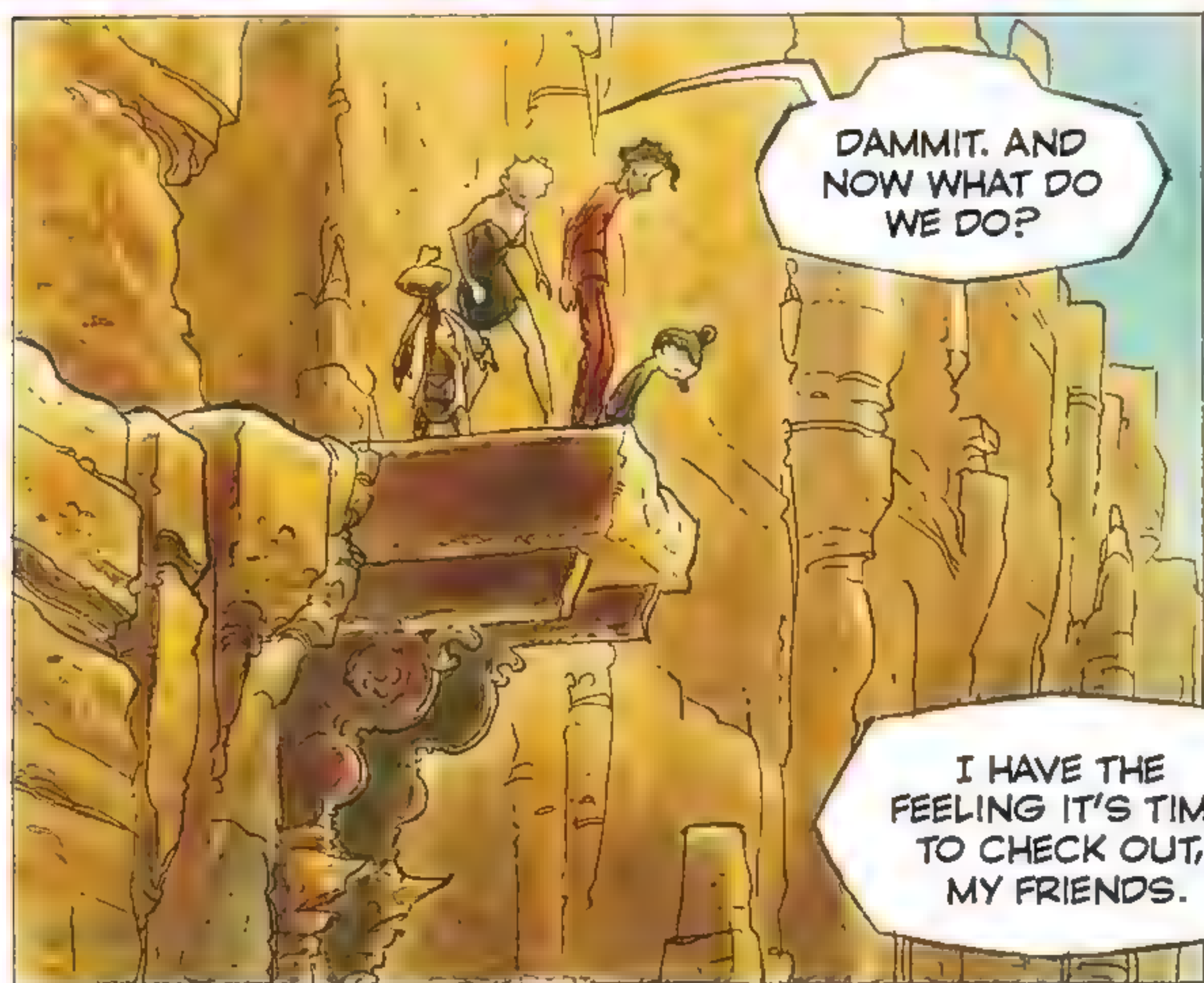
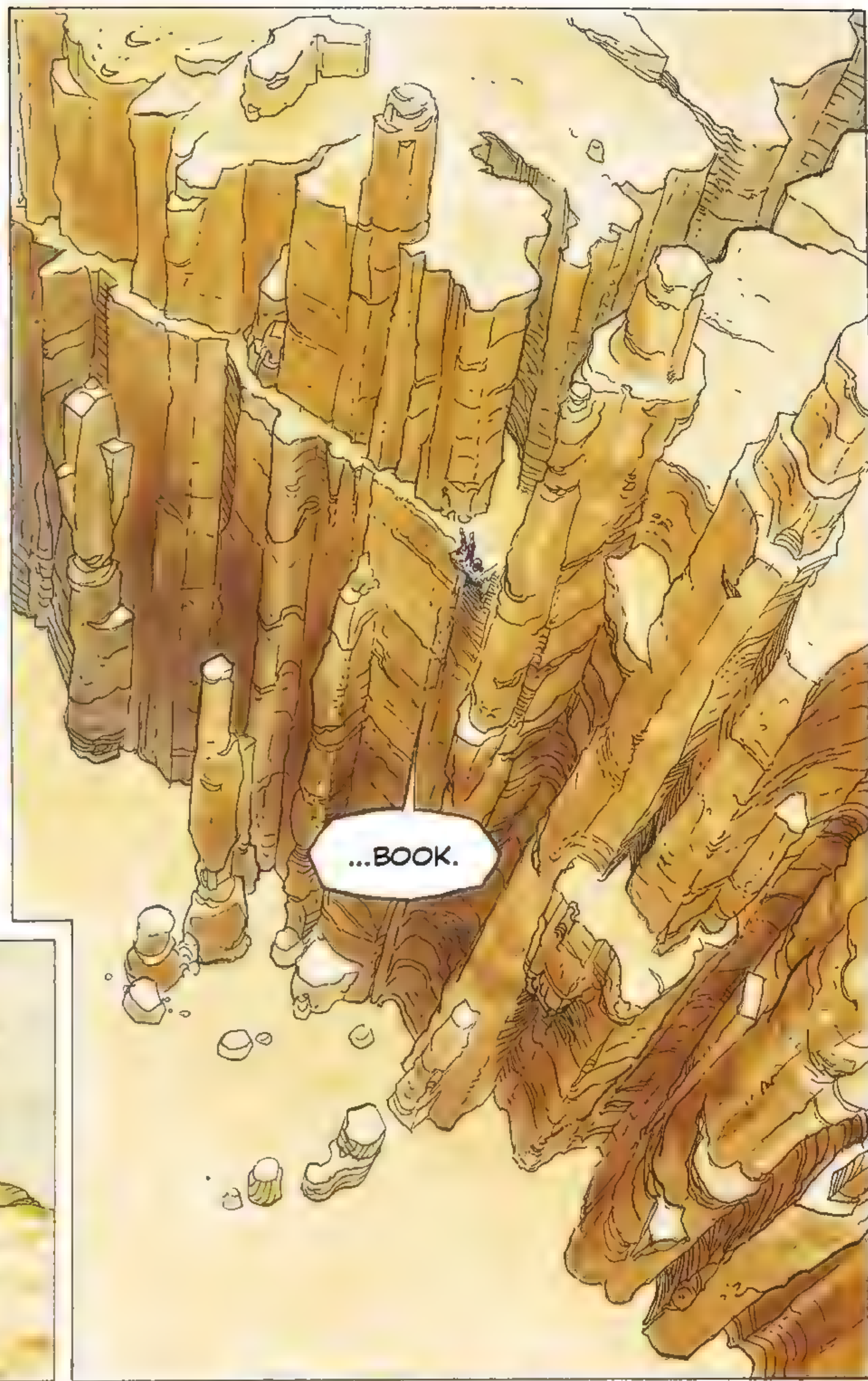
YOU'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

WHY THE CAGES?

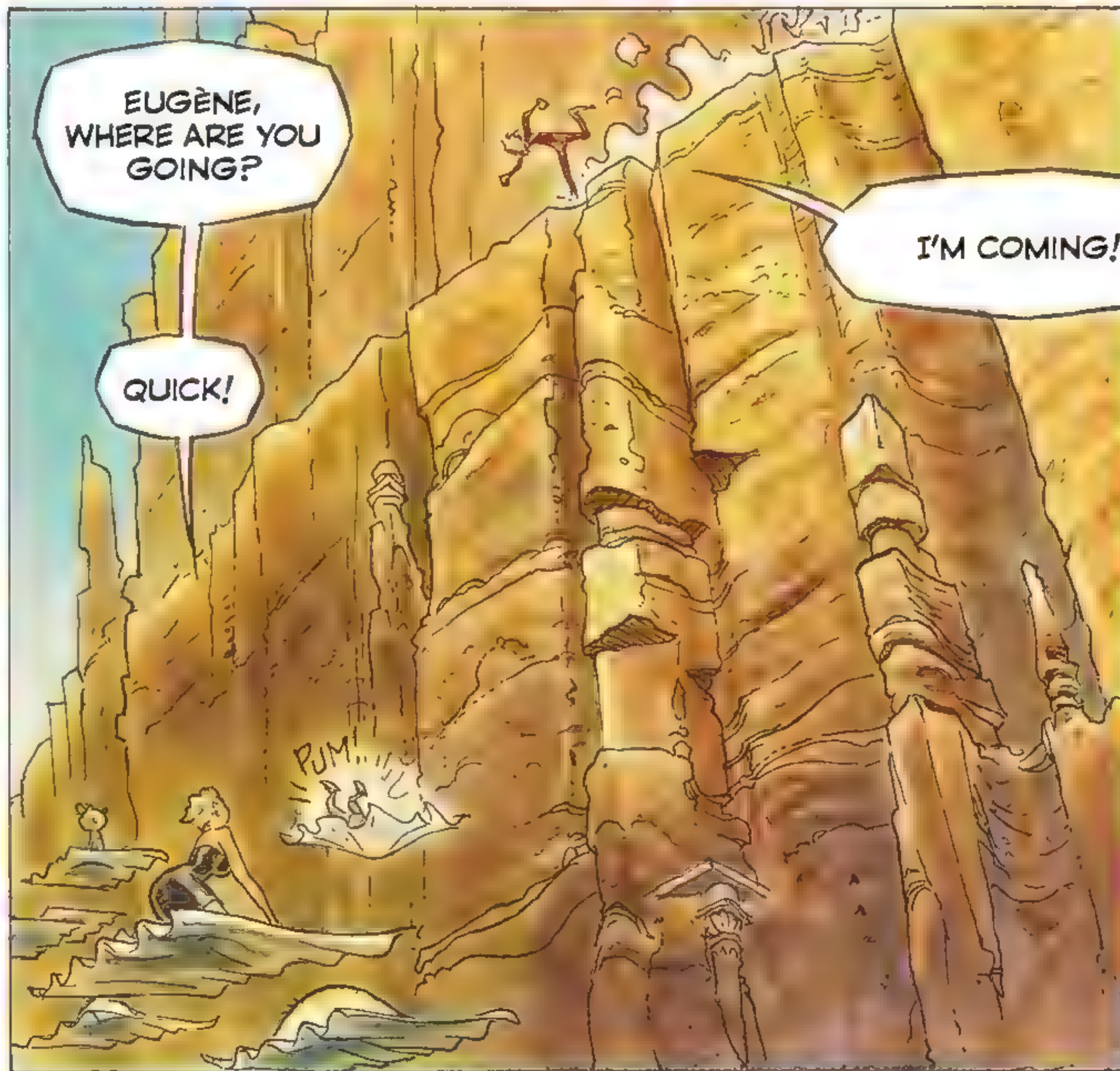
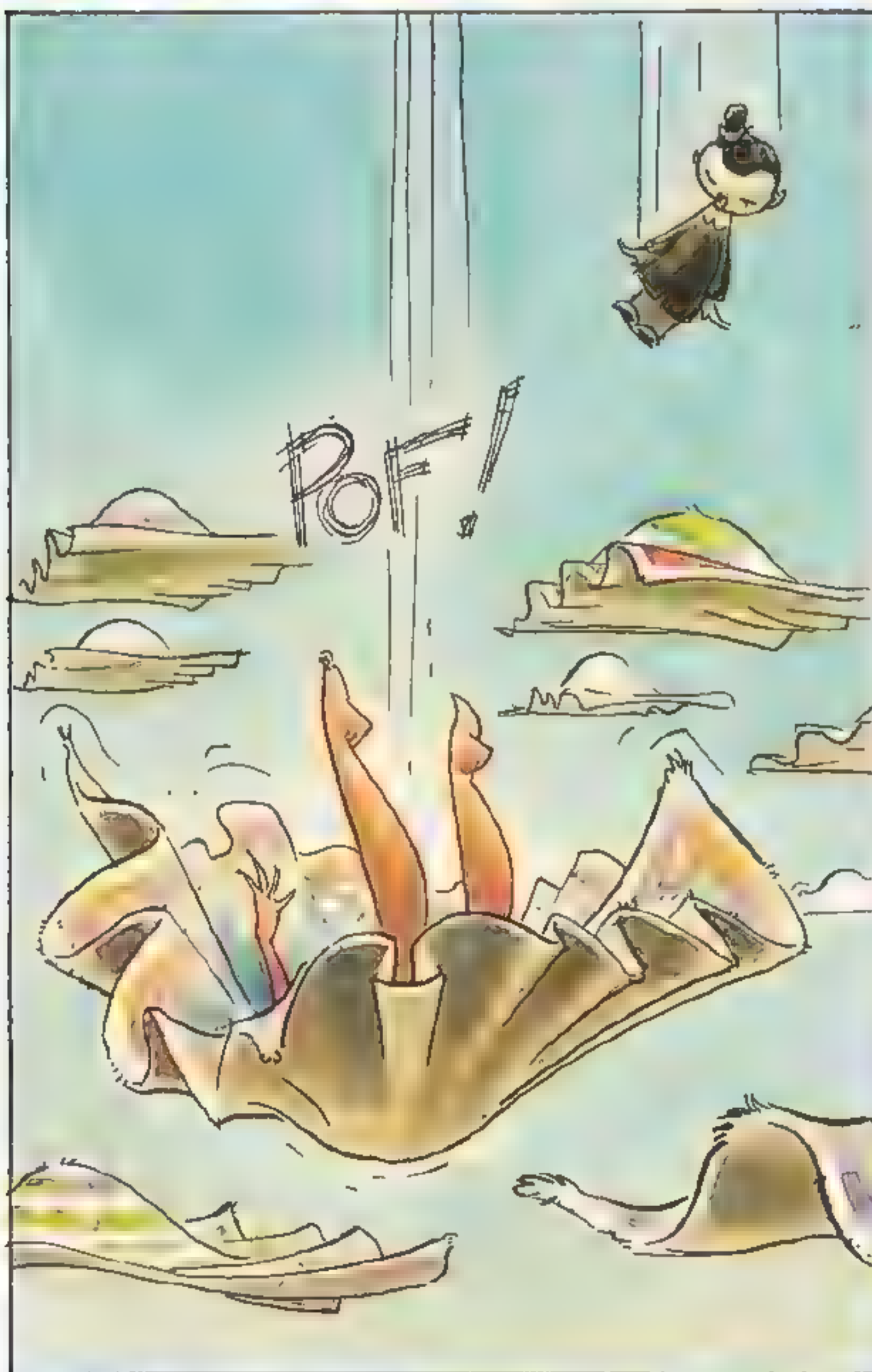




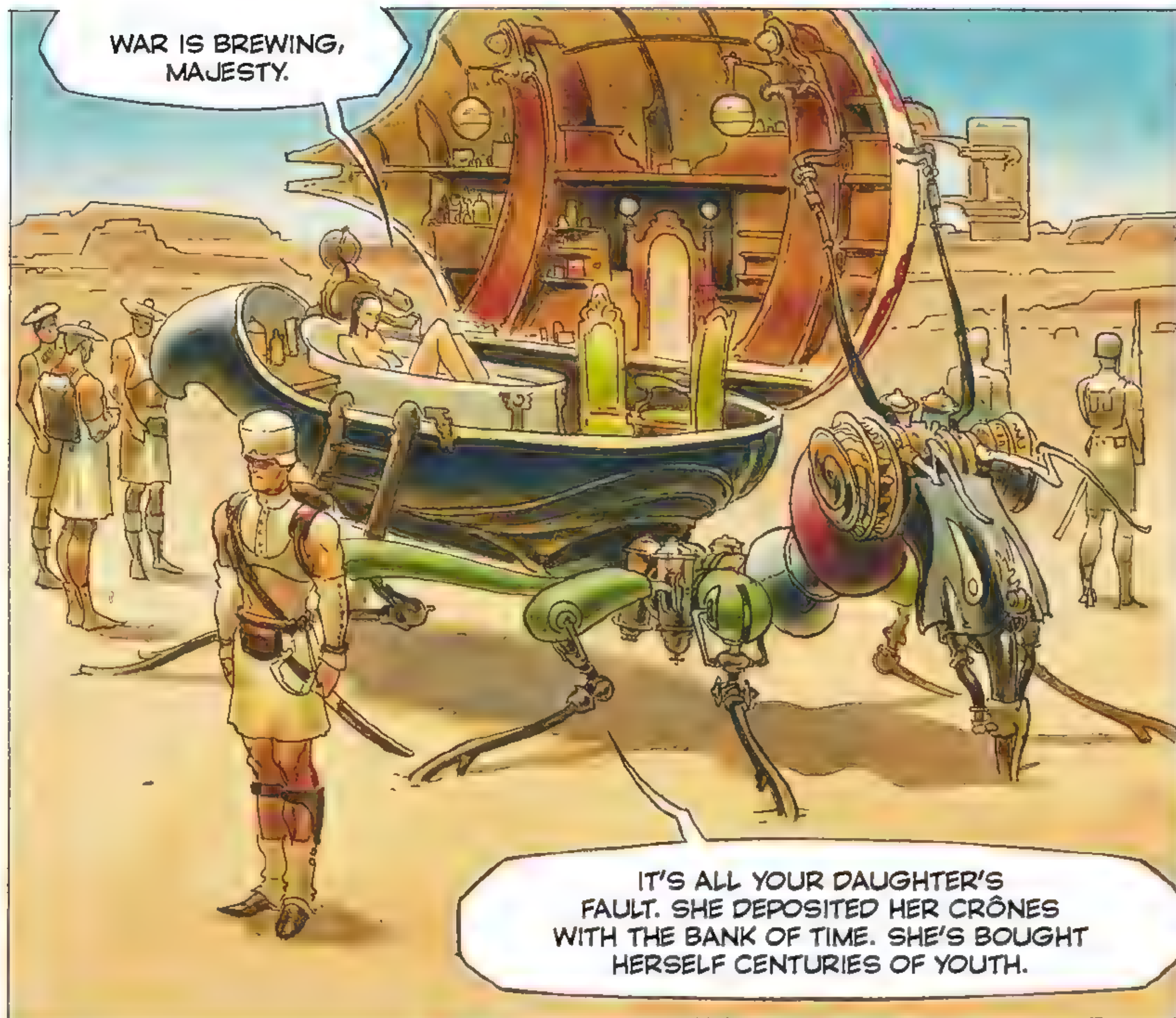












WAR IS BREWING, MAJESTY.

IT'S ALL YOUR DAUGHTER'S FAULT. SHE DEPOSITED HER CRÔNES WITH THE BANK OF TIME. SHE'S BOUGHT HERSELF CENTURIES OF YOUTH.



BUT THIS INVESTMENT HAS A COST. THE LIFE SHE HAS WON HERSELF WILL BE HARVESTED ELSEWHERE. EVERYWHERE THEY ARE READYING FOR A GREAT MASSACRE.

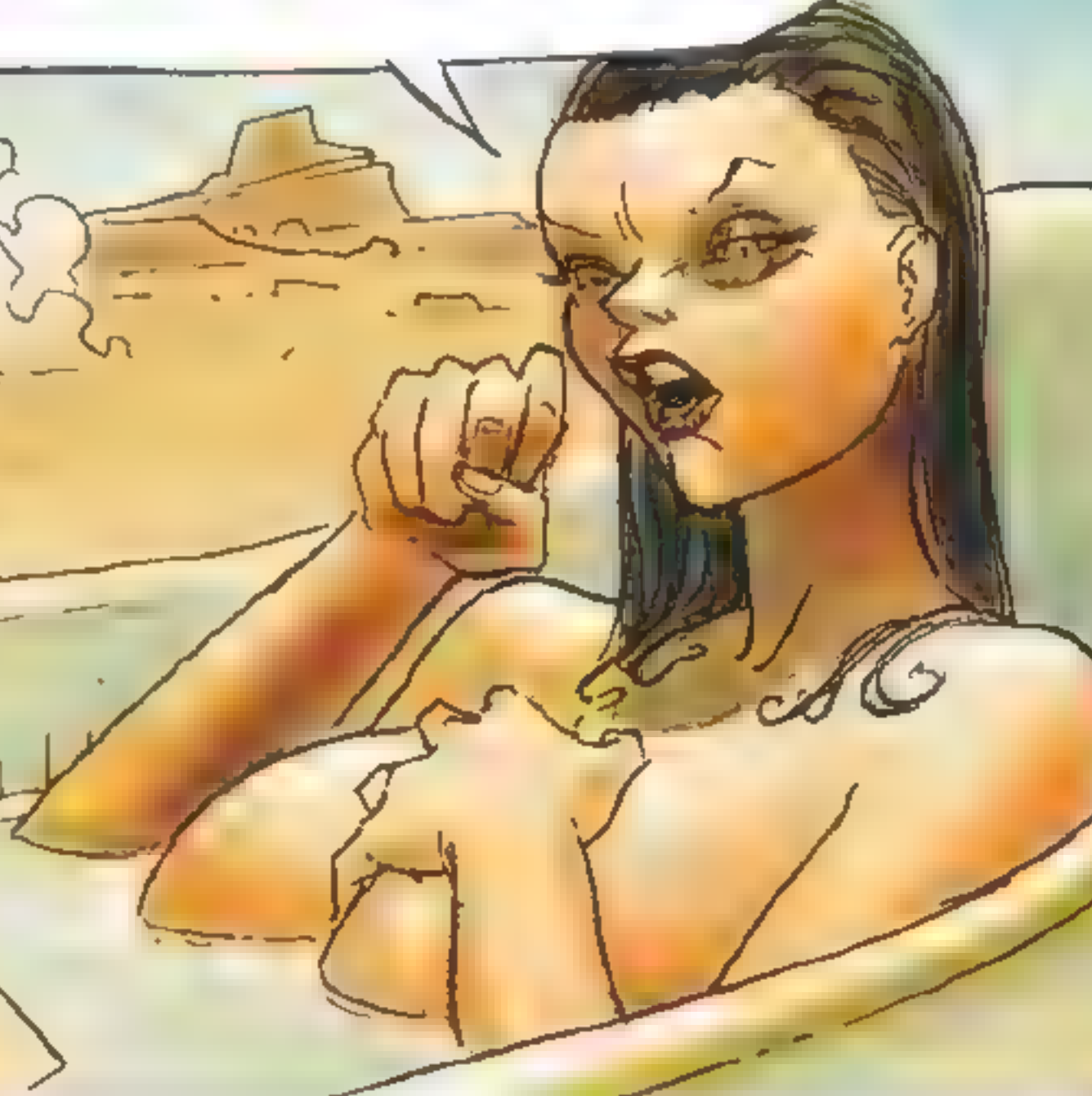
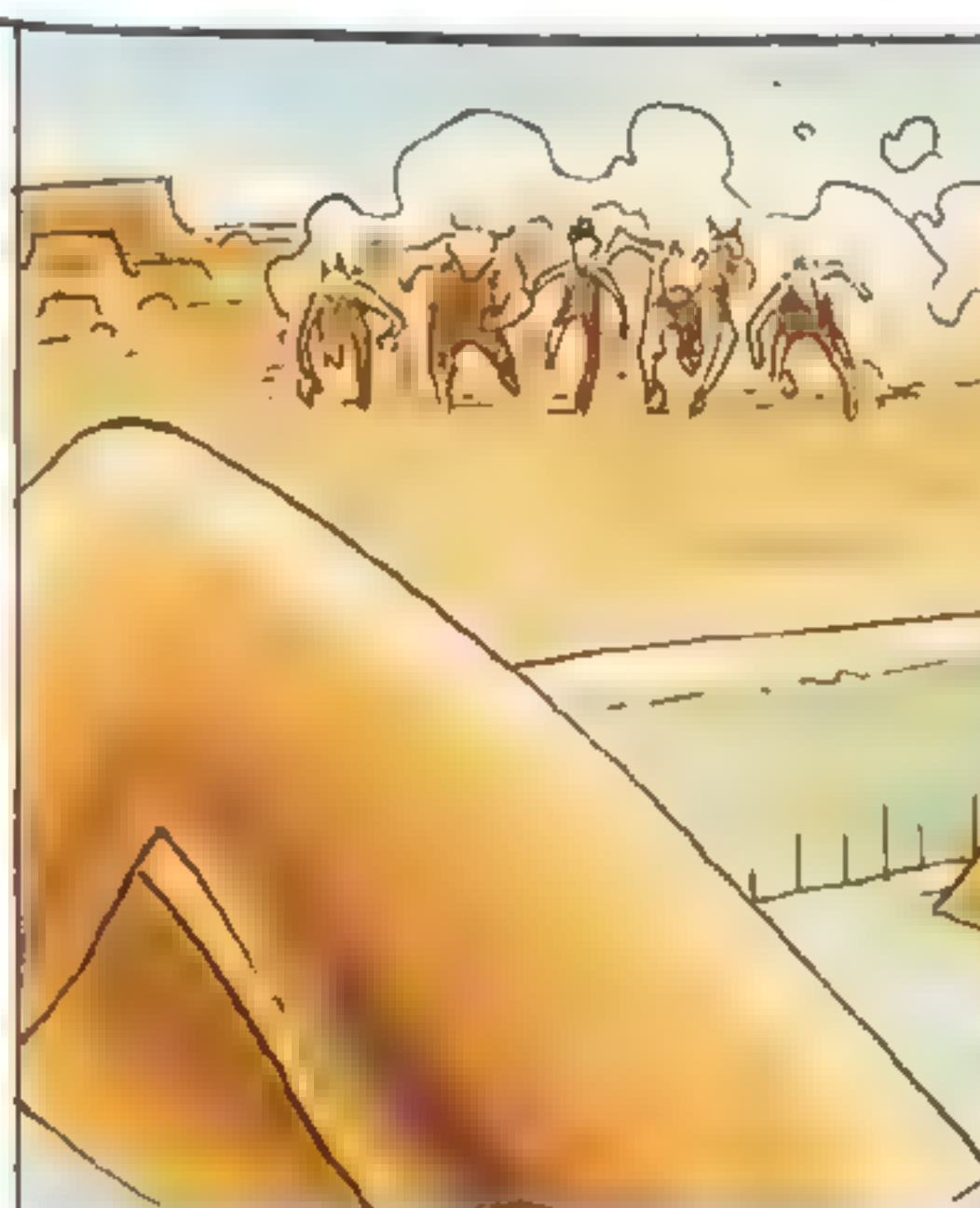
WAR. IT'S BEEN A WHILE.



I KNOW SOMEONE WHO MUST BE DELIGHTED UP THERE...



SUCH MONSTROUS SELFISHNESS -- THAT BRAT! IT'S BECOMING PRESSING THAT WE DISPOSE OF HER. THIS LITTLE PEST WHO WISHES TO OUTLIVE HER MOTHER...



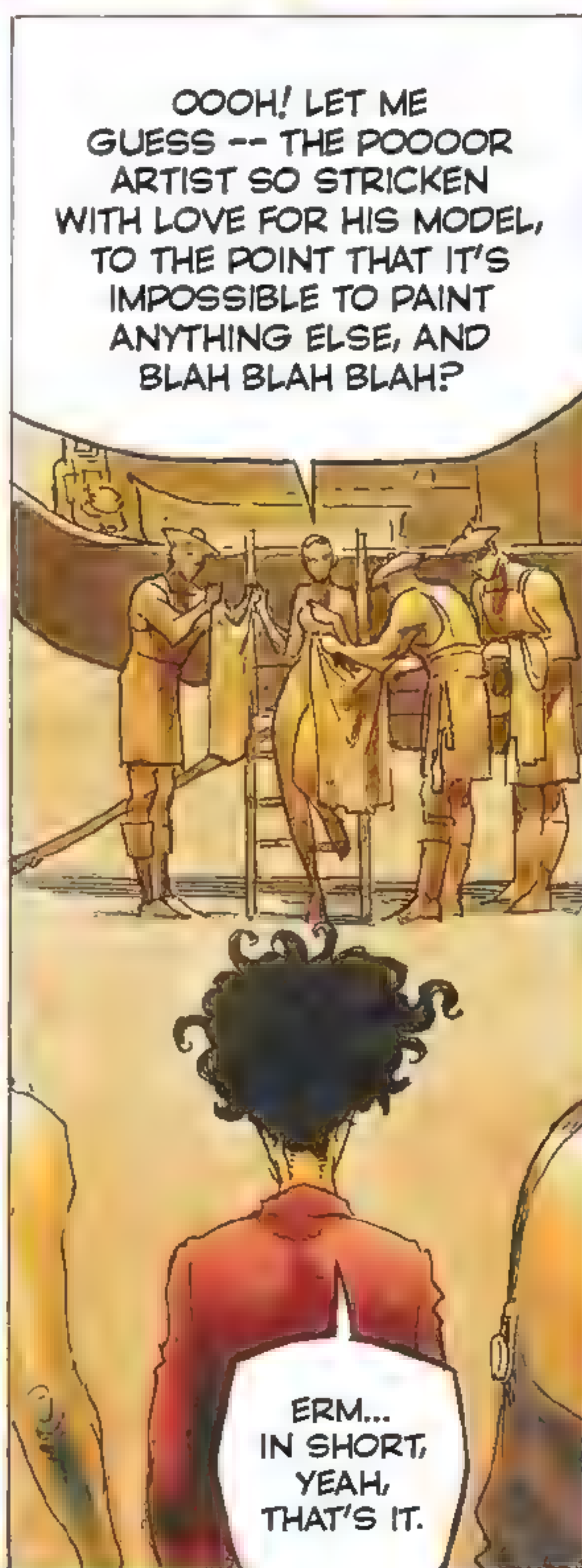
THE HUNTING PACK HAS RETURNED.



WHAT IN HEAVENS IS THAT?

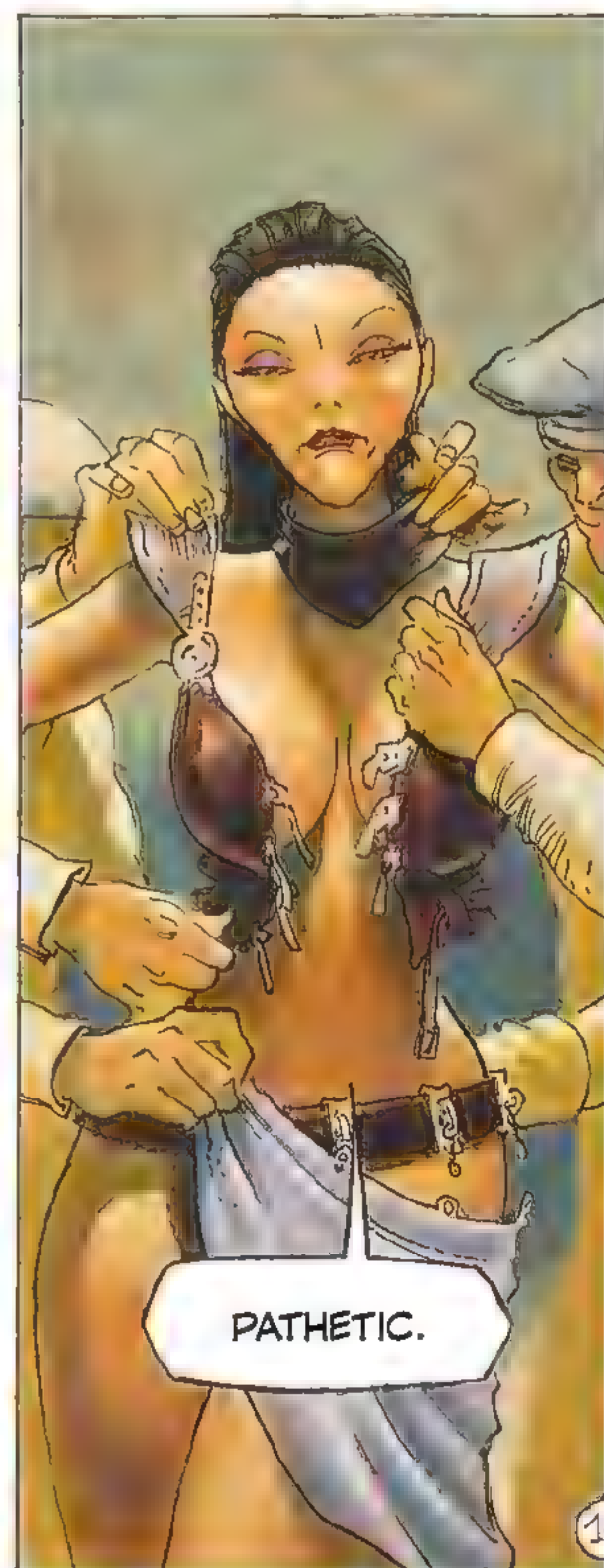
I'M EUGÈNE.

THE PAINTER.



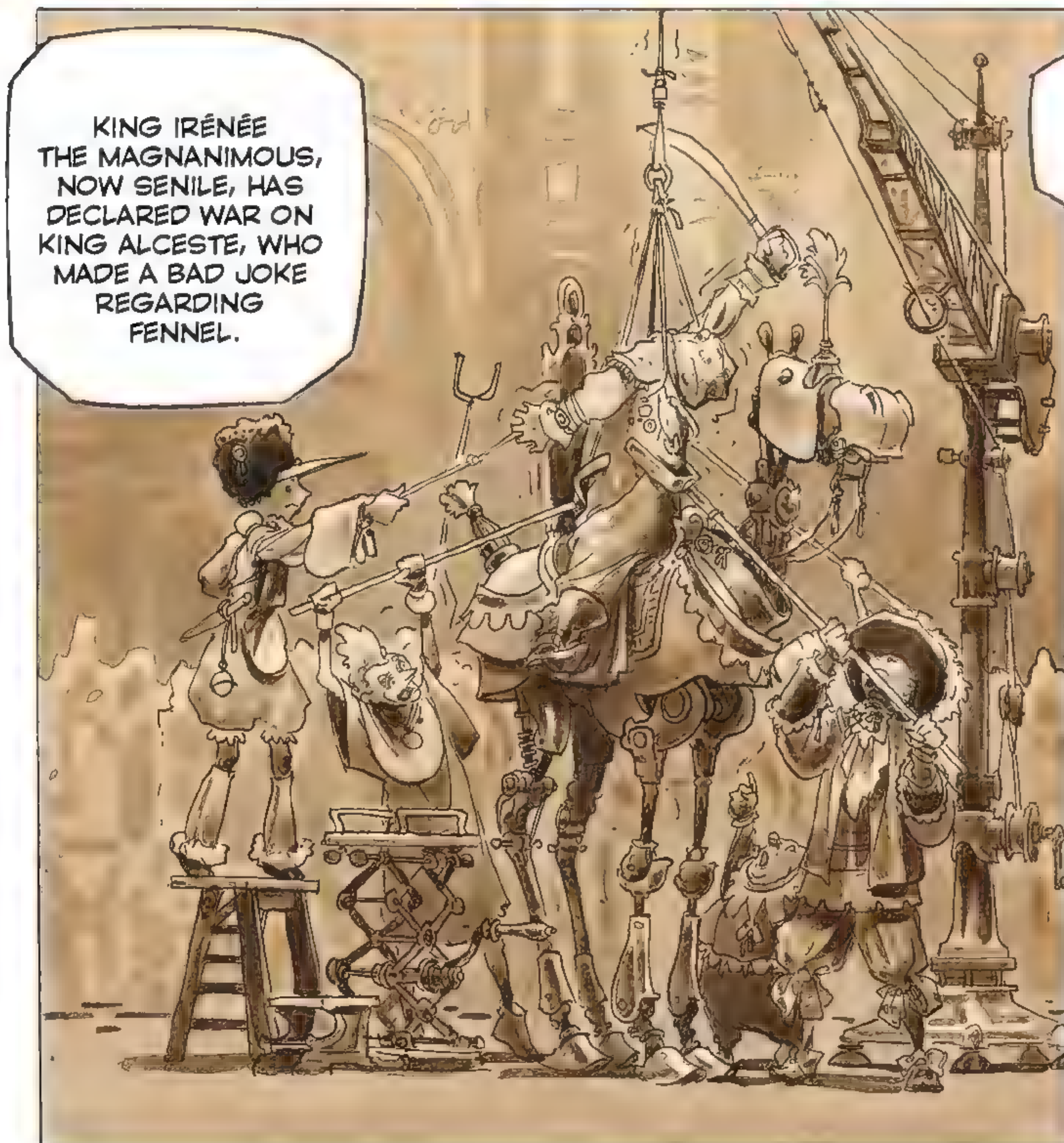
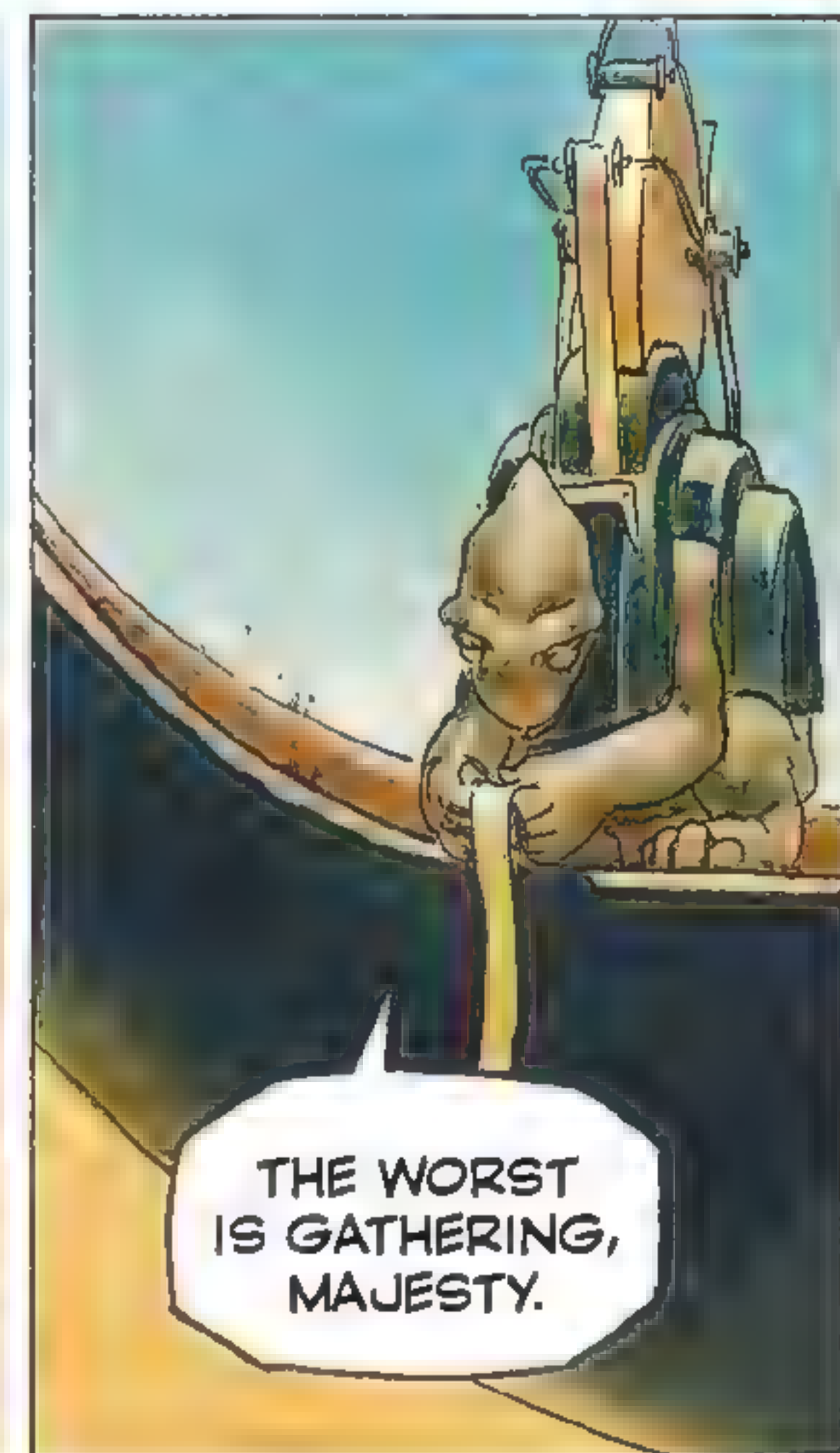
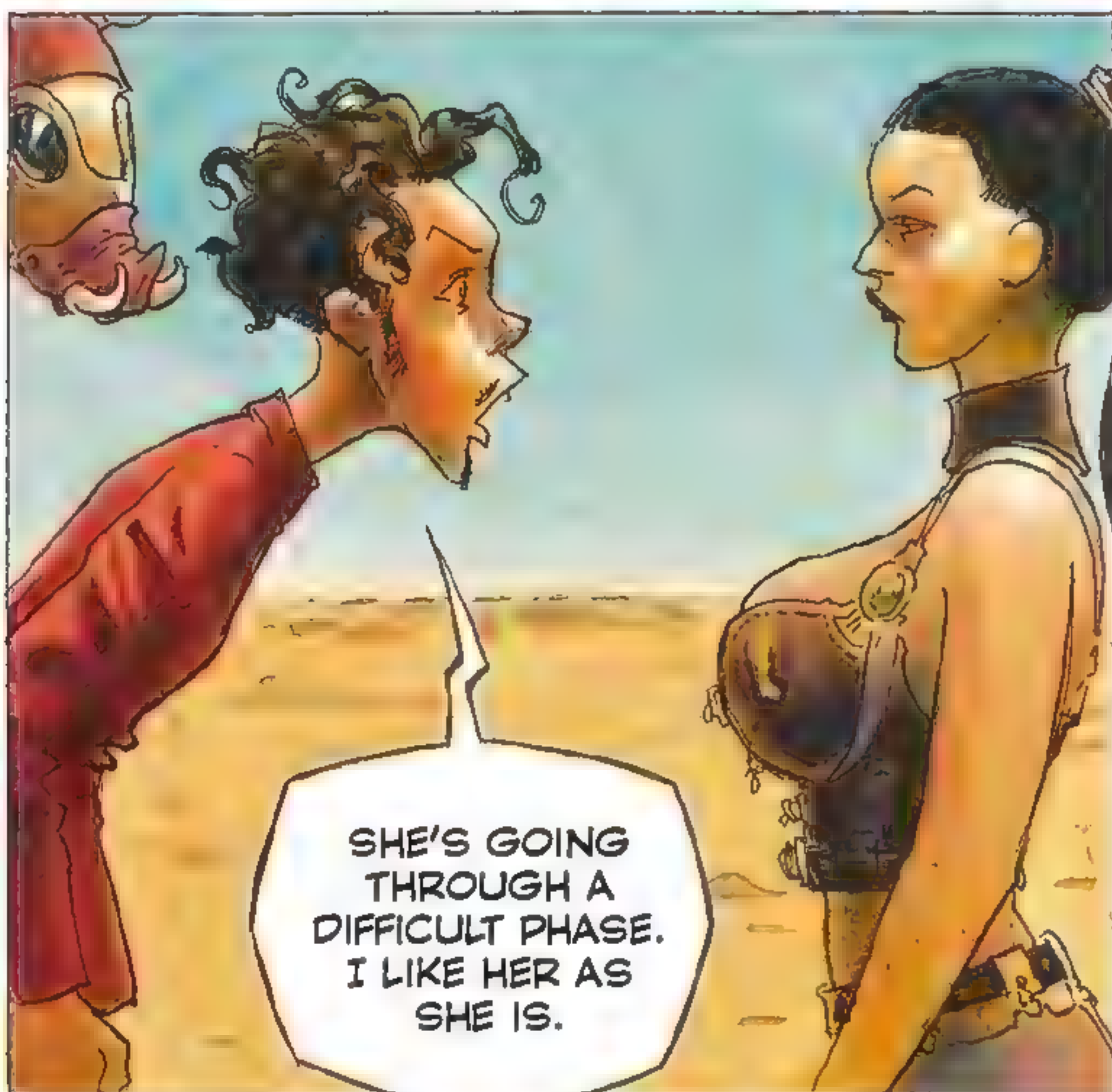
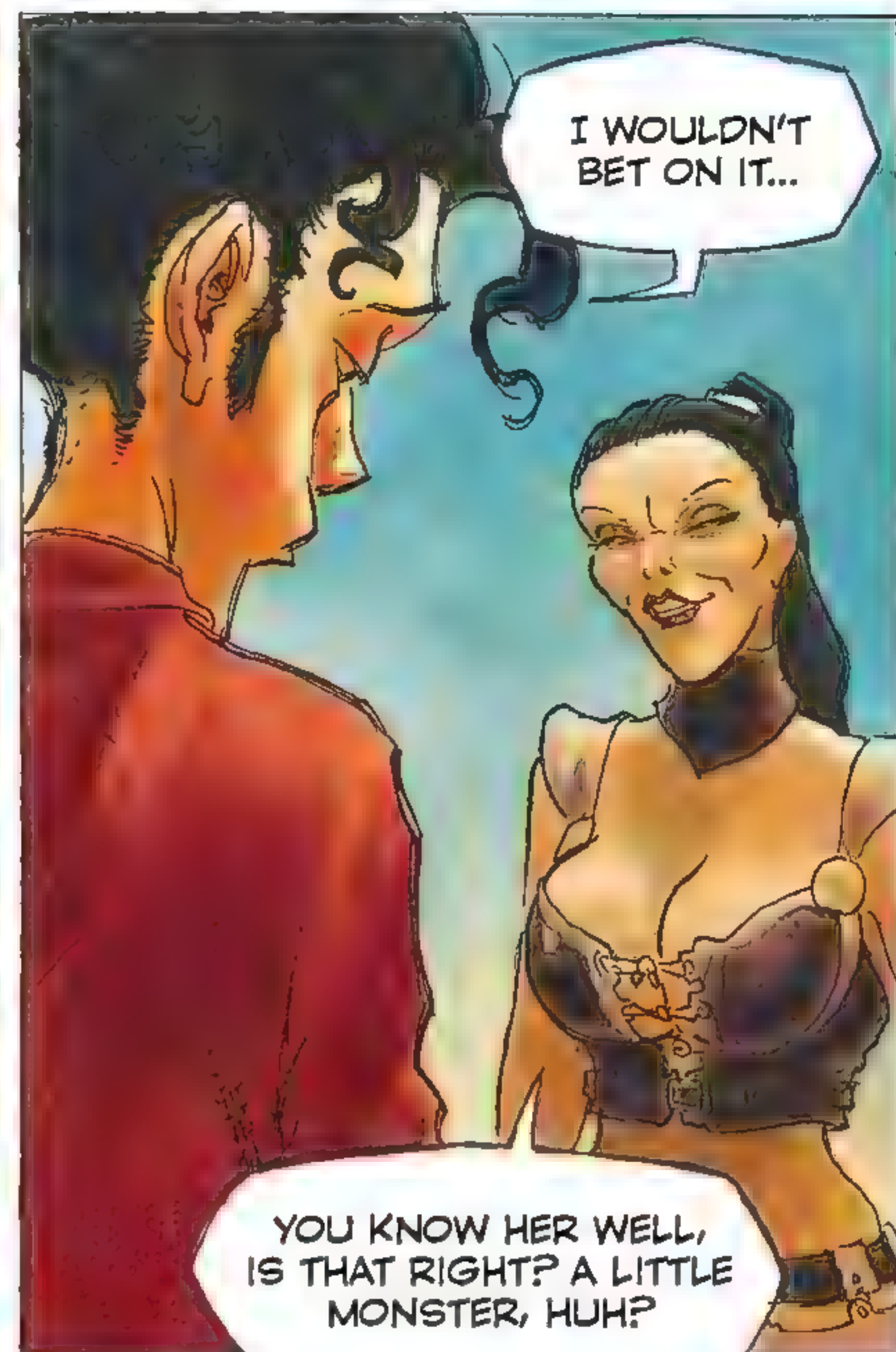
OOOH! LET ME GUESS -- THE POOOOR ARTIST SO STRICKEN WITH LOVE FOR HIS MODEL, TO THE POINT THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO PAINT ANYTHING ELSE, AND BLAH BLAH BLAH?

ERM... IN SHORT, YEAH, THAT'S IT.



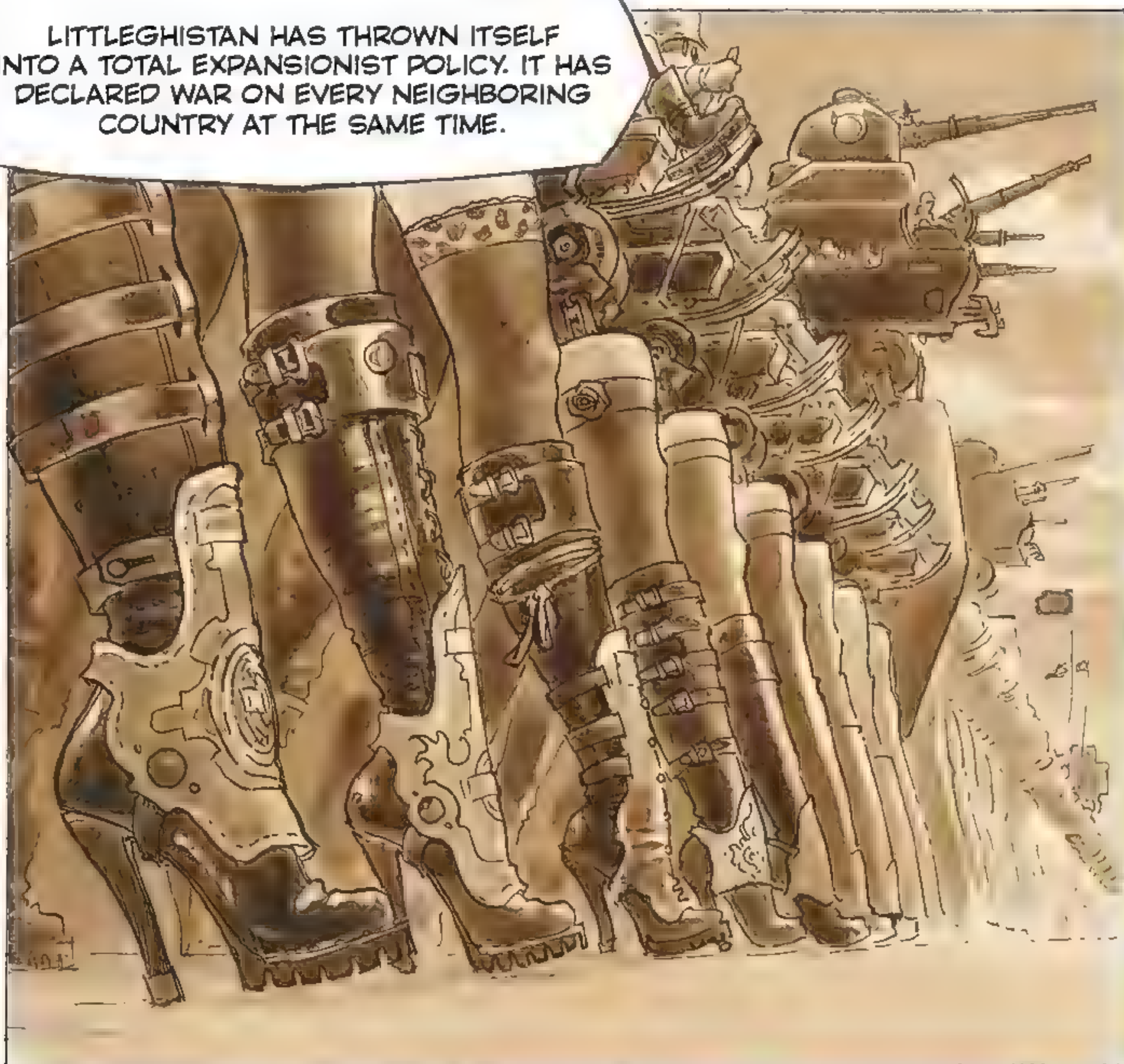
PATHETIC.







LITTLEGHISTAN HAS THROWN ITSELF INTO A TOTAL EXPANSIONIST POLICY. IT HAS DECLARED WAR ON EVERY NEIGHBORING COUNTRY AT THE SAME TIME.



BABA MUSIIR HAS GALVANIZED HIS BRIGADES OF BRIGANDS.



THOSE MORONS CAN ALL DISEMBOWEL ONE ANOTHER, FOR ALL I CARE!

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER?!

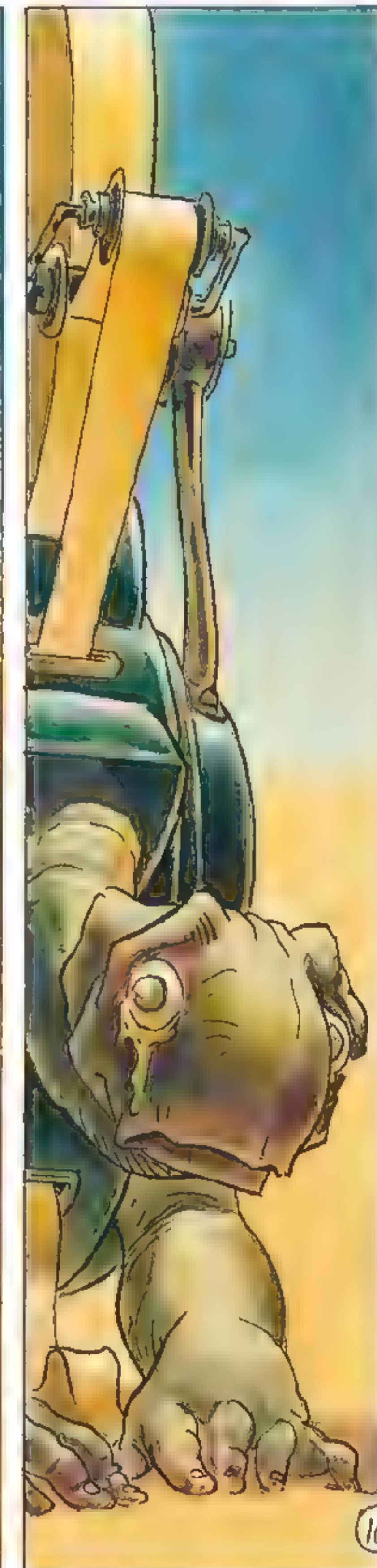


IDOLS, HUH?

I KNOW THAT PLACE...

GRASS!

I... I... SEE...  
STONE IDOLS... ONCE  
VOLUPTUOUS ...





RIGHT. NOW EVEN  
EUGÈNE ISN'T HERE  
ANYMORE.



BOOHOO!  
MY EUGÈNE.

OH, COME NOW.  
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN  
HORRIBLE TO HIM.



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND  
A THING. THERE'S NOW NO  
ONE LEFT TO LOVE ME. I AM  
ALONE IN THE WORLD.

AND WHAT ABOUT  
US? WE'RE HERE.



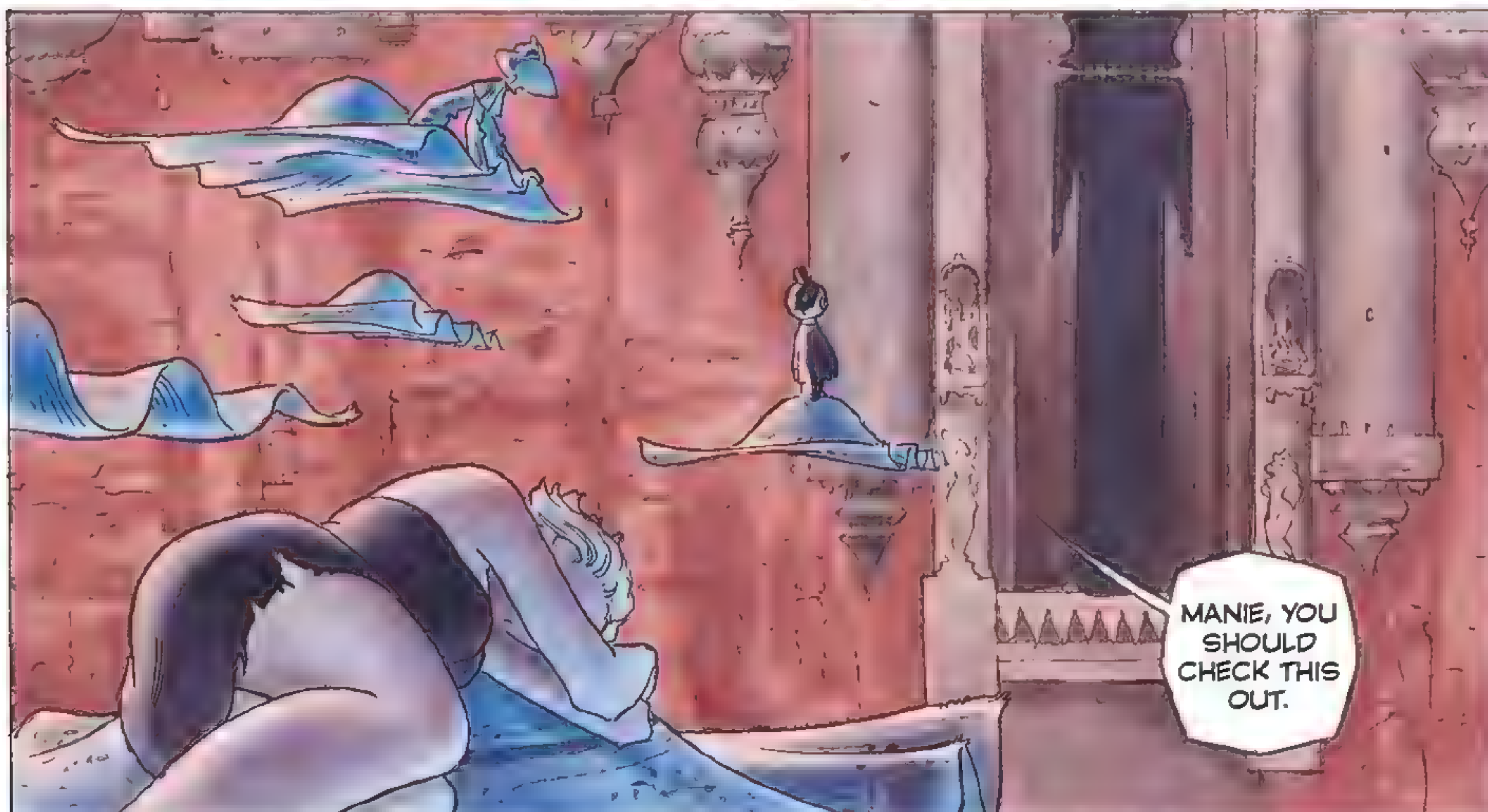
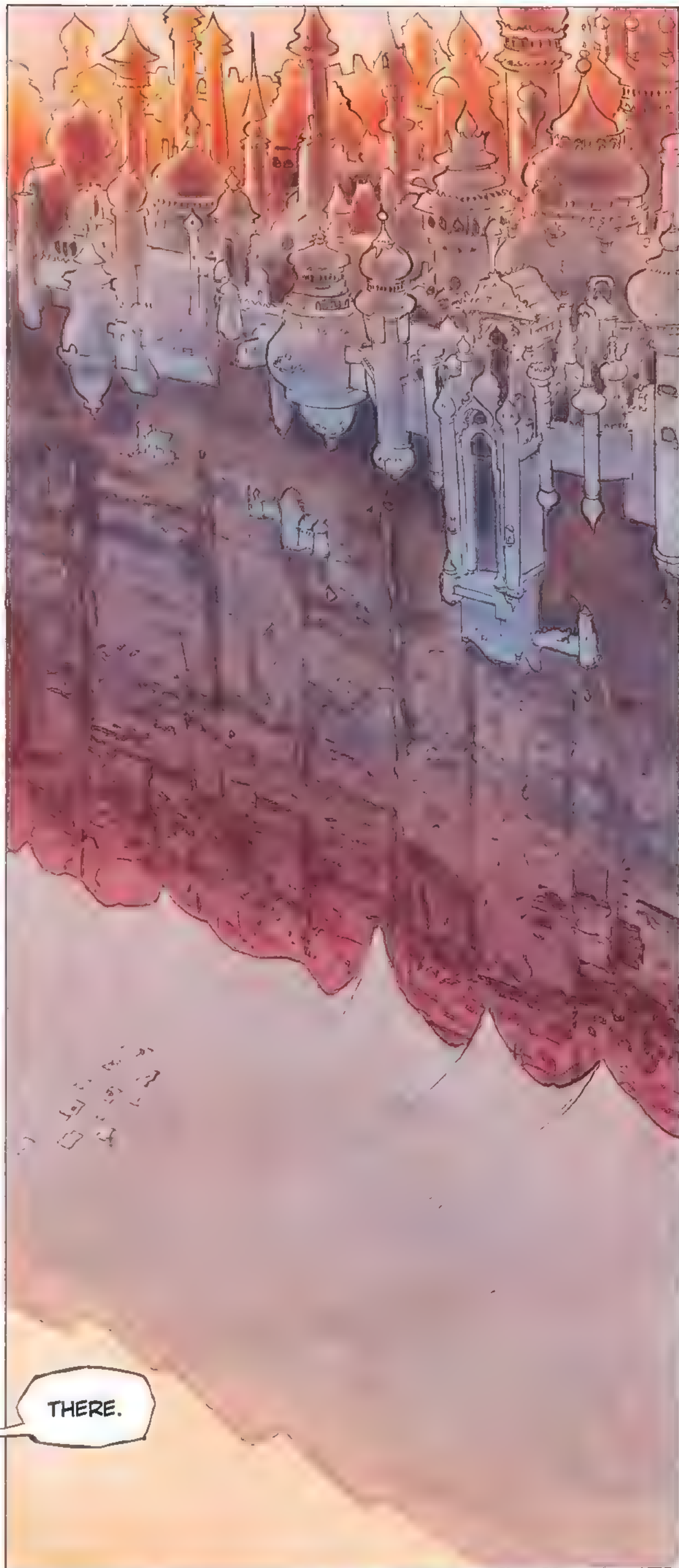
IT'S DIFFERENT  
WITH YOU.

I HAVE  
THE FEELING  
THAT WE'RE  
ARRIVING, MY  
FRIENDS.

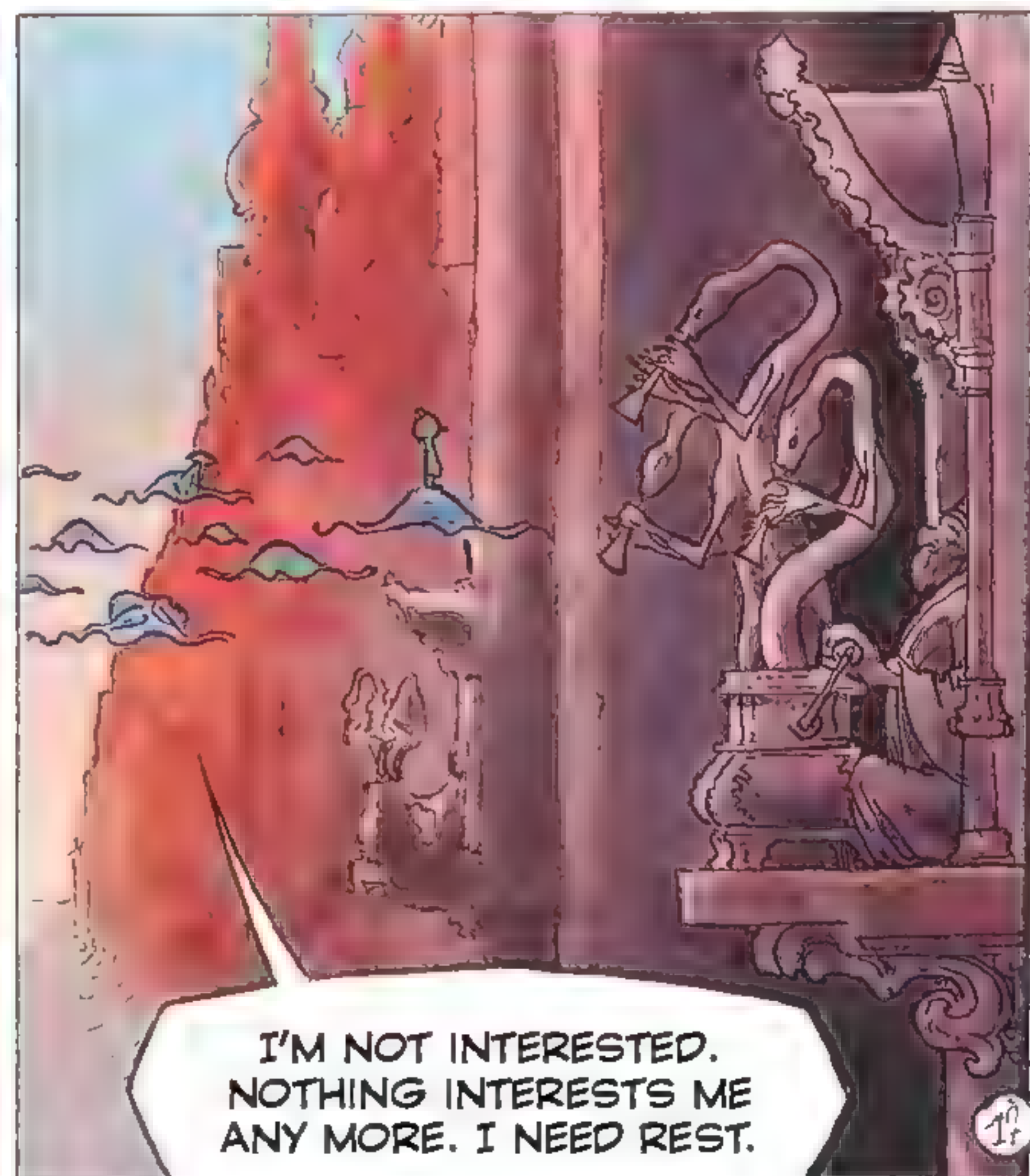
ARRIVING?  
WHERE?



THERE.



MANIE, YOU  
SHOULD  
CHECK THIS  
OUT.



I'M NOT INTERESTED.  
NOTHING INTERESTS ME  
ANY MORE. I NEED REST.





DON'T MAKE ME SAY WHAT I HAVEN'T SAID, BABA ARBICHE.

I DON'T PRETEND TO KNOW THE DESERT AS WELL AS YOU.



BUT I STILL KNOW HOW TO FOLLOW A STRANGER'S TRACKS.



AND WHEN THOSE TRACKS DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC THE MOMENT THEY ENTER YOUR HUNTING GROUNDS, I KNOW WHAT CONCLUSIONS TO DRAW.



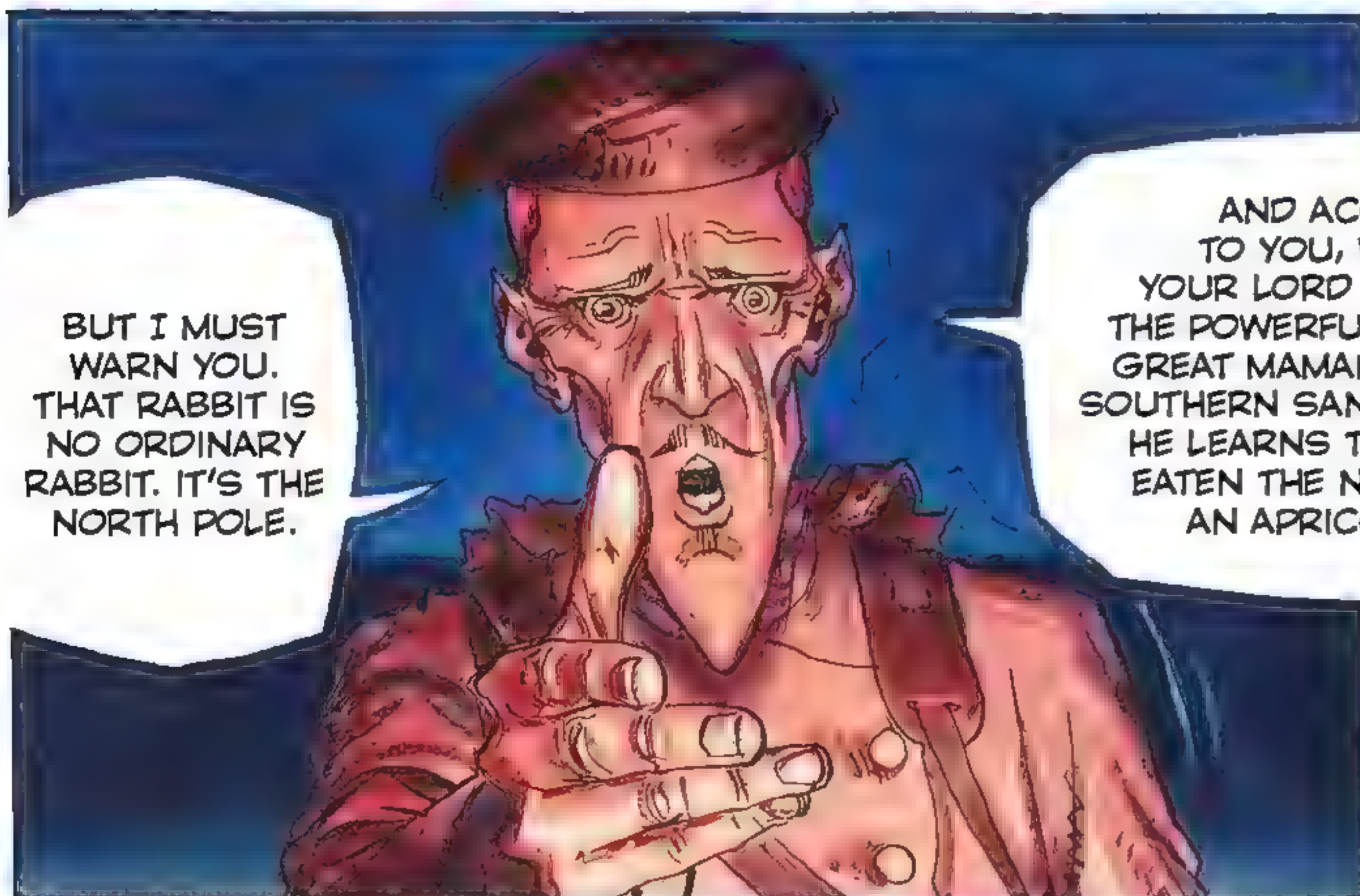
I AM PERFECTLY AWARE THAT THIS STRANGER RESEMBLES A RABBIT ENOUGH TO MISTAKE HIM FOR ONE.

AND I CAN VERY WELL IMAGINE WHAT YOU MUST HAVE TOLD YOURSELF WHEN YOU CAPTURED HIM.

YOU MUST HAVE SAID -- 'HERE'S A RABBIT MY WIVES WILL MAKE THE MOST SUCCULENT APRICOT TAGINE WITH, WITH WHICH TO CELEBRATE THE SIXTH MOON'.



BECAUSE THAT'S APRICOT SEASON, AM I RIGHT, ARBICHE?

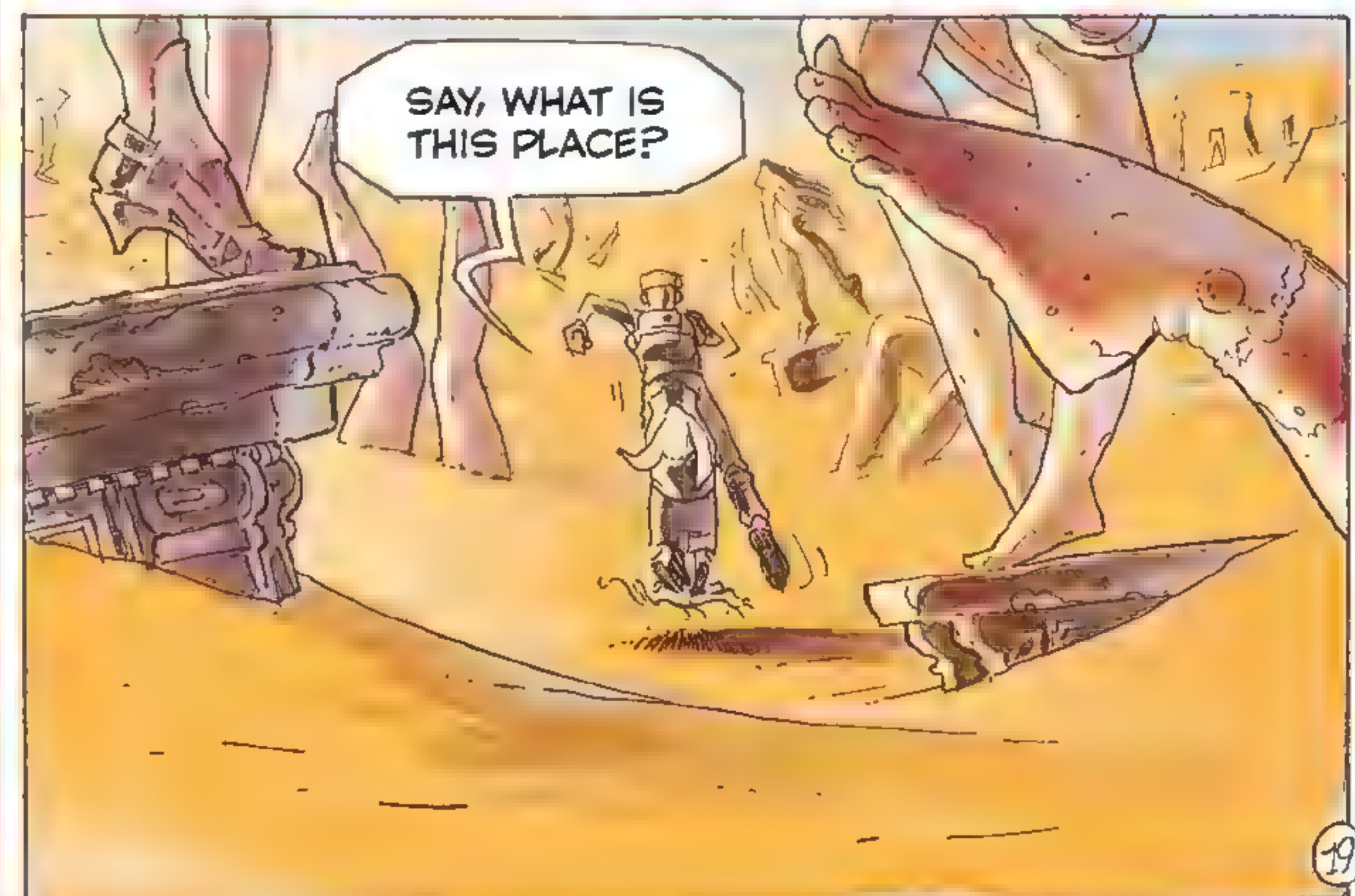
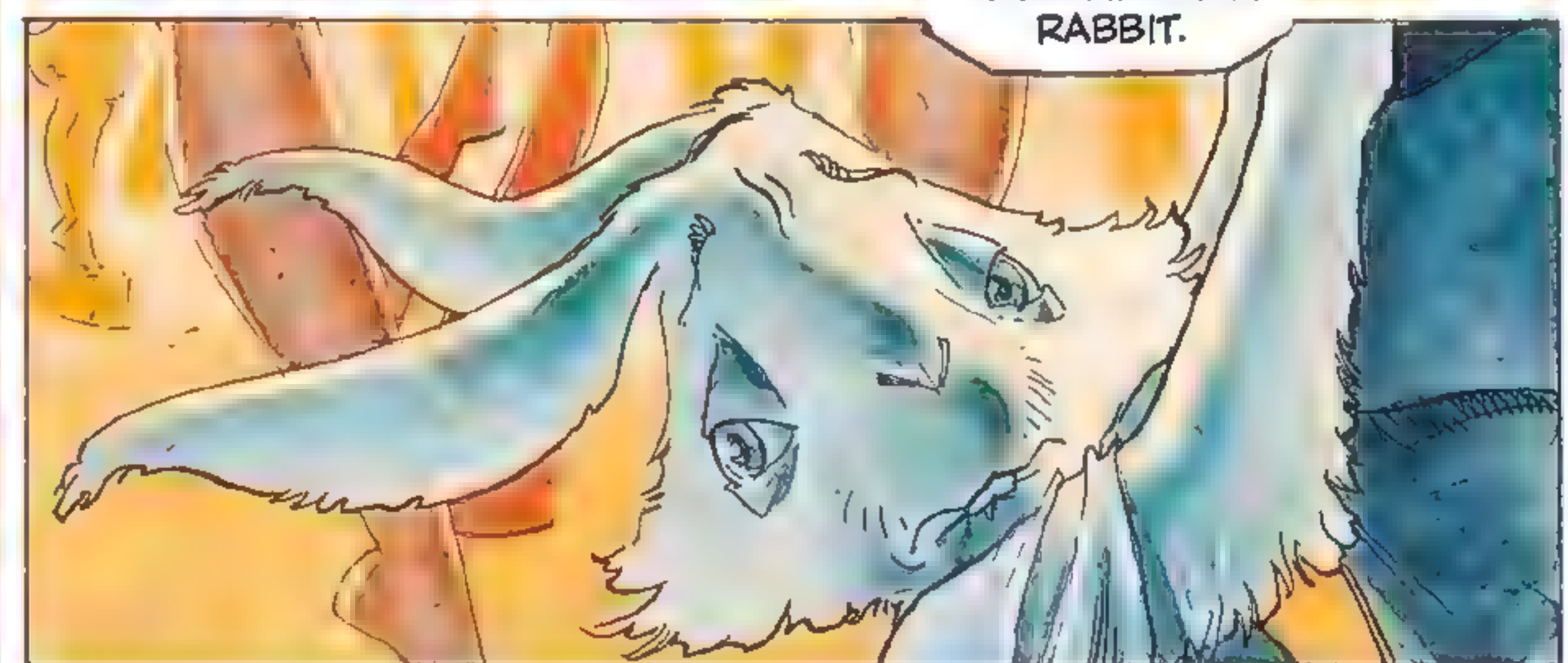
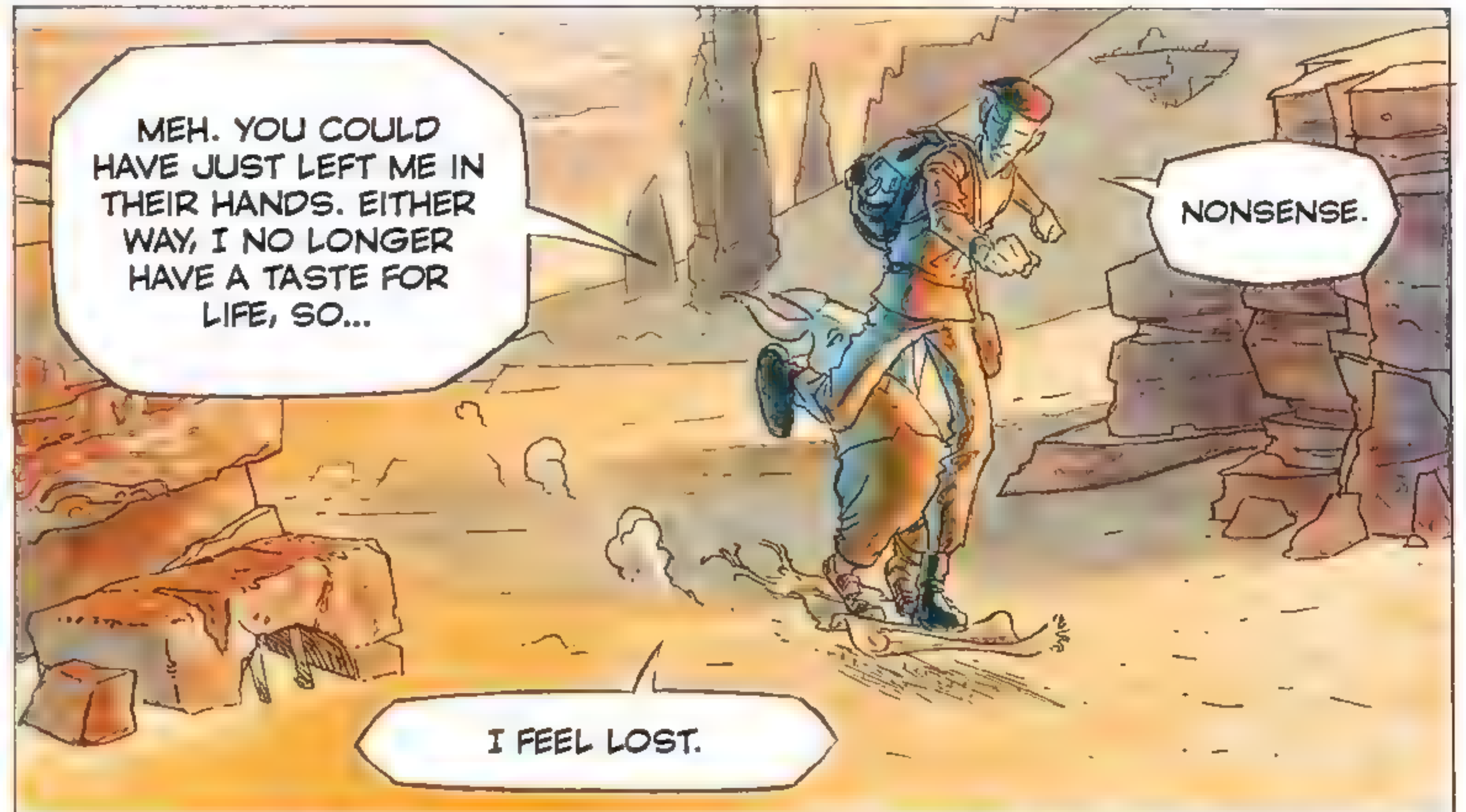
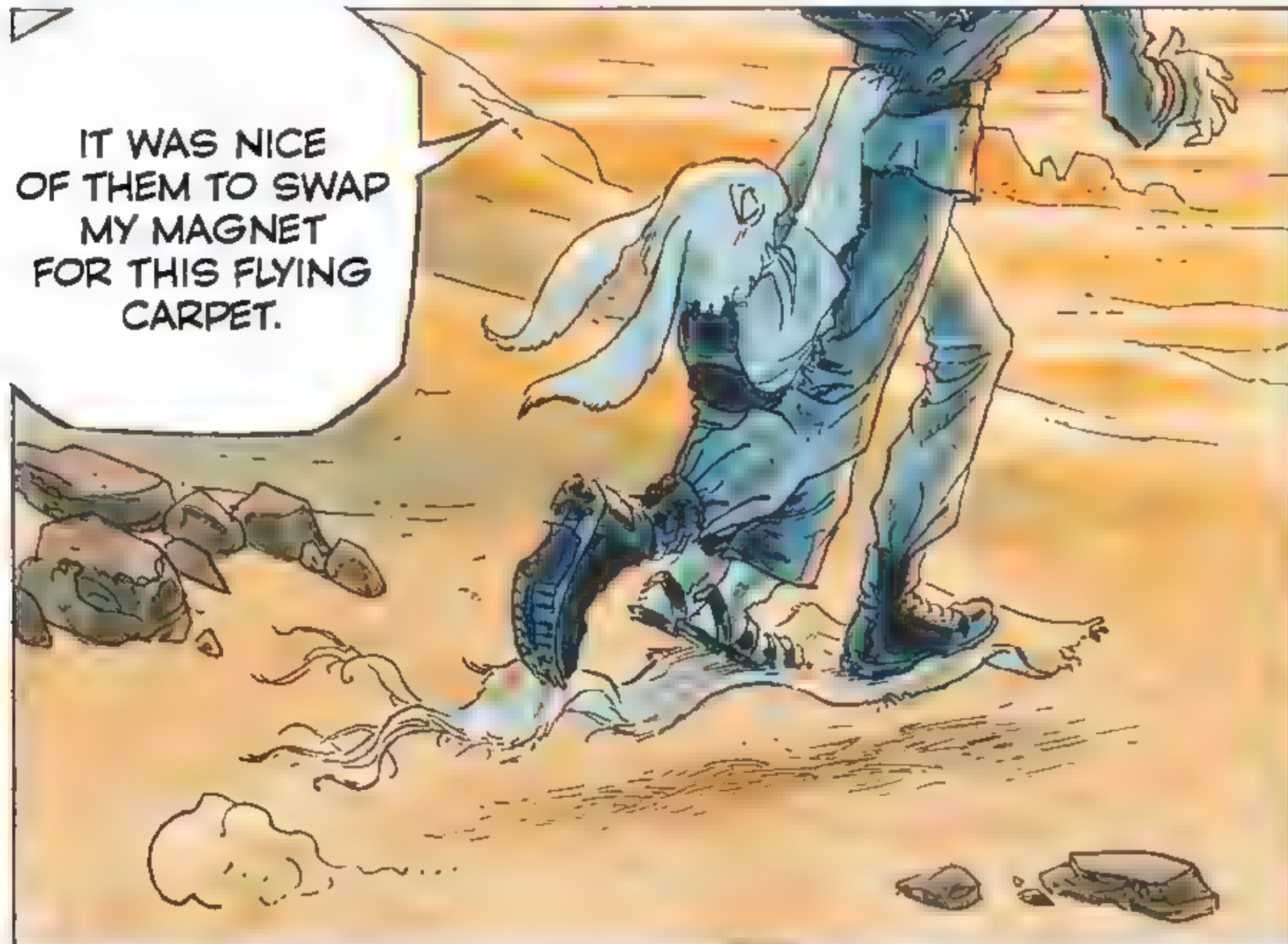
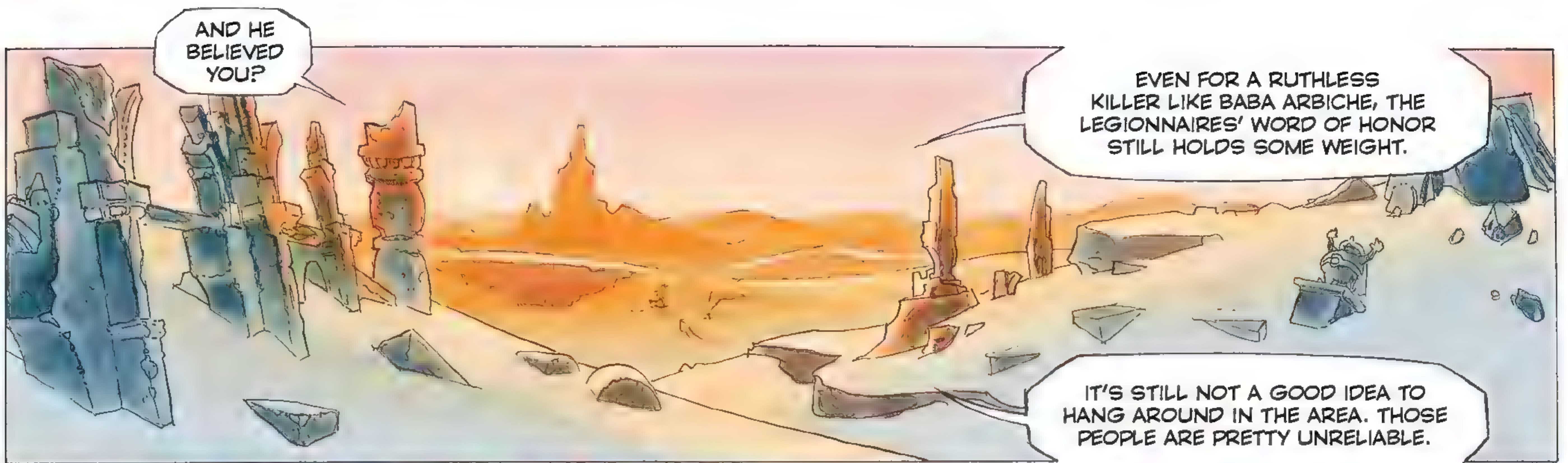


BUT I MUST WARN YOU. THAT RABBIT IS NO ORDINARY RABBIT. IT'S THE NORTH POLE.

AND ACCORDING TO YOU, WHAT WILL YOUR LORD AND MASTER, THE POWERFUL BABA MUSIIR, GREAT MAMAMOUCHE OF THE SOUTHERN SANDS, THINK WHEN HE LEARNS THAT YOU HAVE EATEN THE NORTH POLE IN AN APRICOT TAGINE.









LONG AGO, IT WAS THE VALLEY OF IDOLS. AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION ERECTED THESE STATUES IN HONOR OF THEIR GODDESSES. BUT DURING A DARK TIME, DUIDOULLIS WARRIORS DESTROYED THESE PARTICULARLY VOLUPTUOUS VENUSES.

SINCE THEN, THE VALLEY OF IDOLS BECAME THE VALLEY OF GAMS, A HOLY SITE FOR LITTLEGHISTAN, WHICH IS VERY CLOSE.

ONLY ONE SURVIVED.

ALAS, THIS SANCTUARY FINDS ITSELF IN THE TERRITORY OF THE CRUEL BABA MUSIIR, AND THE LITTLEGHISTANS ARE UNABLE TO TRAVEL HERE.

IT'S A SOURCE OF GREAT TENSION.

SHE REJECTED ME, YOU KNOW?

WHO DID?

MANIE.

SHE BRUSHED ME OFF WITH THE BACK OF A PRETTY HAND.

WH...?!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

YOU... YOU SAW HER?

WELL YEAH, TWO DAYS AGO, IN THE DESERT.

BUT WH...?!

WE M...

YOU...

I...

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAPPY TO FIND OUT SHE'S CLOSE...

HAPPY?

TELL ME SOMETHING, KID... WHAT DO YOU SEE AROUND YOU?

WELL, ERM... SAND.

LOTS OF SAND.

AND GAMS.

SAND, THAT'S RIGHT!

AND NOBODY, YOU HEAR ME, NO-BO-DY, NOT EVEN THE WIND, CAN MOVE A GRAIN OF SAND WITHOUT BABA MUSIIR

KNOWING ABOUT IT!!

OH?

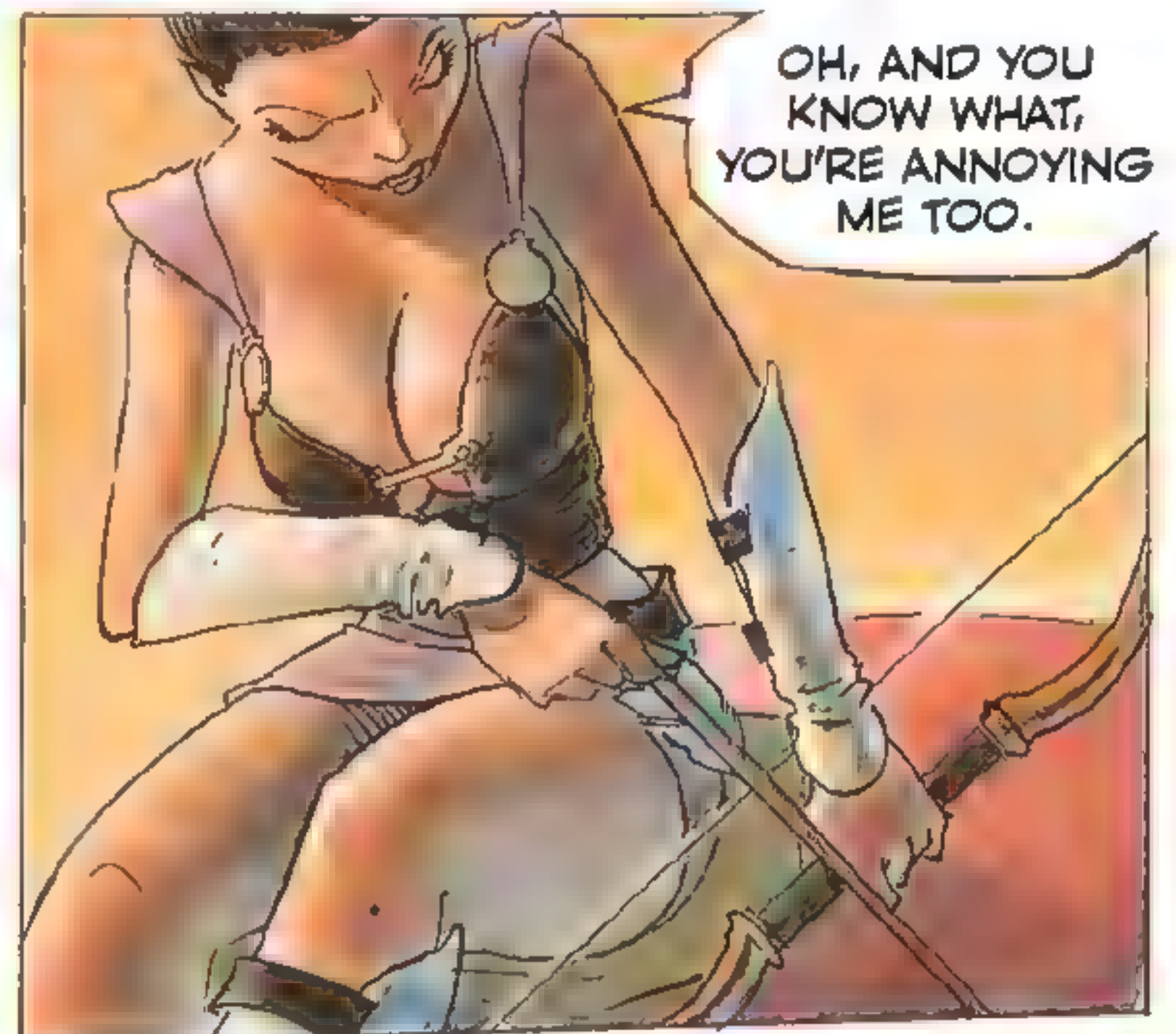
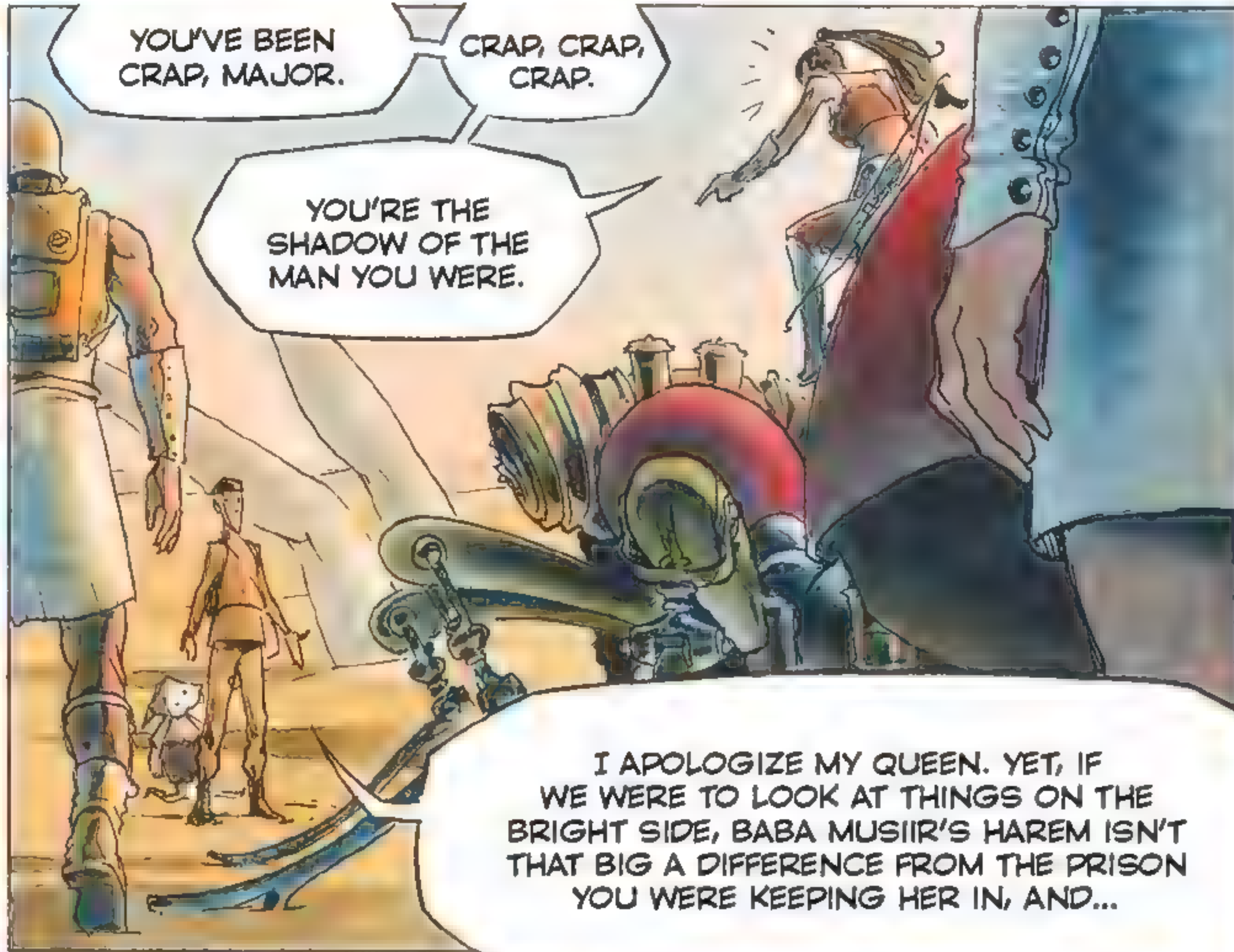
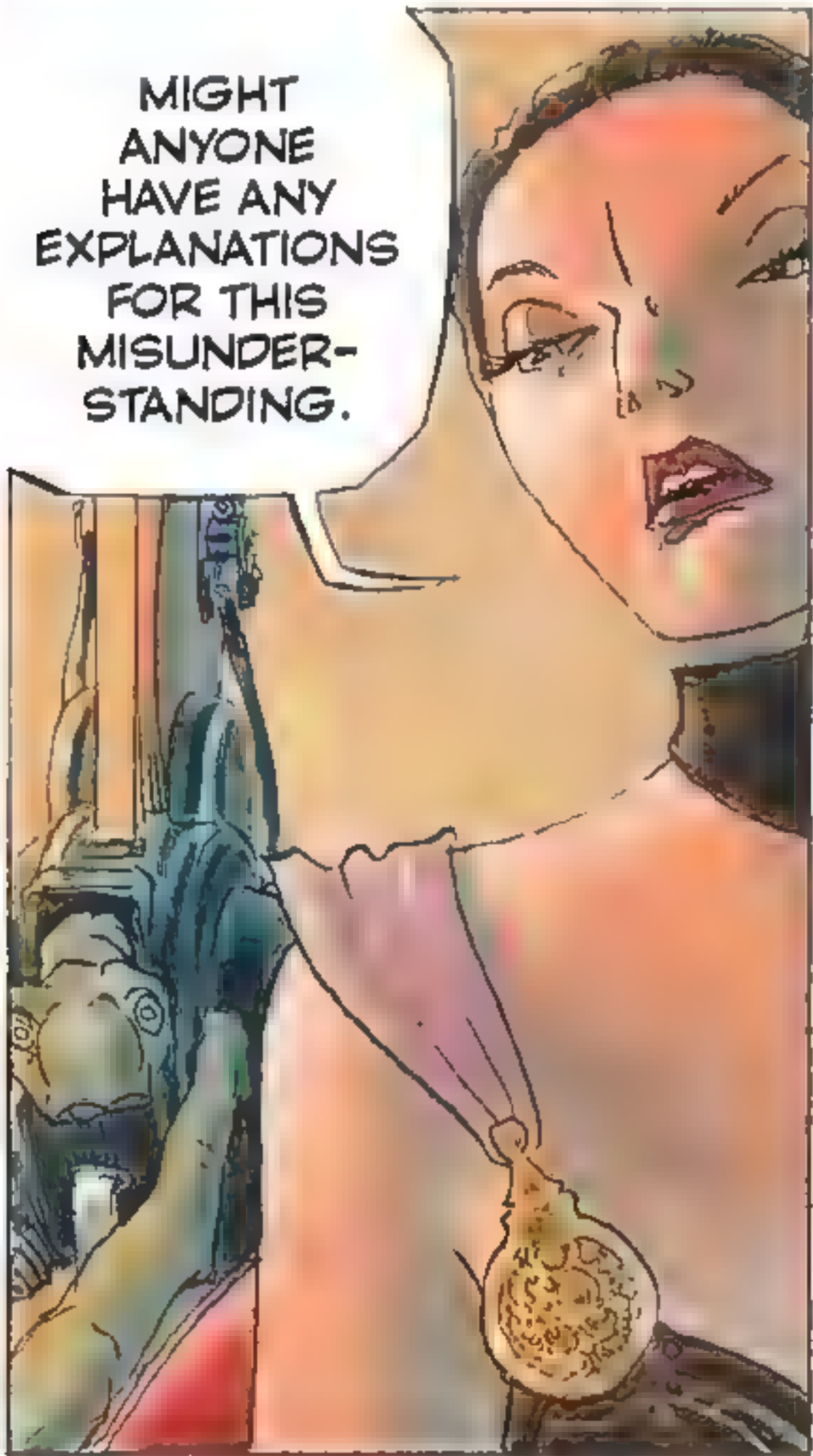
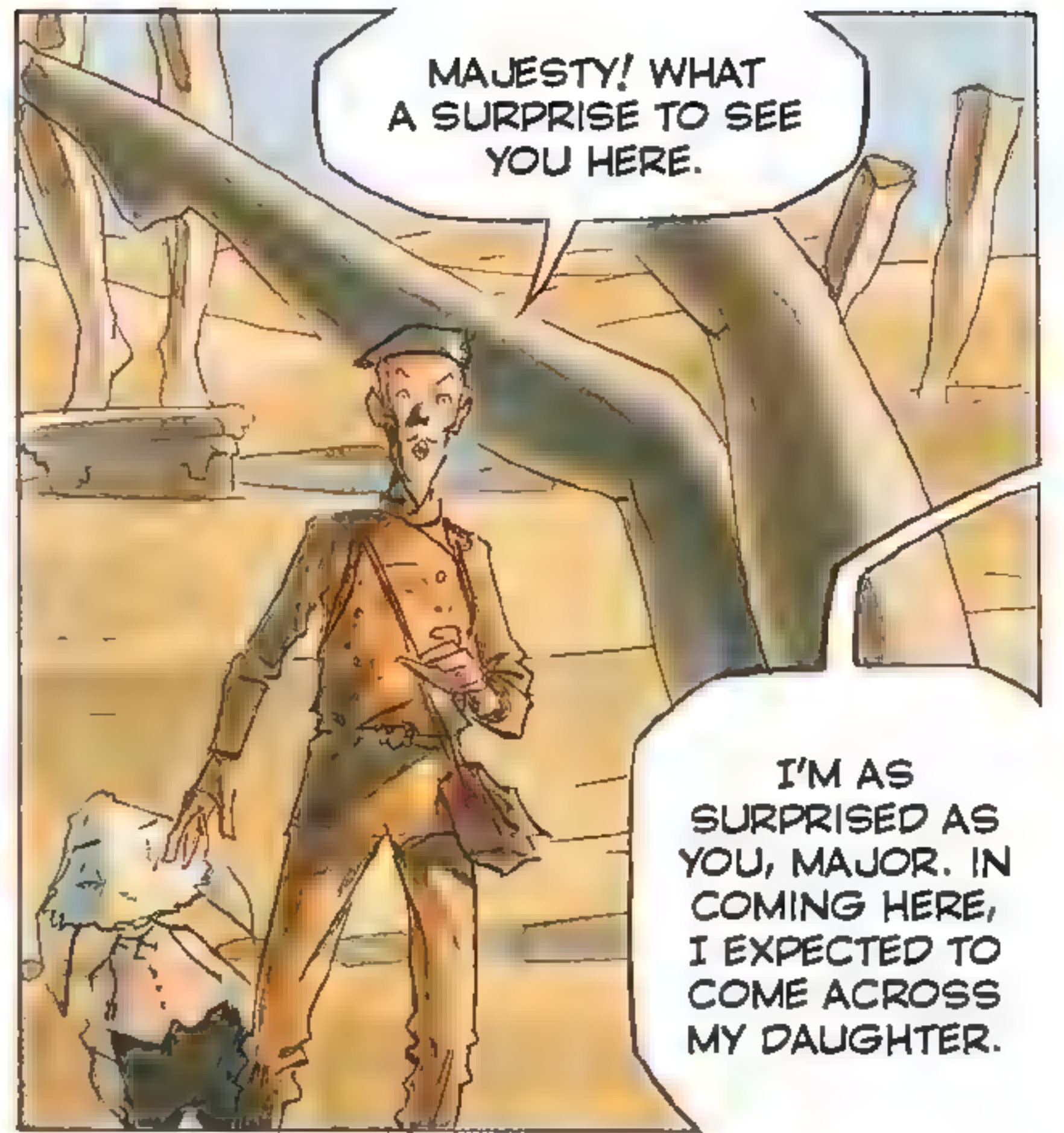
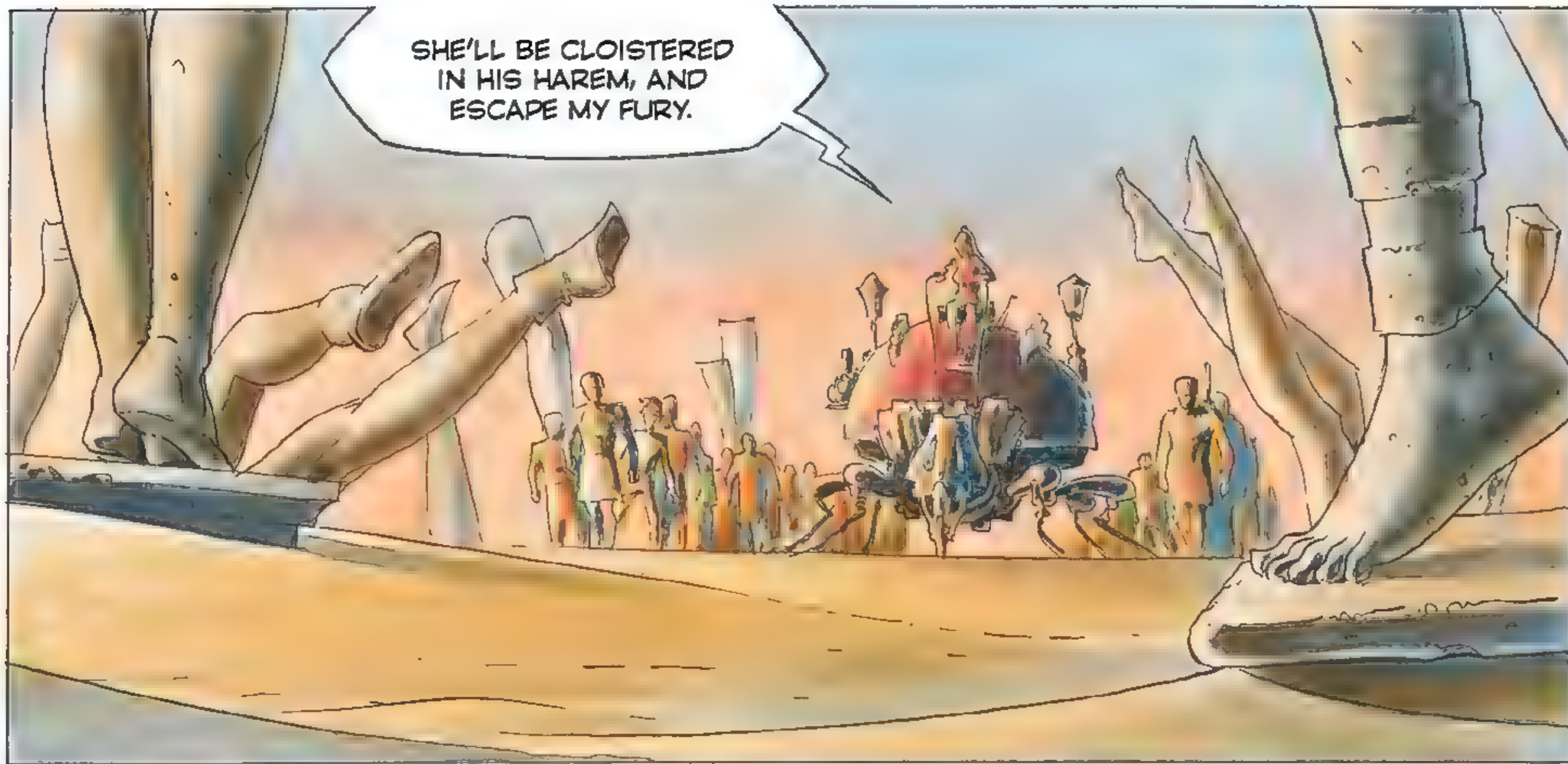
YEAH.

AND IF MANIE FALLS INTO BABA MUSIIR'S HANDS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

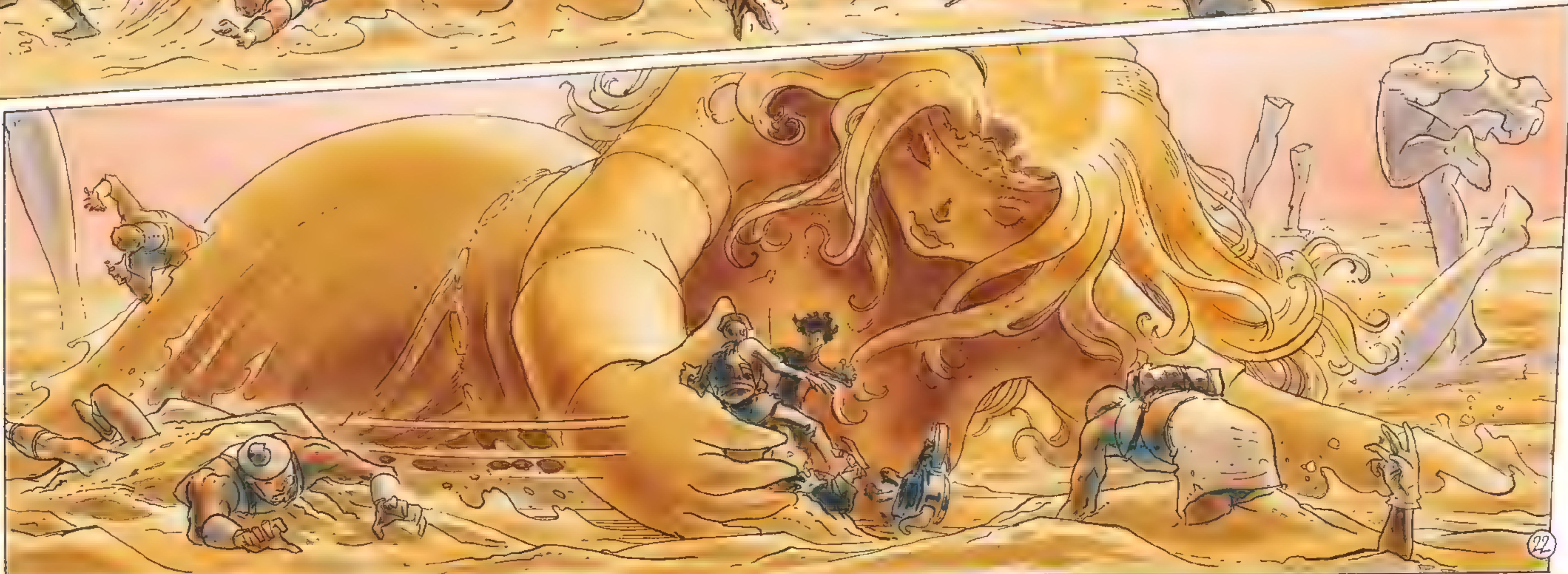
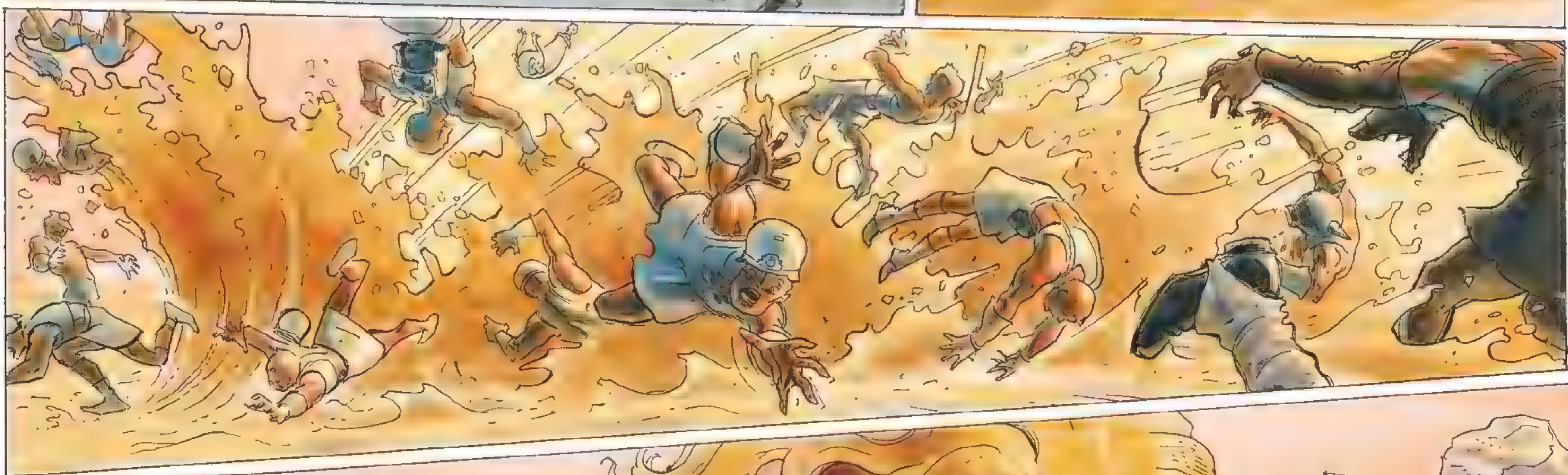
N... NO...

SHE BECOMES WIFE NUMBER THREE HUNDRED!













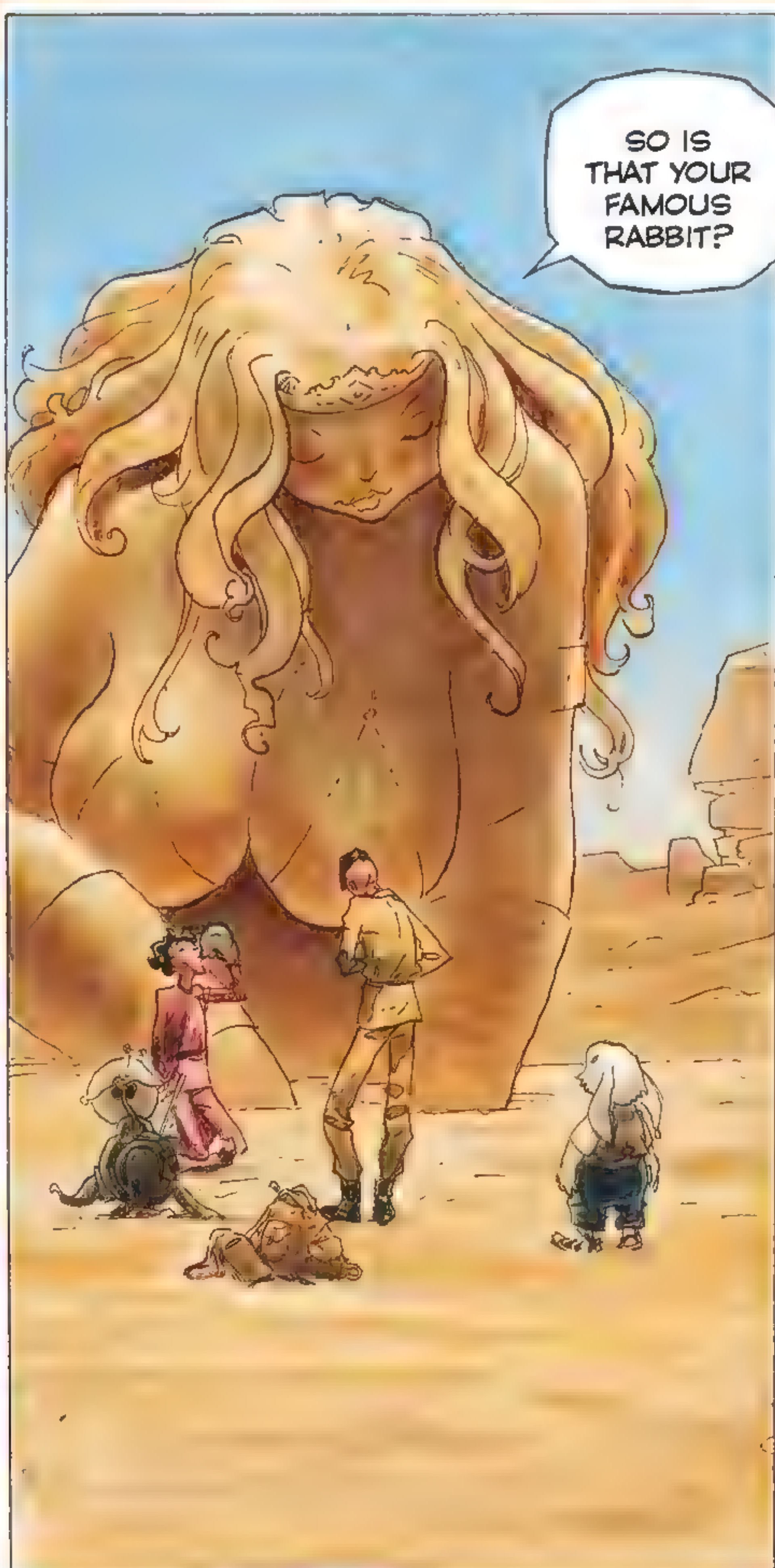
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU, YOU KNOW. ESPECIALLY AS I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU HATE THIS PLACE...

I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD -- I NEED TO TELL YOU SOME TERRIBLE NEWS!

IT'S YOU WHO ARRANGED THIS 'FORTUITOUS' MEETING, ISN'T IT?

SHE WAS KILLING CLEPSIGRUES. THAT'S REALLY BAD.

RIGHT, WELL LET ME JUST SAY THAT IT'S NOT GOING DOWN LIKE THAT.

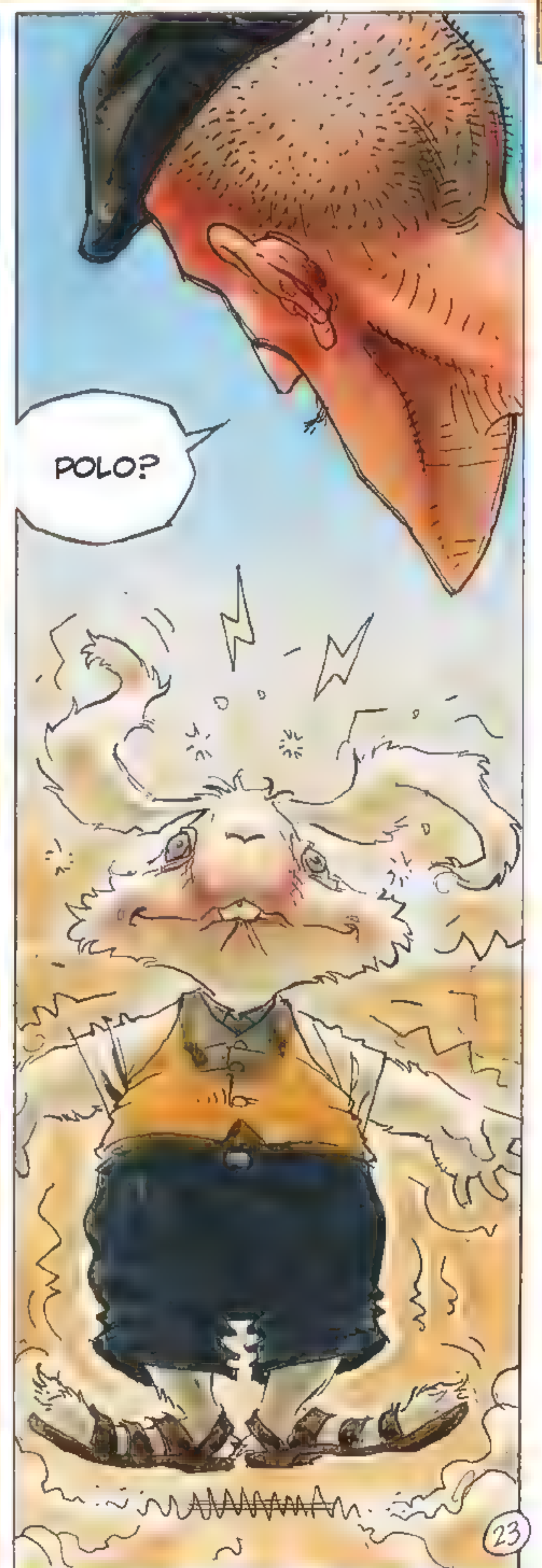
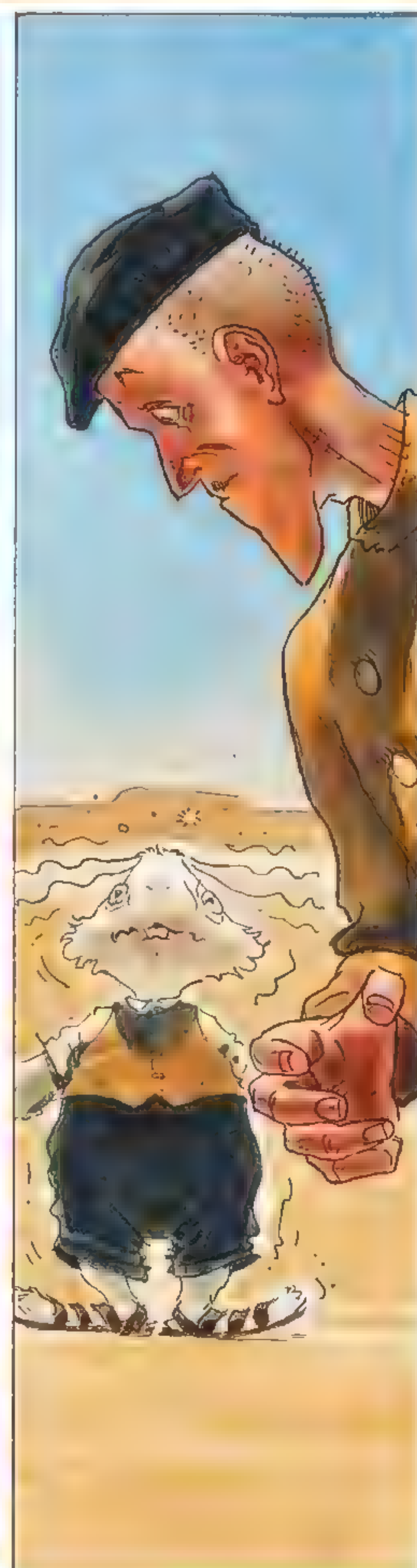


SO IS THAT YOUR FAMOUS RABBIT?



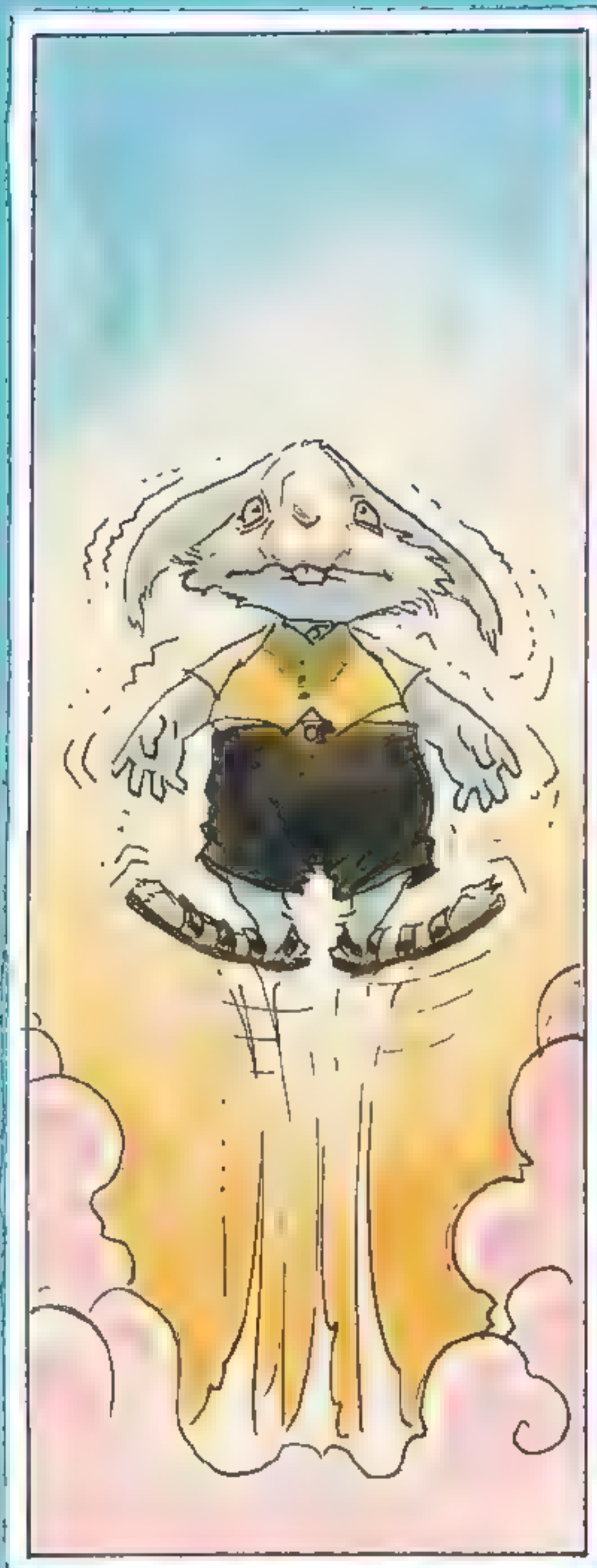
YES, THIS IS POLO, AND...

IS HE ACTING WEIRD THERE?

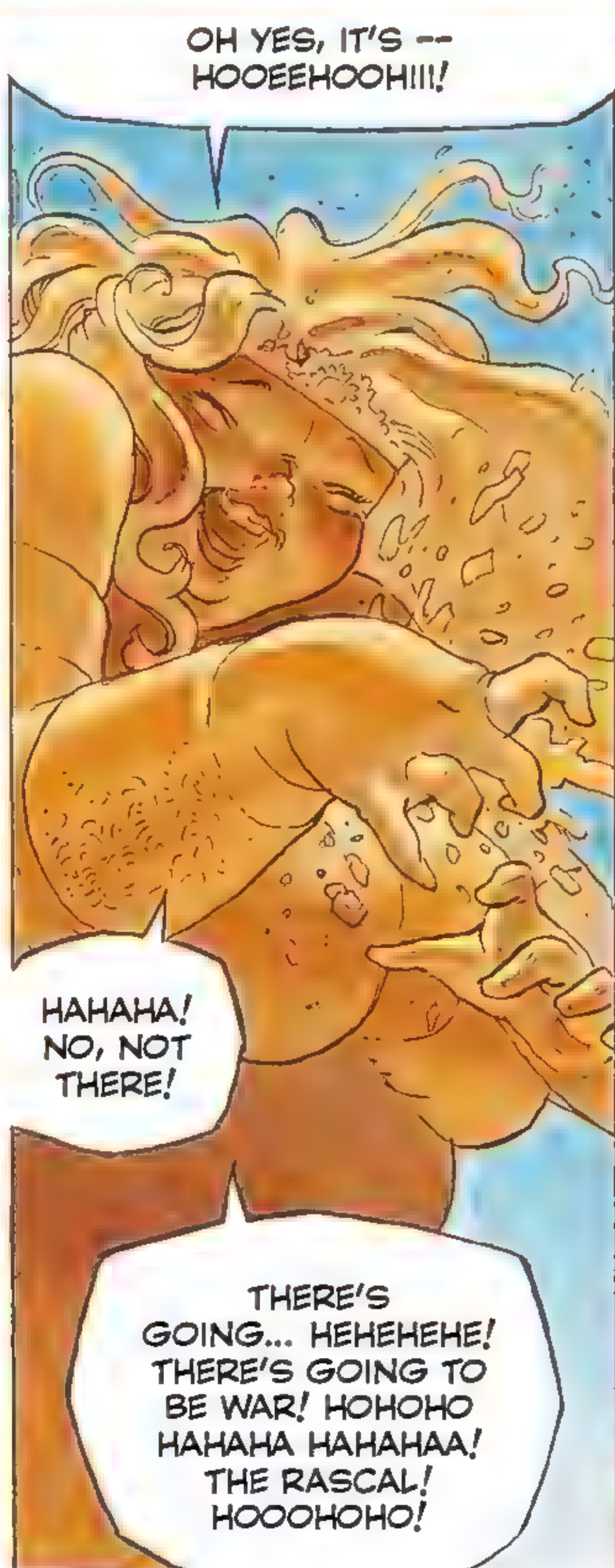
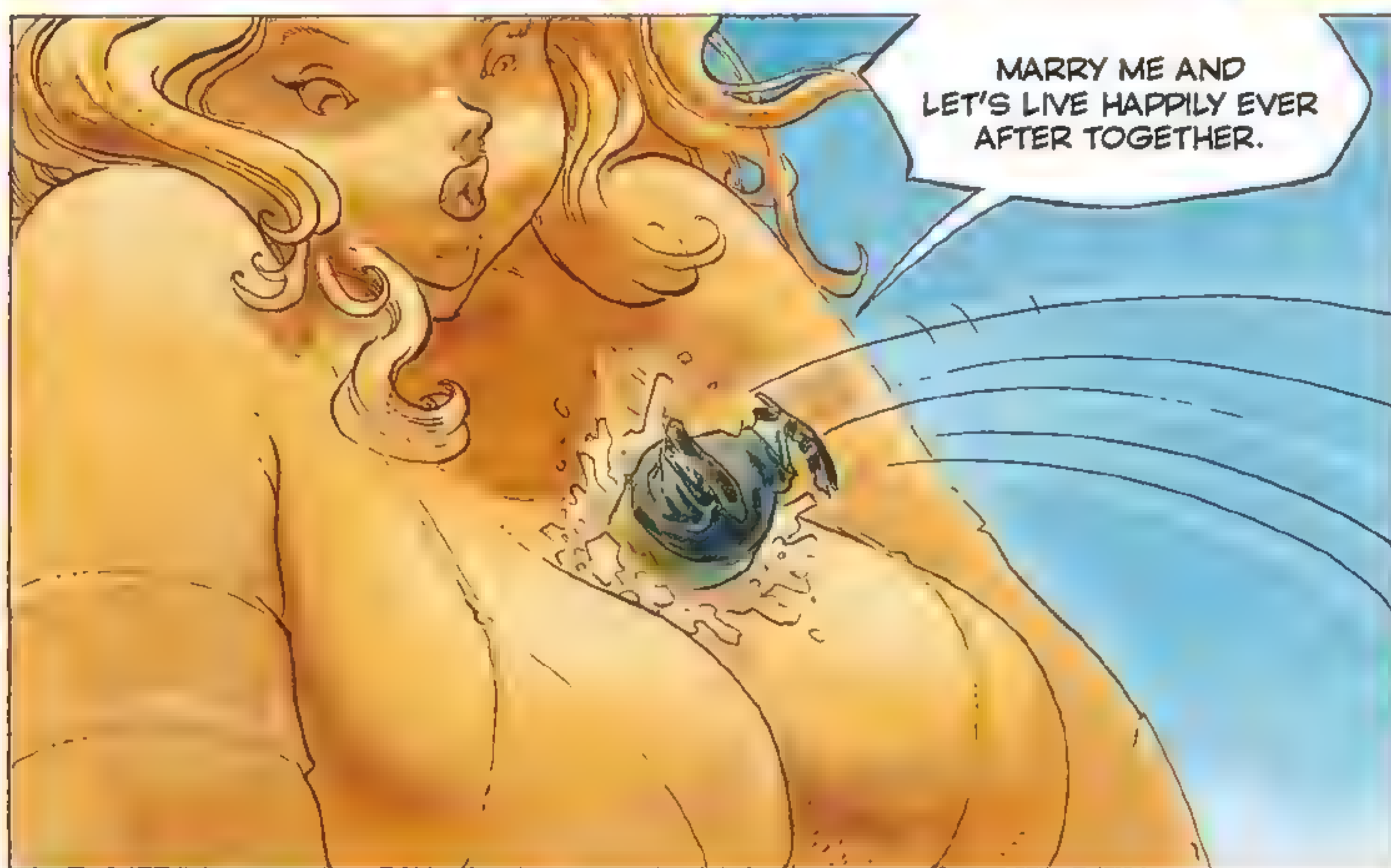
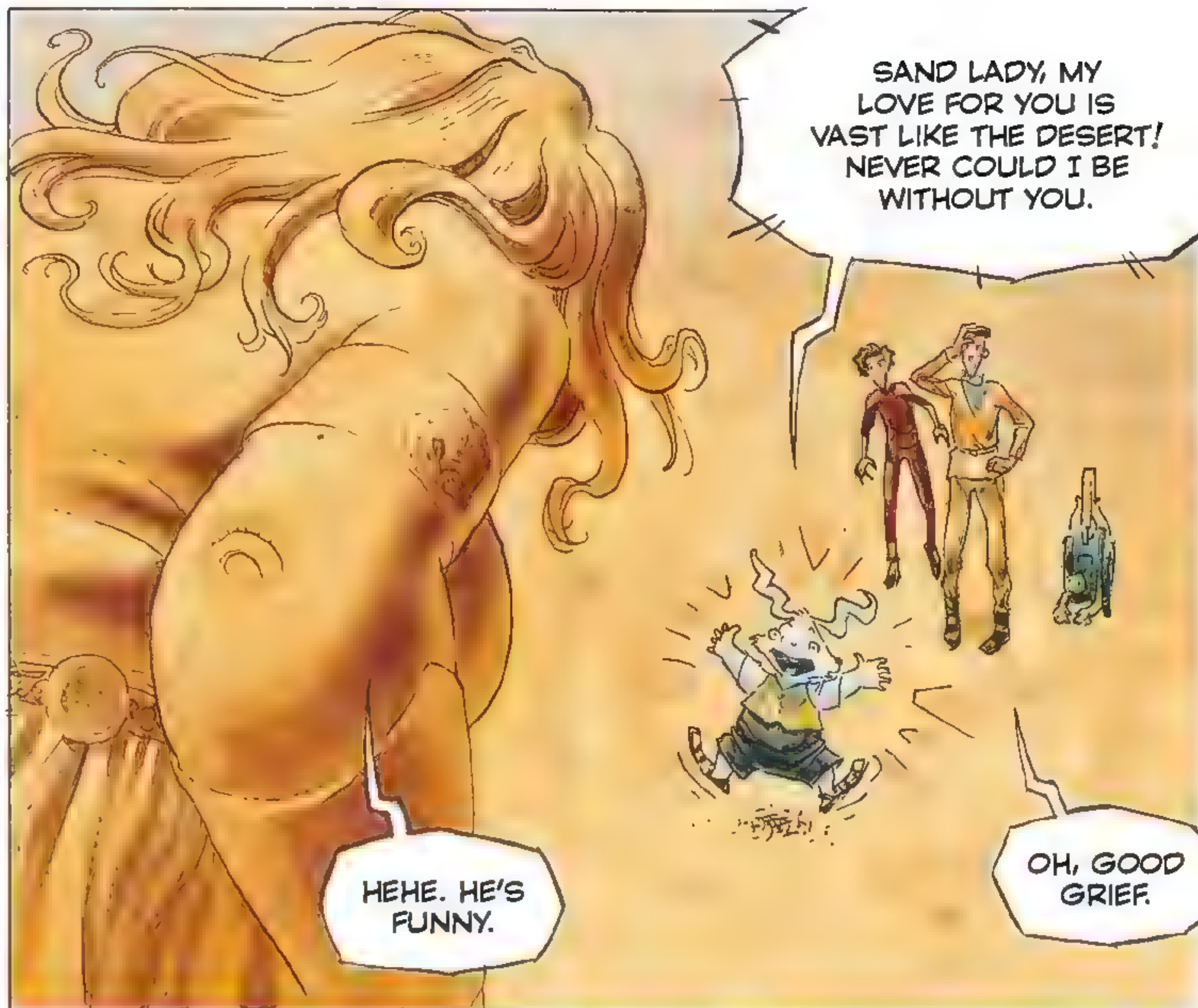
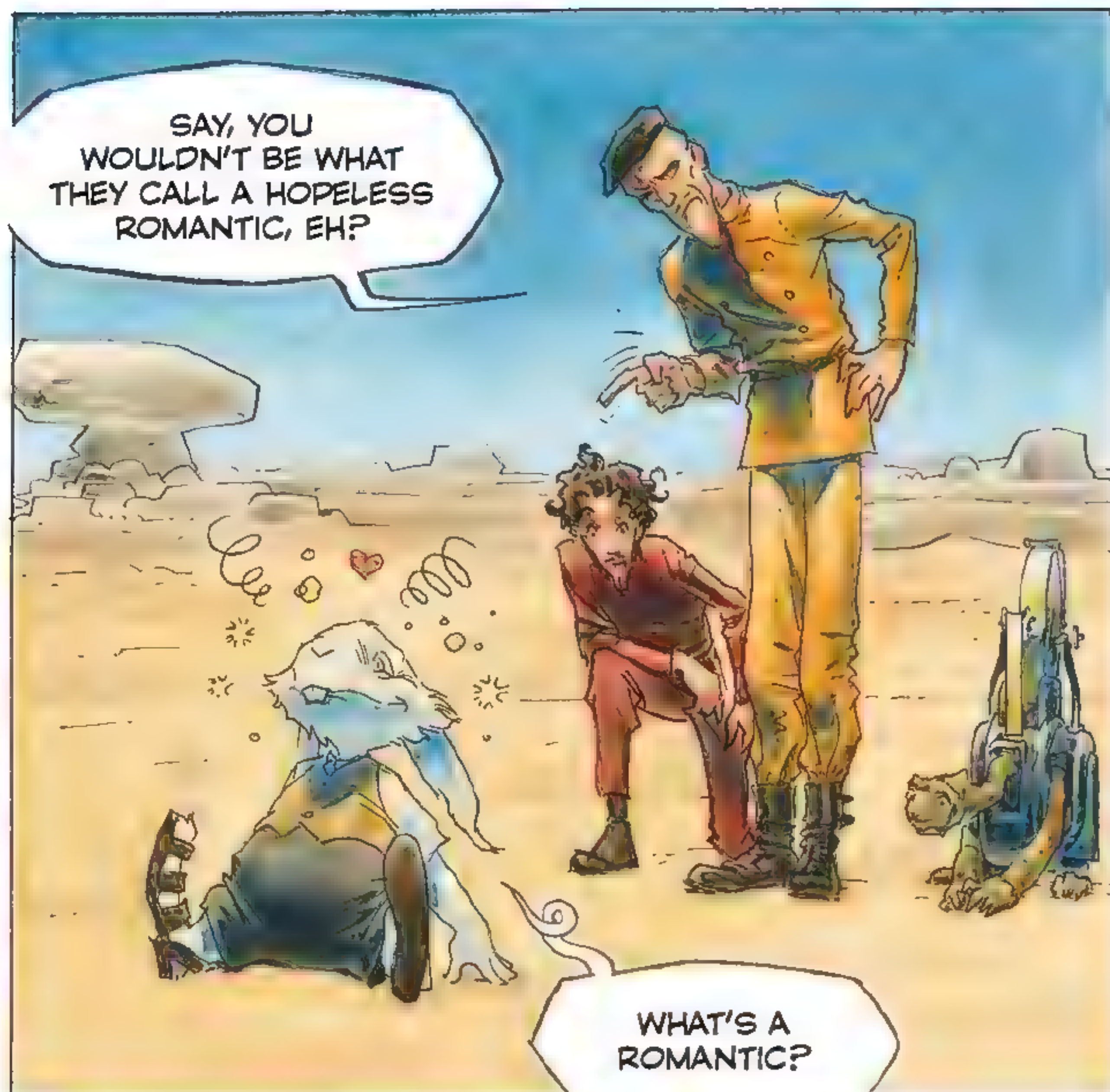


POLO?

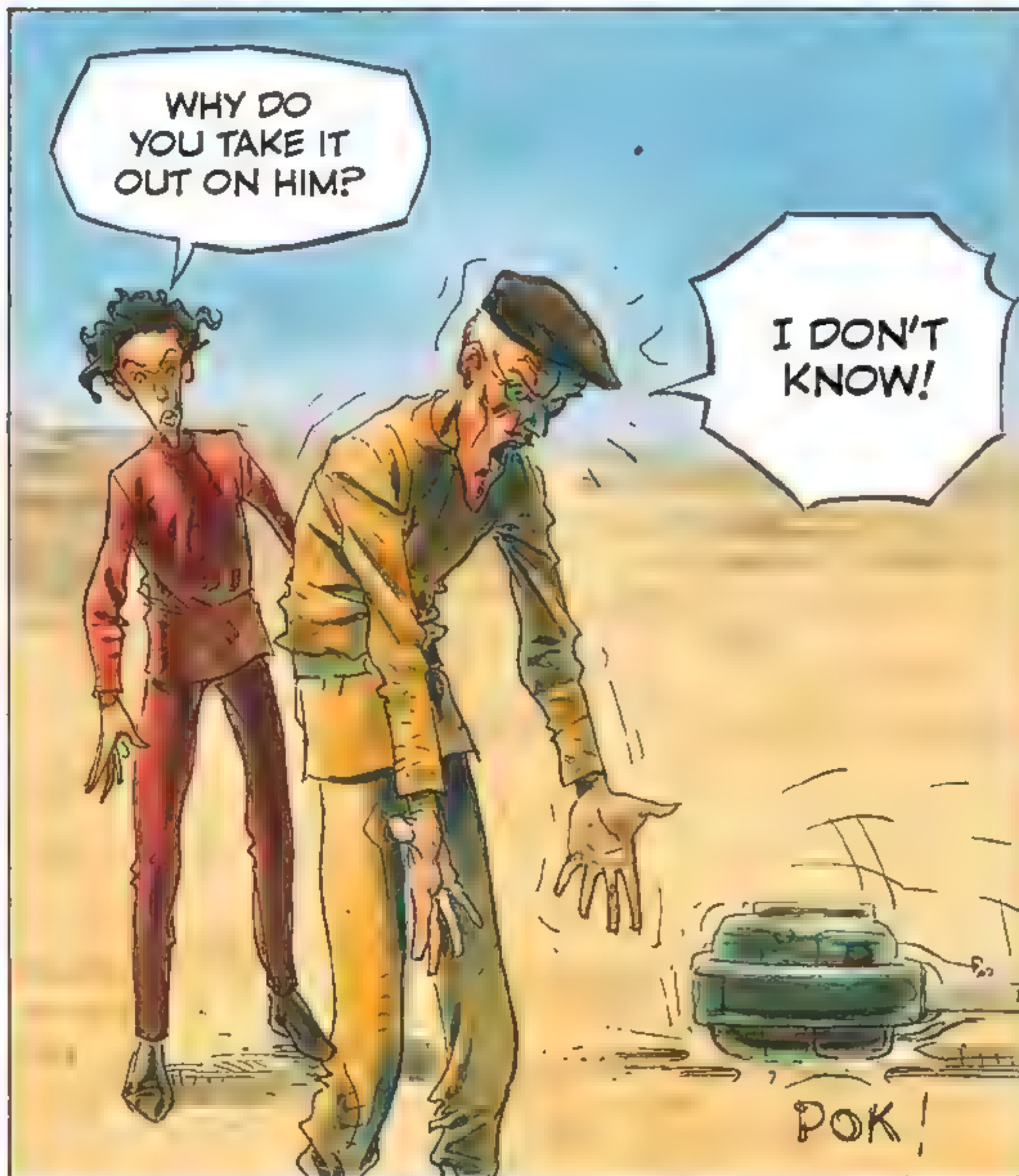
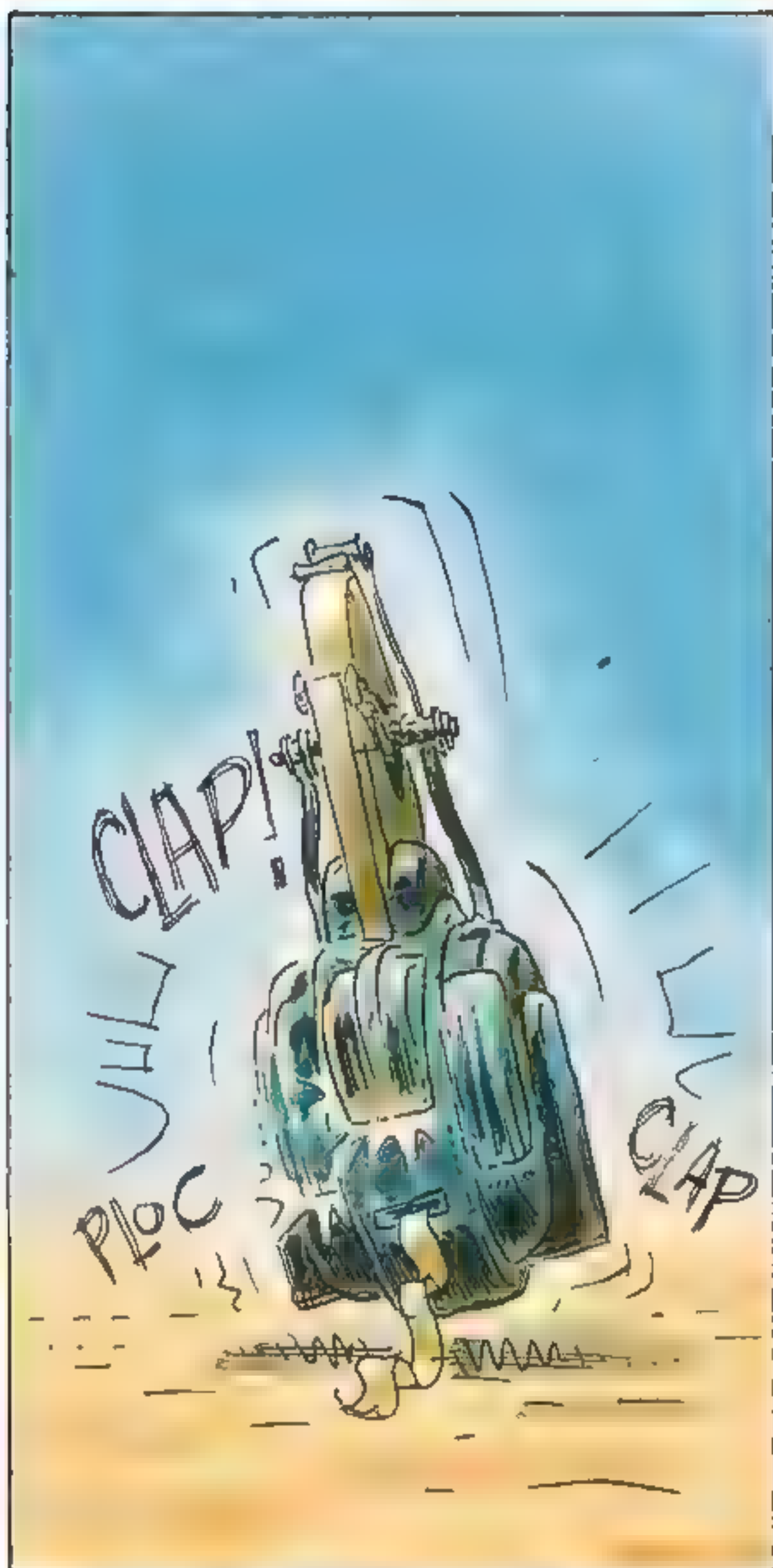
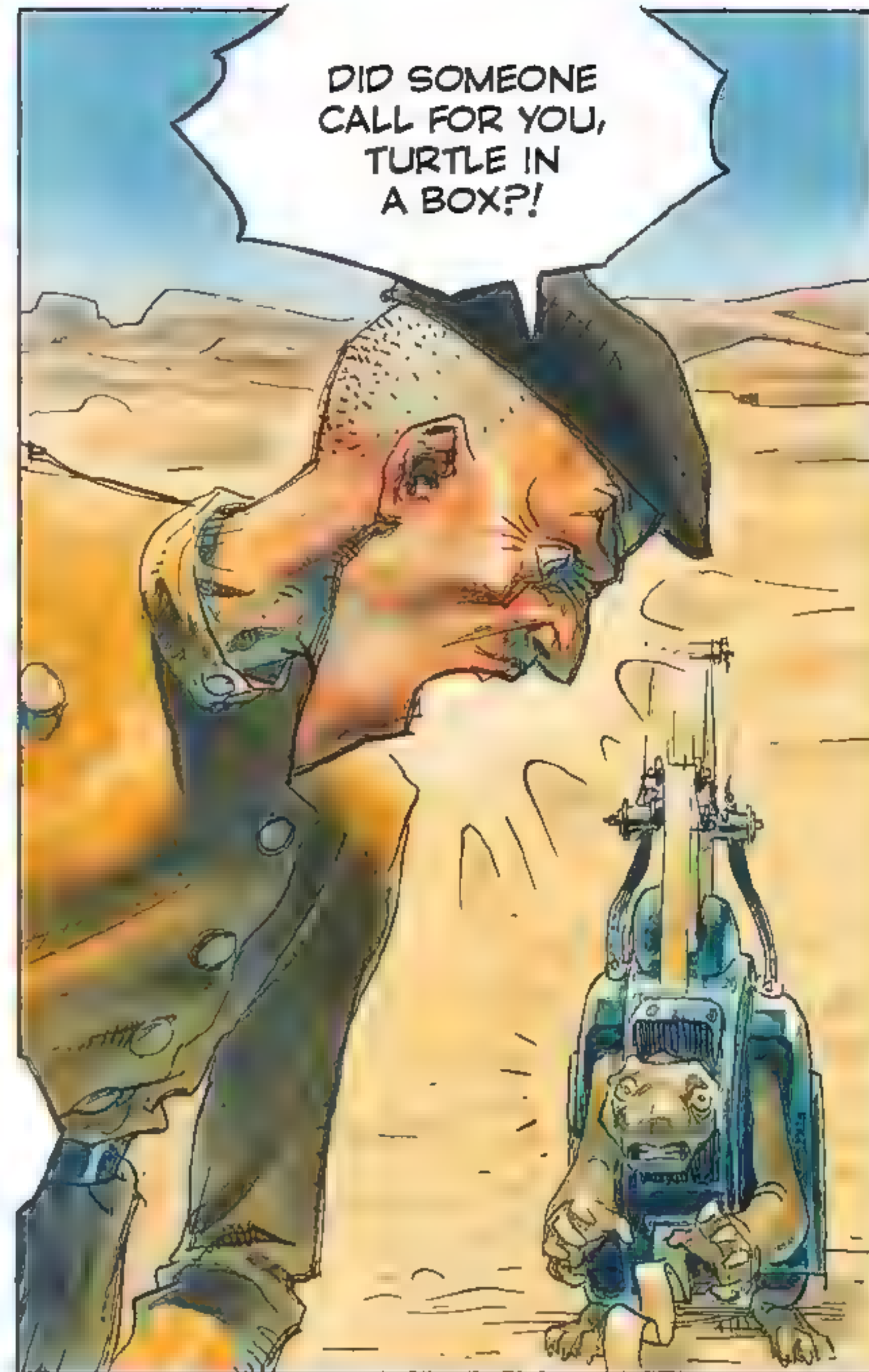




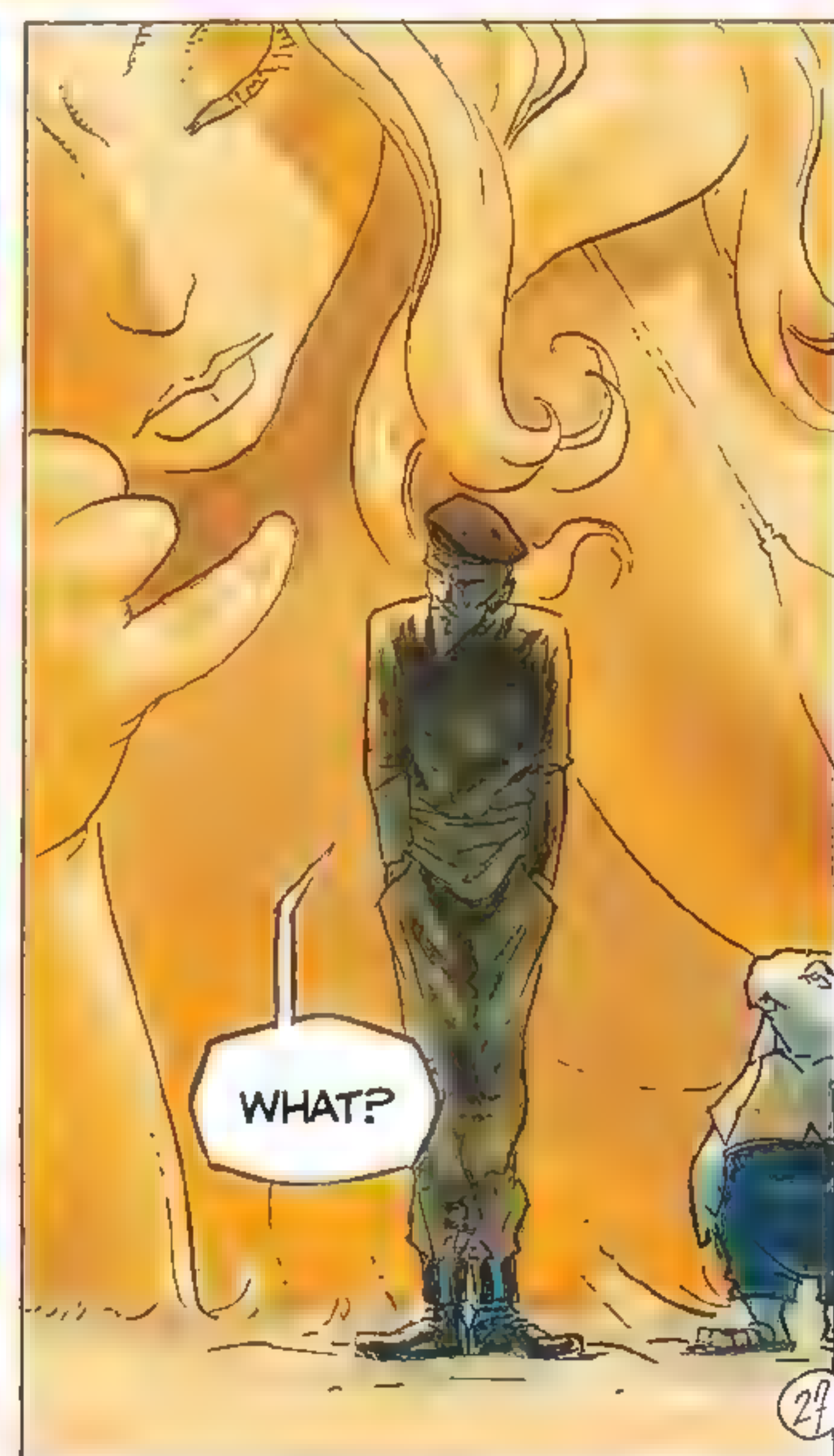
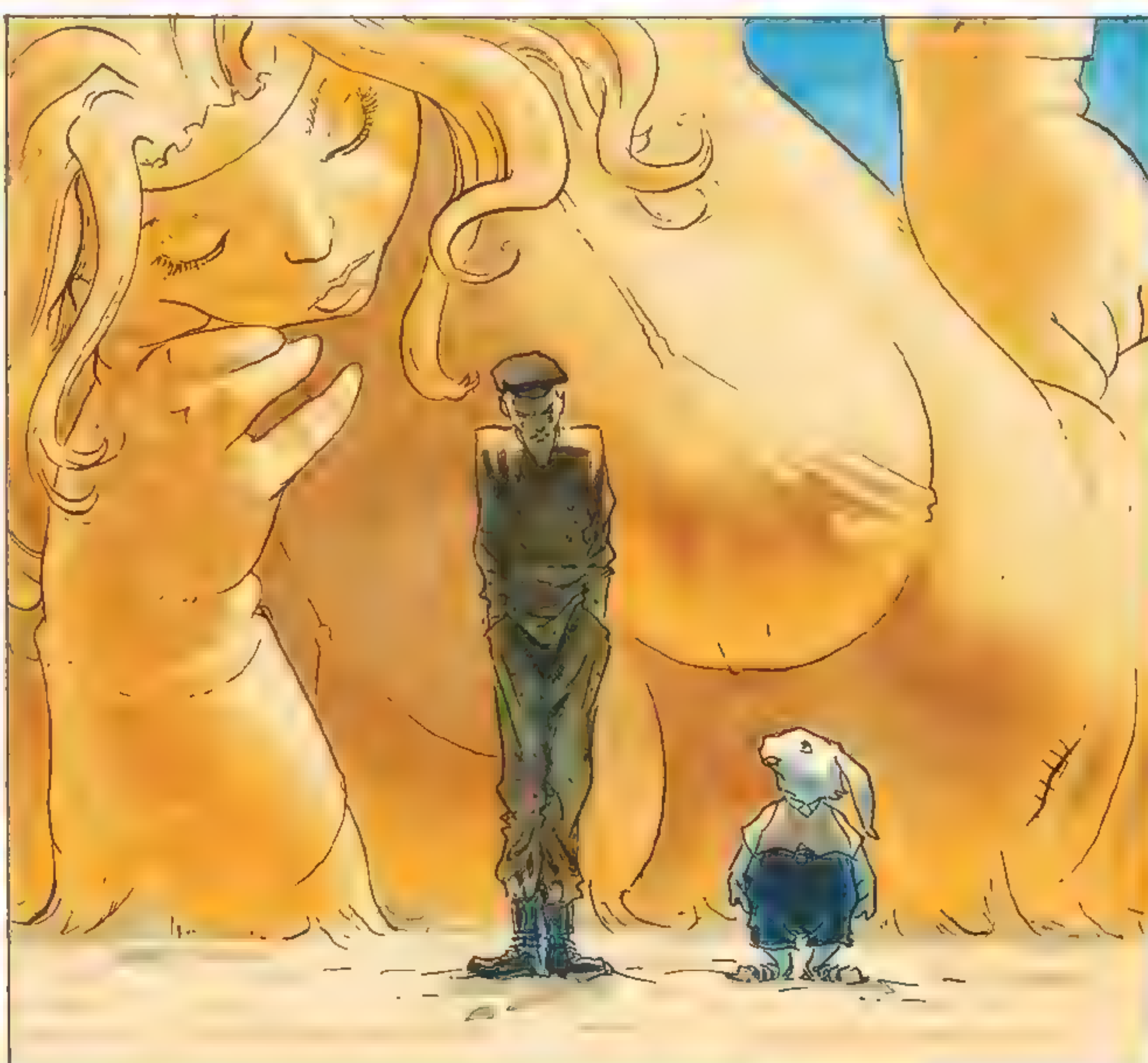
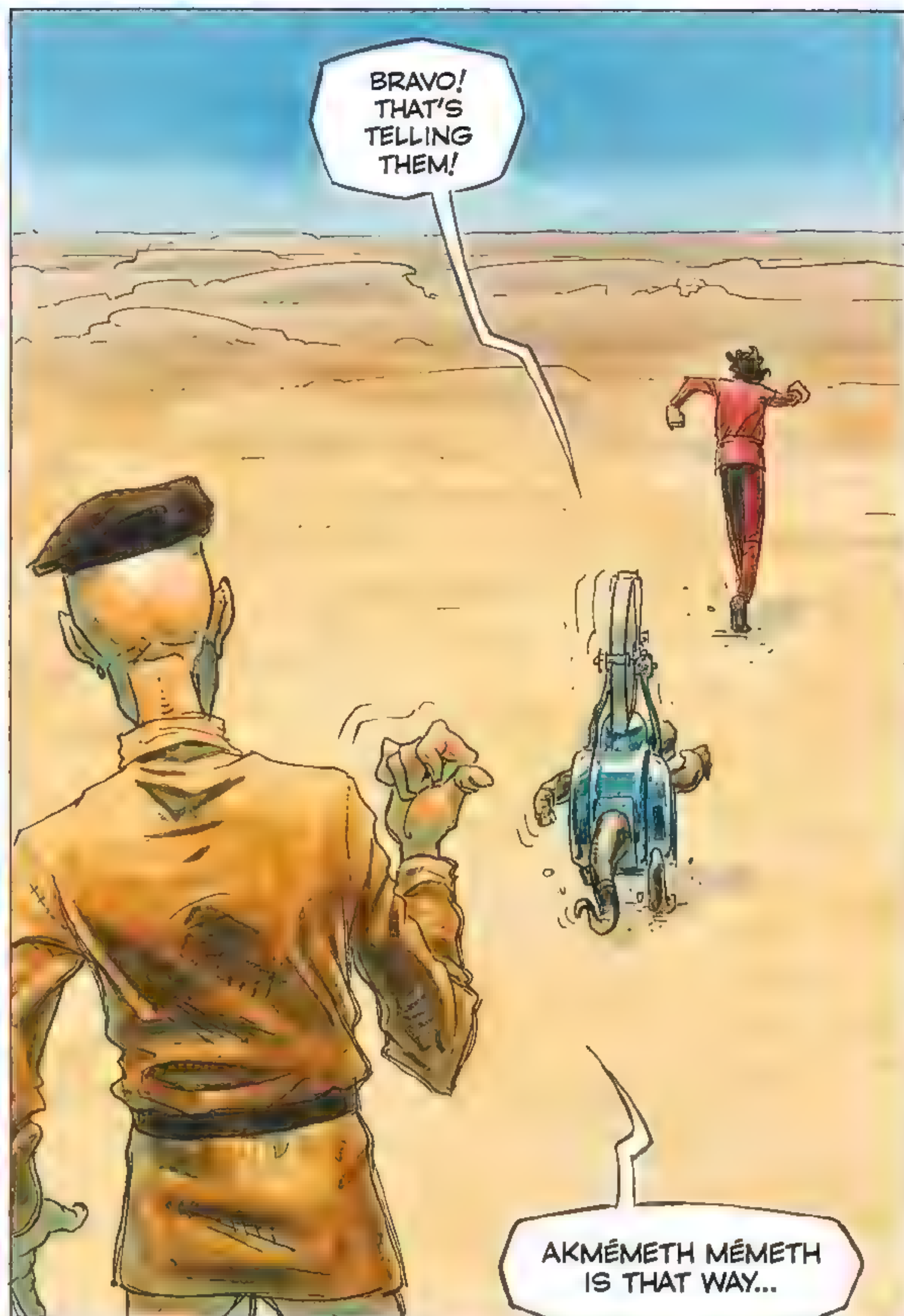
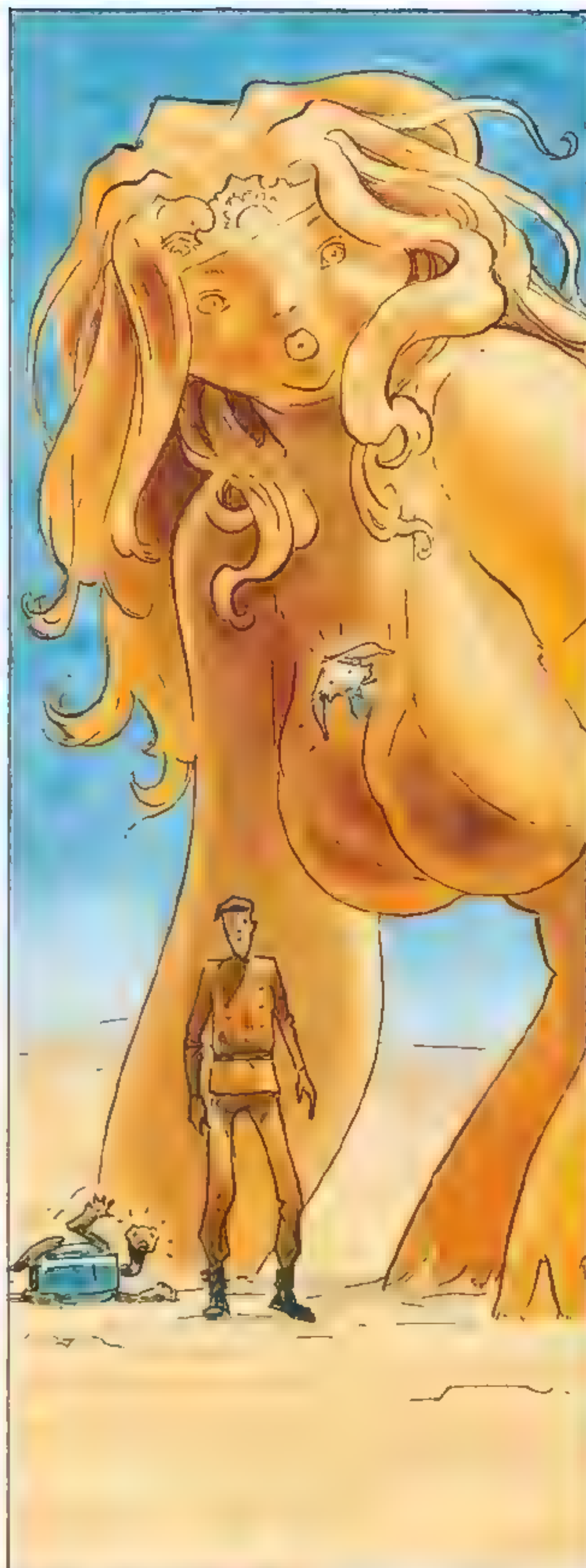










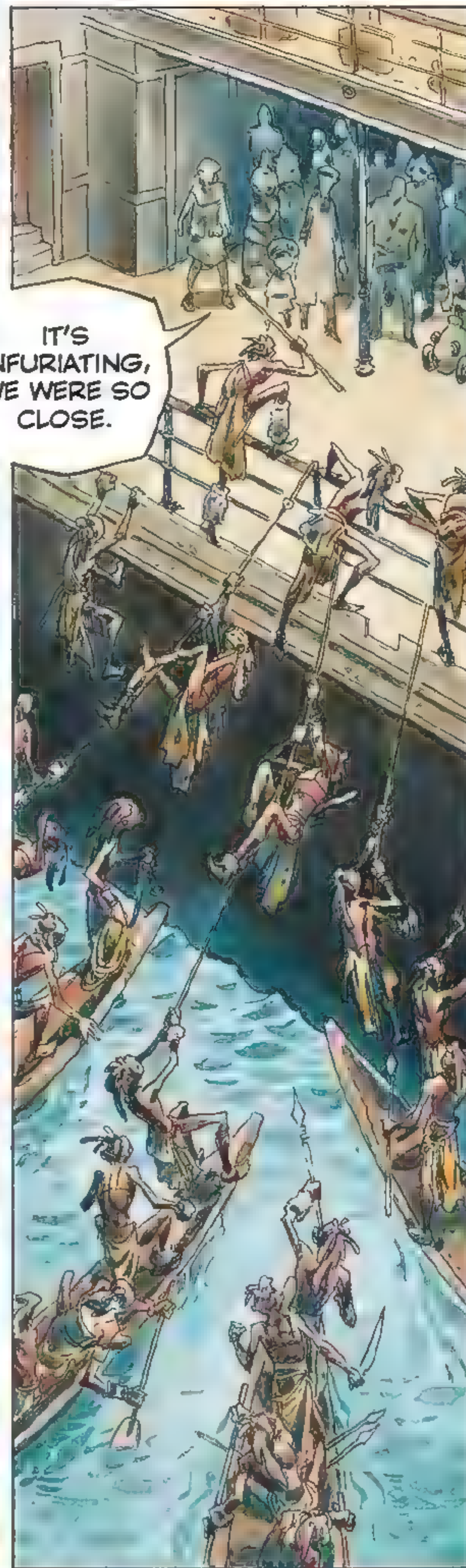




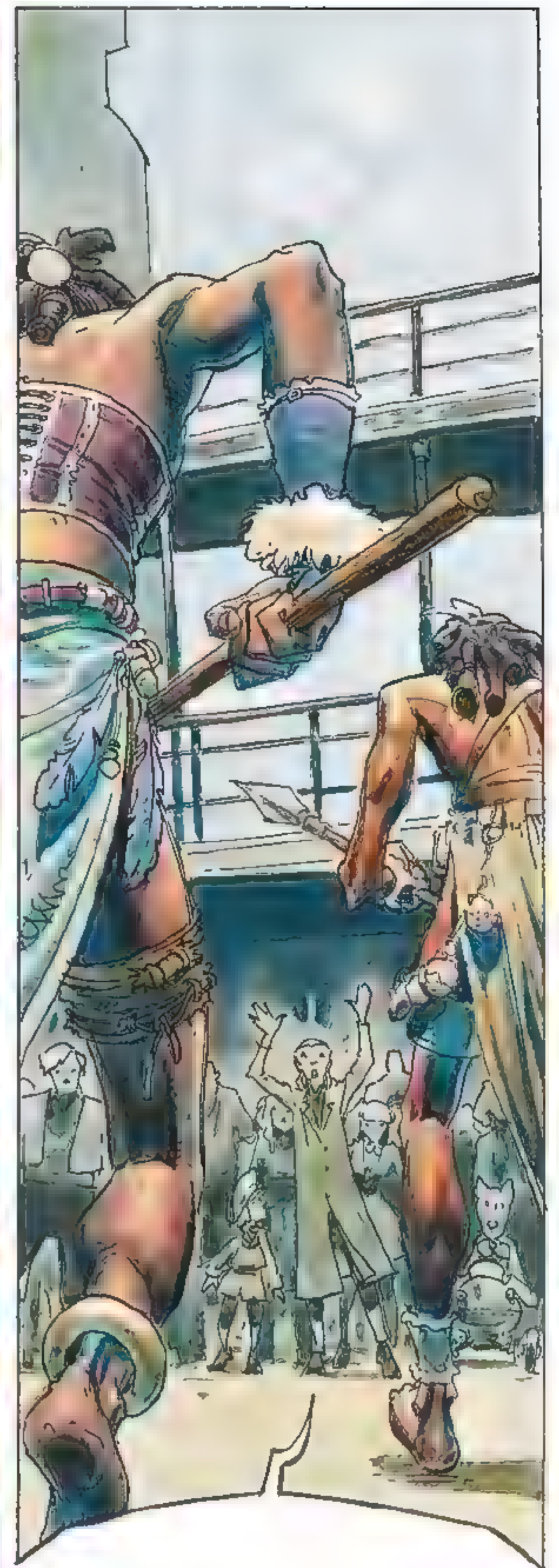


THIS TIME IT'S THE END, MY YOUNG FRIEND. SCIENCE IS ABOUT TO SURRENDER TO BARBARISM.

I'M AFRAID IT LOOKS LIKE IT.



IT'S INFURIATING, WE WERE SO CLOSE.



BAKII NAAA  
TEE! BAKII NAAA  
TEE OKTA!



YOU SAID WHAT?

I'M NOT REALLY SURE. IF MY MEMORY SERVES, IT'S THE BEGINNING OF A WELCOMING SONG...



OR A WEDDING PARADE.

SOMETHING POSITIVE, IN EITHER CASE.



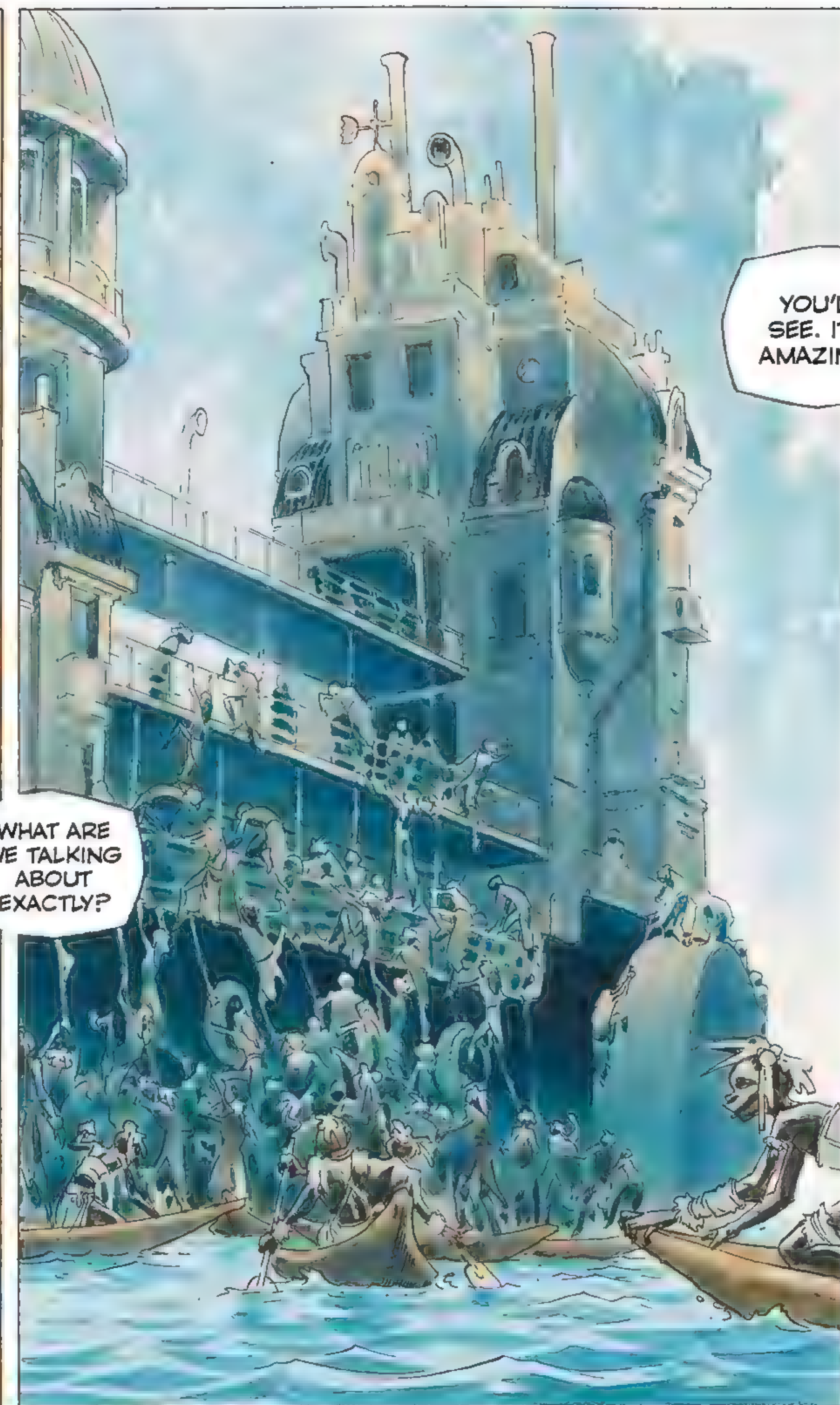
THEY DON'T SEEM MOVED BY IT... DON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER IDEA? ONE OF YOUR INVENTIONS?



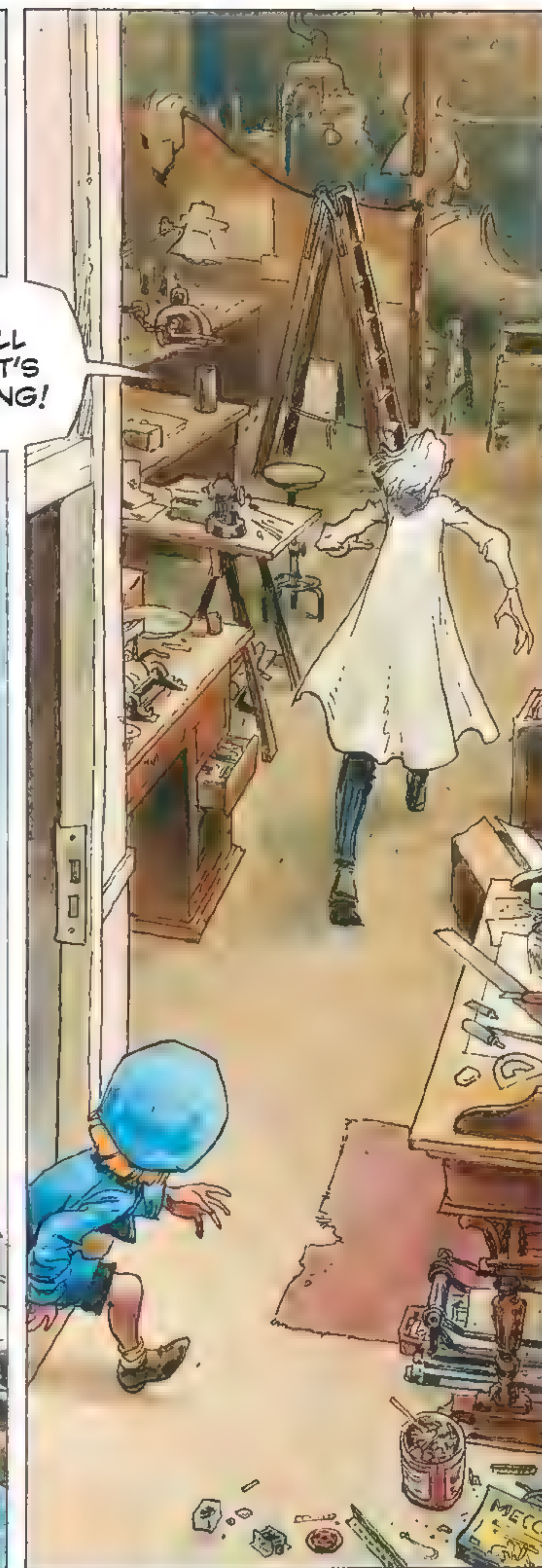


OH YES,  
OF COURSE! IT'S  
NOW OR NEVER TO  
TRY OUT MY GENIUS  
INVENTION.

COME!



WHAT ARE  
WE TALKING  
ABOUT  
EXACTLY?

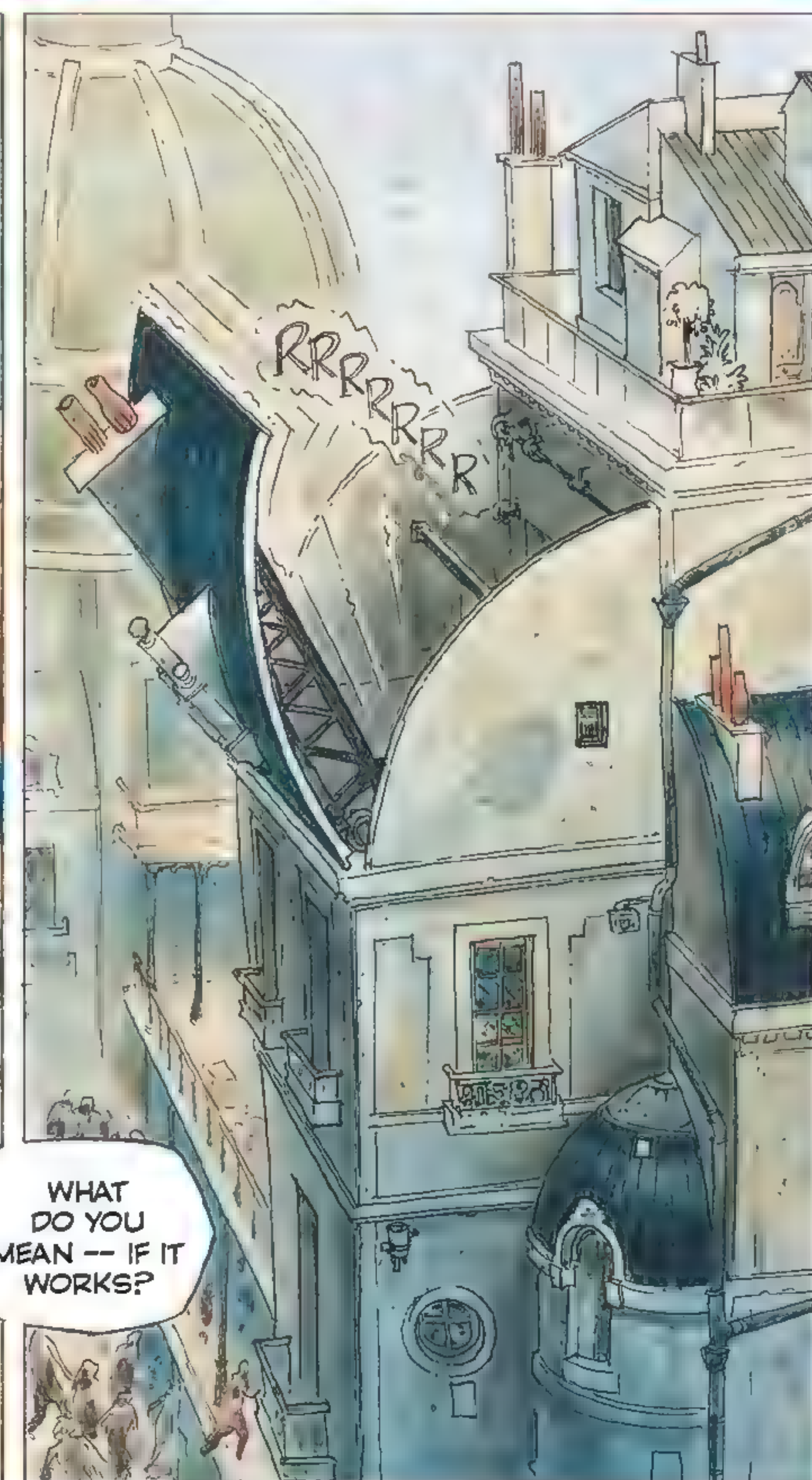


YOU'LL  
SEE. IT'S  
AMAZING!

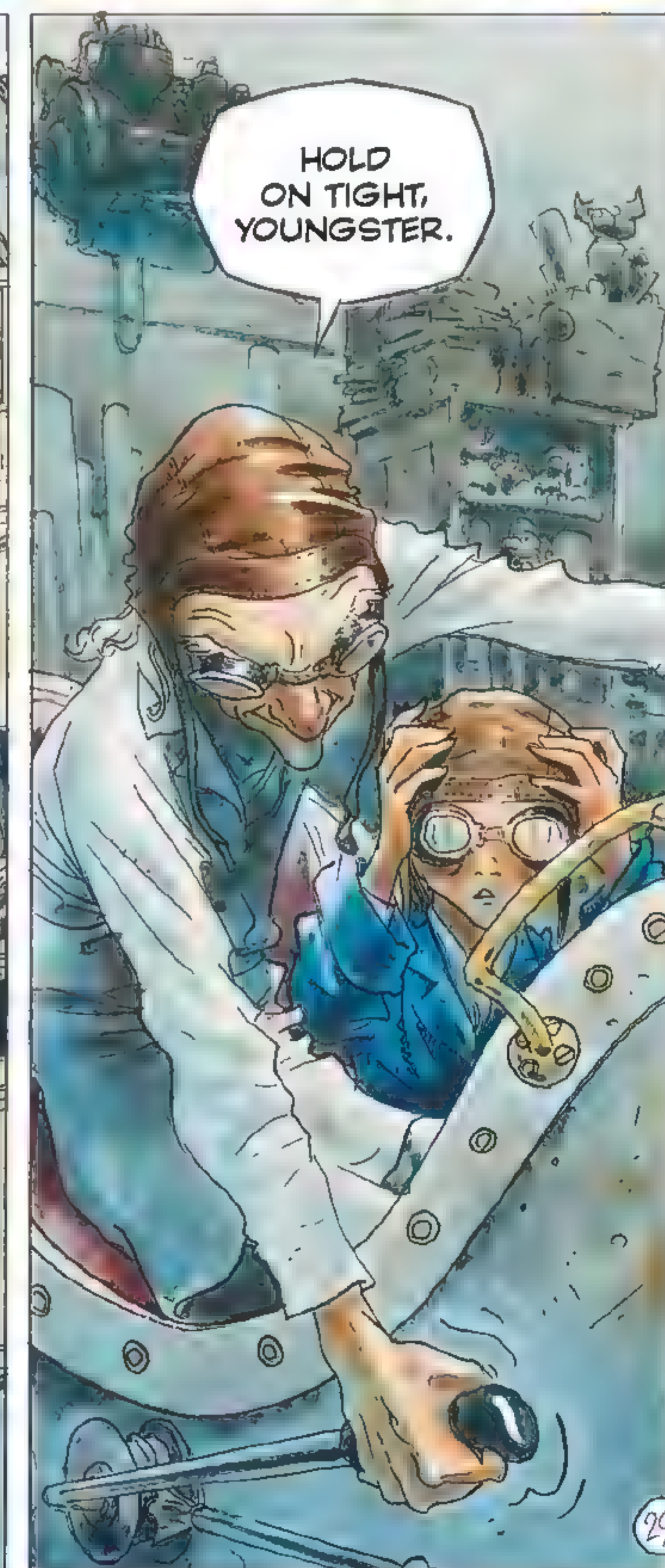


I REALIZED THIS WONDER  
AFTER THE PLANS DESIGNED  
BY MY FATHER. IF IT WORKS,  
IT'S GOING TO BE TOTALLY  
AWESOME.

PUT  
THESE  
ON.

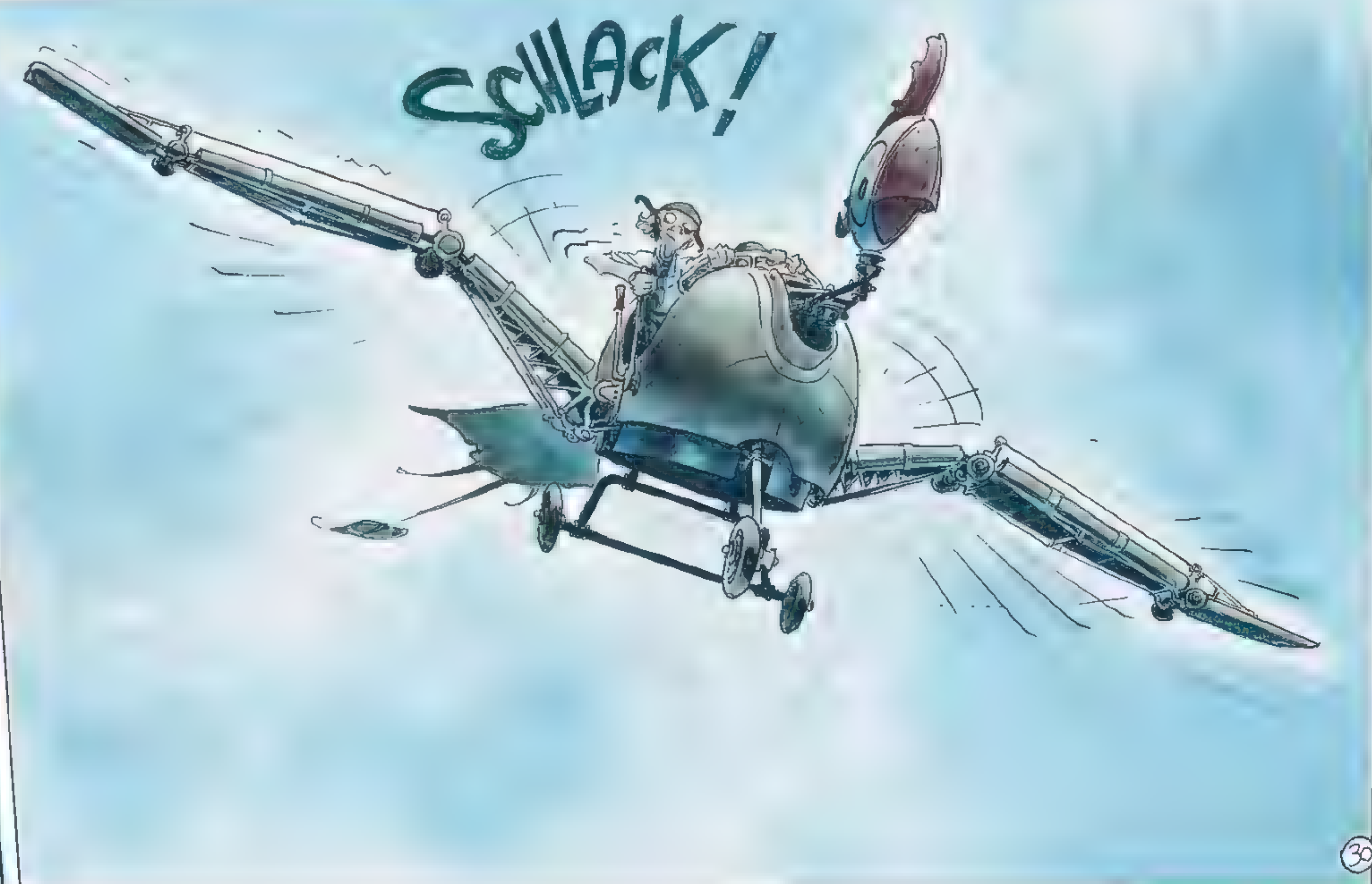


WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN -- IF IT  
WORKS?



HOLD  
ON TIGHT,  
YOUNGSTER.

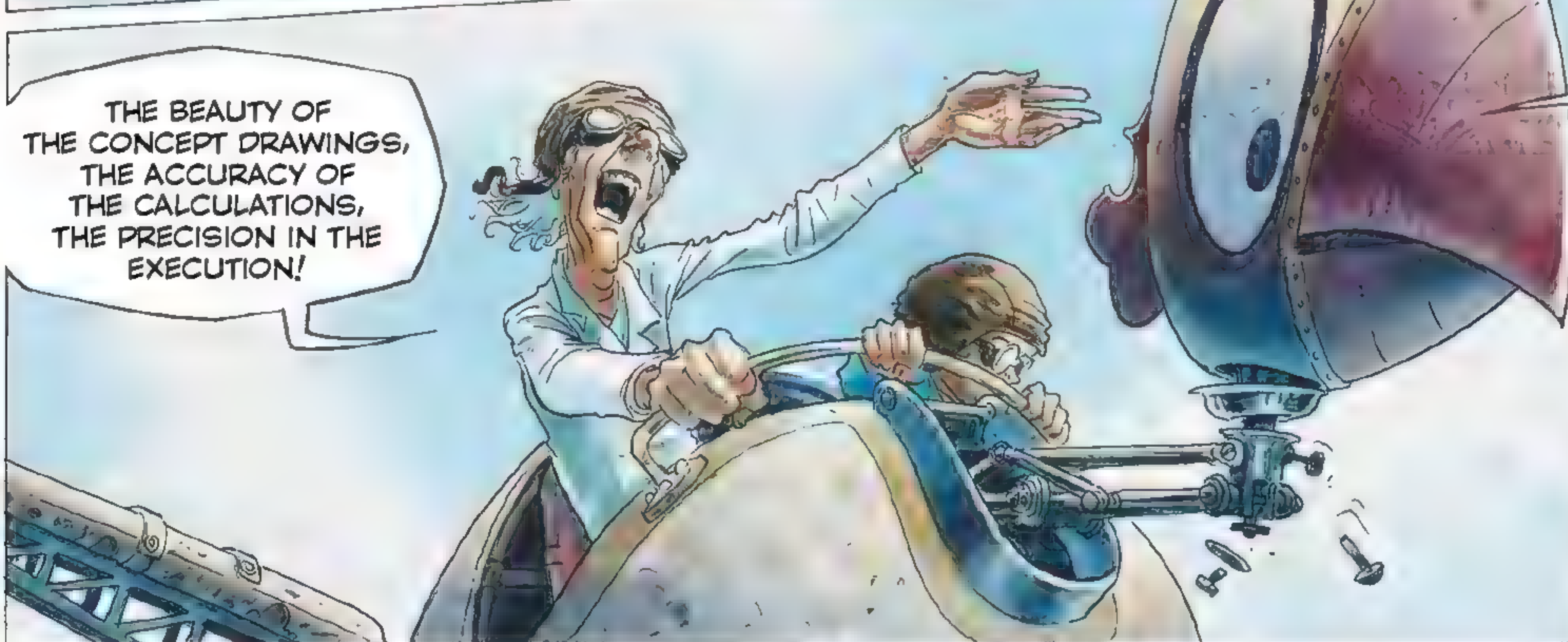




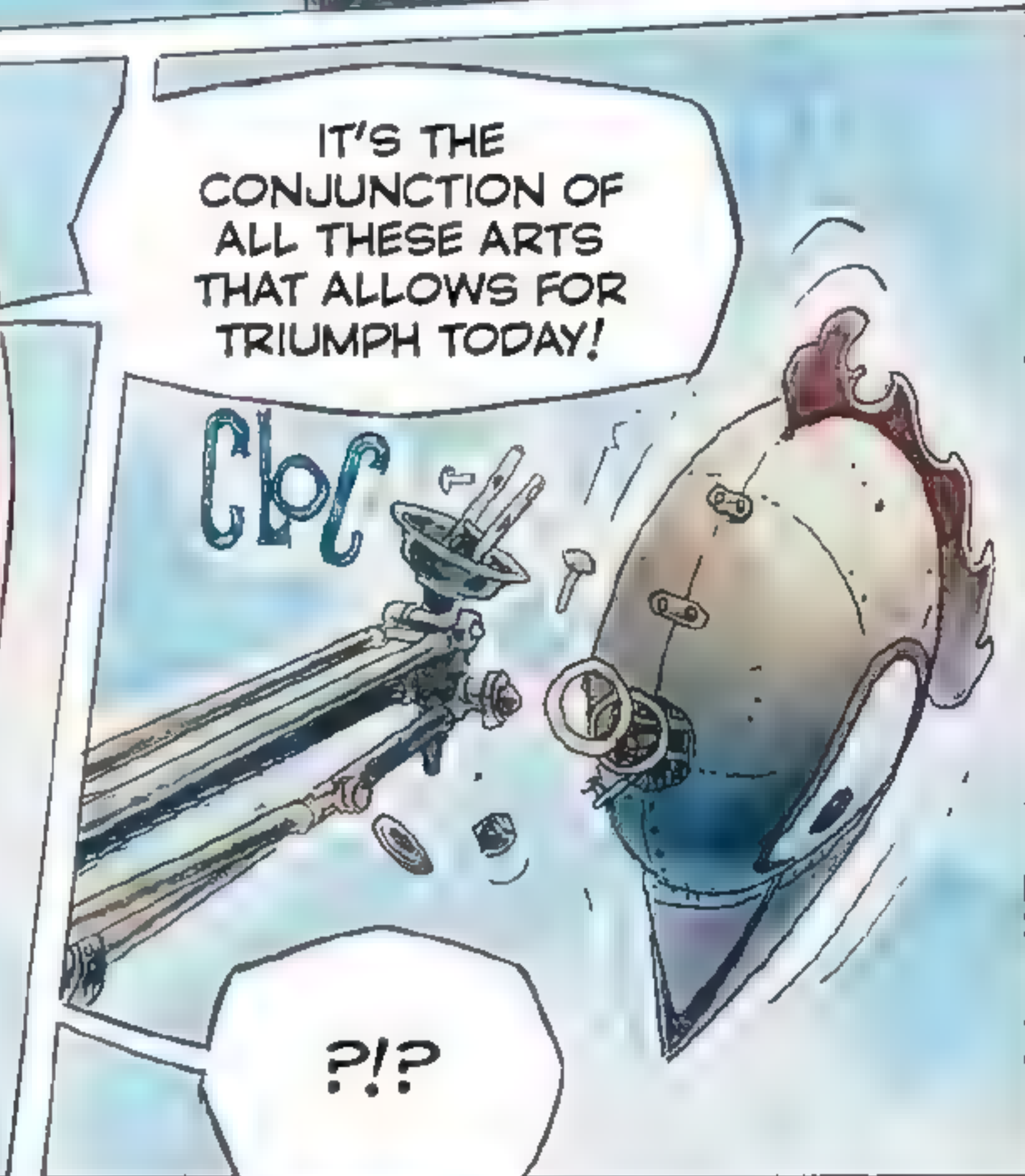




HAHAHAHA! ADMIRE THAT,  
MY YOUNG ARISTIDE! SCIENCE!  
IT'S THE ONLY TRUTH!



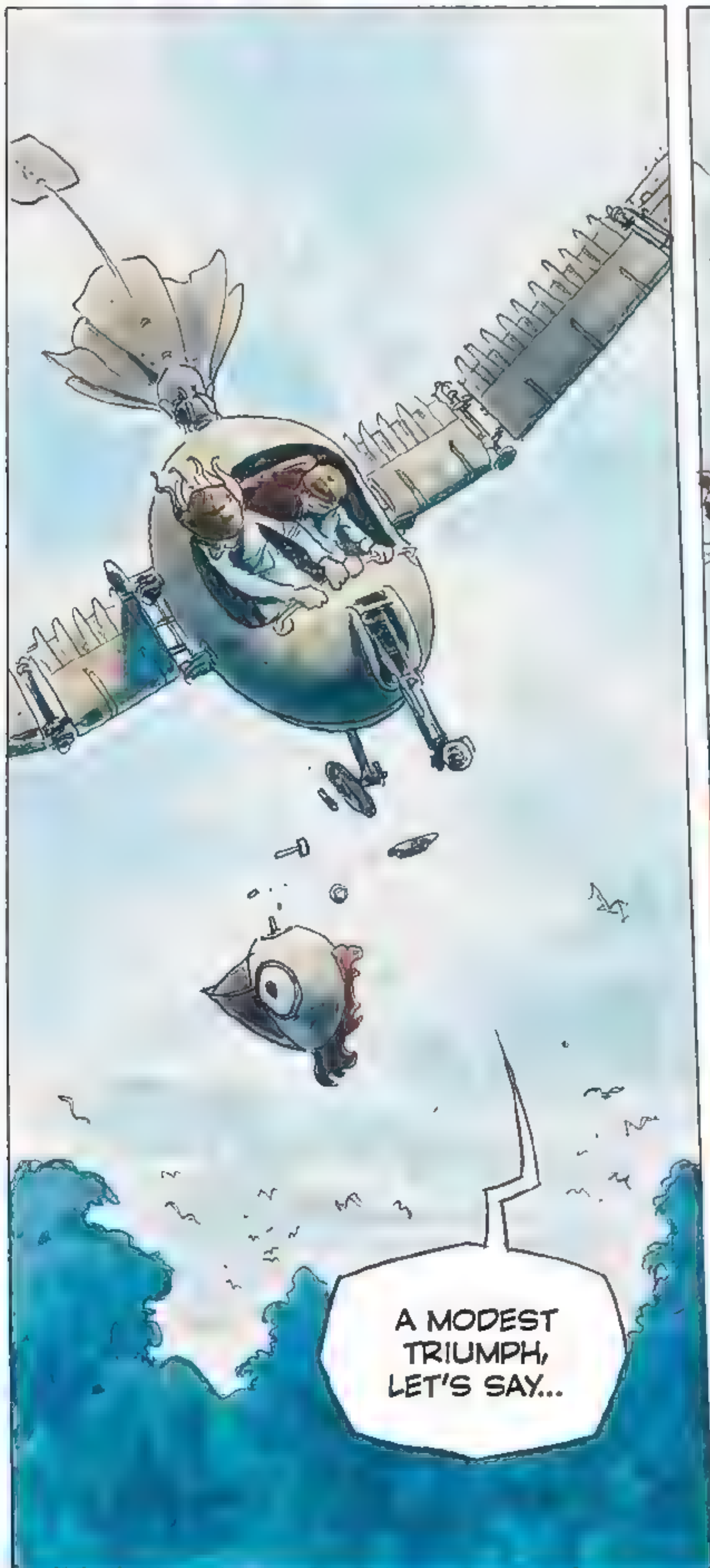
THE BEAUTY OF  
THE CONCEPT DRAWINGS,  
THE ACCURACY OF  
THE CALCULATIONS,  
THE PRECISION IN THE  
EXECUTION!



IT'S THE  
CONJUNCTION OF  
ALL THESE ARTS  
THAT ALLOWS FOR  
TRIUMPH TODAY!

Cloc

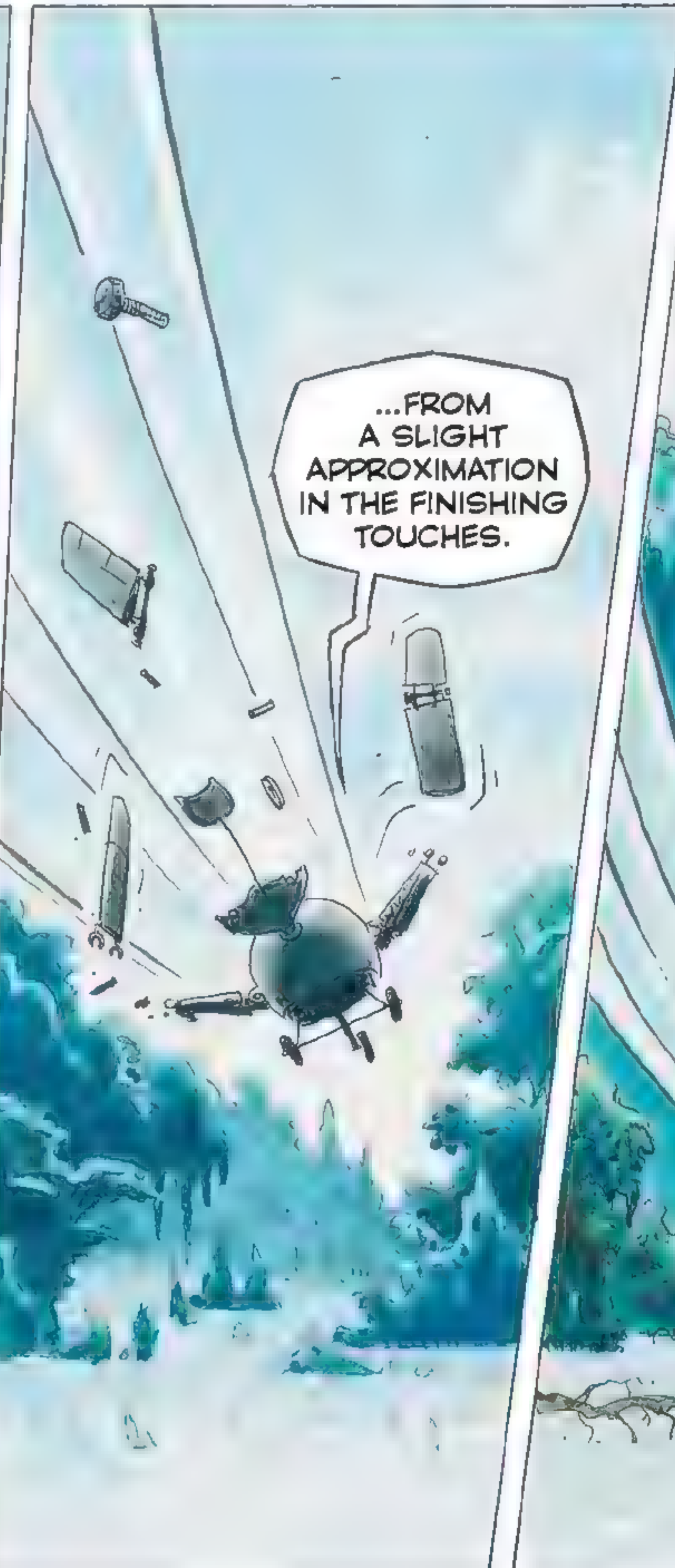
?!?



A MODEST  
TRIUMPH,  
LET'S SAY...



AS  
WE'RE NEVER  
PROTECTED...

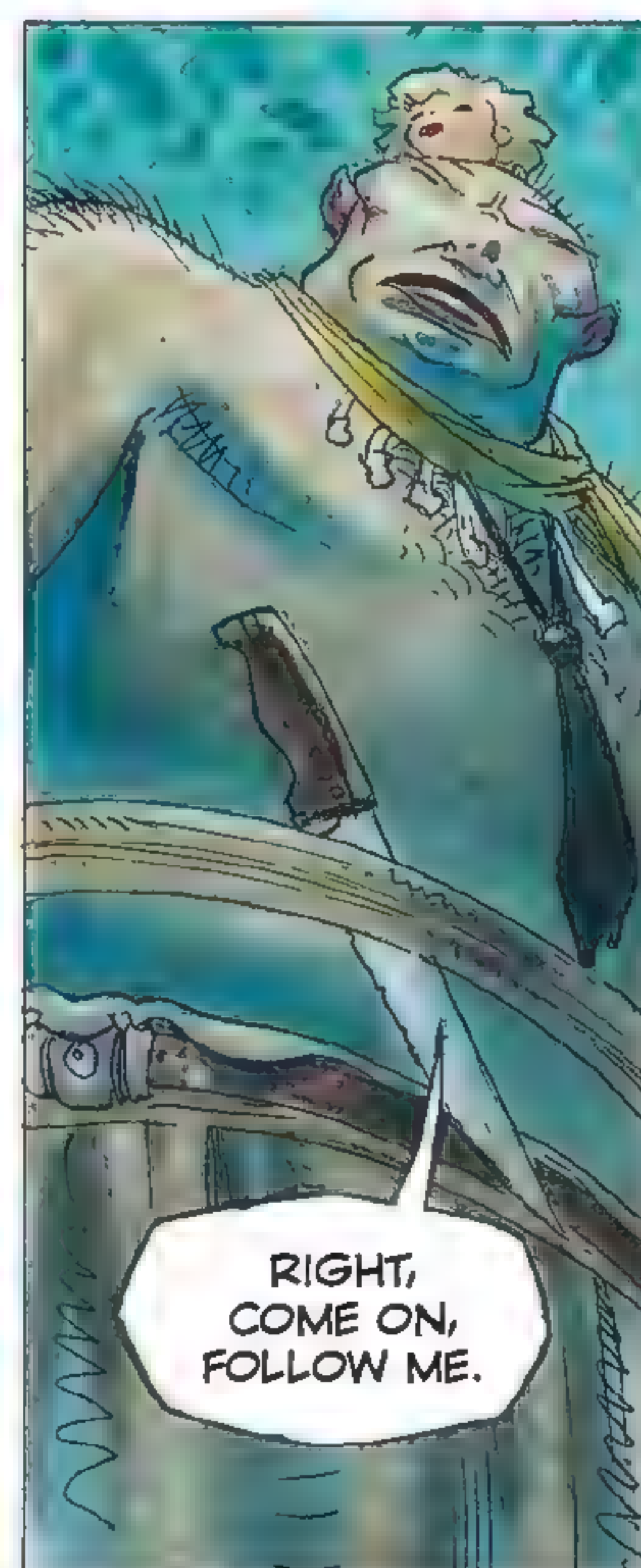
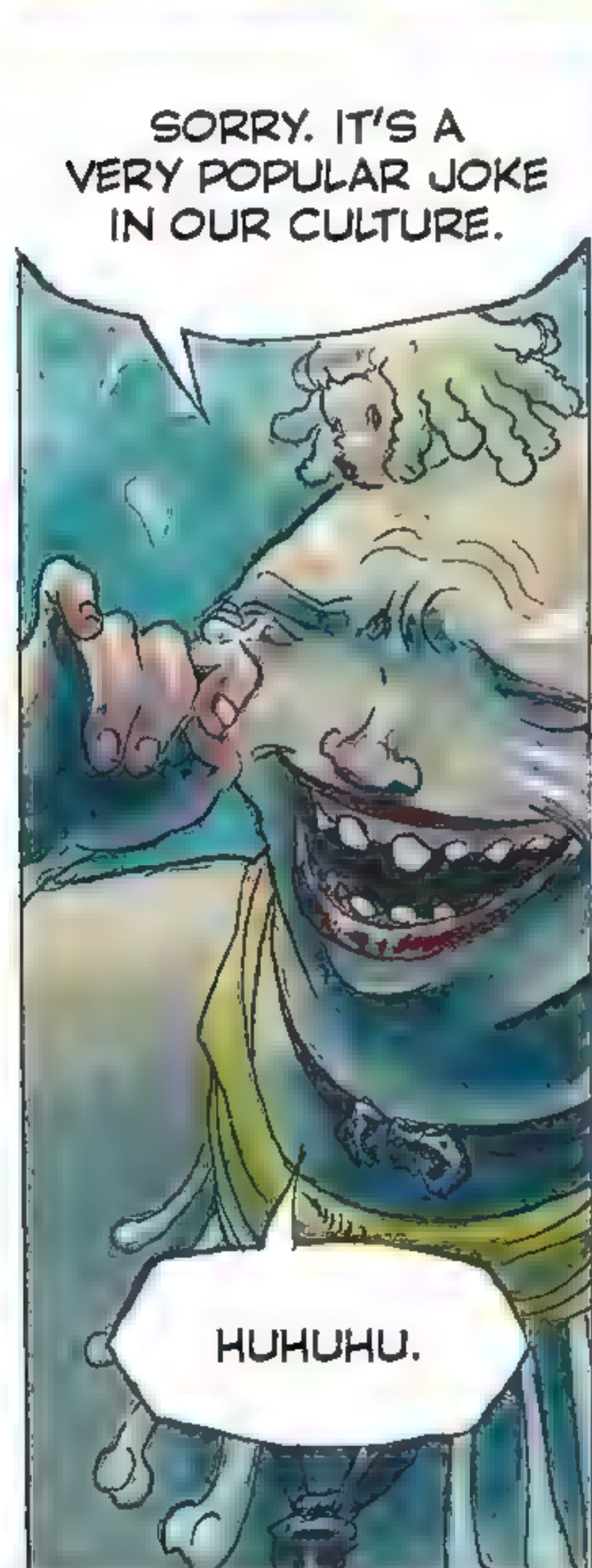


...FROM  
A SLIGHT  
APPROXIMATION  
IN THE FINISHING  
TOUCHES.



SPLASH!









I'VE KNOWN SOME REAL STUBBORN EXPLORERS BUT YOU TAKE THE BISCUIT, ARISTIDE.

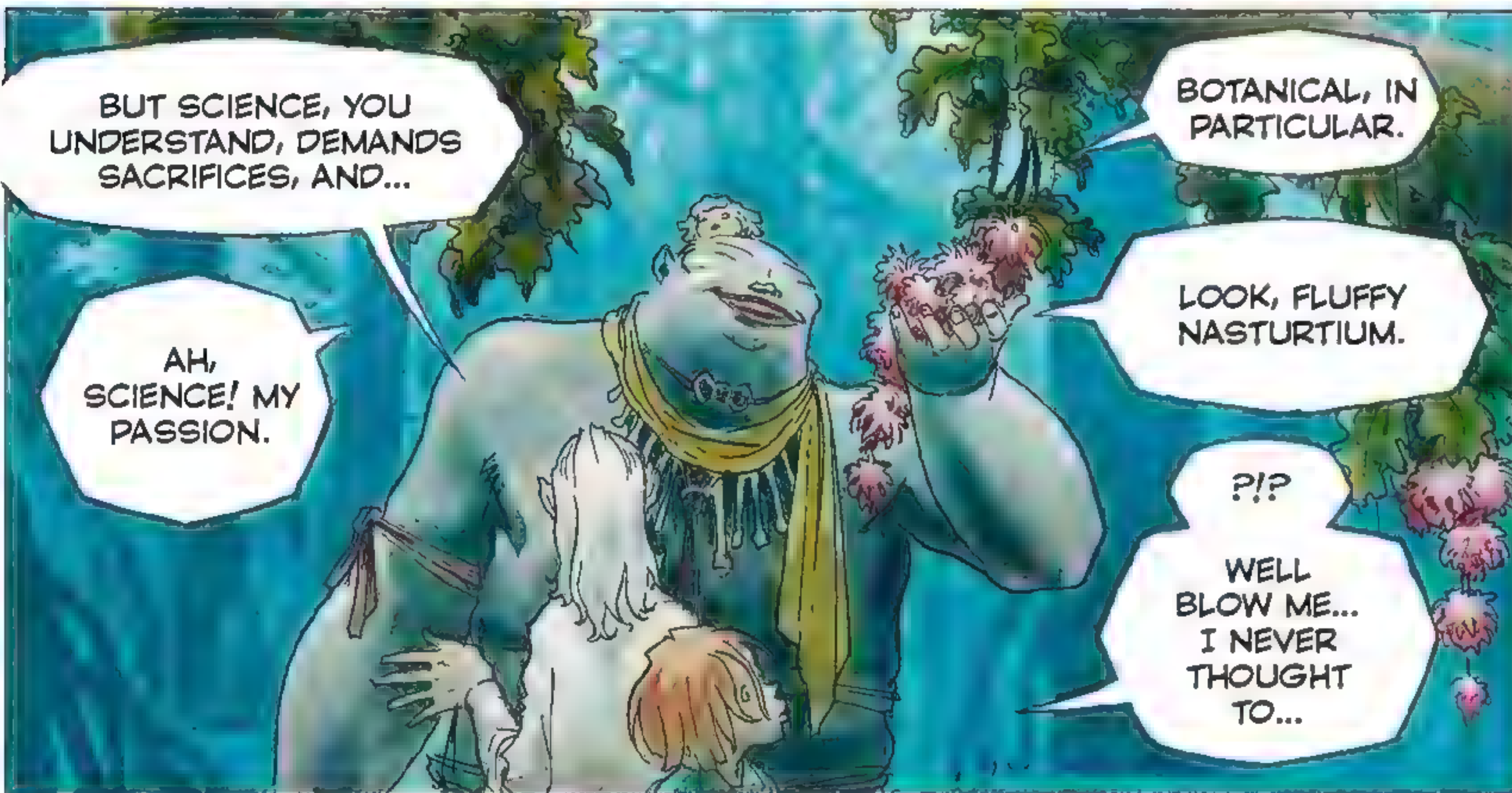
NO ONE HAS DARED VENTURE THIS FAR UP THE NIHIL.

OH, BELL ARISTOLOCHES.



GENERALLY, EVERYONE TREMBLES AT THE THOUGHT OF ENDING UP IN THE HANDS OF SAVAGES LIKE US. BUT NOT YOU. WHAT GOT INTO YOU? ARE YOU SCARED OF NOTHING?

I'M... I'M SCARED OF YOUR WARRIORS, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.



BUT SCIENCE, YOU UNDERSTAND, DEMANDS SACRIFICES, AND...

AH, SCIENCE! MY PASSION.

BOTANICAL, IN PARTICULAR.

LOOK, FLUFFY NASTURTIUM.

!?!?

WELL BLOW ME... I NEVER THOUGHT TO...



SHHHH!

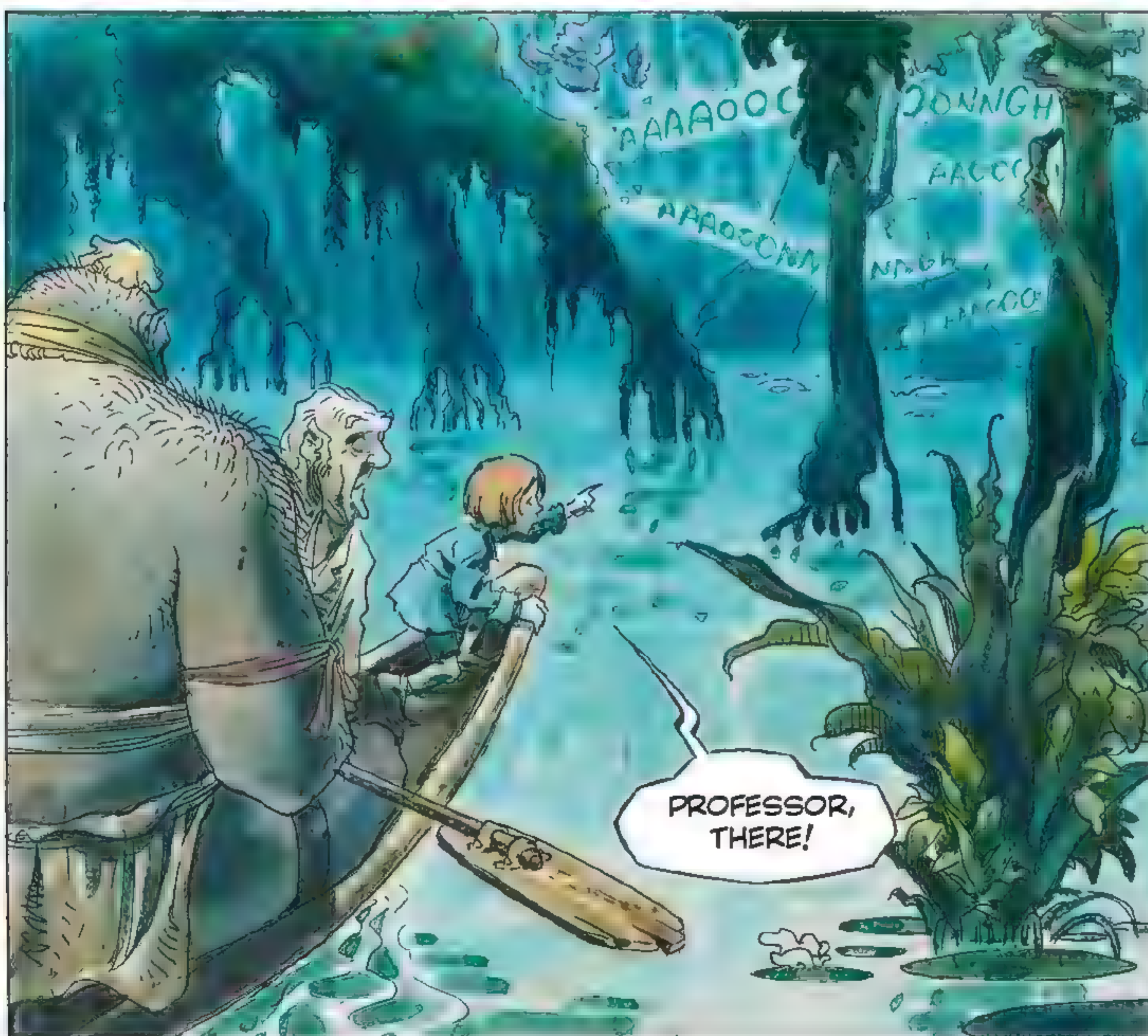
WE'RE THERE. THEY'RE HERE!

WH... WHAT ARE YOU REFERRING TO?

LISTEN...



AAA OOOONNGH



PROFESSOR, THERE!



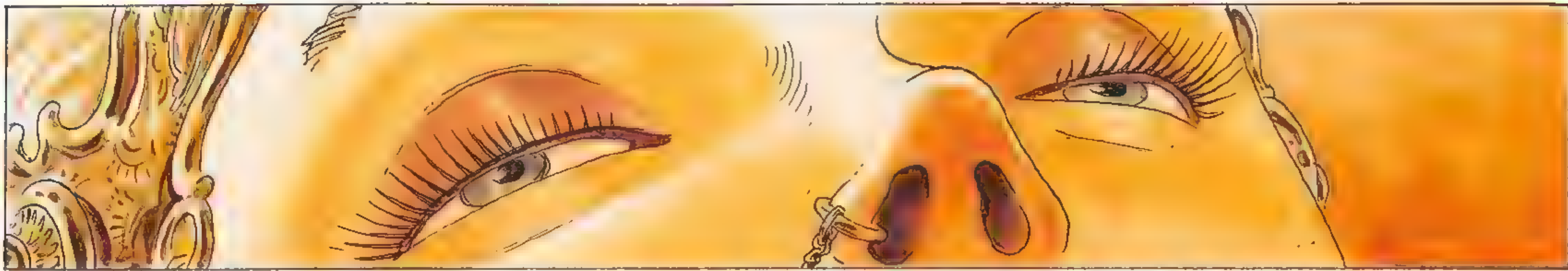
MAY THE GREAT GRUB BUG ME!

THE ANTHROPOTAMUS.

THE WHAT?

LIKE IN LEGEND. IT MEANS WE'VE ARRIVED.





WHAT...

WHERE AM I?



PSHHHT!  
FISSA!



HEY! WAIT!

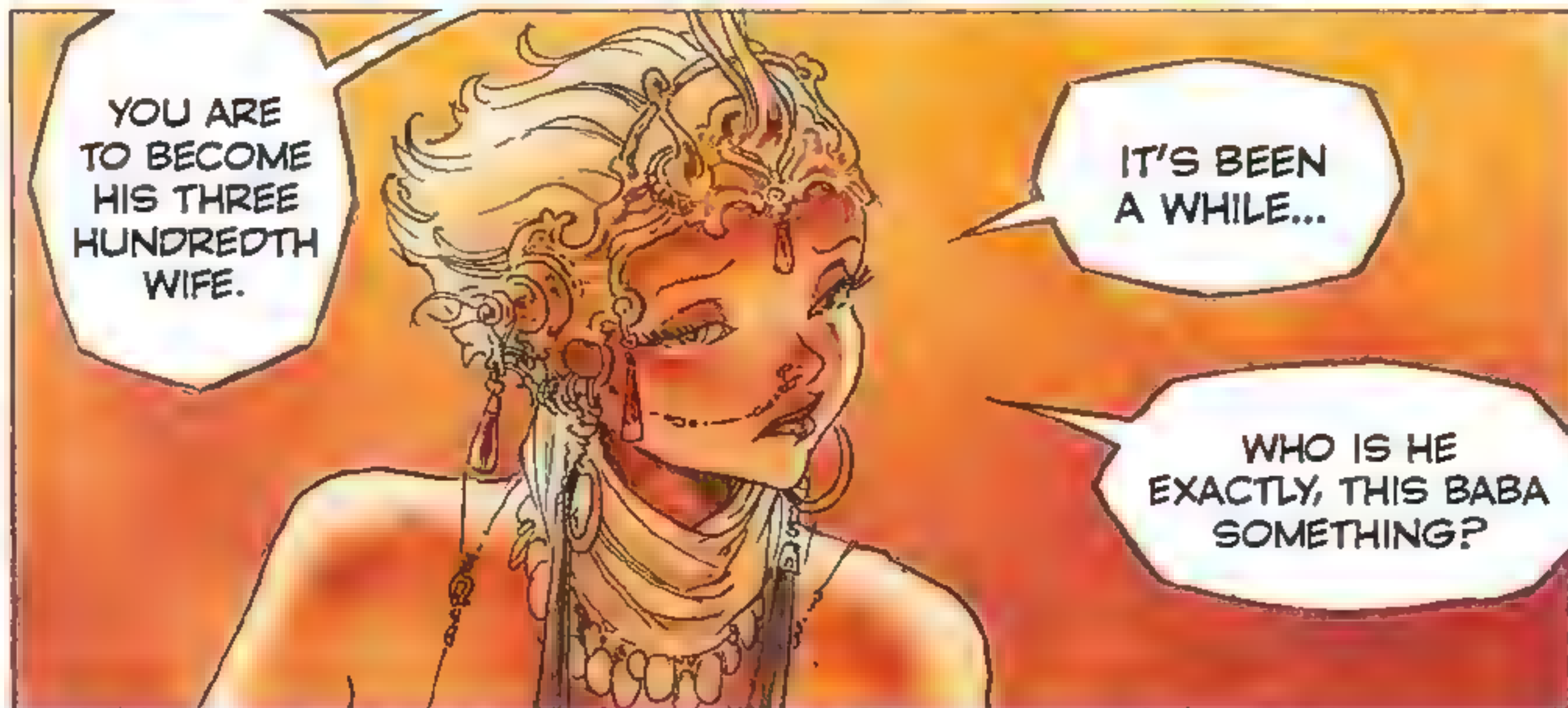
COME BACK...



GOOD DAY,  
BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.  
CONGRATULATIONS.

WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

NORMALLY, WHEN BABA  
MUSIIR CAPTURES A STRAY, SHE  
ENDURES A THOUSAND TORMENTS BEFORE  
ENDING UP DEVoured BY VULTURES.  
BUT WITH YOU, IT'S DIFFERENT.



YOU ARE  
TO BECOME  
HIS THREE  
HUNDREDTH  
WIFE.

IT'S BEEN  
A WHILE...

WHO IS HE  
EXACTLY, THIS BABA  
SOMETHING?



HE IS  
THE UNCONTESTED  
MASTER OF THE  
DESERT! THE GREAT  
MAMAMOUCHI!

IT'S AN HONOR  
TO BECOME  
HIS WIFE!

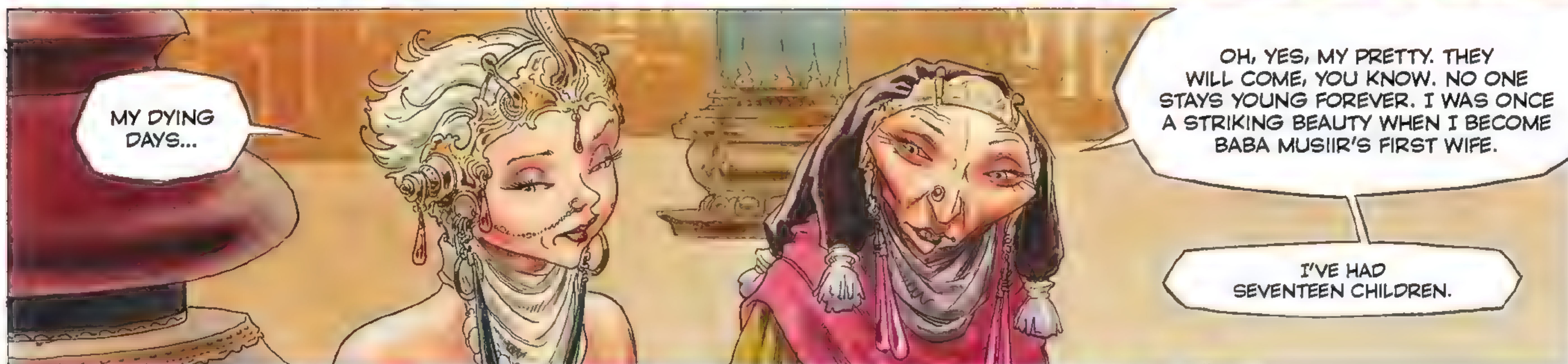




YOU WILL BE HIS  
NEW FAVORITE, AS YOU ARE  
YOUNG AND PRETTY.

HEYA,  
MANIE!

AND ONCE YOU'VE GIVEN HIM A DOZEN  
STRAPPING CHILDREN, YOU WILL BE REPLACED  
FROM HIS HEART AND HIS BED, AND YOU'LL BE ABLE  
TO ENJOY YOURSELF, HAPPILY IN THIS HAVEN  
OF PEACE, UNTIL YOUR DYING DAYS.



MY DYING  
DAYS...

OH, YES, MY PRETTY. THEY  
WILL COME, YOU KNOW. NO ONE  
STAYS YOUNG FOREVER. I WAS ONCE  
A STRIKING BEAUTY WHEN I BECAME  
BABA MUSIIR'S FIRST WIFE.

I'VE HAD  
SEVENTEEN CHILDREN.

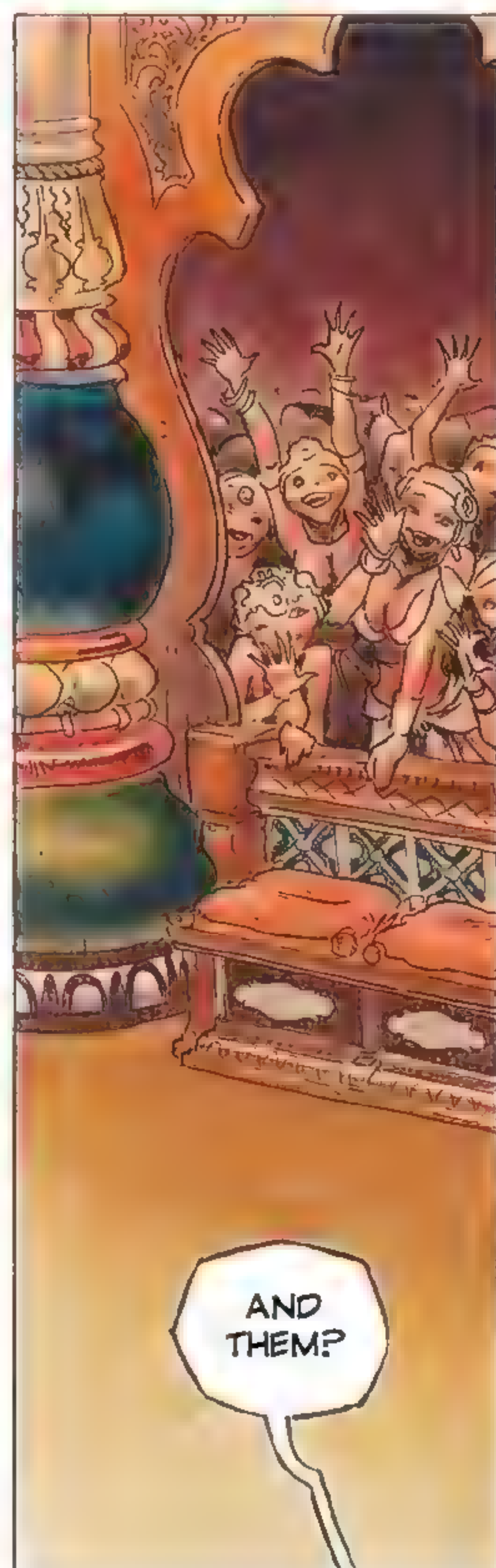


WHAT'S THEIR  
PROBLEM, THOSE  
OVER THERE?

AAAH,  
THEY'RE HIS  
FAVORITES! AT  
LEAST, THEY  
WERE!



YOUR PRESENCE SERIOUSLY  
COMPROMISES THEIR CHANCES OF  
EVER BEING SUMMONED AGAIN BY THE  
MASTER. AND THE OPPORTUNITIES TO  
GO OUT ARE RARE WHEN YOU'RE NOT A  
FAVORITE. AS SUCH, THEY WILL HATE AND  
ATTEMPT TO DO YOU HARM, BUT IT SHOULD  
ONLY LAST SEVERAL YEARS. AFTER THAT,  
YOU'LL SURELY END UP FRIENDS...



AND  
THEM?



THEY ALREADY  
ADORE YOU. THEY HAVE  
A MILLION QUESTIONS  
TO ASK YOU. TOTAL  
GOSSIPS.

YOU'LL SOON  
GET USED TO  
OUR LITTLE  
COMMUNITY.





YEAH, PROBABLY.

THAT OR OTHER...

HERE OR ELSEWHERE...



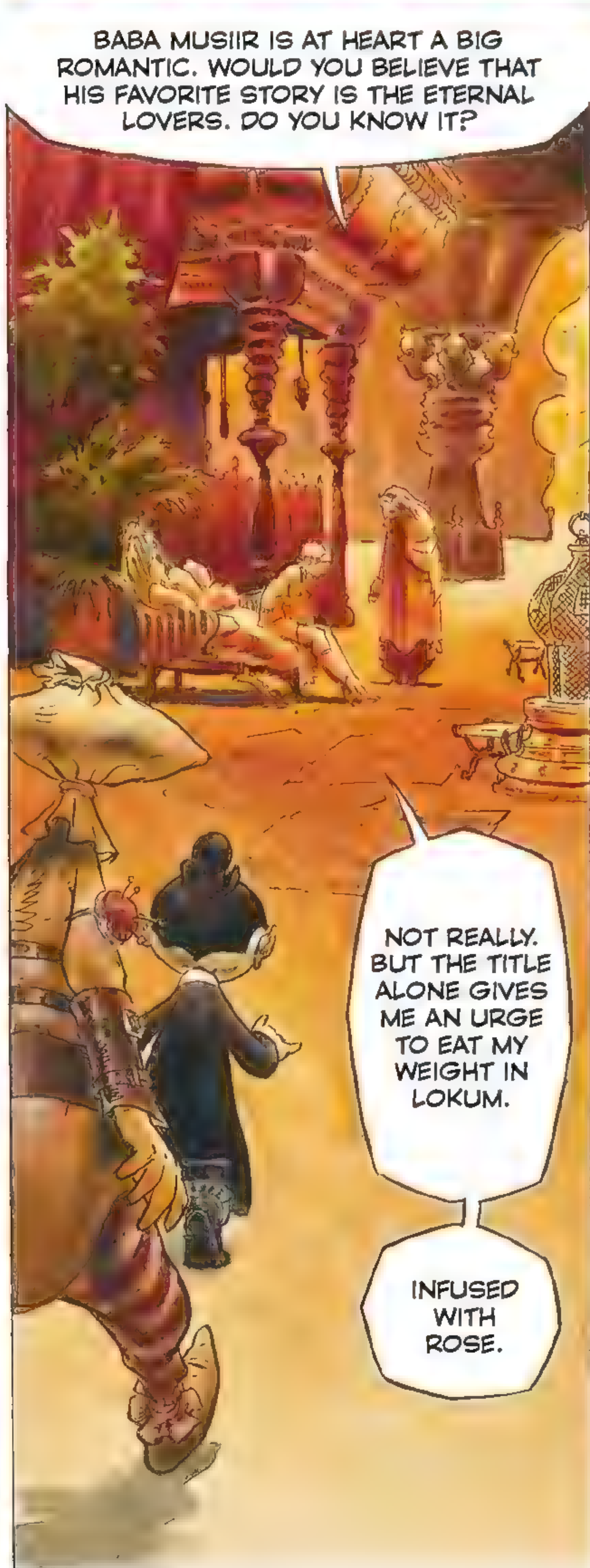
YOU SEEM SAD, MY GIRL. SOMETHING UPSETS YOU?

BAH.



IT'S NORMAL TO FEEL A LITTLE LOST BEFORE ONE'S WEDDING. BUT YOU NEVER KNOW? MAYBE YOU AND BABA MUSIIR WILL FALL HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE, AND EXPERIENCE MAGNIFICENT PASSIONS.

YEAH, NO DOUBT.



BABA MUSIIR IS AT HEART A BIG ROMANTIC. WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT HIS FAVORITE STORY IS THE ETERNAL LOVERS. DO YOU KNOW IT?

NOT REALLY. BUT THE TITLE ALONE GIVES ME AN URGE TO EAT MY WEIGHT IN LOKUM.

INFUSED WITH ROSE.



YOU DON'T KNOW THE STORY OF THE ETERNAL LOVERS?

I MUST ABSOLUTELY TELL YOU. OTHERWISE, WHAT WILL YOU TALK ABOUT WITH YOUR NEW MASTER, AFTER YOUR LOVEMAKING?



GREAT! A STORY.

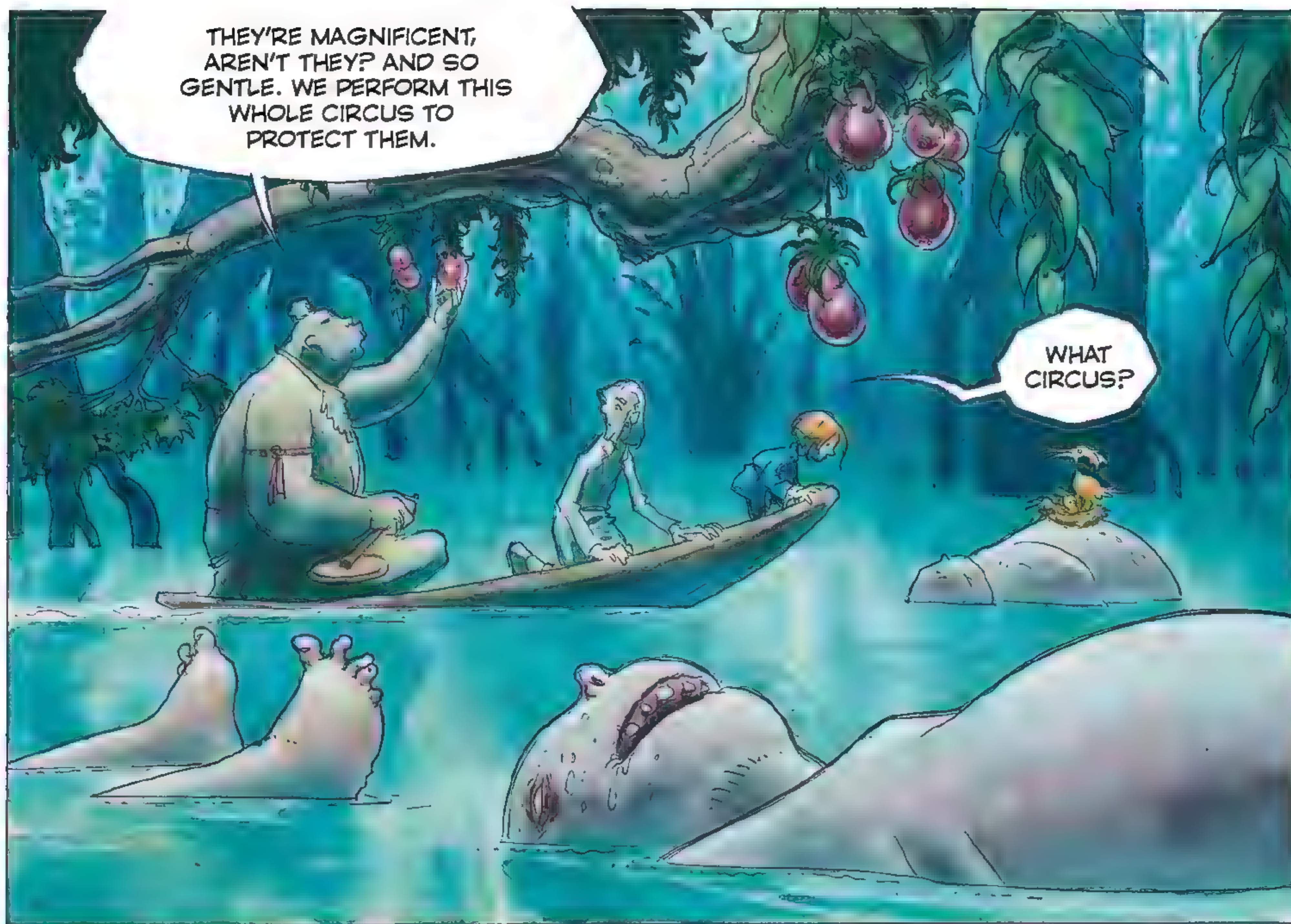
SUPER.

ARG...



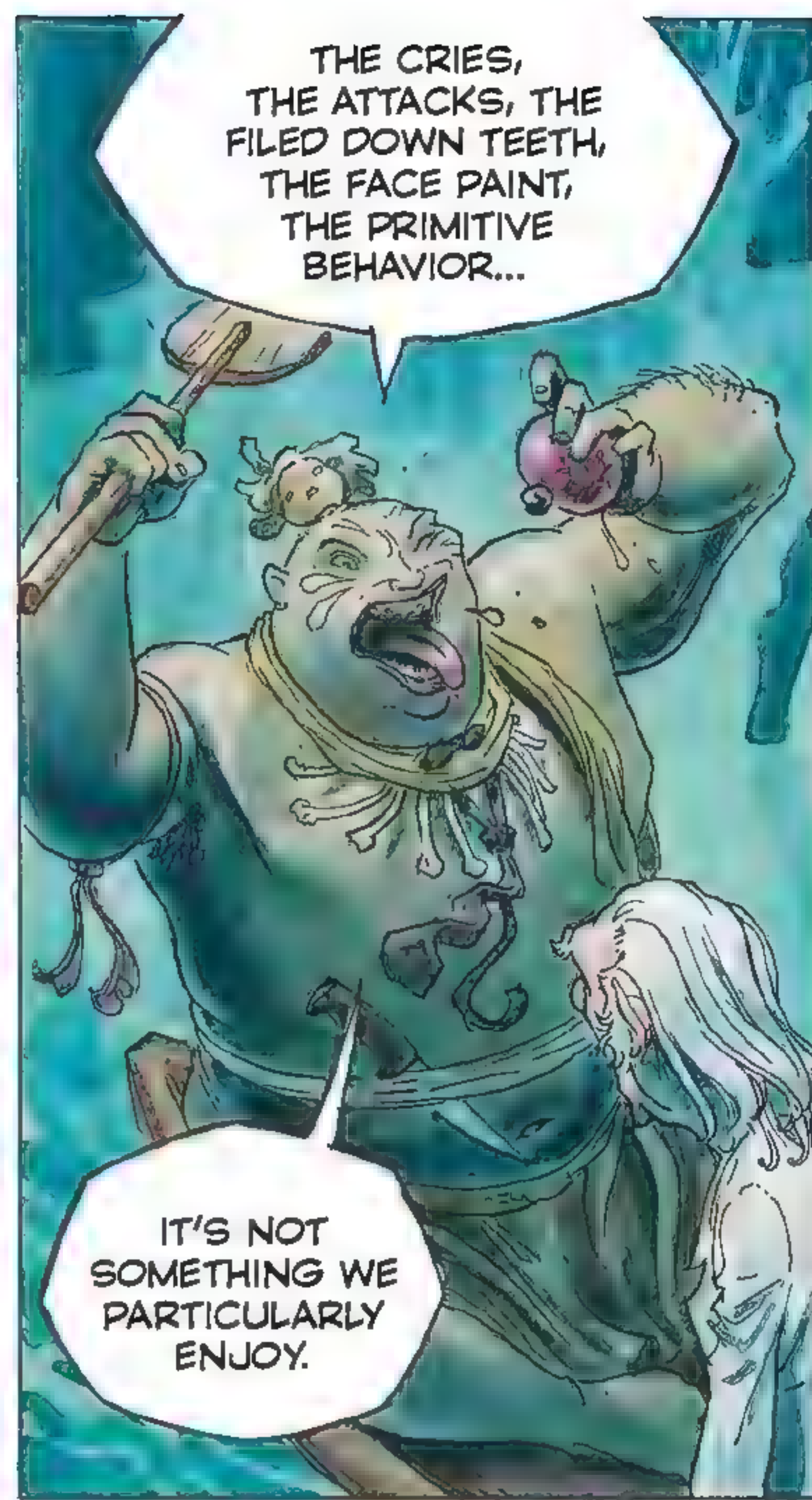
ONCE UPON A TIME, SOME SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS AGO...





THEY'RE MAGNIFICENT,  
AREN'T THEY? AND SO  
GENTLE. WE PERFORM THIS  
WHOLE CIRCUS TO  
PROTECT THEM.

WHAT  
CIRCUS?



THE CRIES,  
THE ATTACKS, THE  
FILED DOWN TEETH,  
THE FACE PAINT,  
THE PRIMITIVE  
BEHAVIOR...

IT'S NOT  
SOMETHING WE  
PARTICULARLY  
ENJOY.



ESPECIALLY  
SINCE MY PEOPLE  
ARE PACIFISTS. AND  
VEGETARIAN.

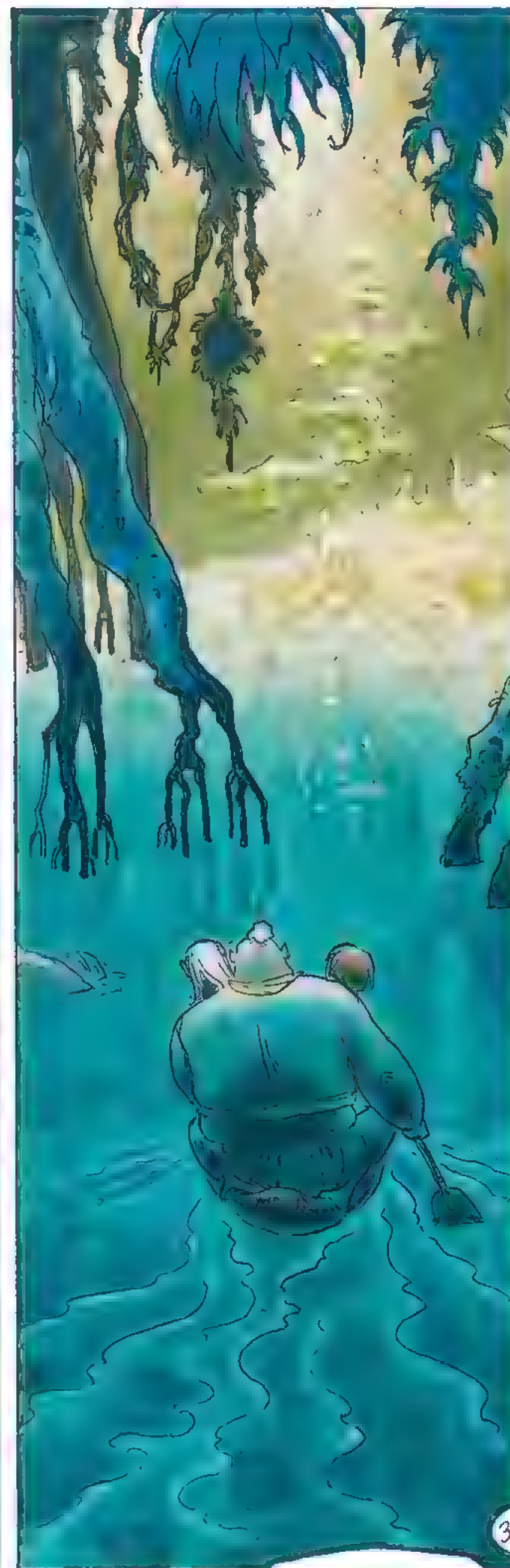
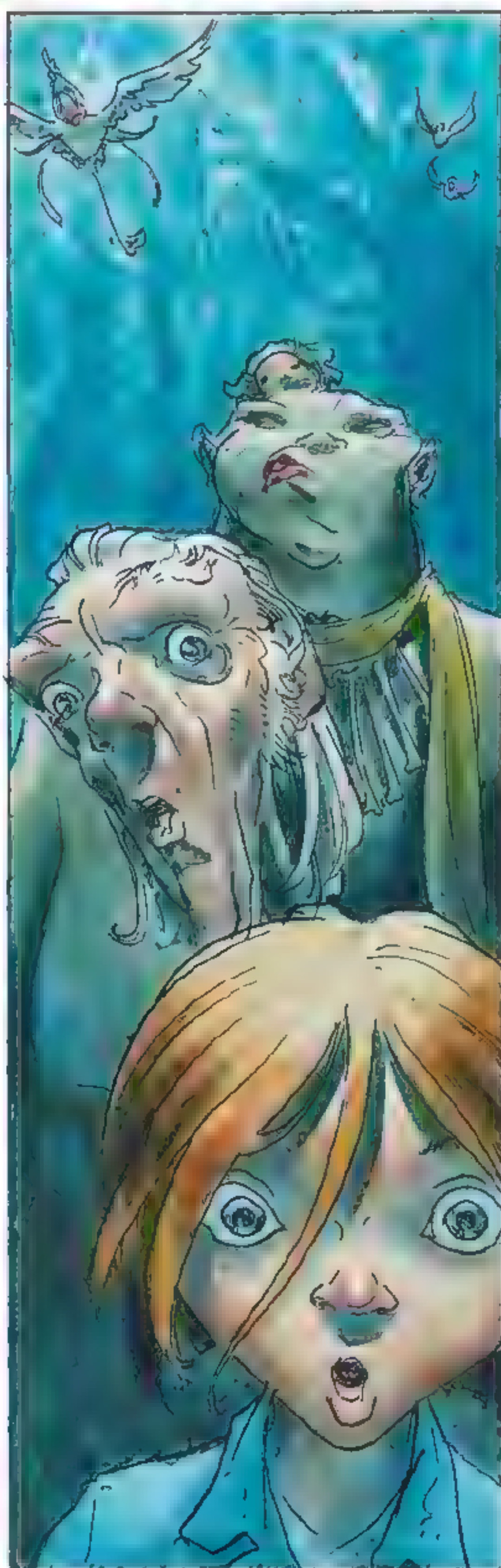
WE LACK FOR  
NOTHING IN THE  
FOREST. SO WHY  
KILL ANYTHING?

BUT IF WE  
DIDN'T SCARE  
THEM OFF, PEOPLE  
WOULD COME.  
CRUNCH.

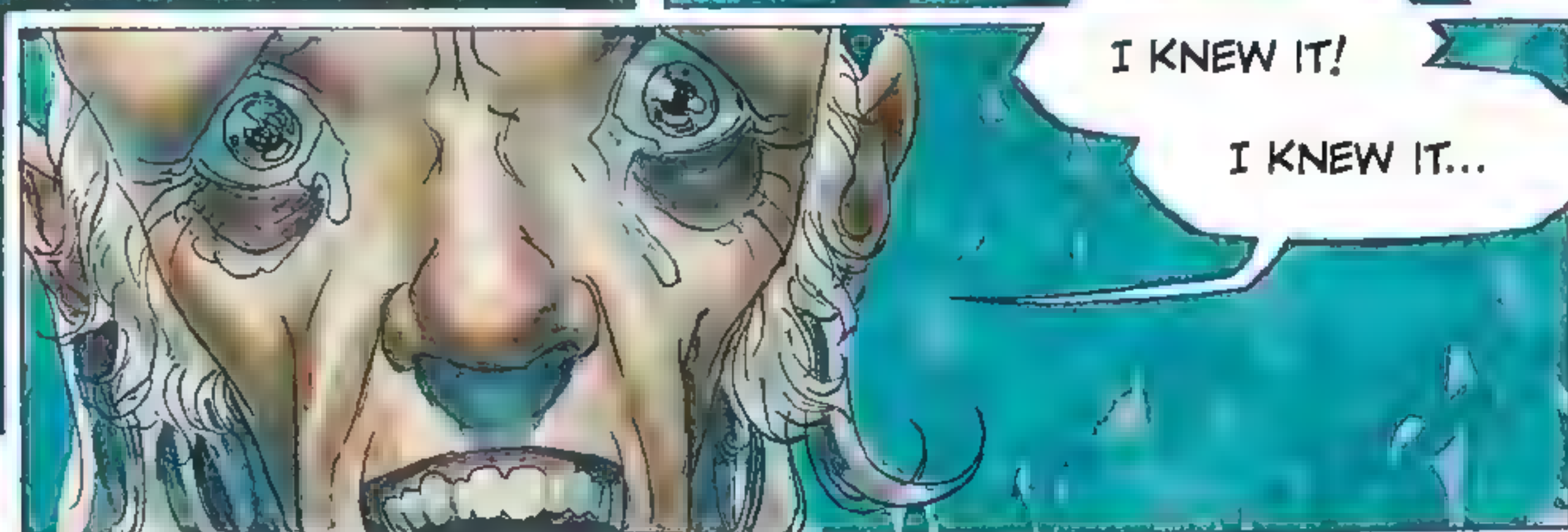


CRUNCH.

AND THE  
SHANCTUARY  
MUSHT SHYAY  
SCHECRET.



37



I KNEW IT!

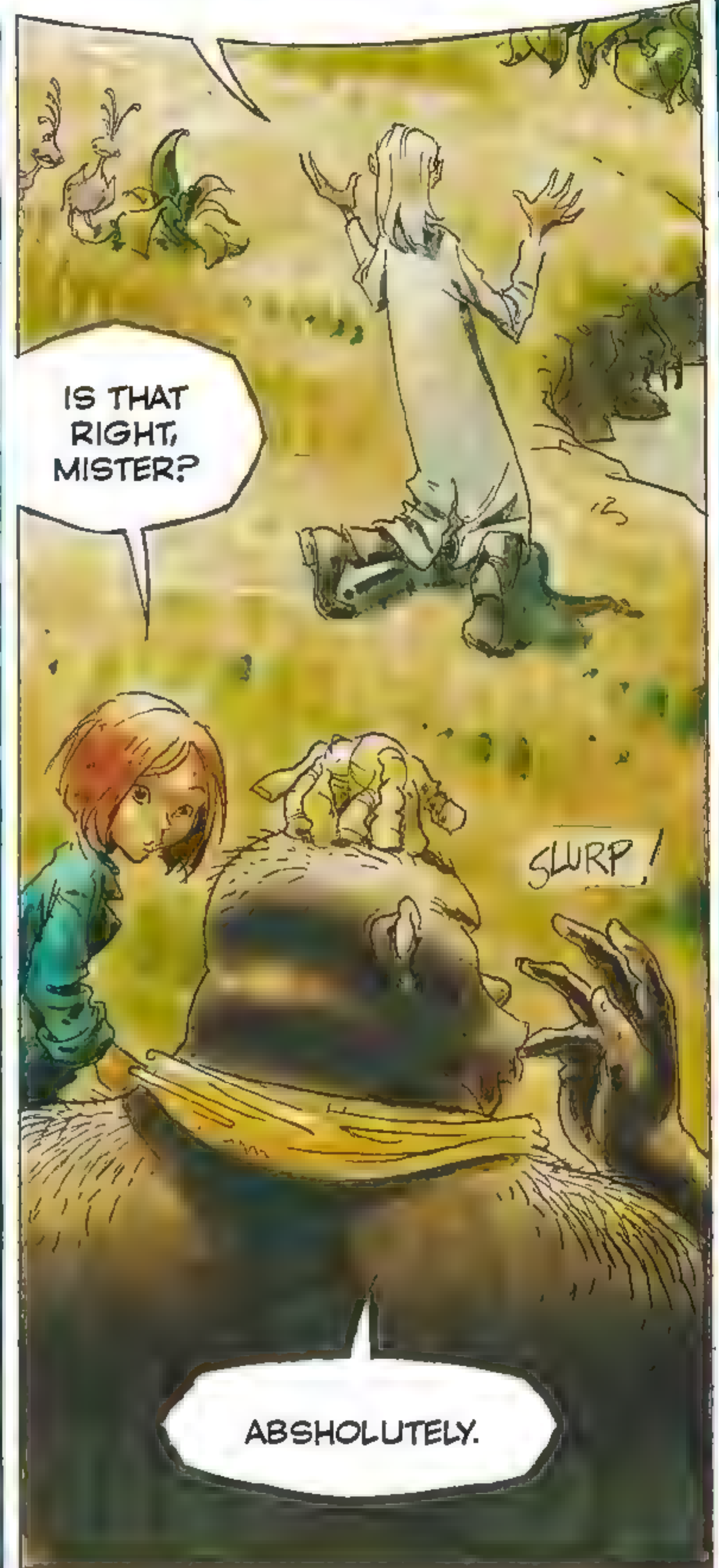
I KNEW IT...





THERE EXISTS A PLACE WHERE THE PRETTY AEONS COME AND GATHER, DURING THE LOVE SEASON. IT WAS DISCOVERED BY AN ANCIENT PEOPLE, NOW DISAPPEARED. THEIR SACRED TEXTS CLAIM THAT THE TWELFTH EGG OF A PRETTY AEON CONFERS ETERNAL LIFE TO ANYONE WHO EATS.

MY FATHER ALWAYS SAID IT!



IS THAT RIGHT, MISTER?

SLURP!

ABSOLUTELY.



AND HAVE YOU EATEN ONE OF THESE EGGS?

GOOD GOD, CERTAINLY NOT.



BUT... WHY?



BECAUSE THE ANCIENT PEOPLE OF WHOM YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT HAVEN'T DISAPPEARED. THEY'RE ALL AROUND YOU.

THE... THE ANTHROPOTAMI!



IN FAT AND BONE.



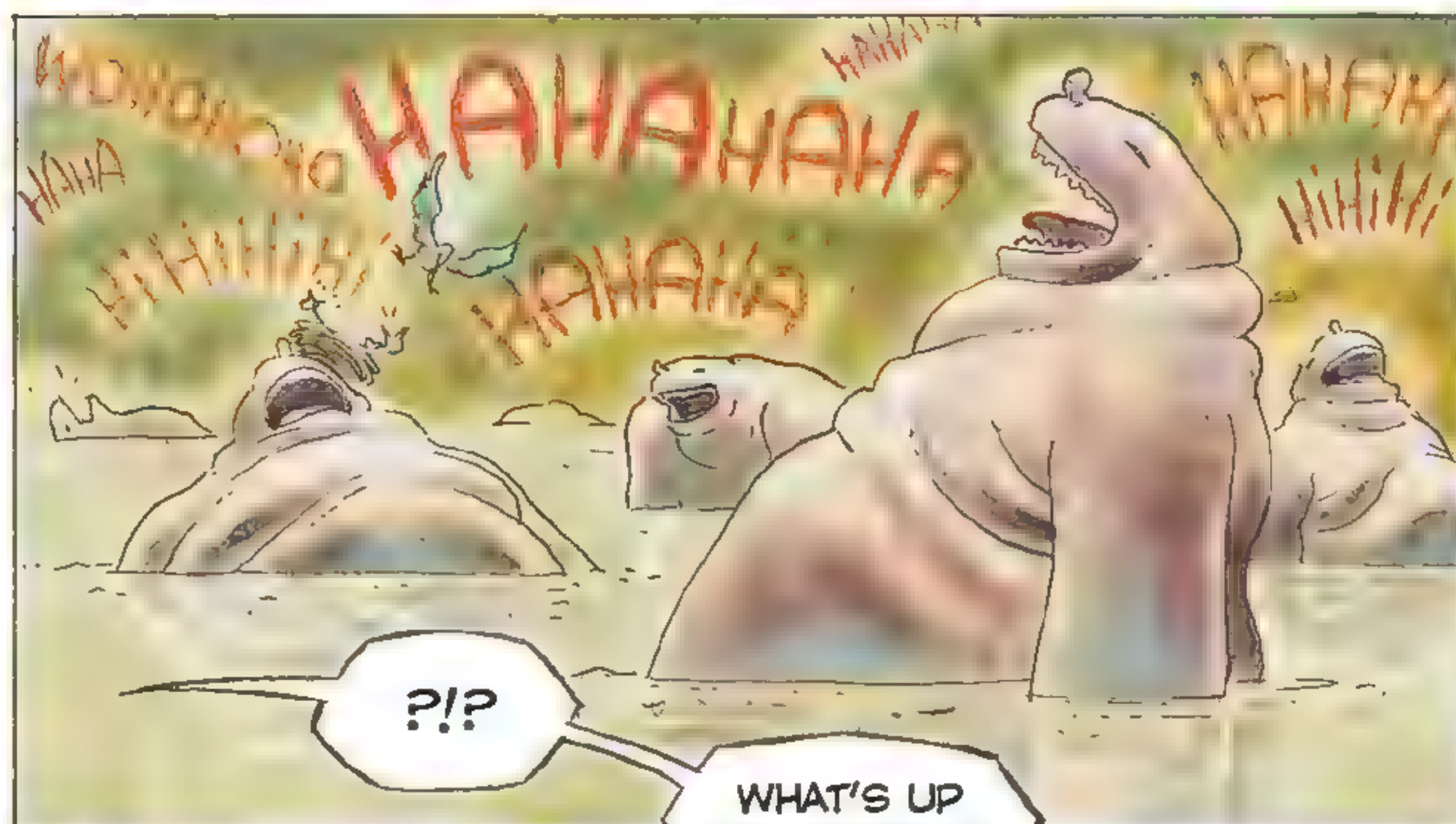
THEY'RE TO BE HERE FOREVER, IN THIS LUKEWARM WATER, SO PRESENT THAT THEY'RE ABSENT. DETACHED FROM EVERYTHING, NO LONGER ABLE TO ENGAGE WITH ANYTHING, BECAUSE WITH LIFE ETERNAL, THE URGENCY TO LIVE HAS LEFT THEM.



THEY'VE PUT EVERYTHING OFF FOR AN ETERNITY AND IN DOING SO, HAVE FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING. THEIR FIRE IS SPENT. ONLY A VAGUE INSTINCT REMAINS WHICH PUSHES THEM TO GRAZE.

THAT'S WHY WE WATCH OVER THEM.

THEIR PRESENCE FOREVER REMINDS US HOW SWEET IT IS TO BE MORTAL.



!?

WHAT'S UP WITH THEM?



HARD TO SAY. SOMETIMES THEY BURST INTO LAUGHTER, LIKE THAT, ALL OF THEM AT ONCE. NO ONE KNOWS WHY.



WHAT'S THAT STATUE?



THE ETERNAL LOVERS. OR SOMETHING ALONG THOSE LINES. IT'S PRETTY NEAT, HUH?



WHY HASN'T THE MAN GOT A HEAD?

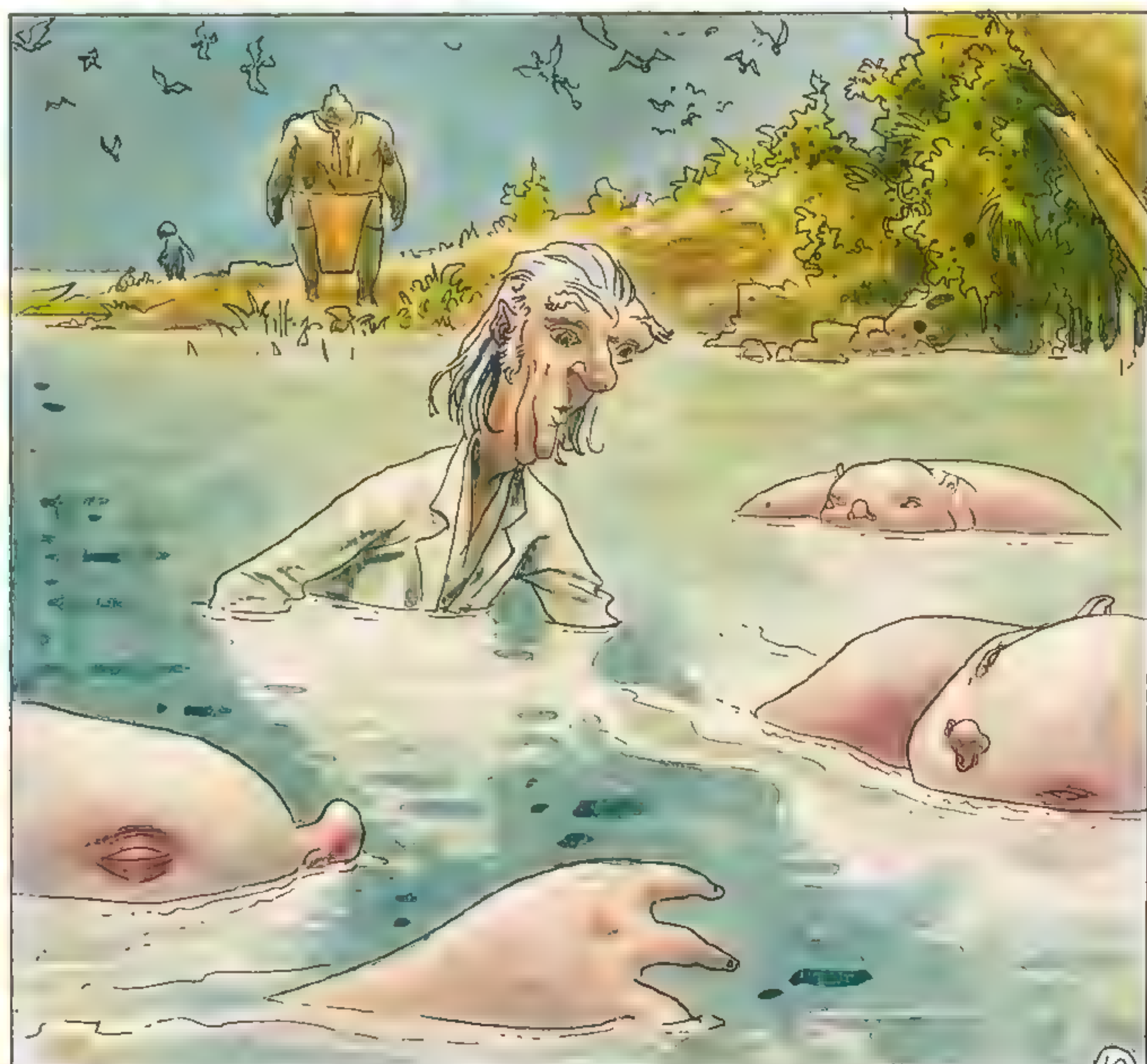
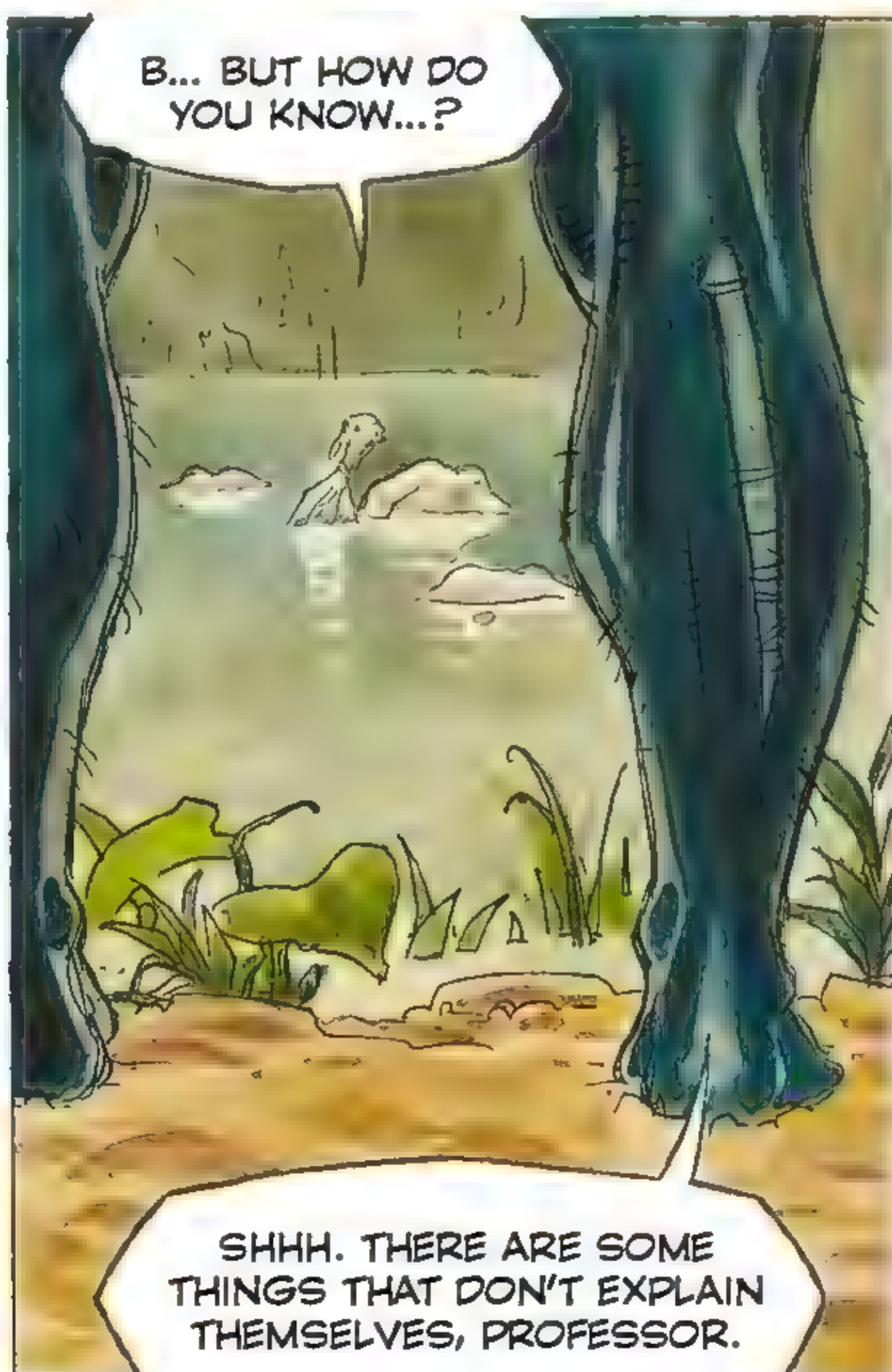
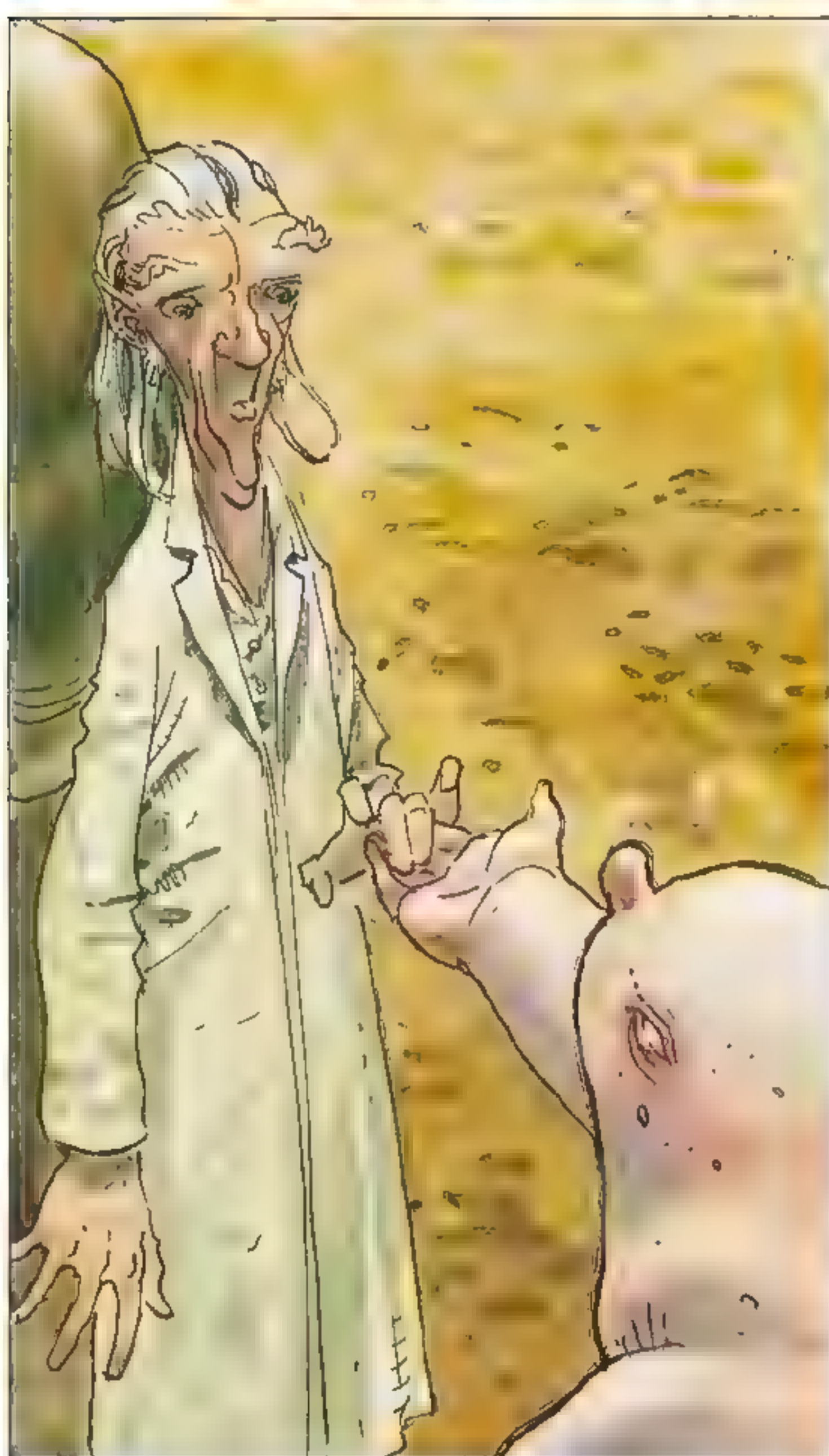
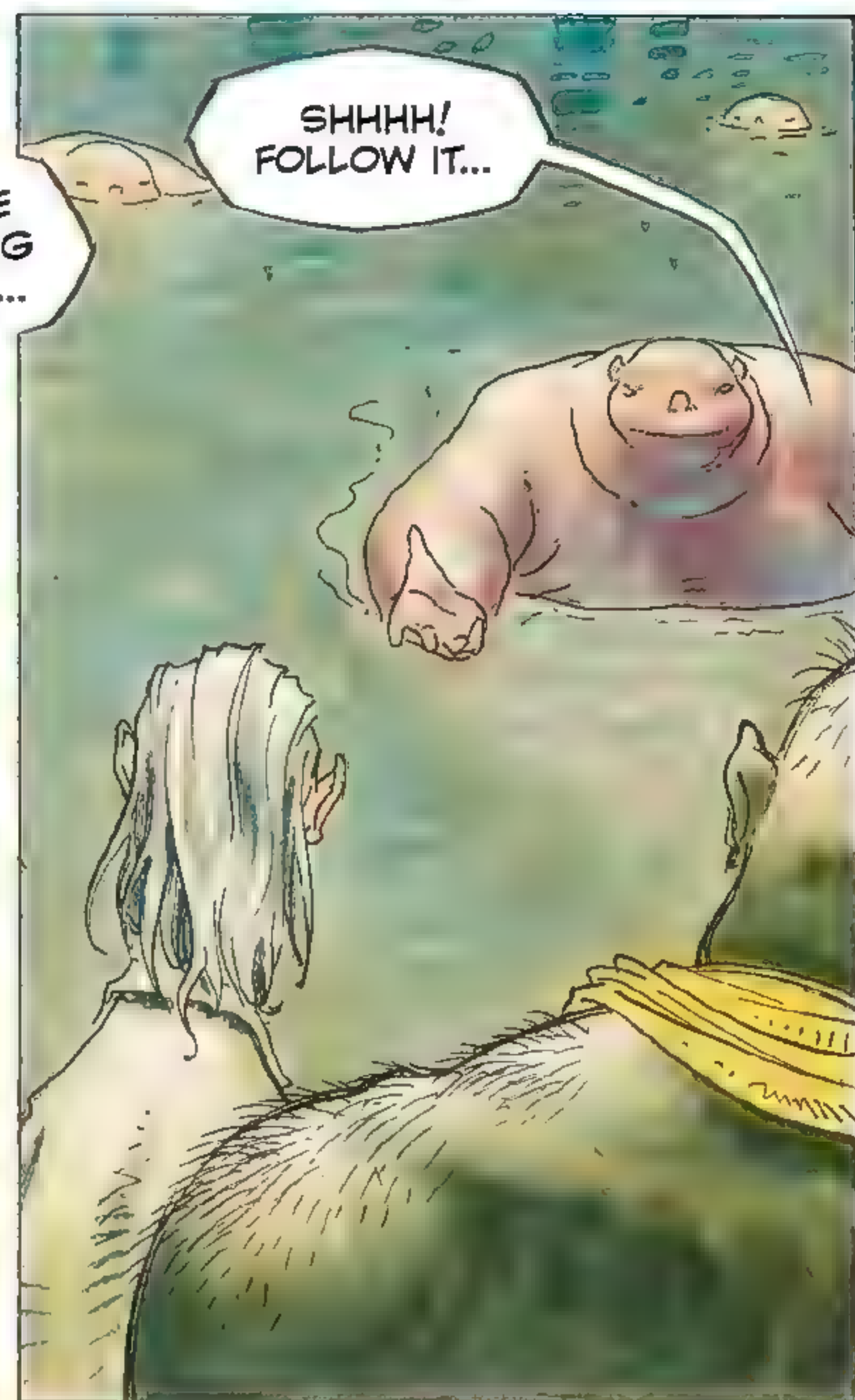
HE LOST IT.



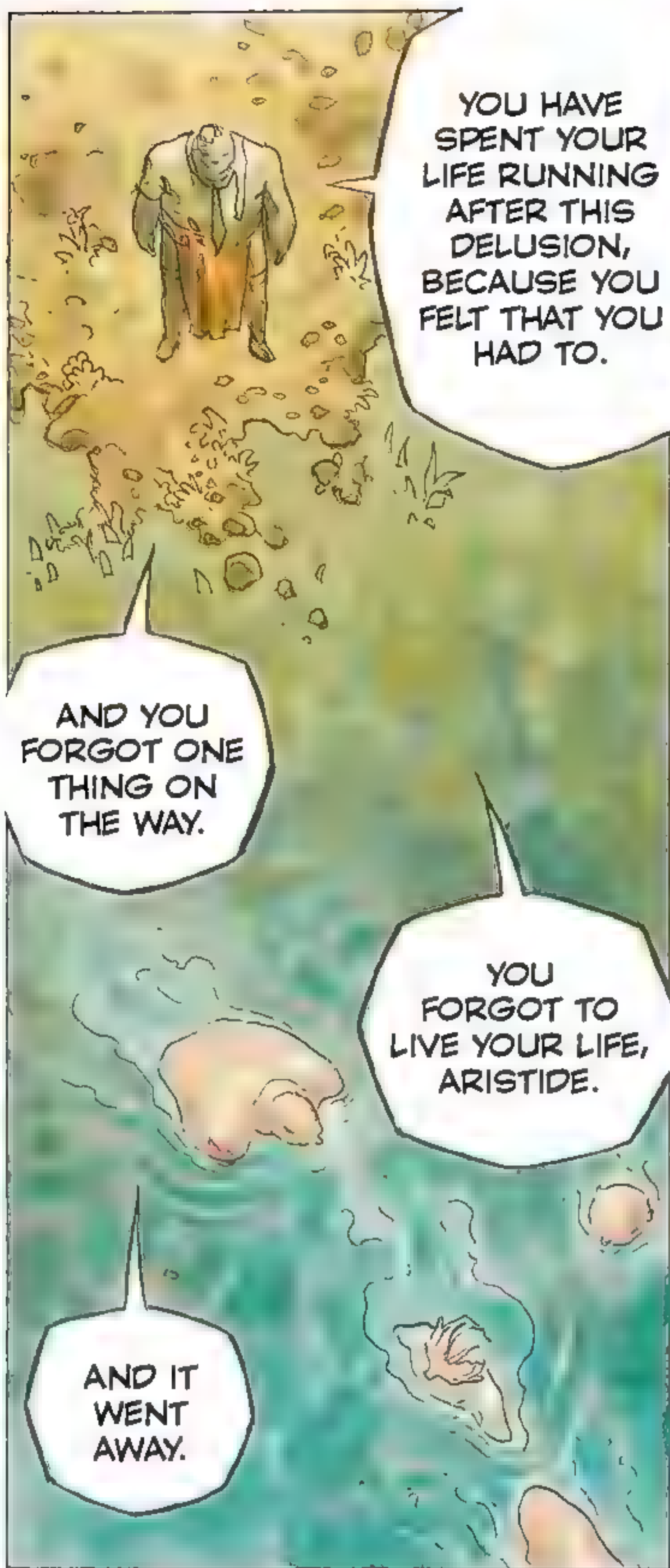
SAY, WHY HAVE YOU IGNORED THE BOY SINCE THE BEGINNING?











YOU HAVE SPENT YOUR LIFE RUNNING AFTER THIS DELUSION, BECAUSE YOU FELT THAT YOU HAD TO.

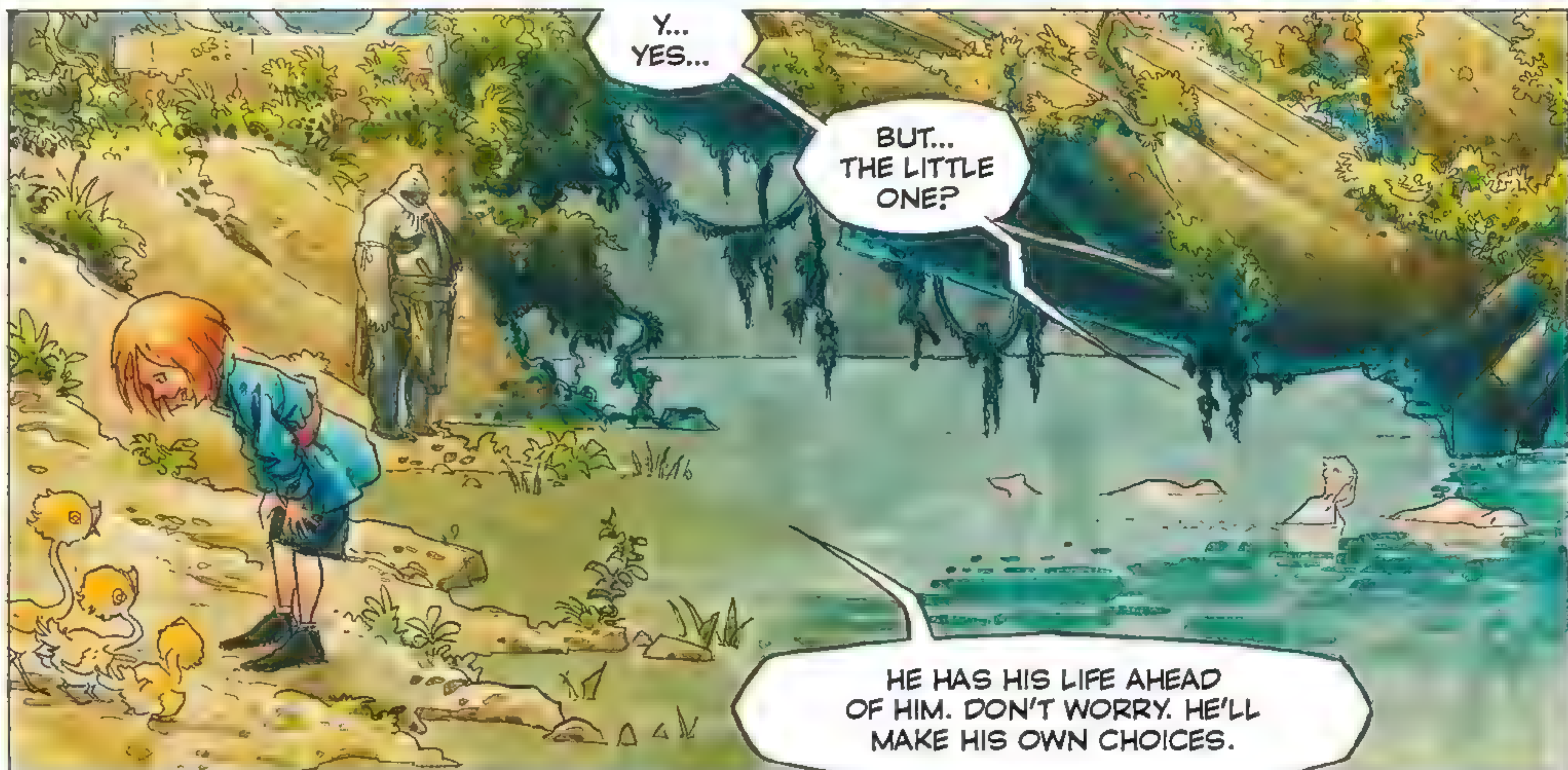
AND YOU FORGOT ONE THING ON THE WAY.

YOU FORGOT TO LIVE YOUR LIFE, ARISTIDE.

AND IT WENT AWAY.



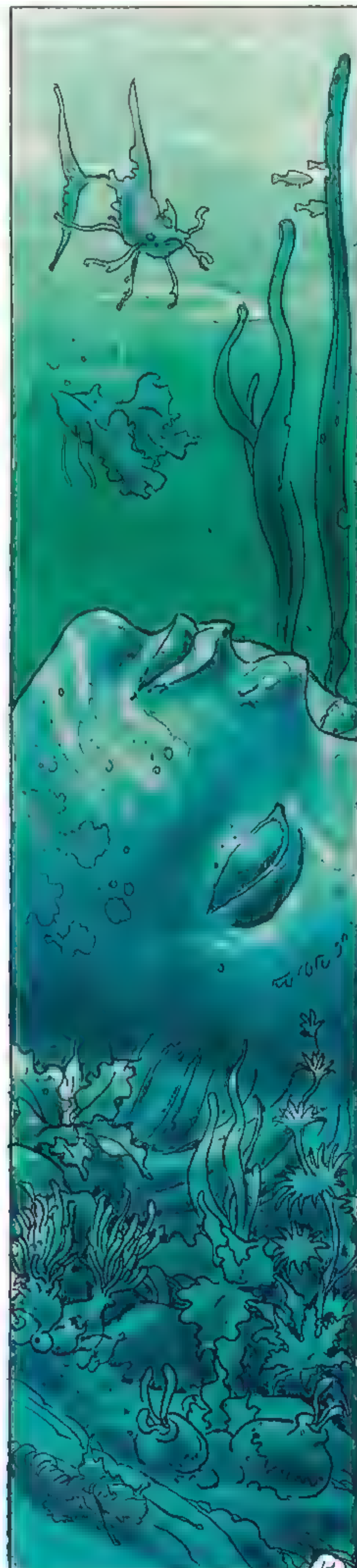
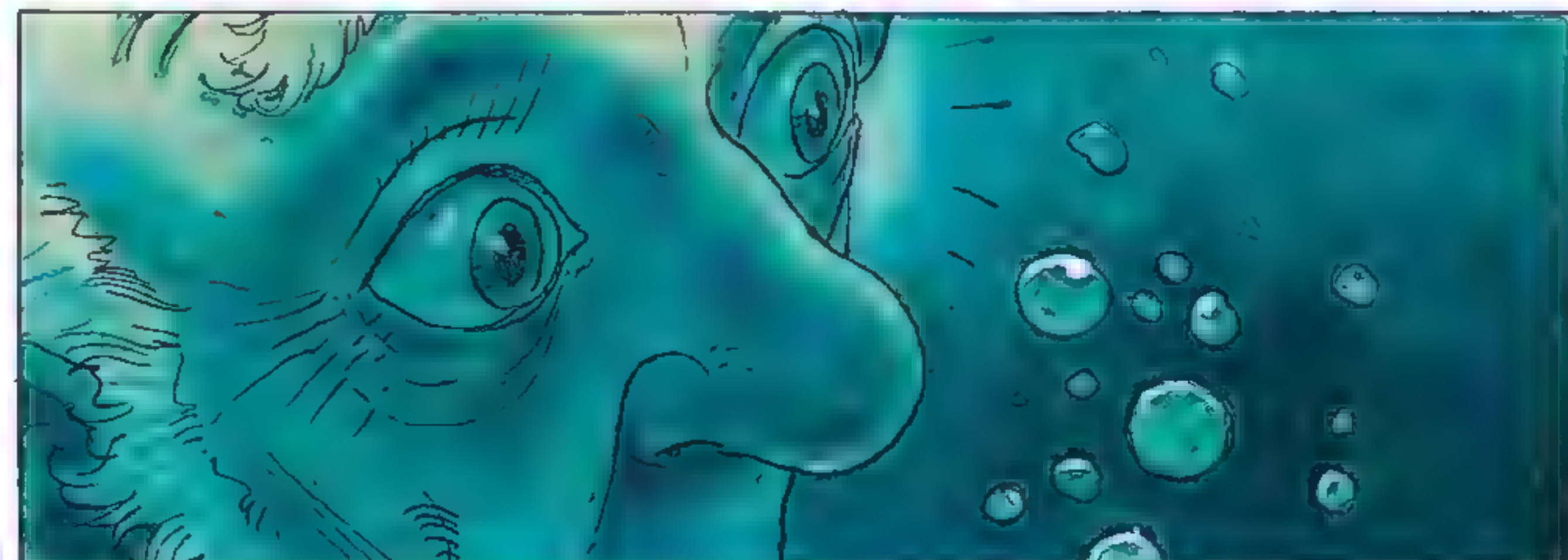
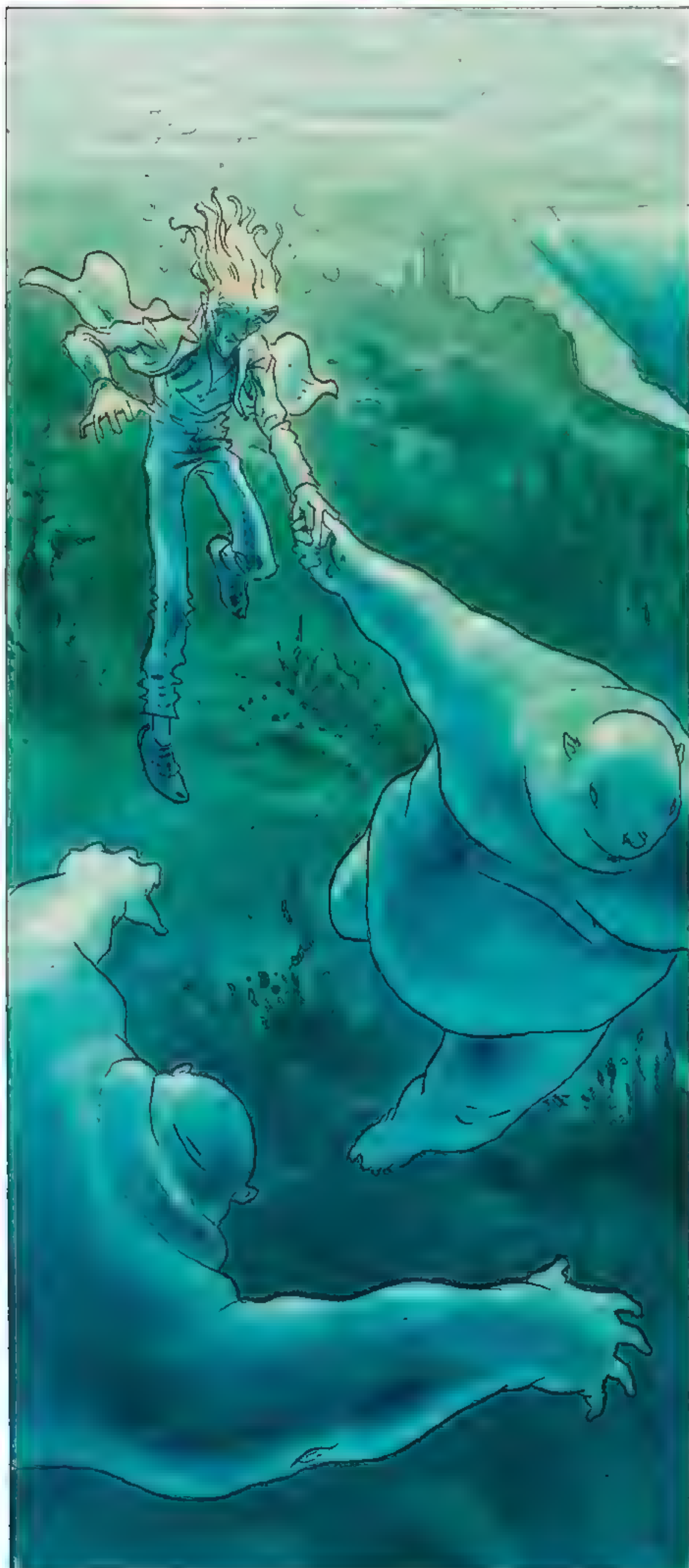
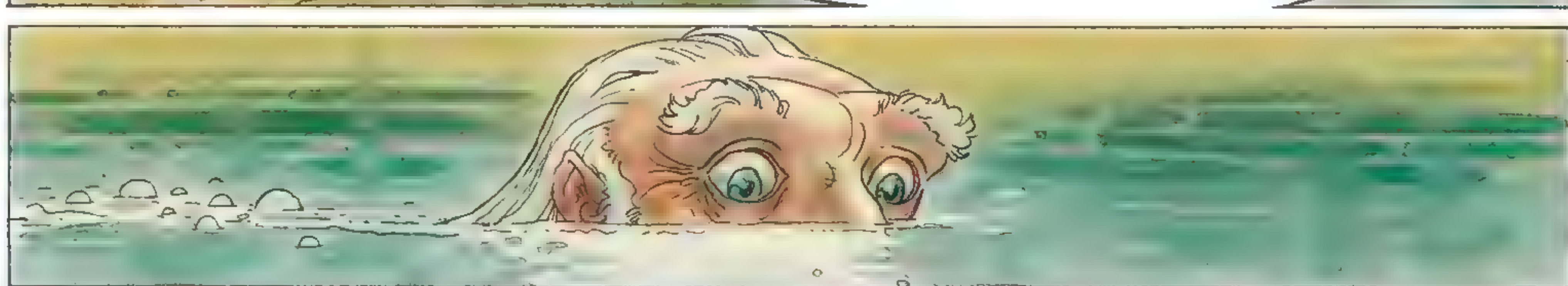
IT IS TIME TO REST NOW, PROFESSOR.



Y... YES...

BUT... THE LITTLE ONE?

HE HAS HIS LIFE AHEAD OF HIM. DON'T WORRY. HE'LL MAKE HIS OWN CHOICES.

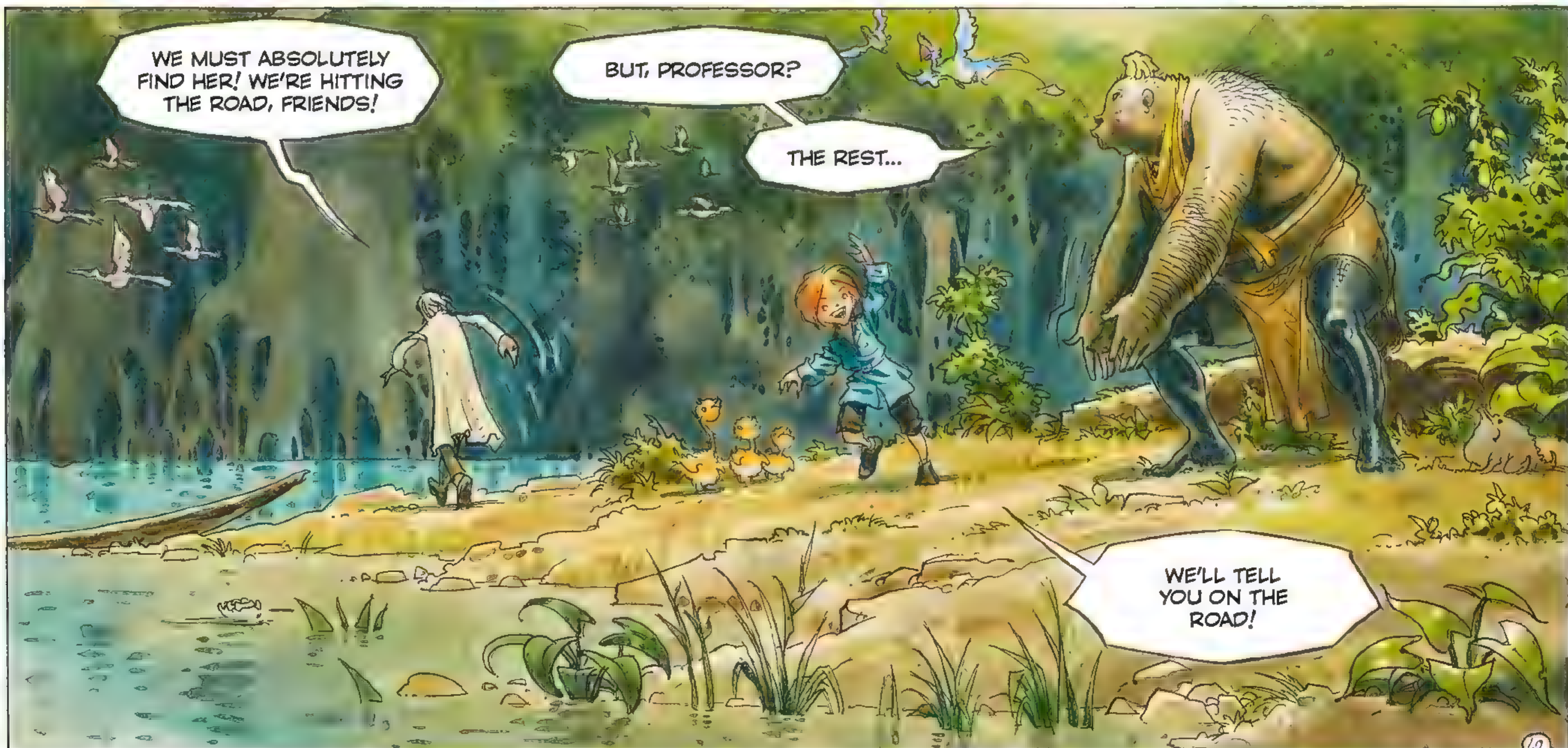






I'D EAT AN ANTHROPOTAMUS.

HA HA HA!







WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

I DIDN'T.

I'M CALLED FLU.



IT'S REALLY BRAVE OF YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME, FLU.

IT'S NORMAL. I'VE KNOWN MANIE SINCE SHE WAS SMALL, YOU KNOW.



I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED THE MAJOR AND HIS MILITARY EXPERIENCE, BUT NEVER MIND...

AFTER ALL, THEY SAY THAT CERTAIN TURTLES ARE EXPERTS IN MARTIAL ARTS.

I AM A PACIFIST.



I DON'T DOUBT IT.

THAT'S EVEN BRAVER...



PUFF OUT YOUR CHEST A BIT, AT LEAST, IF YOU WANT TO BE TAKEN FOR BADASSES.

WHAT...!! MAJOR!



EEEH!

WHAT DID YOU THINK? THAT WE WERE GOING TO LET YOU CONFRONT BABA MUSIIR'S KILLERS ON YOUR OWN?

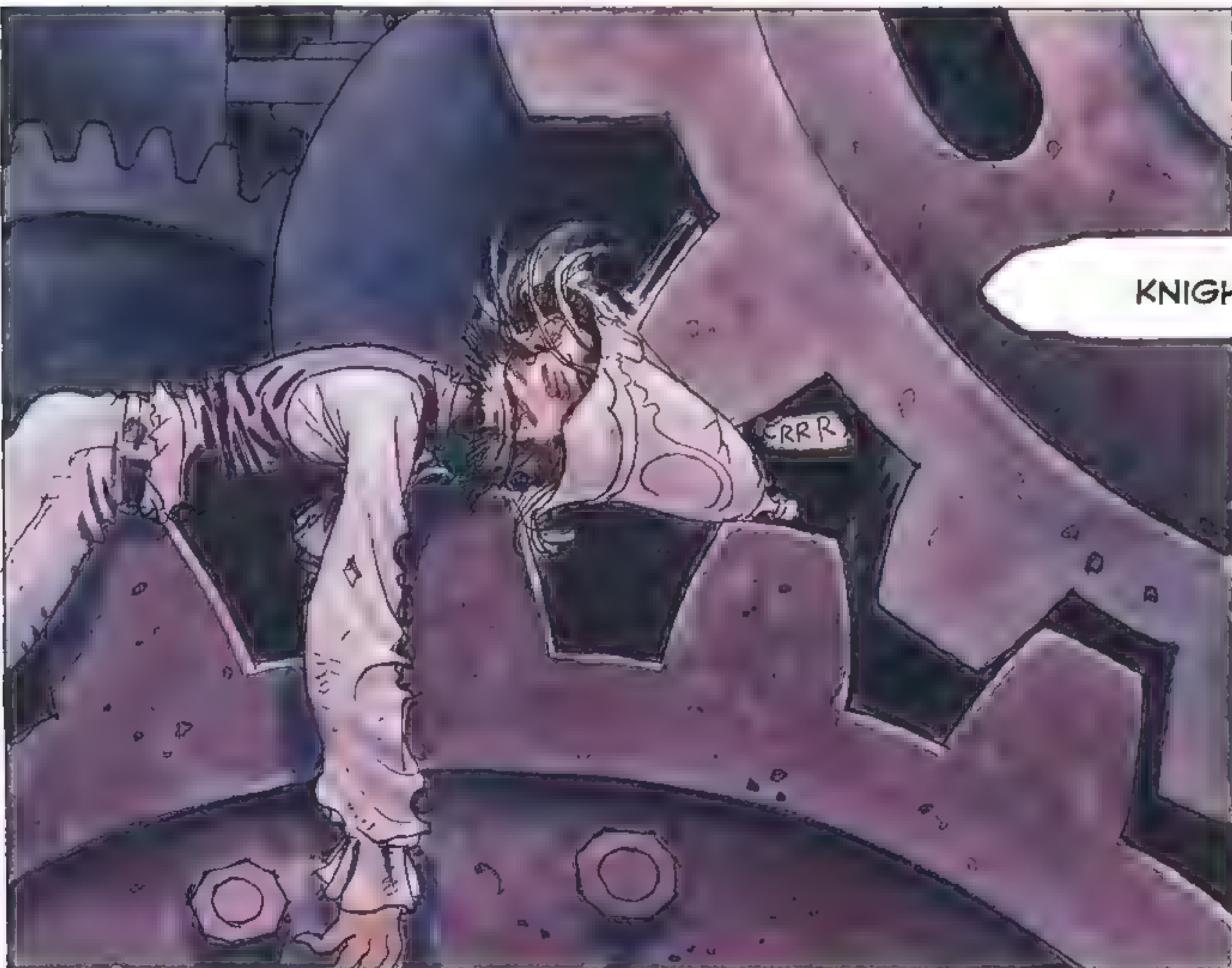
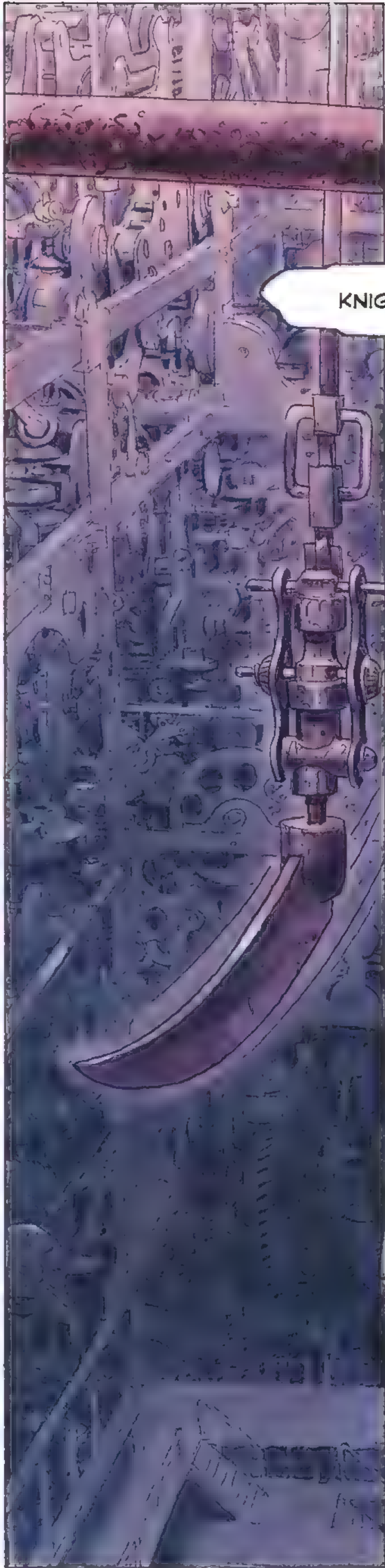


HAHAHA! BOLD, COMPANIONS!

I WAS A PAINTER, HERE I AM A KNIGHT!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, KID.

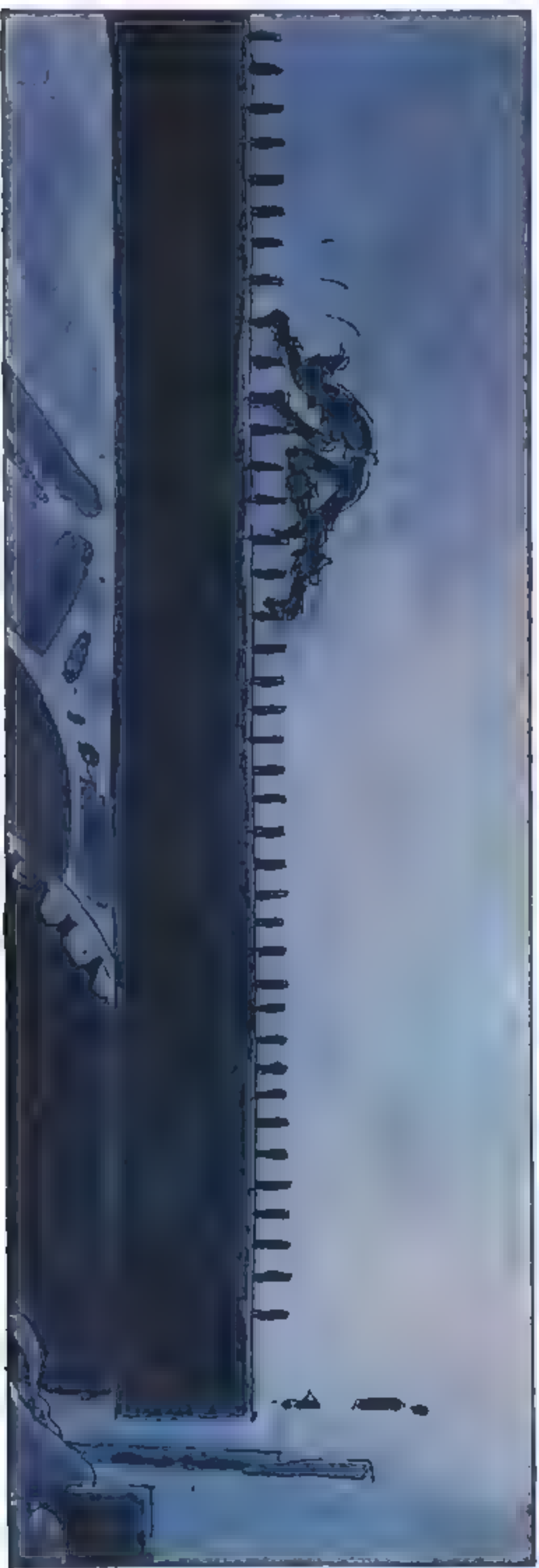
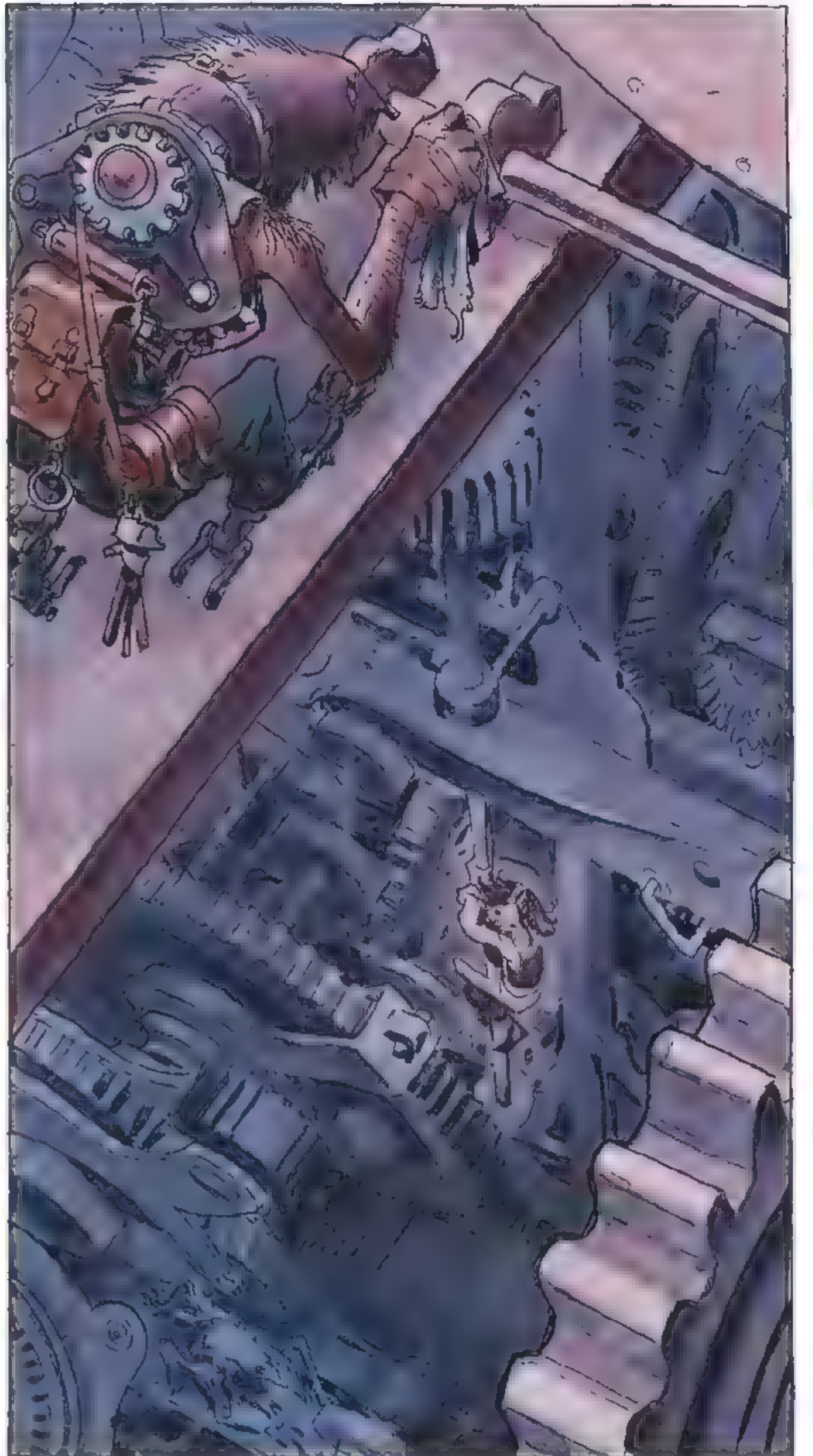




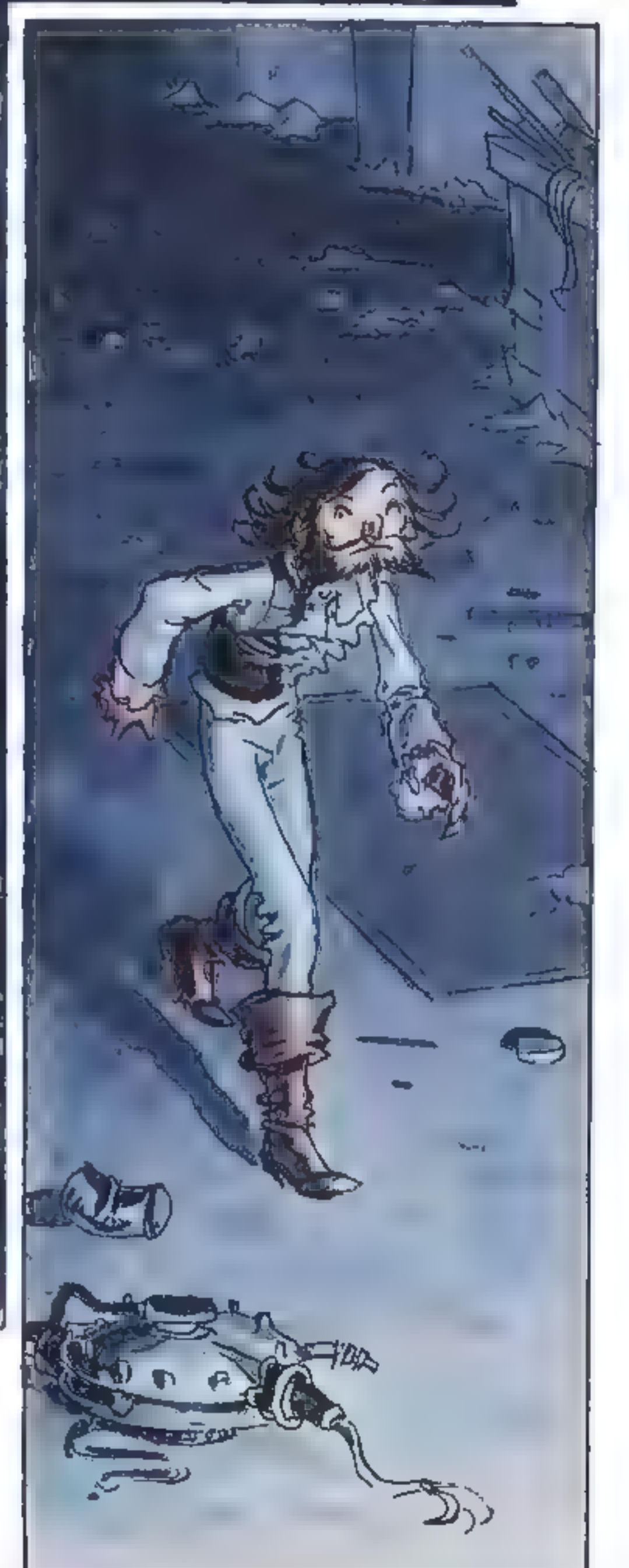




RETURN TO ME,  
KNIGHT.



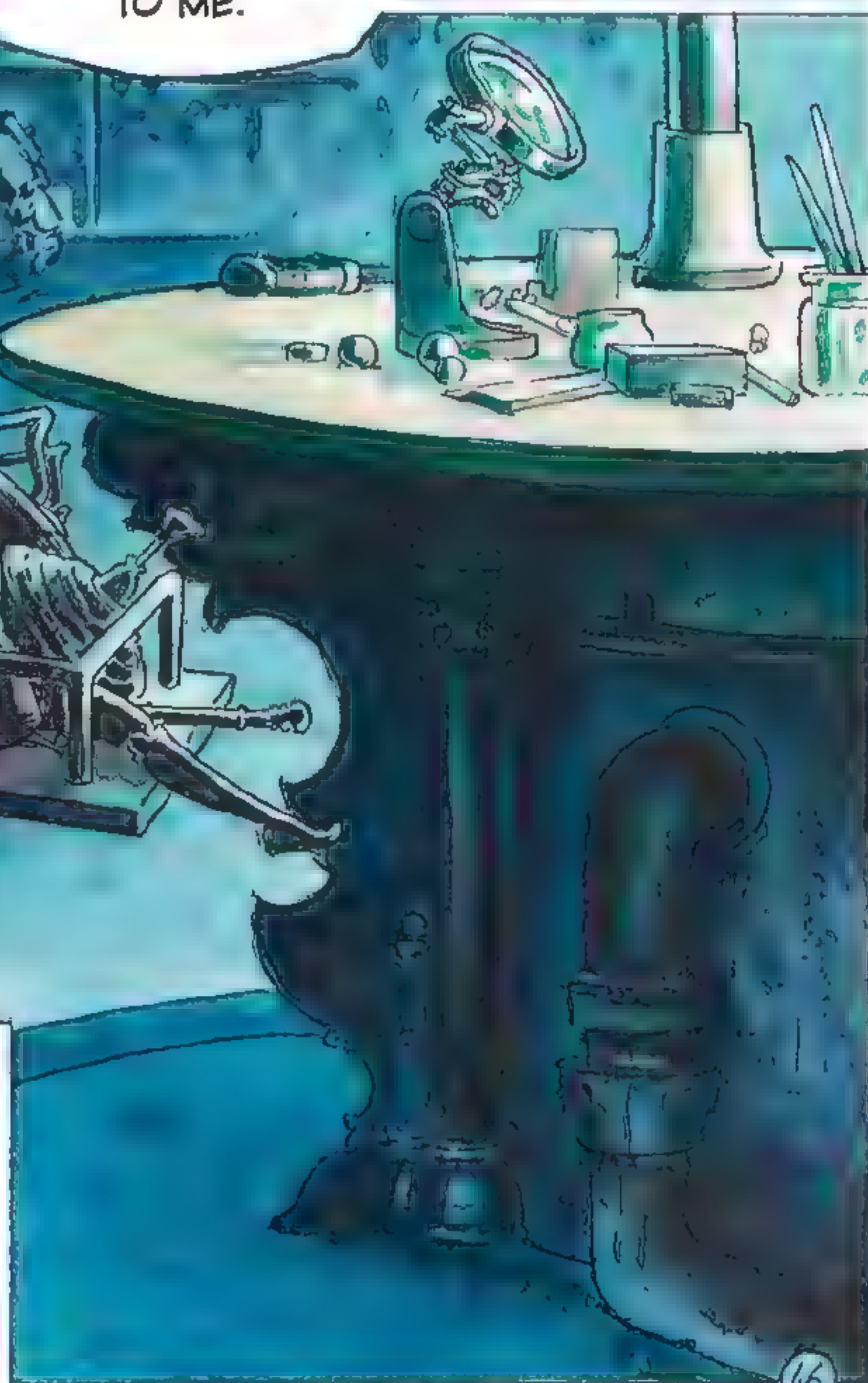
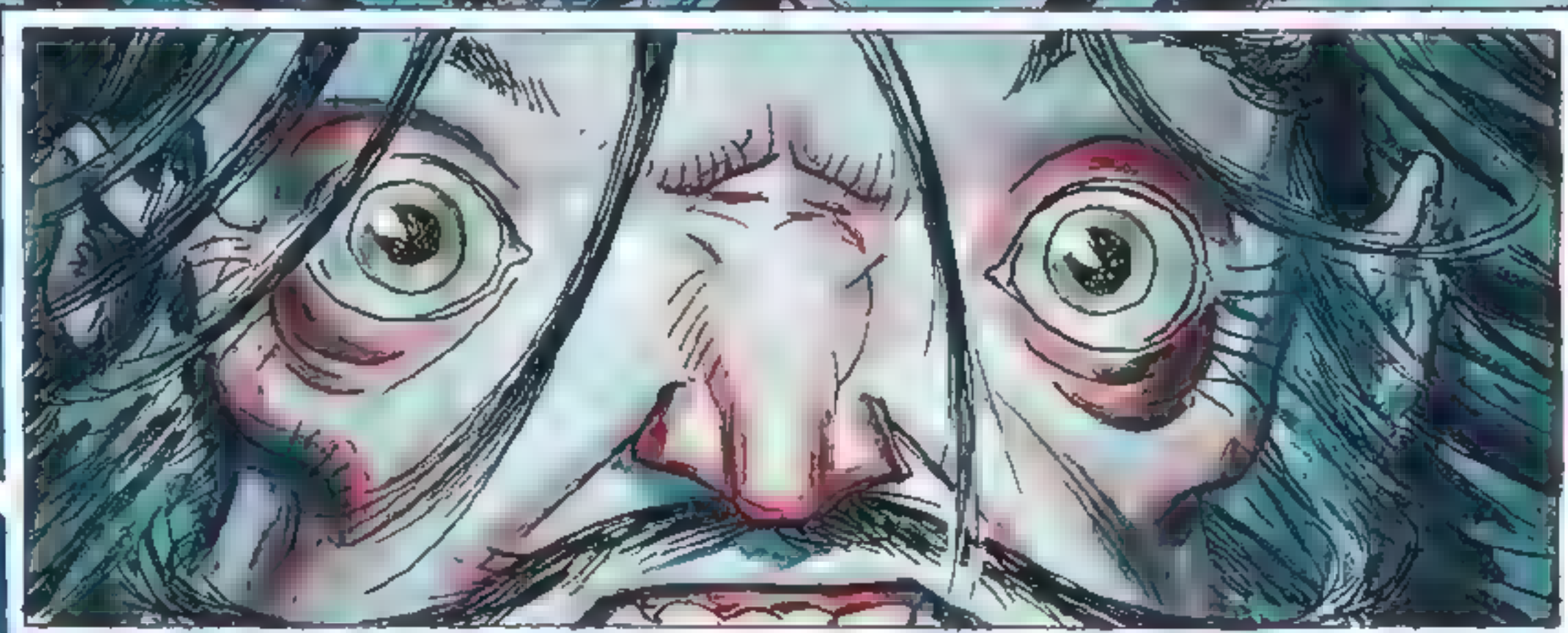
WE DON'T  
HAVE MUCH  
TIME LEFT...





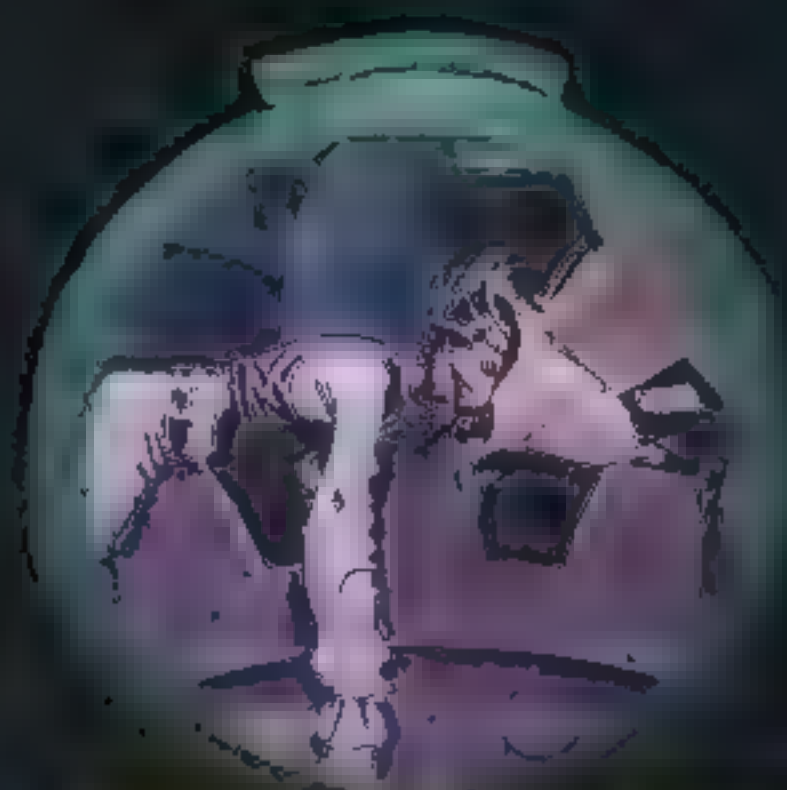


HAVE NO FEAR,  
KNIGHT. COME  
TO ME.



End of part 3





# AZIMUT

À la conquête du temps, la belle Marie Garcia a fait un terrible voyage :

des siècles de vie contre des milliers de morts.

Et alors que sa propre mère, la reine d'Éthiopie, cherche à la tuer, des révoltes éclatent et déclenchent la guerre. Partout, on se prépare au grand massacre, et qu'il y ait quoi réjouir la belle Cécilia ? L'un de nos héros, le lord de Zang, le professeur Aristide Biologosine poursuit sa périlleuse mission : déceler les secrets du temps, cet immense inexplorable au centre de toutes les querelles.

En compagnie d'une dizaine de personnages fantastiques

embarquez pour un fabuleux voyage

qui nous mènera tout au long des sphères cachées de l'imagination

au-delà des préoccupations existentielles humaines.



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VERBA D'QUEST



# Encyclopédie d

## La Grande Coucoule Noire

Il y a plus de dix années que de jolis couples s'entre

La Grande Coucoule est une grande charbonnière d'allure nanchuante  
au plumage noir huileux, alors que le Coucou Dansefloorin est un petit  
oiseau vif et coloré qui se nourrit de fruits et du vert des fleurs.

redout une note de cadran gradué au milieu duquel vient se  
une Grande Coucoule pour peu que les nids aient un peu d'allure ?

complète et amoureuse qui va durer des jours.

chaque candidat un regard dans lequel se mêle, se dispute à l'indifférence

mourir d'épuisement à tour de rôle. La Grande Coucoule Noire en profite

A mesure que les Coucous décroient, la danse se fait plus intense,  
plus créative aussi, de la part des survivants.



# Les Chronopistes

par Aristide Brechguoit

« La Grande Coucoute Noire »

« La Grande Coucoute Noire »

La Grande Coucoute Noire apporte avec un peu la carcasse

réduits en pièces. Elle accompagne ce ruisseau d'une série  
de ce qu'il faut bien appeler des petits rituels incantatoires. La fonction  
magique de « la danse de la Grande Coucoute Noire » est sujette à caution

cette cérémonie nocturne mortelle. La Grande Coucoute peut être bonne

La Grande Coucoute Noire est un oiseau plutôt élevant

des hommes. Accablément c'est immanquable même en regard

## La Lurette Froissée

La Lurette que la Lurette Froissée est avec le regard et l'harmonie

Il suffit de mettre des filets au nord d'un bouquet et d'y entrer ensuite en faisant





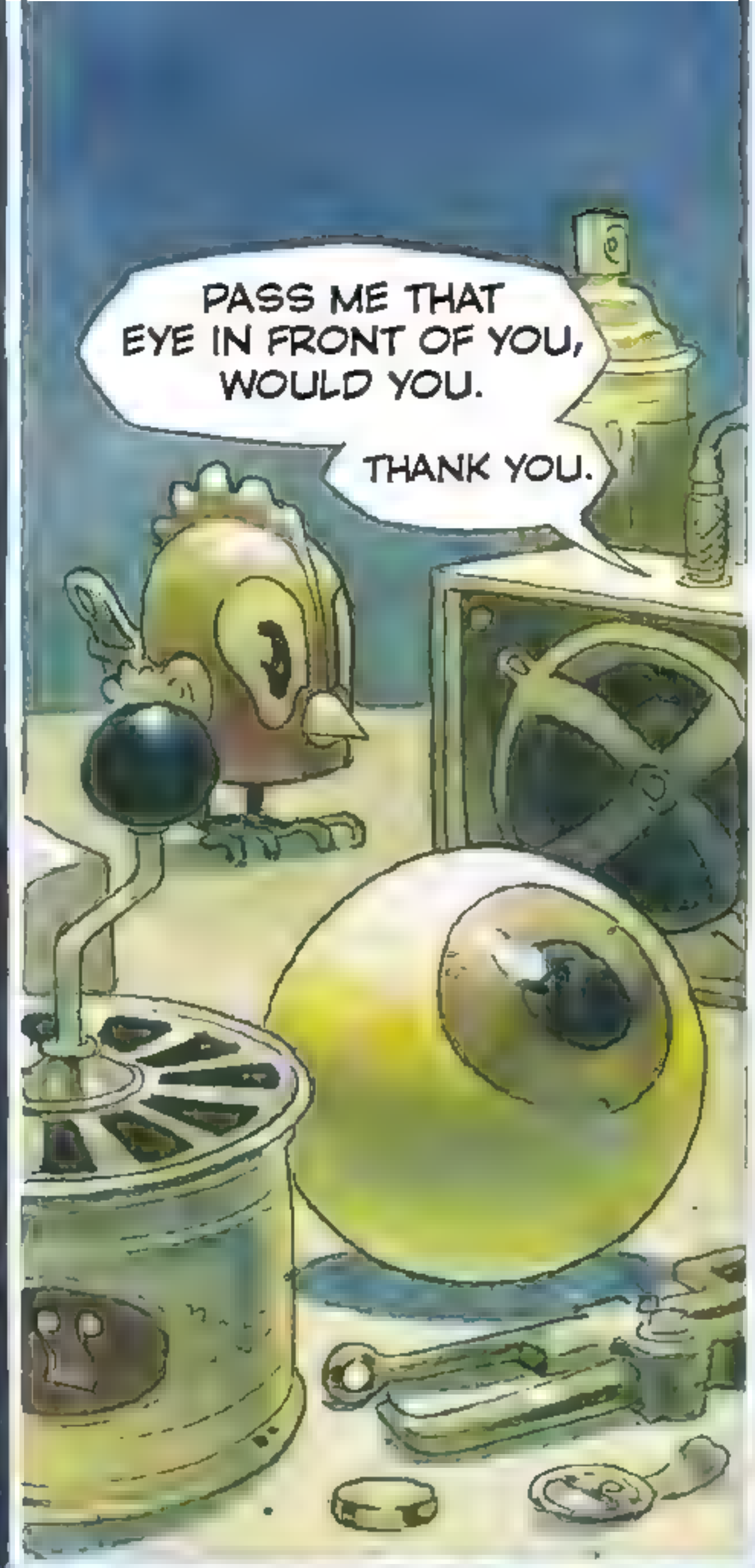
LU PANO < ANDREAE

# AZAIMUT

— TOME 4 —  
NI ÉES NOIRES, VOIE BLANC

VENTS D'OUEST







Y... YOU'RE NOT AWARE? THEY'RE ALL OVER THE WORLD! THEY LAY THEIR EGGS! FOR WHICH WE OWE THEM OUR PRECIOUS FREAKS!



HE NEVER TELLS ME ANYTHING ABOUT THEM. HE TELLS ME HE DOESN'T SEE THEM.



WHO'S 'HE'?

COME NOW, YOU KNOW FULL WELL. THE TIME SNATCHER, MY PURVEYOR OF SUBSTANCE, MY LOVER ETERNAL.

WELL, I SAY ETERNAL... NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.

EVERYTHING IS FINALLY COMING TO AN END. AND THAT IS THANKS TO YOU, KNIGHT. I OWE YOU MY THANKS.

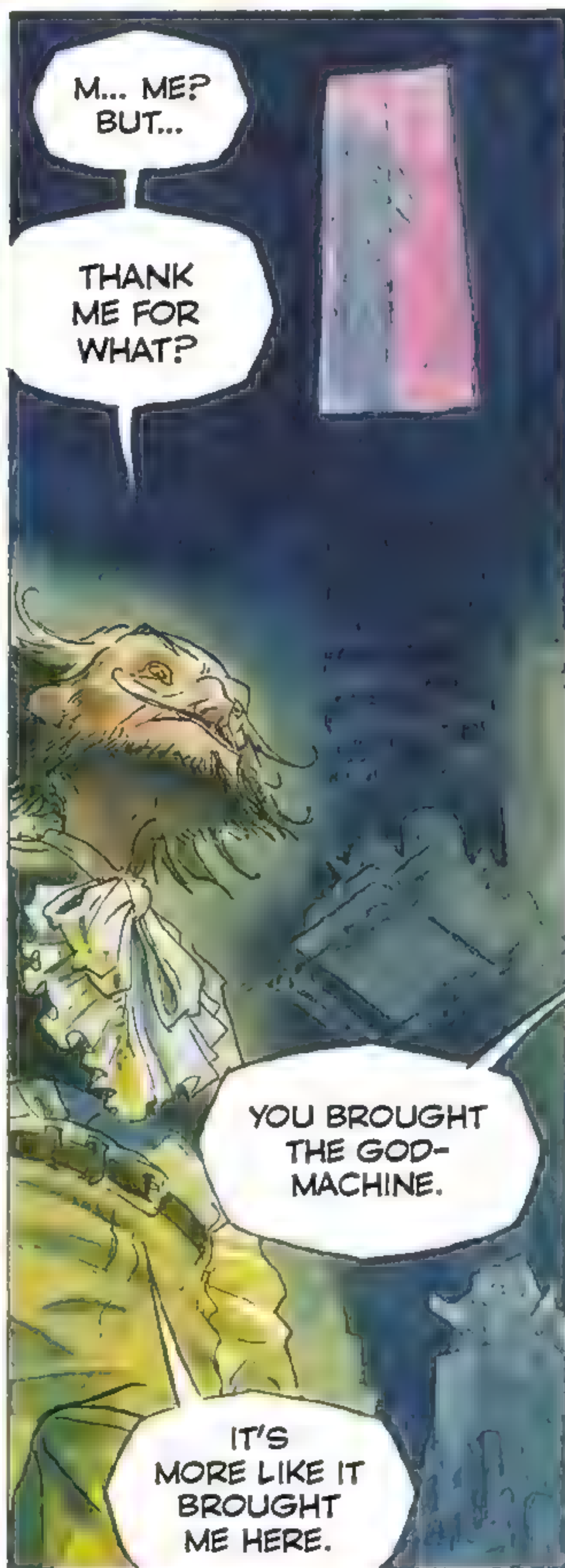


M... ME? BUT...

THANK ME FOR WHAT?

YOU BROUGHT THE GOD-MACHINE.

IT'S MORE LIKE IT BROUGHT ME HERE.



YOU REACTIVATED IT. IT WILL PUT A STOP TO THIS MAD QUEST OF ETERNITY. THE GODS GUARD THEIR PRIVILEGES JEALOUSLY, DID YOU KNOW? EVEN THE TWO MECHANICS.

IN THE BEGINNING, WE WERE HAPPY. MY MAN HAD VANQUISHED THE GOD-MACHINE, HAD CHASED IT FROM ITS PERCH, ANNEXED ITS DOMAIN. ALL THAT FOR LOVE. HE WOULD RARELY LEAVE. WE LACKED FOR NOTHING.



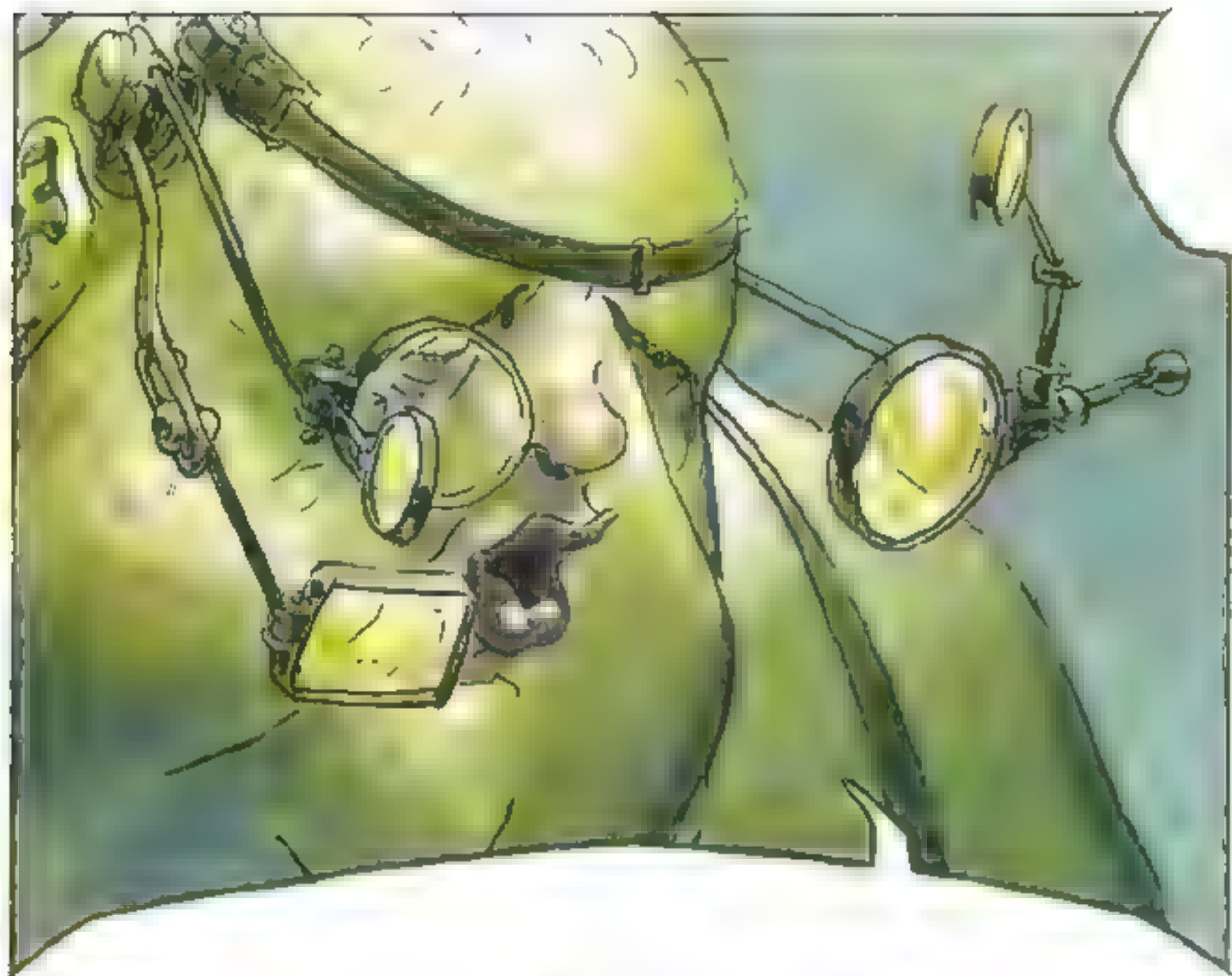
BUT AS TIME PASSED, WE NEEDED MORE AND MORE SUBSTANCE. HE STARTED TO LEAVE FOR LONGER AND LONGER, HARVESTING MORE AND MORE PEOPLE. WE HAVE BECOME HIS SLAVE... ACCURSED SLAVES.

AND THEN...

I HAVE A RIVAL, KNIGHT.







BUT I DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST HIM. SEE WHAT I HAVE BECOME, KNIGHT. SUBSISTENCE EATS AWAY AT US! IT RUINS US!

LOOK HOW BEAUTIFUL I USED TO BE...

MANIE...



I AM CERTAIN OF IT. WHEN HE RETURNS, I SEE IT IN HIS EYES. BEFORE, HE KEPT ME ALIVE BECAUSE HE WISHED FOR OUR STORY TO CARRY ON FOREVER. NOWADAYS, IF HE FETCHES THE DOSES OF SUBSISTENCE WHICH I REQUIRE, IT'S OUT OF... COMPASSION.

IT MUST ALL BE BROUGHT TO AN END. THE BIRD WILL TAKE CARE OF IT.

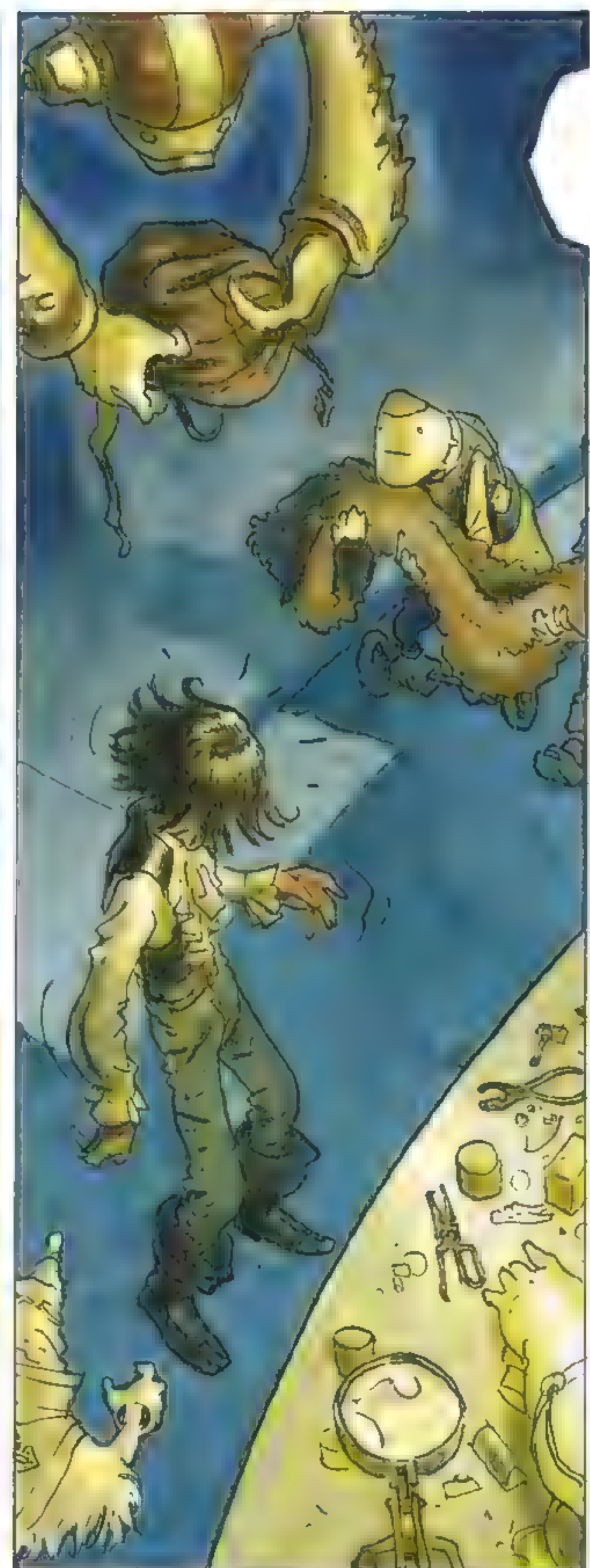
WHEN THE TWELVE STRIKES RING FROM ITS GRIM BELL.

BUT... WHAT ABOUT ME?



WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO IS WHAT ALL KNIGHTS DO...

YOU'RE GOING TO SAVE THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.



ISN'T THIS COAT A BIT WARM?

WHERE I'M SENDING YOU, YOU WILL NEED IT.

AH...





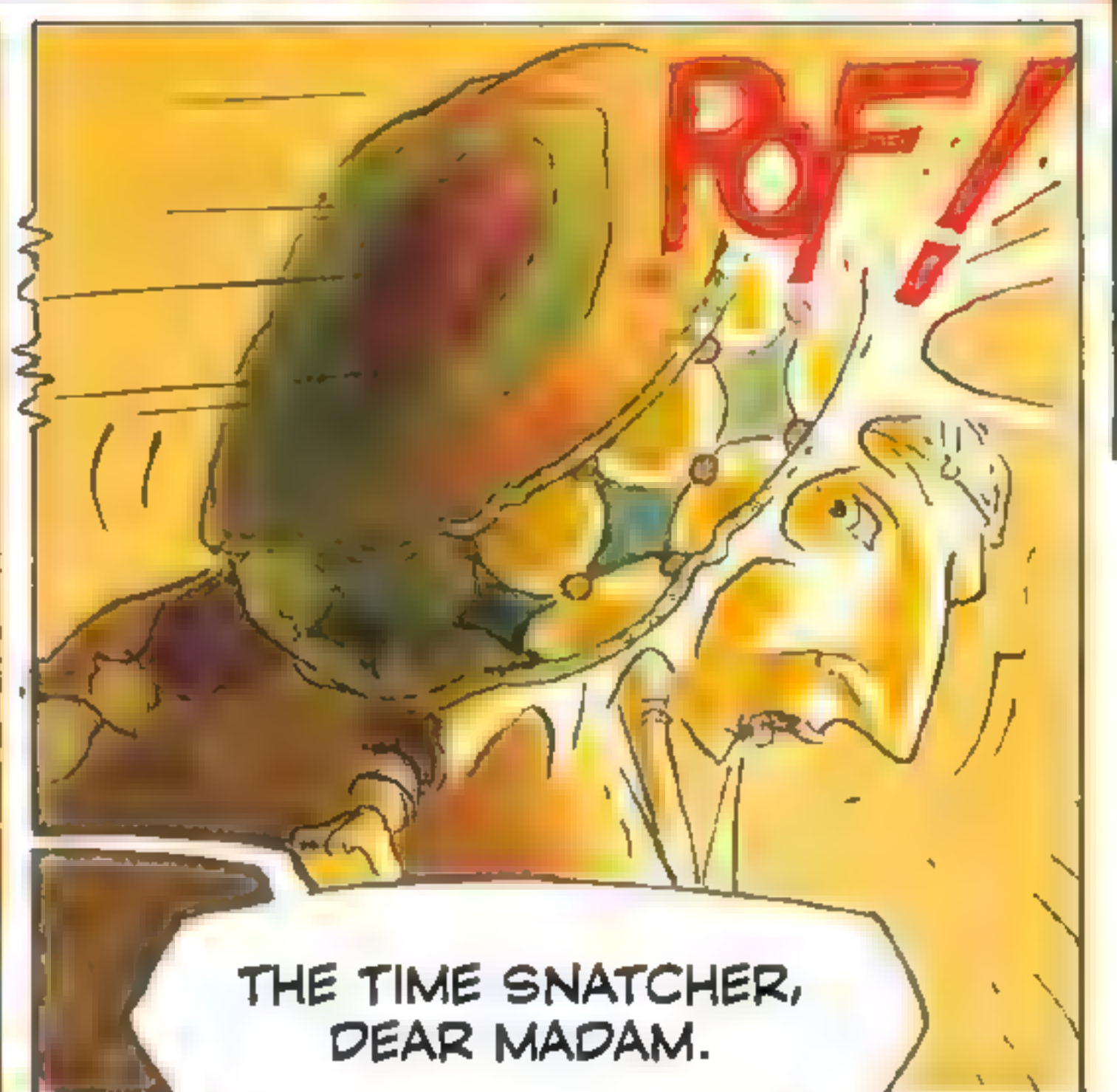


I FIND YOU VERY DISTANT FOR A GIRL WHO IS MARRYING THE MASTER OF THE DESERT TONIGHT.

I WOULDN'T PUT ANY MONEY ON THE MARRIAGE, IF I WERE YOU.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



THE TIME SNATCHER, DEAR MADAM.



THIS ISN'T OUR FIRST ENGAGEMENT, YOU KNOW?

AND EVERY TIME, PFFFFUIT!

THEY'RE RIGHT.

I'VE BEEN PROMISED OVER AND OVER, AND BY POWERFUL MEN, AND EVERY TIME THE AFFAIR COMES TO AN END IN THE SAME FASHION.



DO YOU SEE THE RISING SUN?

YES, WHAT OF IT?



WELL TODAY, LIKE EVERY DAY, THE POWERFUL BABA MUSIIR IS PROBABLY OPENING HIS EYES AND STRETCHING HIS LITTLE ARMS...

AND THINKING TO HIMSELF THAT TODAY IS THE DAY THAT HE MARRIES THE BEAUTIFUL MANIE GANZA.

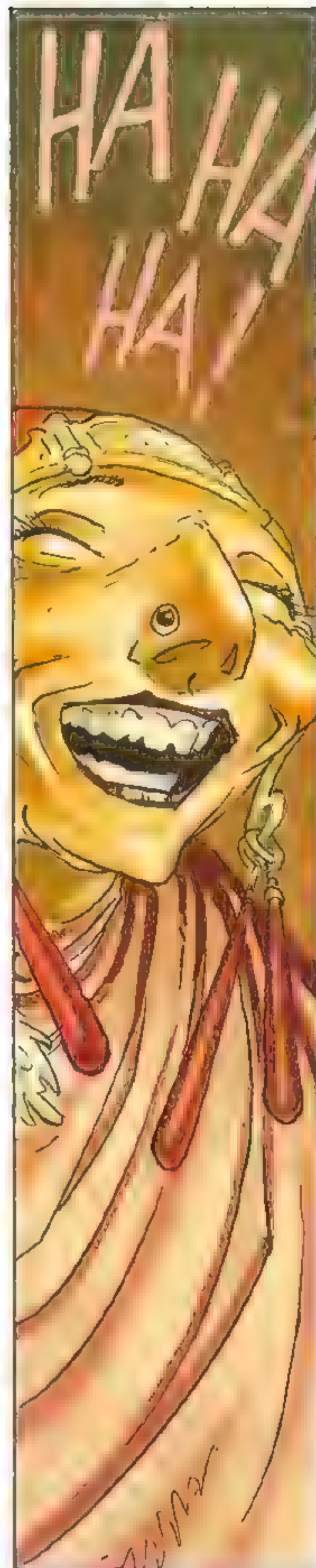
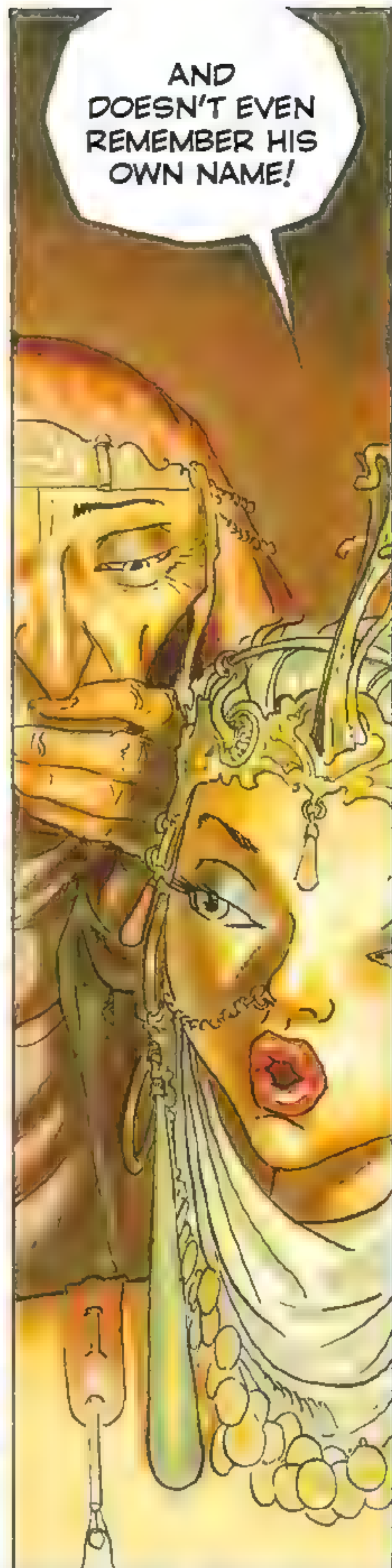




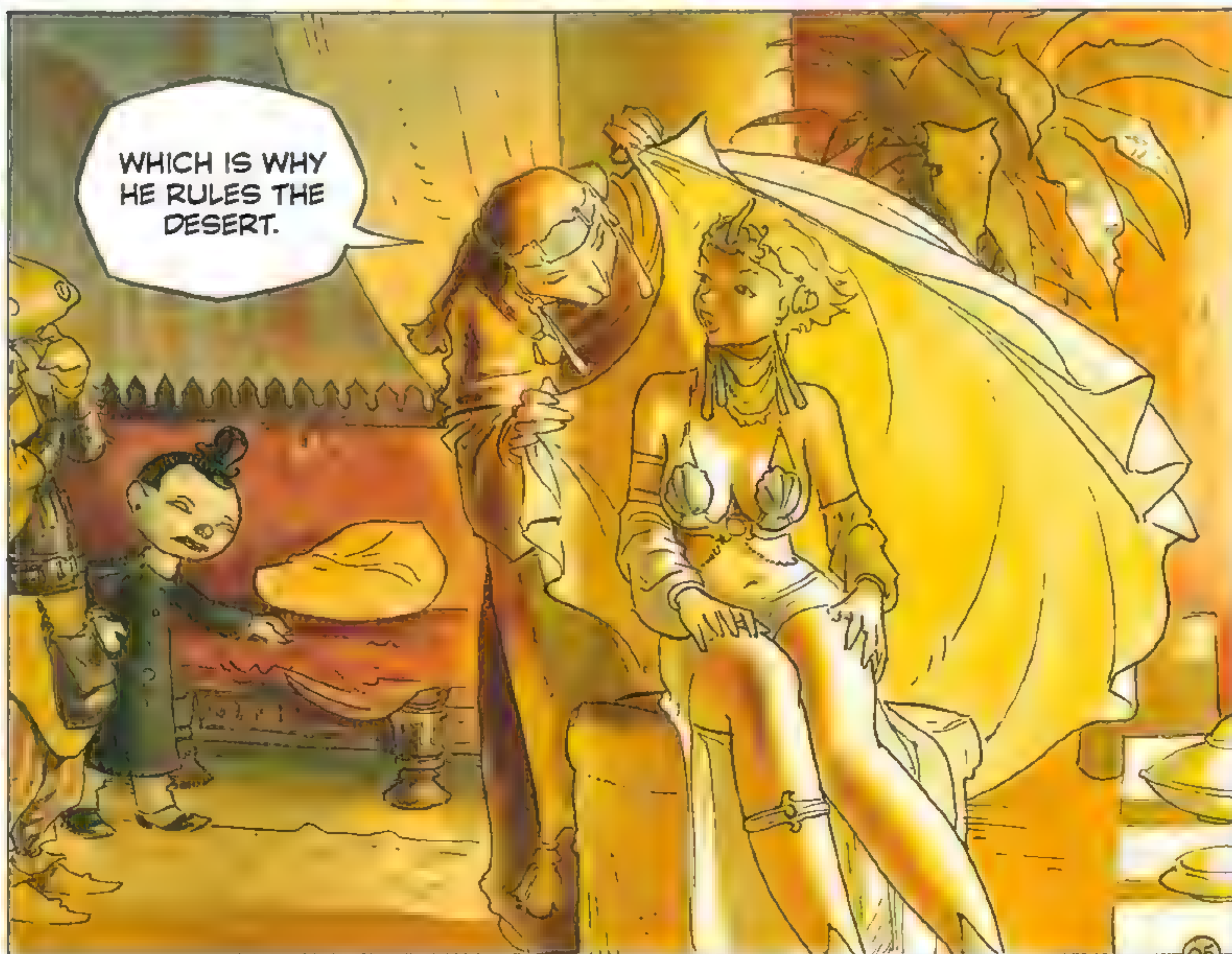
HE'LL REALIZE THAT THE TIME SNATCHER VISITED HIM DURING THE NIGHT, IN A DREAM, LIKE HE DOES TO ALL THOSE WHO CLAIM TO ANNEX MANIE LIKE A TERRITORY...



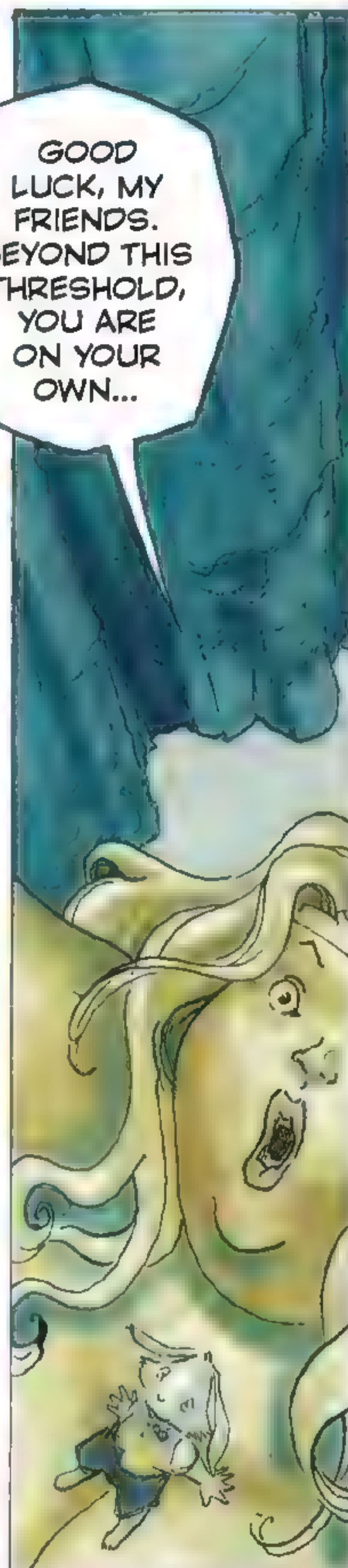
AS WE SPEAK, THE POWERFUL AND DREADED BABA MUSIIR IS PROBABLY LITTLE MORE THAN A TOOTHLESS SENILE OLD MAN...



SORRY FOR DECEIVING YOU, BUT IF THERE'S A REASON THAT BABA MUSIIR BECAME THE UNCONTESTED MASTER OF THE DESERT IS BECAUSE HE HAS A SECRET.









STARTING FROM NOW, DO EXACTLY AS I DO. STEALTH, AGILITY, SILENCE. OUR BODIES ARE LIKE JUNGLE VINES, UNDERSTOOD?

UNDERSTOOD, MAJOR.

VINES.

MY OWN DESTINY IS ALWAYS CONCEALED, UNFORTUNATELY. BY TAKING PART, I LOSE ALL CLAIRVOYANCE.

COULD YOU READ THE FUTURE A BIT AND TELL US IF WE SUCCEED?

OH REALLY...? SO WHAT ARE YOU CONTRIBUTING TO THIS MISSION?

ABOUT THE SAME AS YOURSELF, PAINTER.

WELL THERE YOU GO. NOW WE HAVE AN IDEA OF OUR CHANCES FOR SUCCESS.

REALLY? DELIGHTED TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE.

THAT'S WEIRD. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A RED DRESS.

RED? FOR A WEDDING?





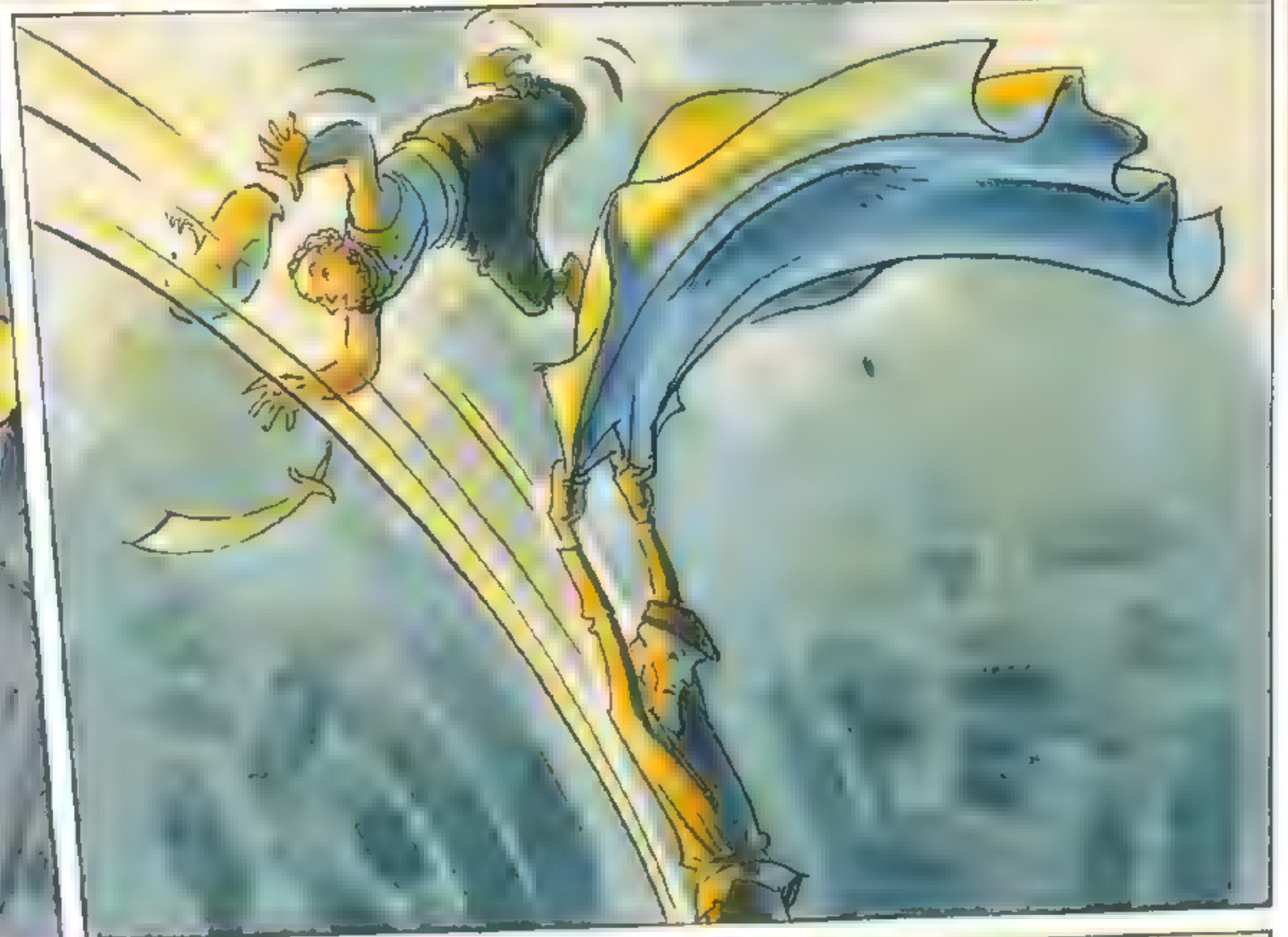
MAJOR! I THINK WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED.

ALREADY?

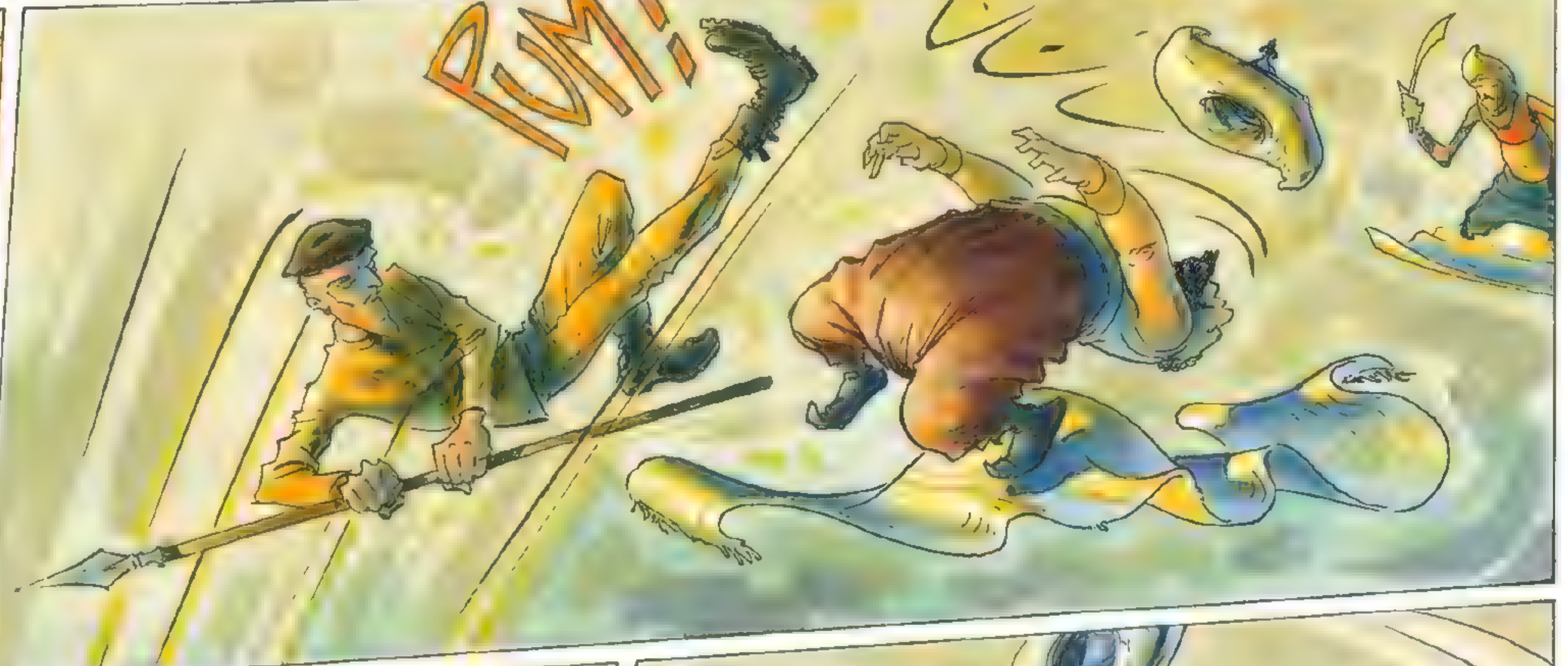


LET THEM COME!  
I'LL SHOW THEM  
HOW ONE...?!  
?!

WE WON'T SURRENDER  
WITHOUT A FIGHT. DO  
AS I DO, MY FRIENDS!



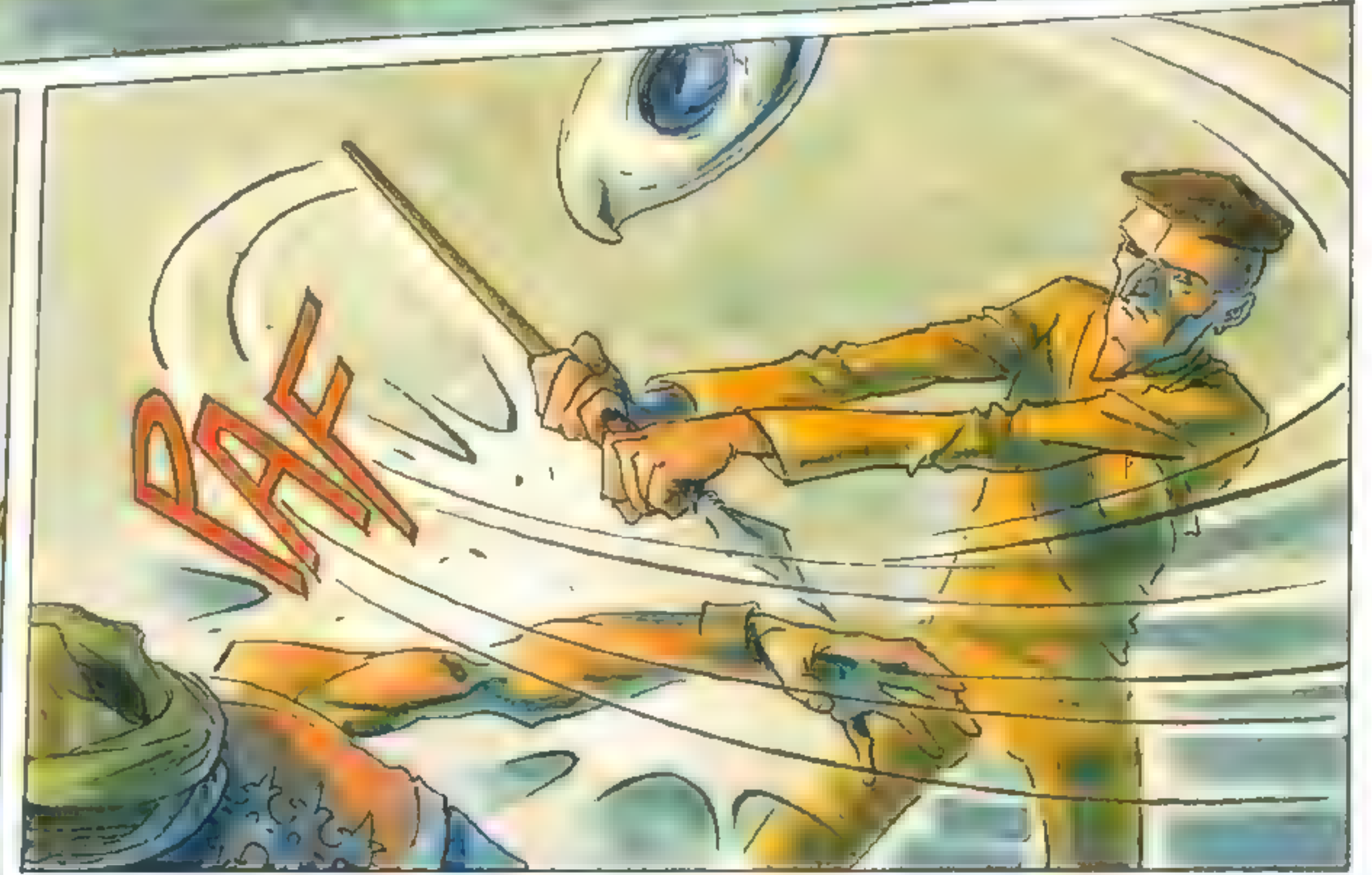
Boom



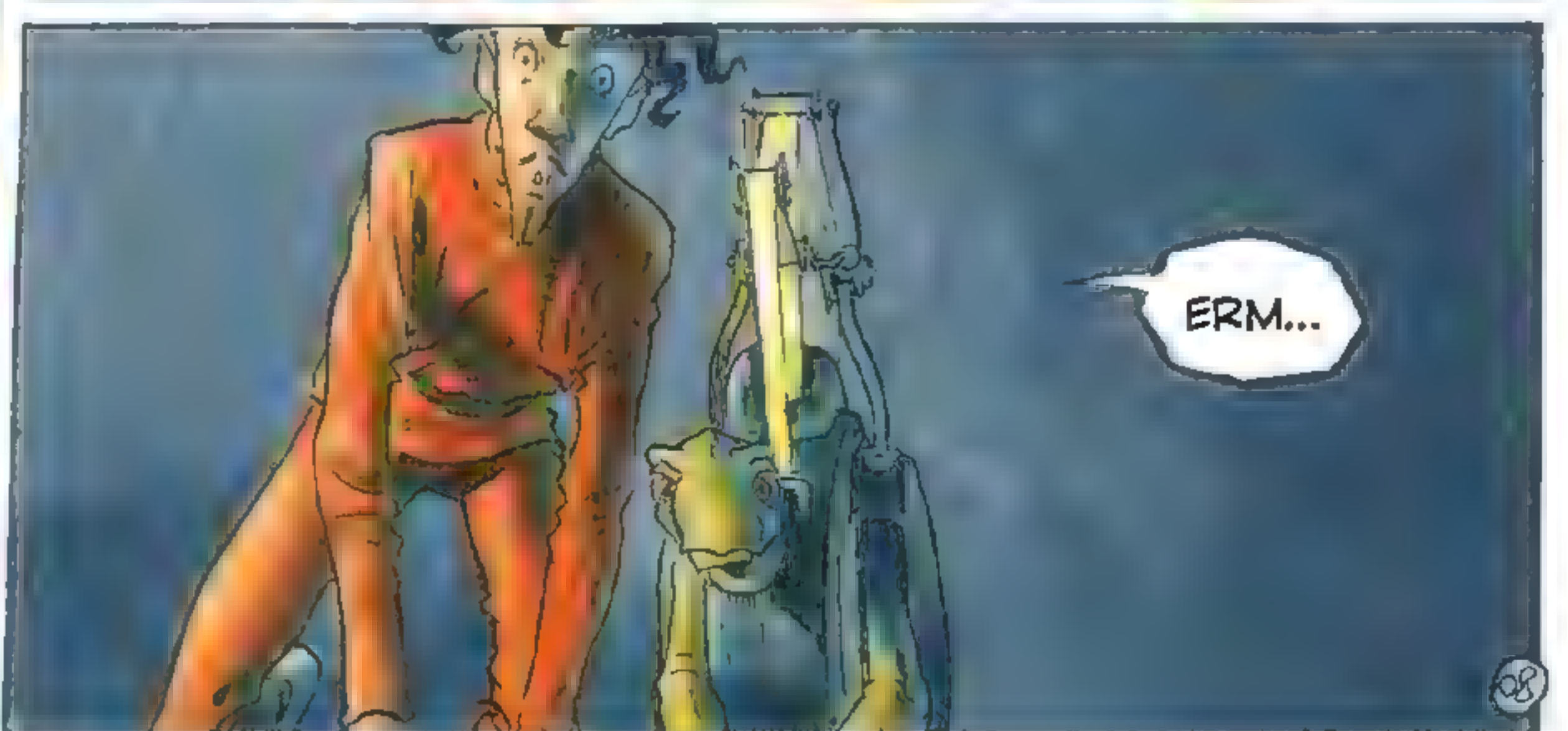
PUM!



BOOM

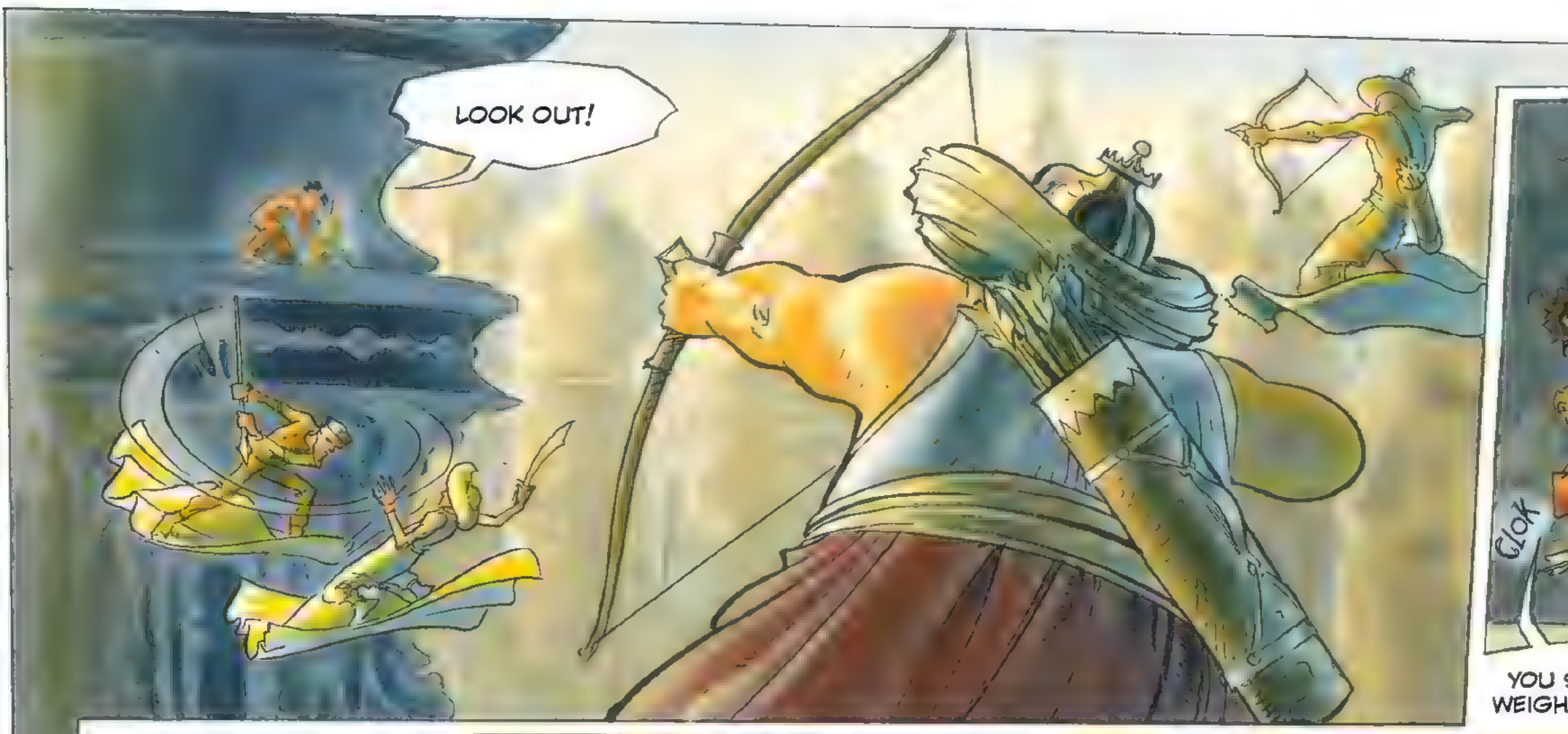


PAF



ERM...

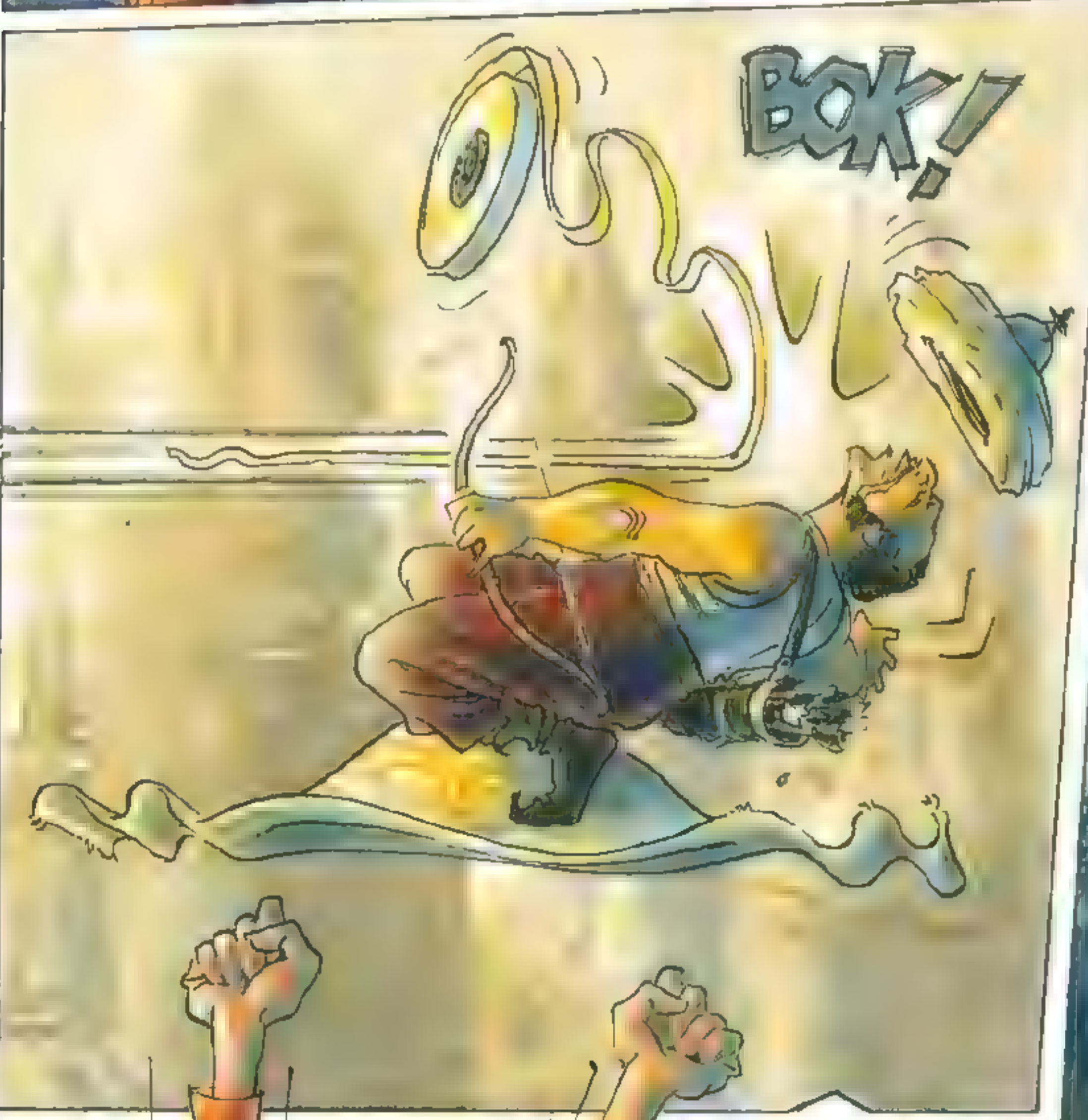
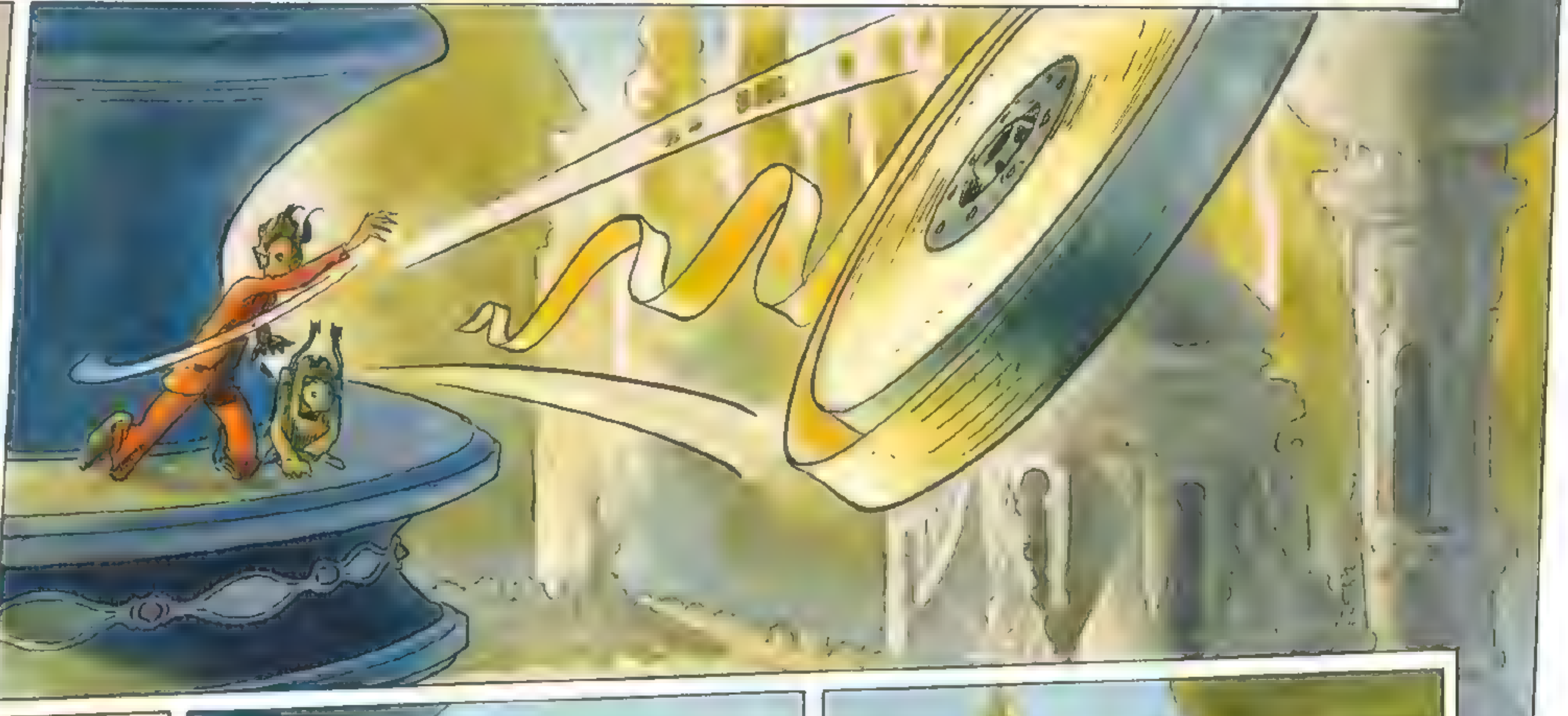




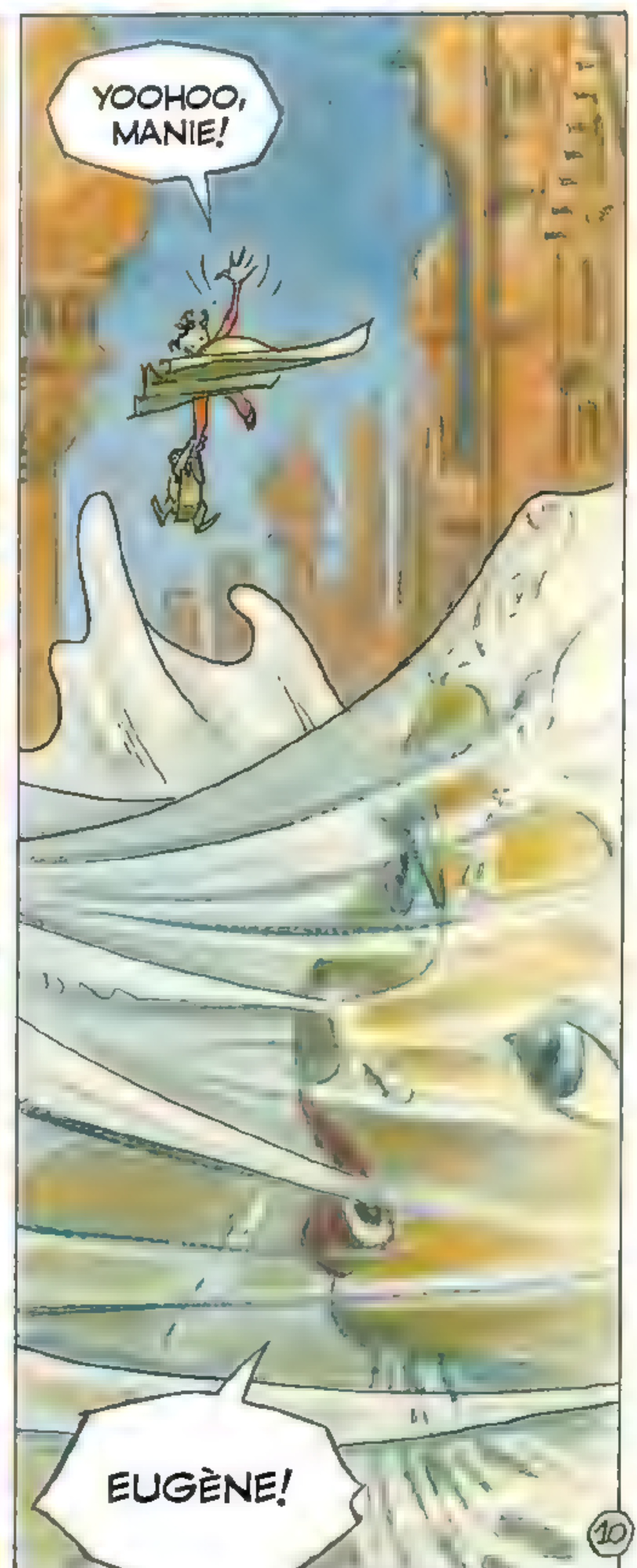
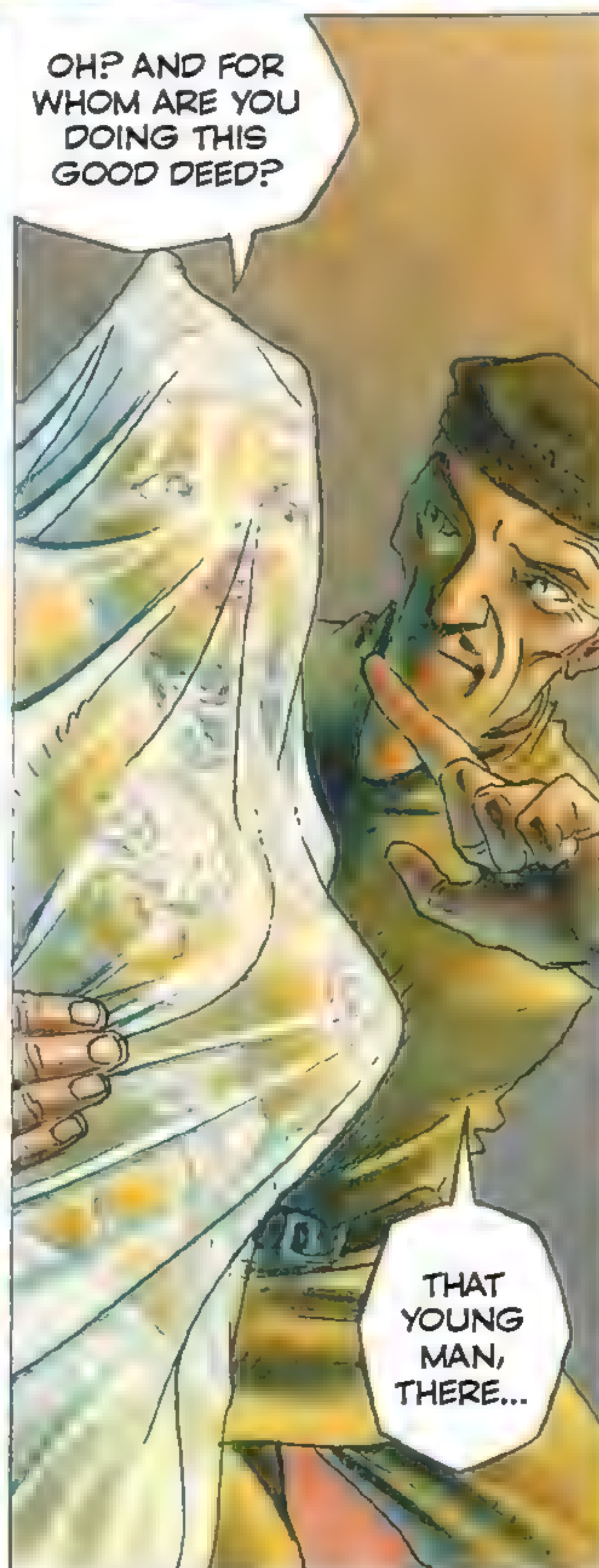
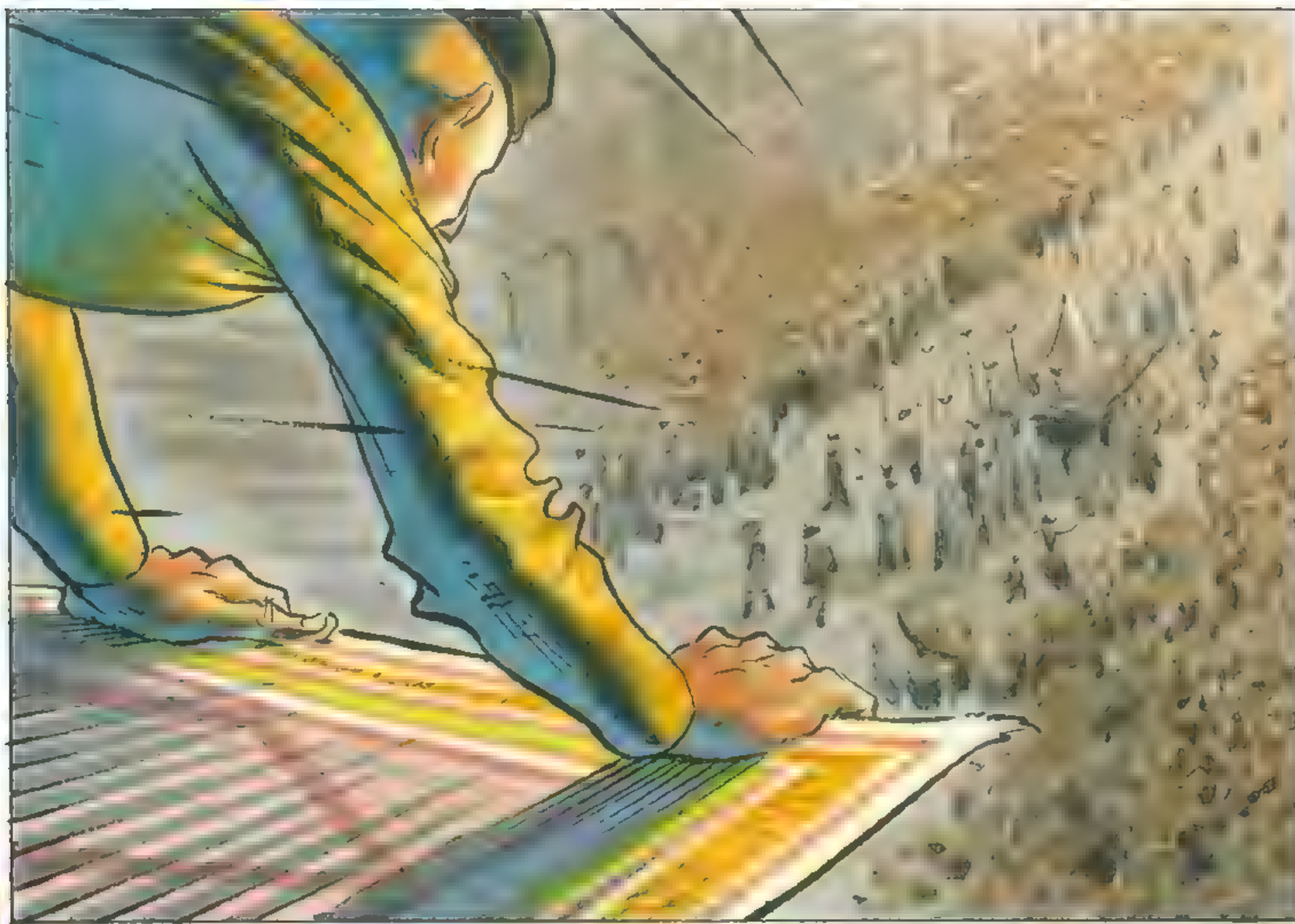
YOU SEE? I'M NOT THE DEAD WEIGHT YOU THOUGHT I WAS...



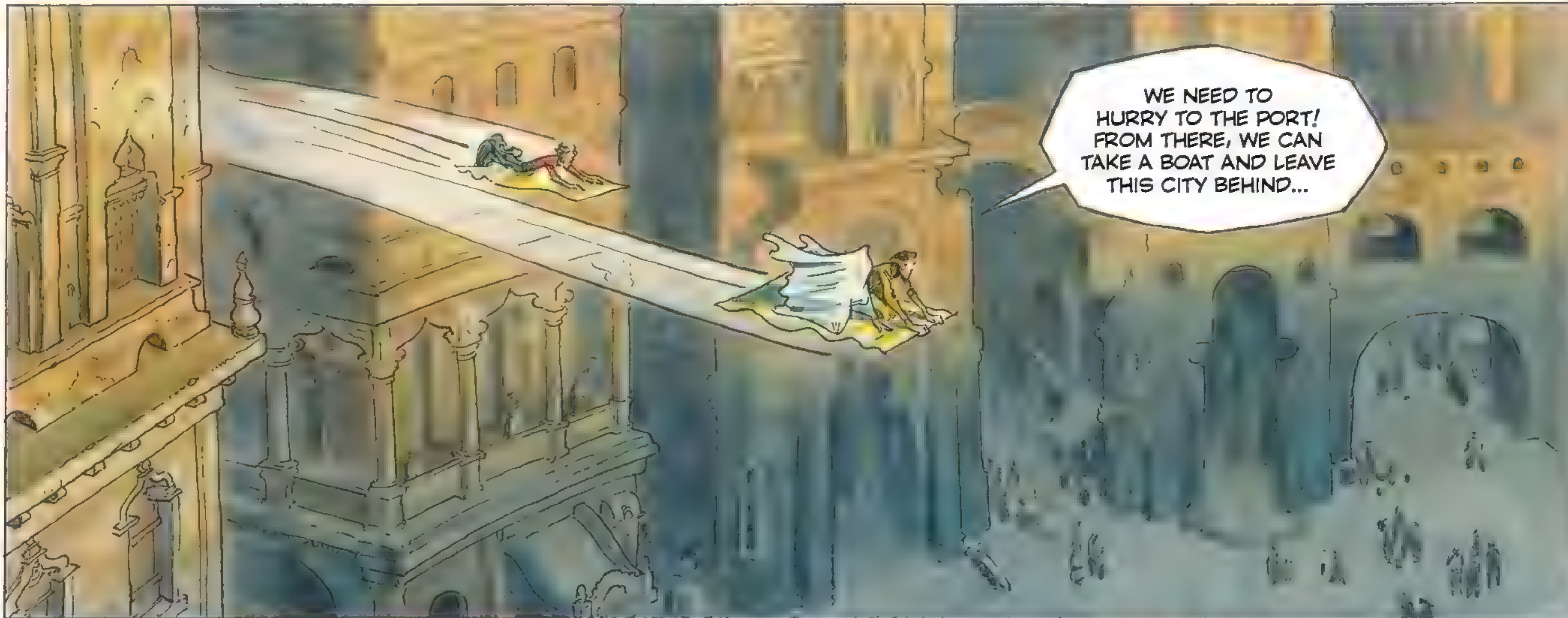
WITH PLEASURE...







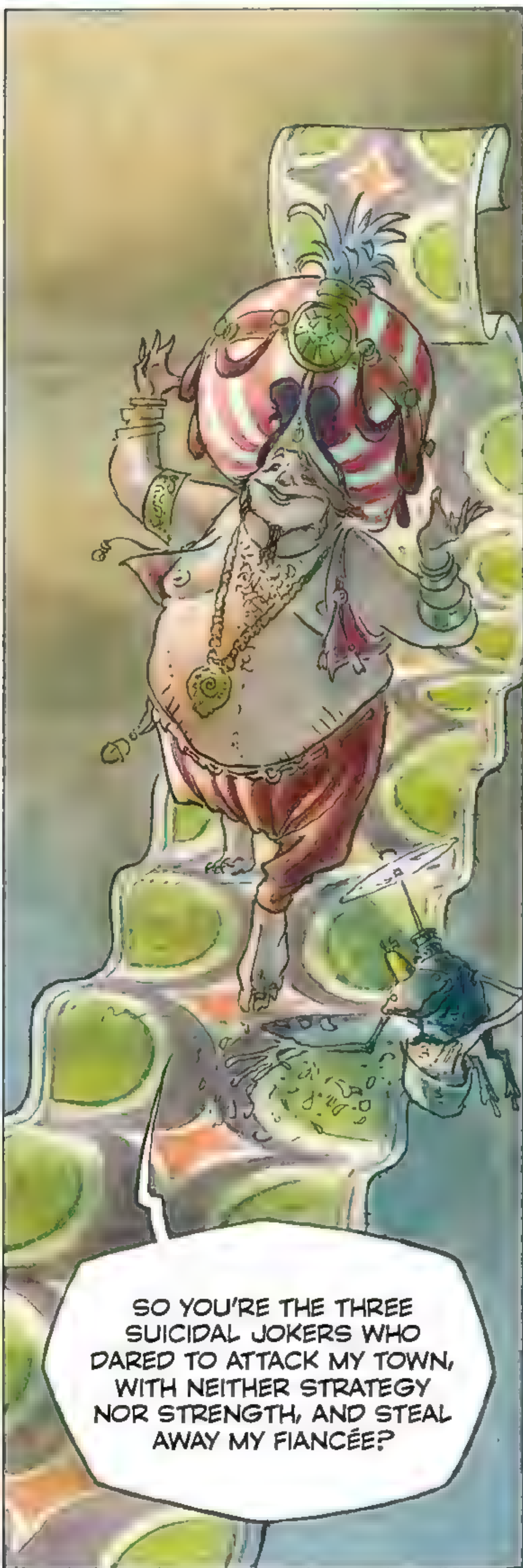
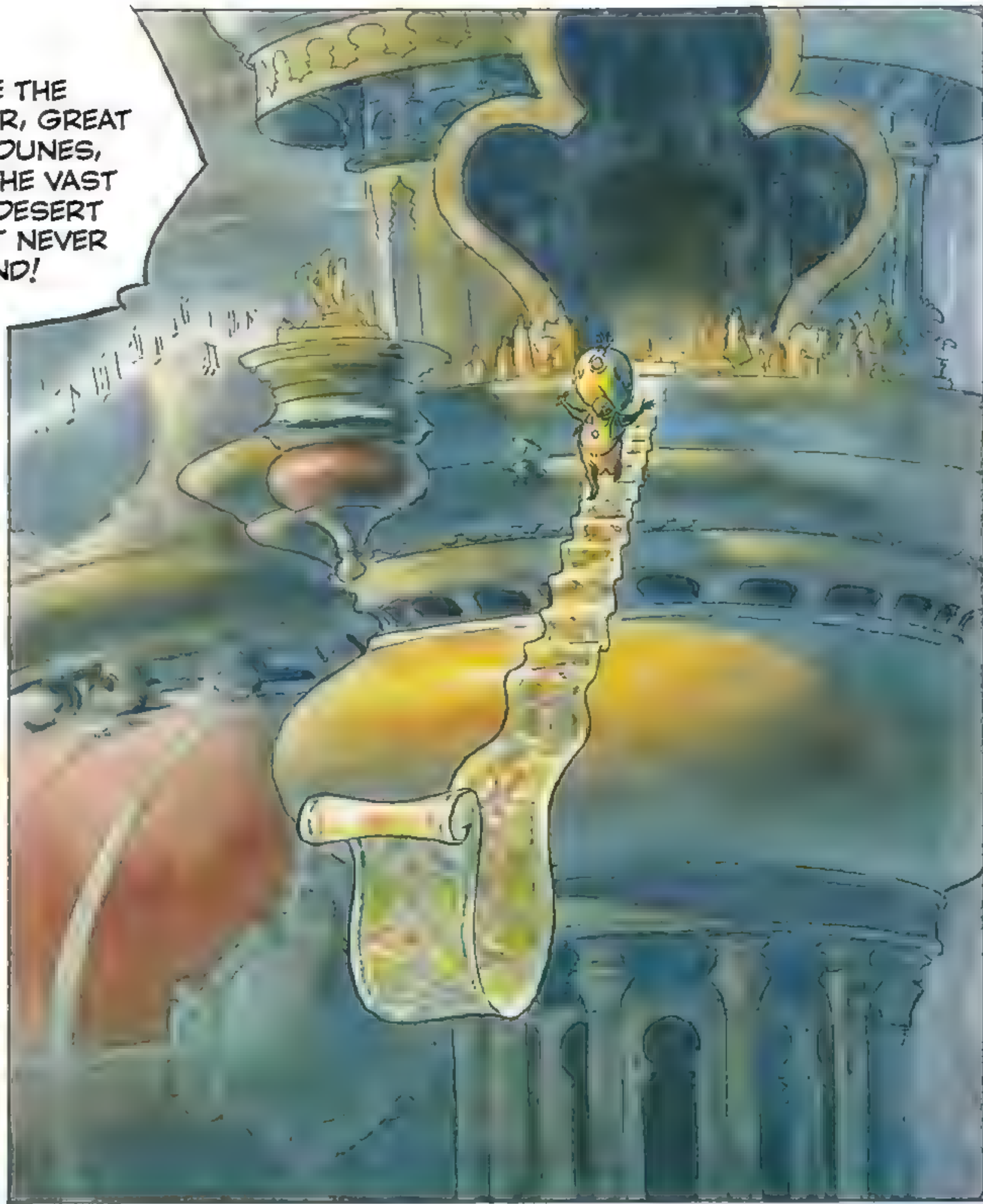








PROSTATE YOURSELF BEFORE THE GREAT AND ETERNAL BABA MUSIIR, GREAT CHUBBY MAMAMOUCHI OF THE DUNES, ULTIMATE EROTIC STALLION OF THE VAST SANDINESS, EMPEROR OF THE DESERT WHOSE HEADLY PERFUMED FEET NEVER TOUCH THE IMPURE GROUND!



SO YOU'RE THE THREE SUICIDAL JOKERS WHO DARED TO ATTACK MY TOWN, WITH NEITHER STRATEGY NOR STRENGTH, AND STEAL AWAY MY FIANCÉE?



ERM, RIGHT. THAT'S US.

HOW ENTERTAINING.



FORGIVE US FOR NOT PROSTRATING OURSELVES JUST THIS MOMENT -- THE ACT WOULD PROVE QUITE FATAL FOR US.

JUST YOU WAIT.



OH, HAVE NO FEAR ON THAT COUNT. DON'T GO BREAKING YOUR NECK FOR THE SAKE OF ETIQUETTE.

YOUR NECK IS MOST PRECIOUS TO ME. I INTEND TO HAVE IT CUT OPEN AT MY WEDDING.





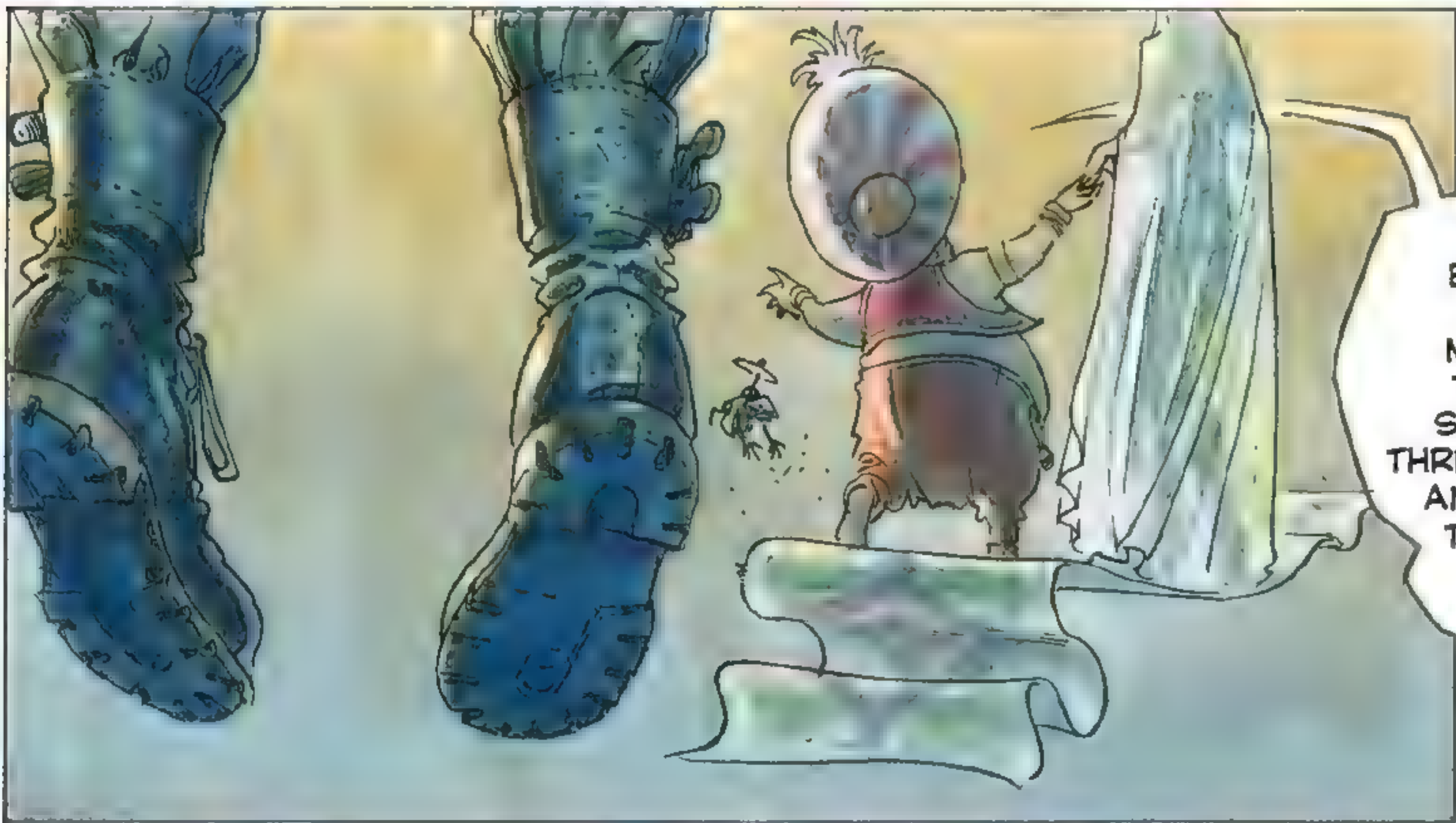
DELICIOUS  
MANIE, IF YOU'D  
BE SO KIND...



LONG LIVE BABA  
MUSIIR! LONG LIVE THE  
EROTIC STALLION!

GLORY  
TO MANIE  
GANZA'S  
BEAUTY!

GET AN  
EYEFUL NOW  
--- YOU WON'T  
BE SEEING HER  
OUT OFTEN,  
I TELL YOU.



BELOVED PEOPLE  
OF AKMÉMETH  
MÉMETH! BEHOLD  
THE BEWITCHING  
SILHOUETTE OF MY  
THREE HUNDRETH WIFE  
AND NEW FAVORITE,  
THE DIVINE MANIE  
GANZA!



I SUPPOSE IT'S  
POINTLESS TO BEG  
YOUR MERCY FOR MY  
COMPANIONS?

POINTLESS  
AND EVEN A TAD  
INSULTING, DEAR  
CHILD. I DIDN'T  
SPEND CENTURIES  
FORGING A  
REPUTATION AS  
A COLD AND  
BLOODTHIRSTY  
MONSTER FOR  
PEOPLE TO  
COME SEEKING  
COMPASSION AT  
THE SLIGHTEST  
EXCUSE.

BE REALISTIC,  
NOW.



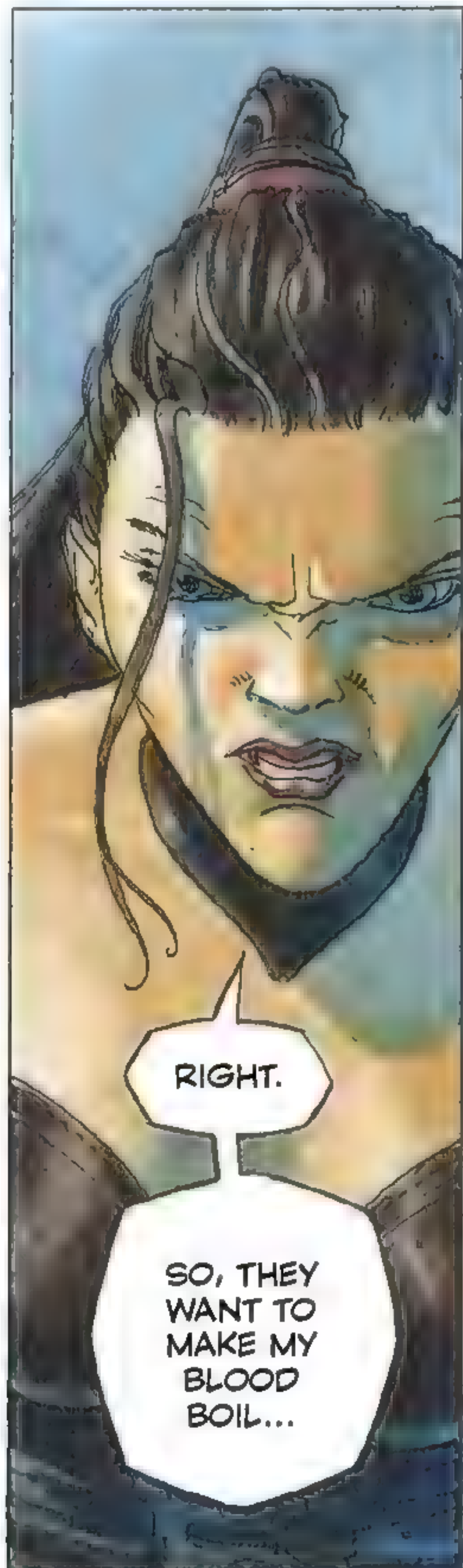
COME, LET US  
HURRY AND GET  
MARRIED, DEAR  
FRIEND...

AFTERWARDS, I'LL  
LET YOU EXPERIENCE  
THE ULTIMATE  
PLEASURE, AND  
THEN GO AND CRUSH  
THOSE CONCEITED  
STUMPS OVER IN  
LITTLEGHISTAN.



THE WEEK  
PROMISES  
TO BE  
WONDERFUL.



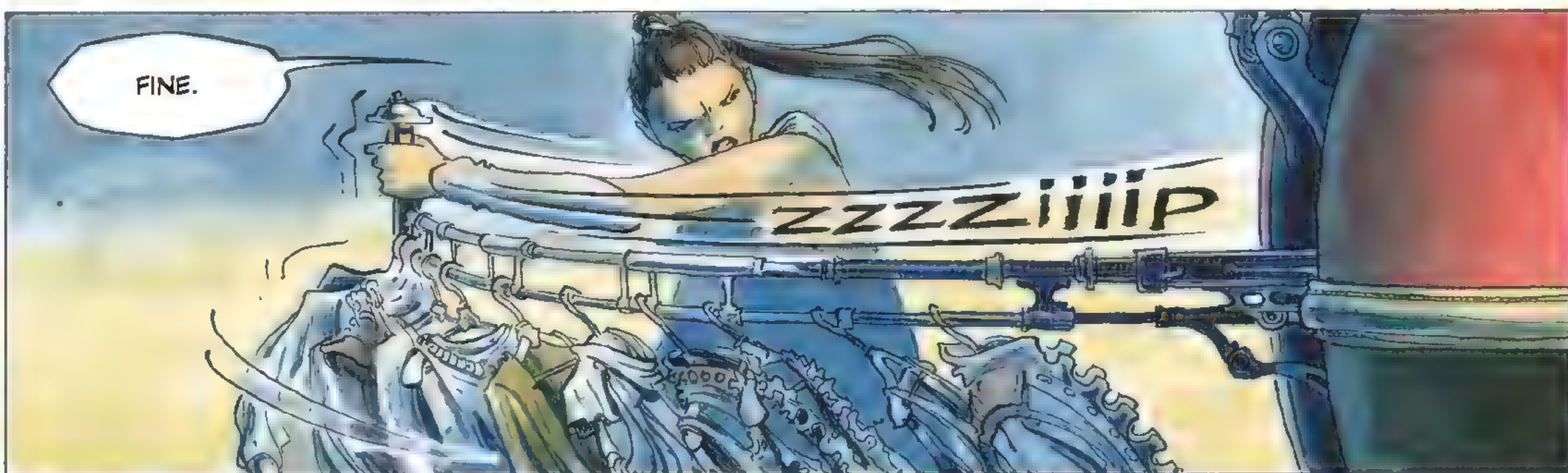


RIGHT.

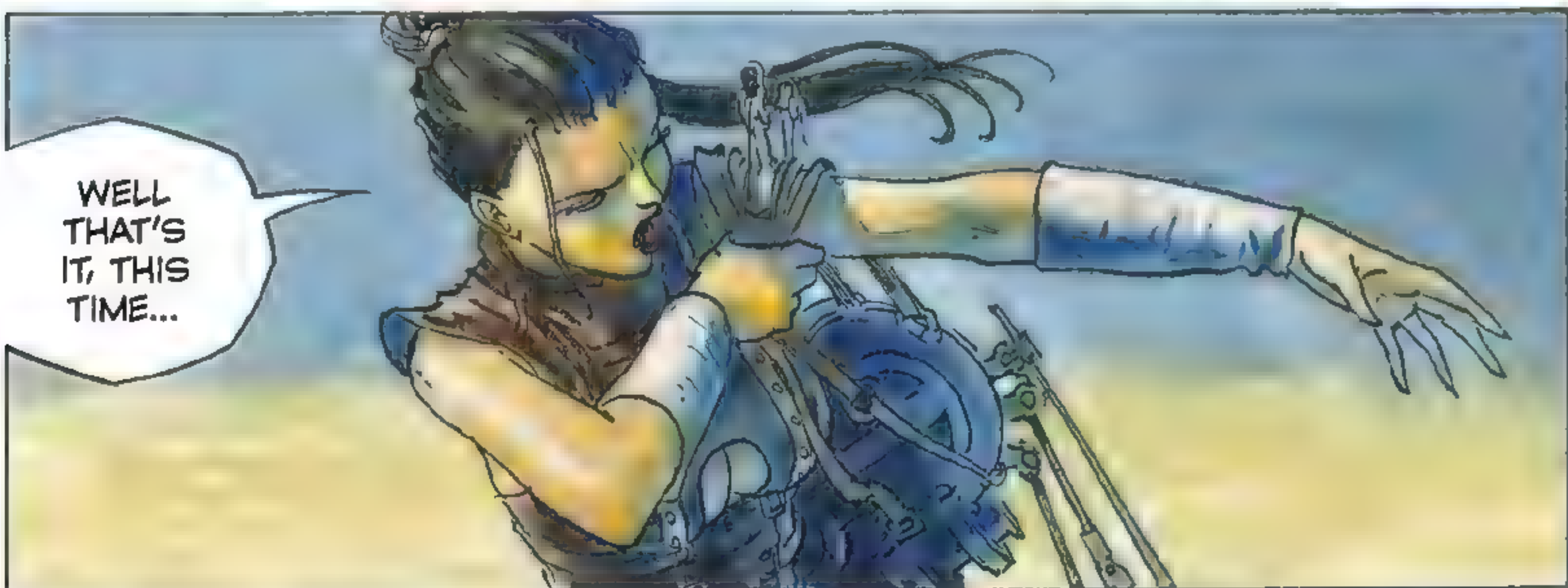
SO, THEY  
WANT TO  
MAKE MY  
BLOOD  
BOIL...



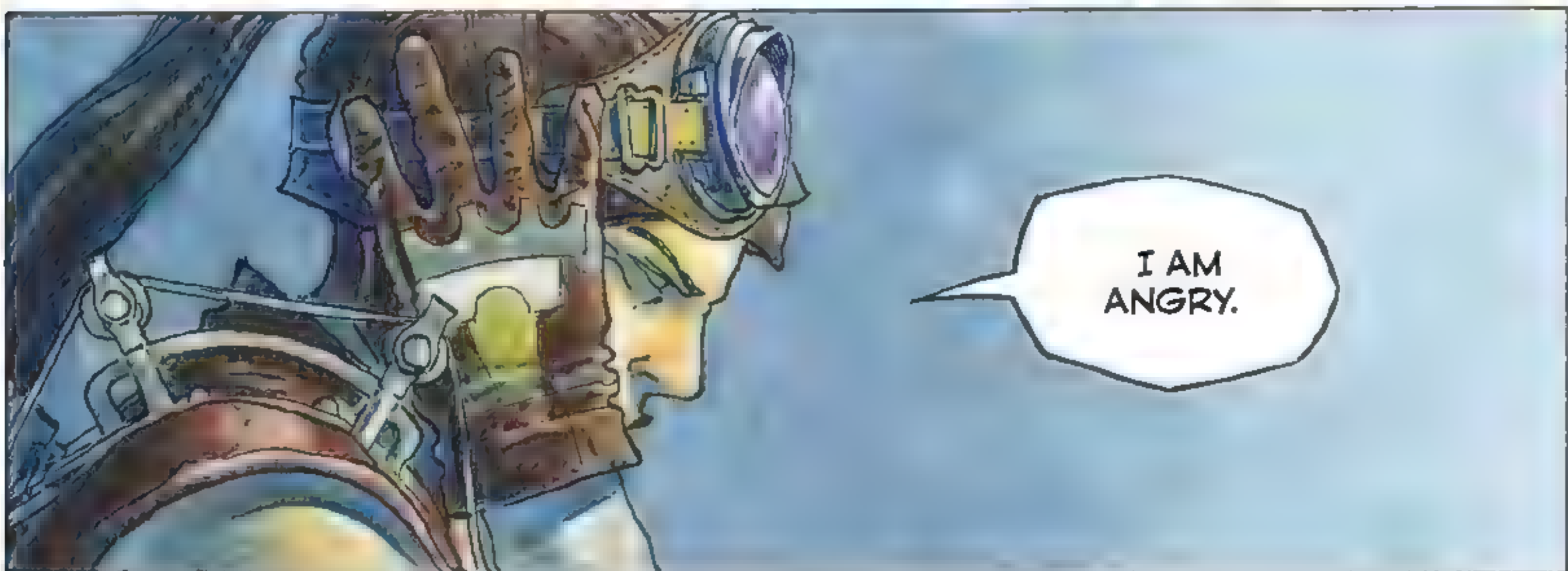
A CONFEDERACY  
OF NUISANCES AND  
INCOMPETENTS.



FINE.



WELL  
THAT'S  
IT, THIS  
TIME...

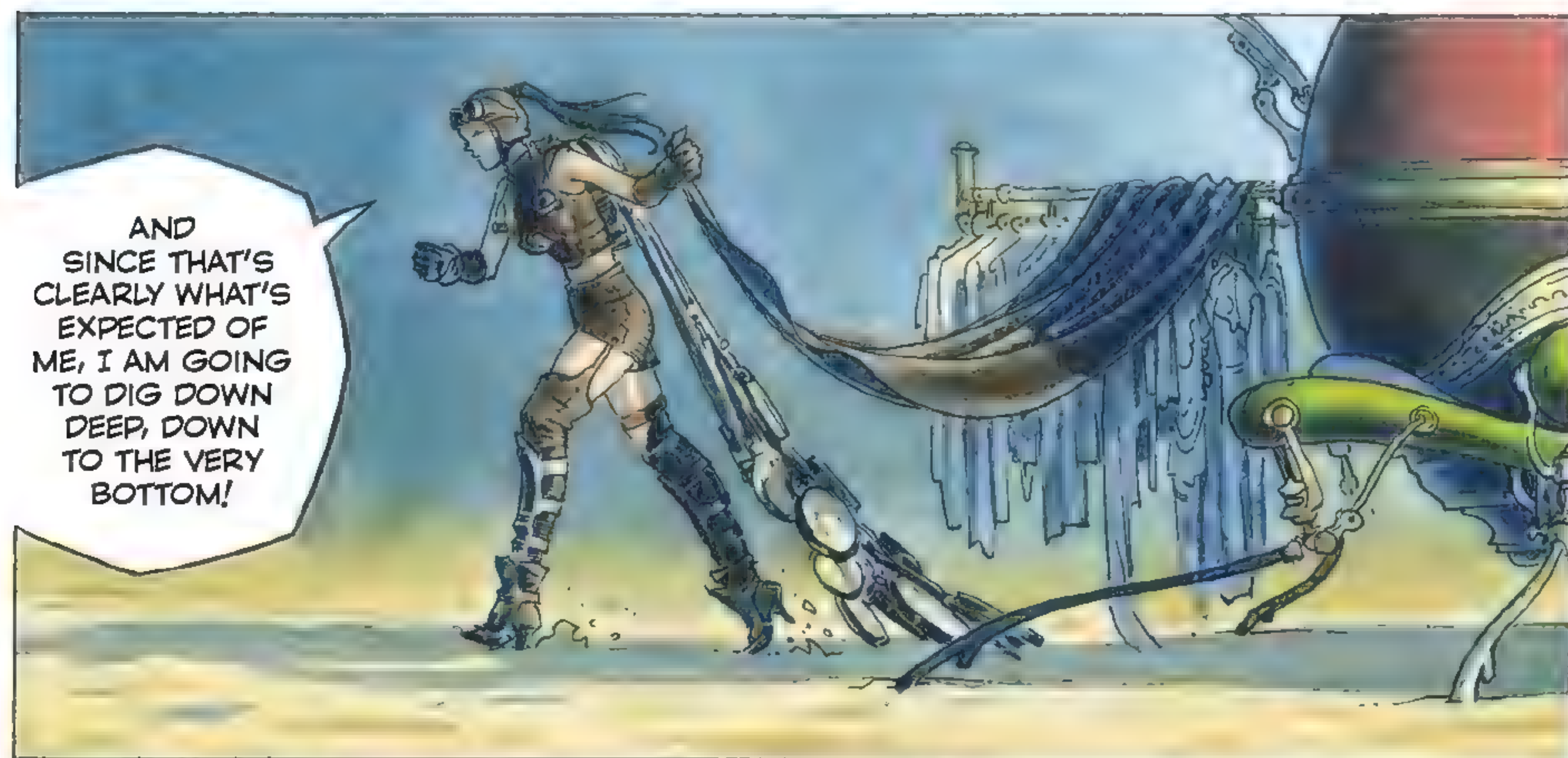


I AM  
ANGRY.

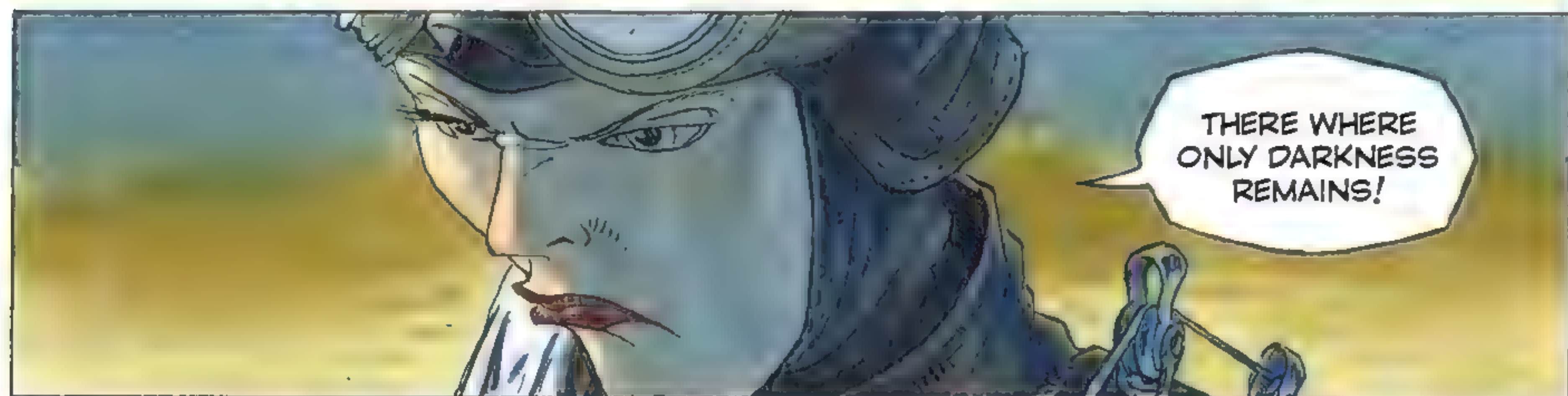


AND IF I  
CROSS PATHS  
WITH THAT FAT  
SANDY COW  
AGAIN, SHE'LL  
UNDERSTAND  
THAT ANGER IS  
BAD FOR THE  
COMPLEXION.

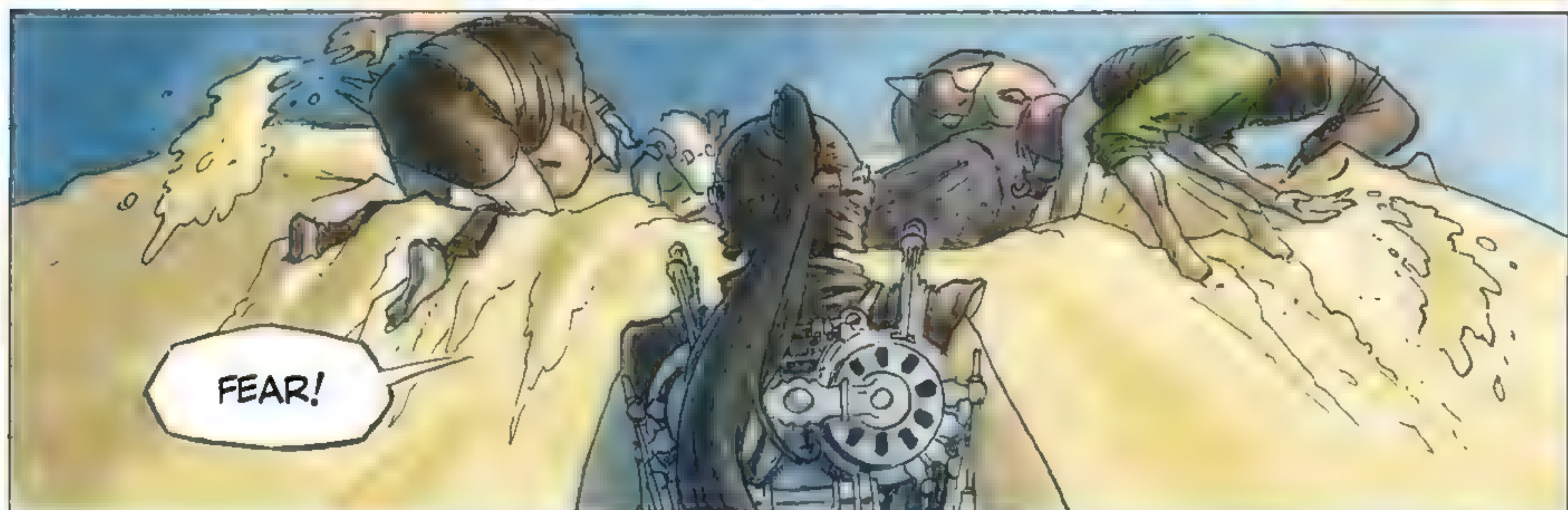




AND  
SINCE THAT'S  
CLEARLY WHAT'S  
EXPECTED OF  
ME, I AM GOING  
TO DIG DOWN  
DEEP, DOWN  
TO THE VERY  
BOTTOM!



THERE WHERE  
ONLY DARKNESS  
REMAINS!



FEAR!

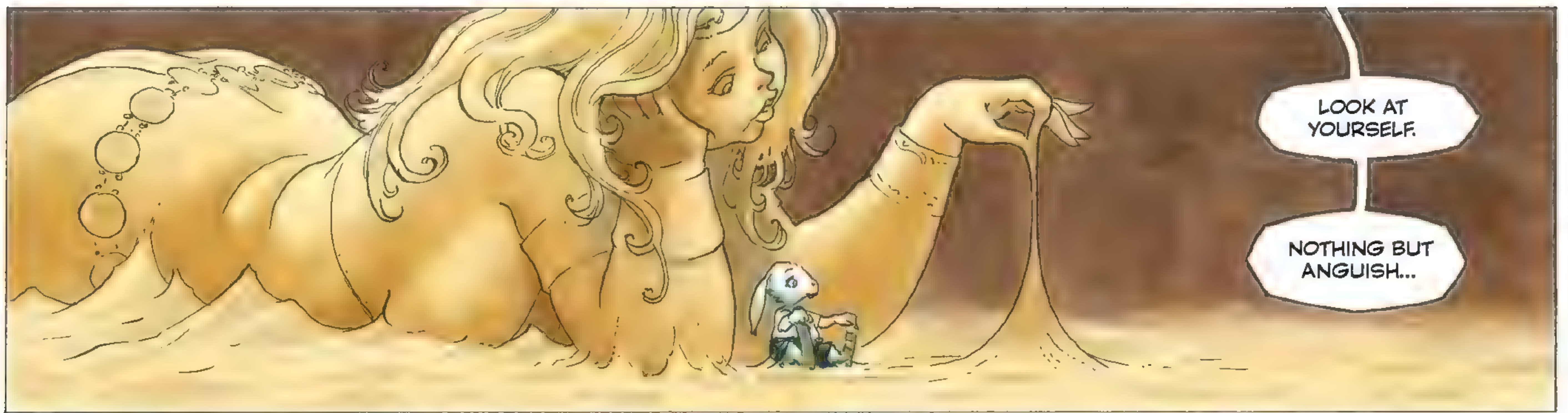


BITTERNESS!



VENGEANCE.





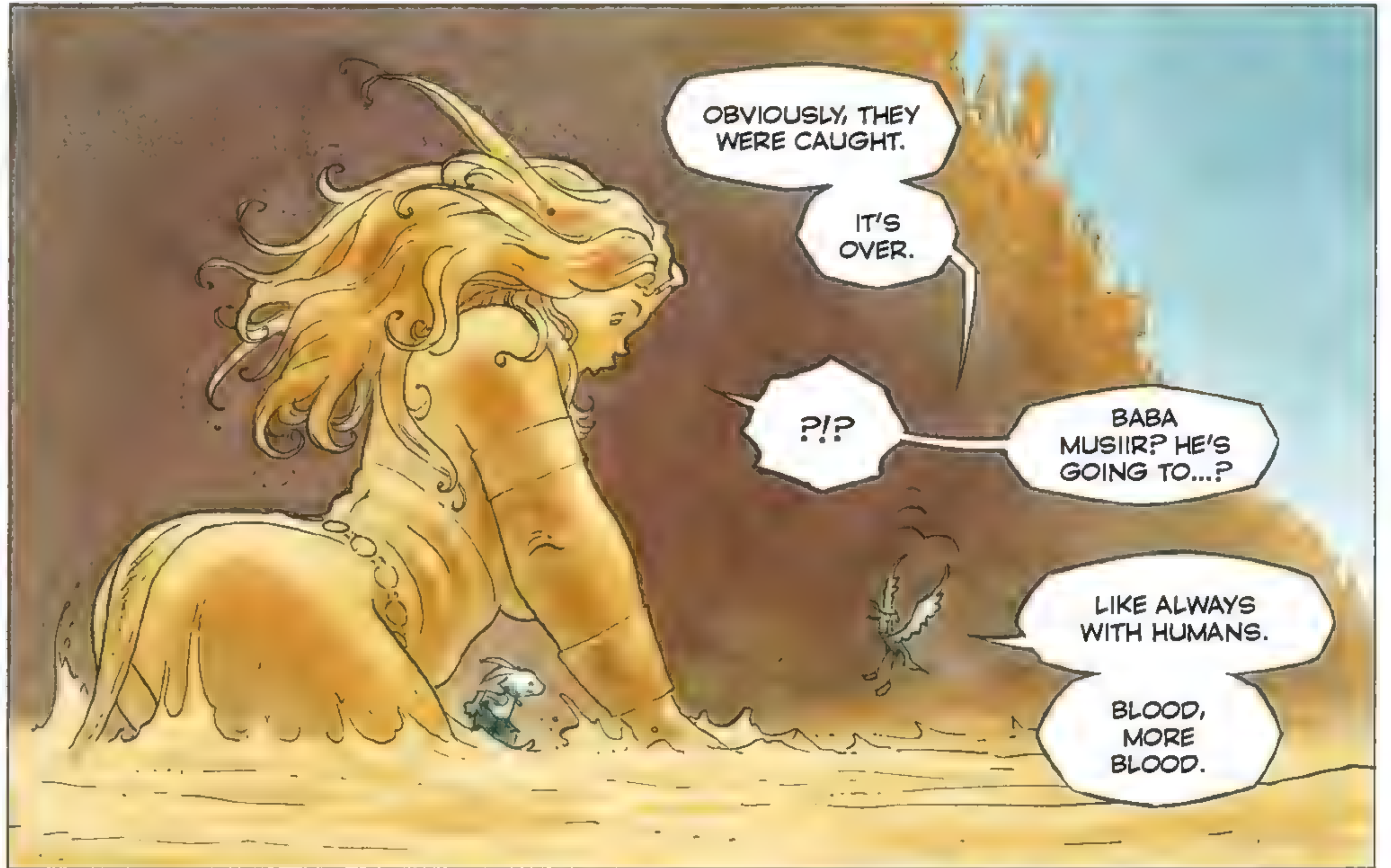
LOOK AT YOURSELF.

NOTHING BUT ANGUISH...



THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM YOUR HABIT OF MEDDLING IN THE AFFAIRS OF HUMANS.

AEERIIA? DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING? WHAT'S GOING ON?



OBVIOUSLY, THEY WERE CAUGHT.

IT'S OVER.

?!?

BABA MUSIIR? HE'S GOING TO...?

LIKE ALWAYS WITH HUMANS.

BLOOD, MORE BLOOD.



NOOOOOO! BUT WHY?! WHY?!

OH, WELL COME NOW, DON'T CRY. I'M HERE.



DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD END THIS WAY.

NO OTHER WAY IT COULD HAVE GONE, NOT WITH HUMANS...



AND THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING.







IT'S NOT  
SO SIMPLE.  
THEY'RE...

COMPLEX,  
AND...

YEAH,  
RIGHT,  
SURE...



!!!

OH!

WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?!



SOME...  
SOMEONE'S SUMMONING  
THE SWARM!

WHAT?!

THE BLACK  
SWARM?!!

WHO  
WOULD BE SO  
IRRESPONSIBLE?!  
DO THEY NOT  
REMEMBER?!



I NEED TO STOP  
IT! GO WARN THE  
PEOPLE IN THE CITY!

SAVE THEM!

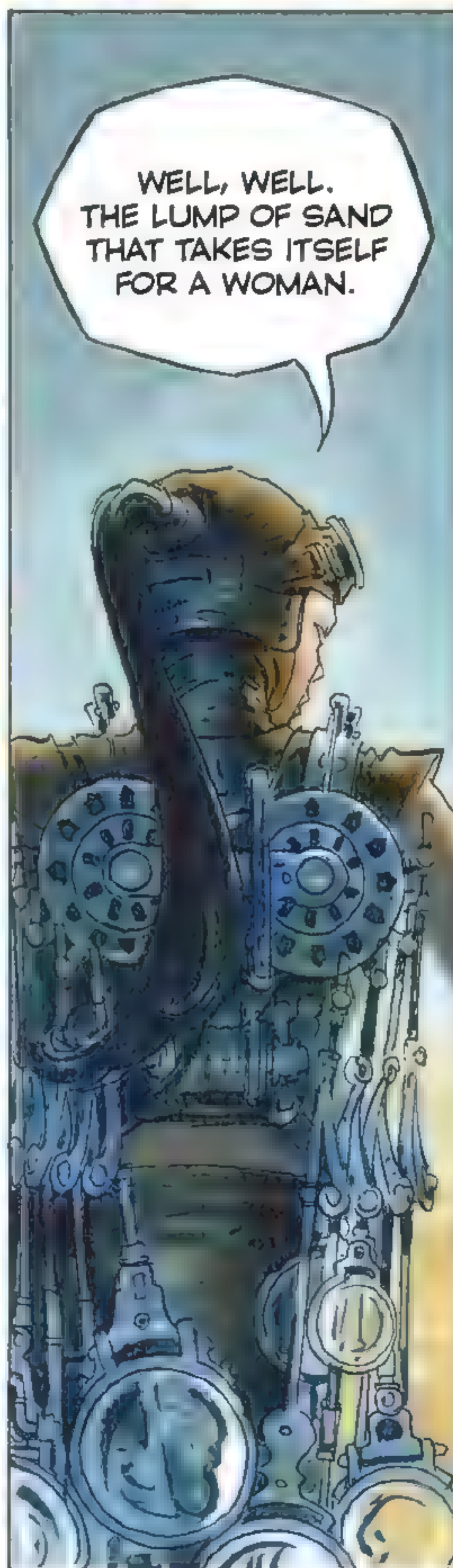
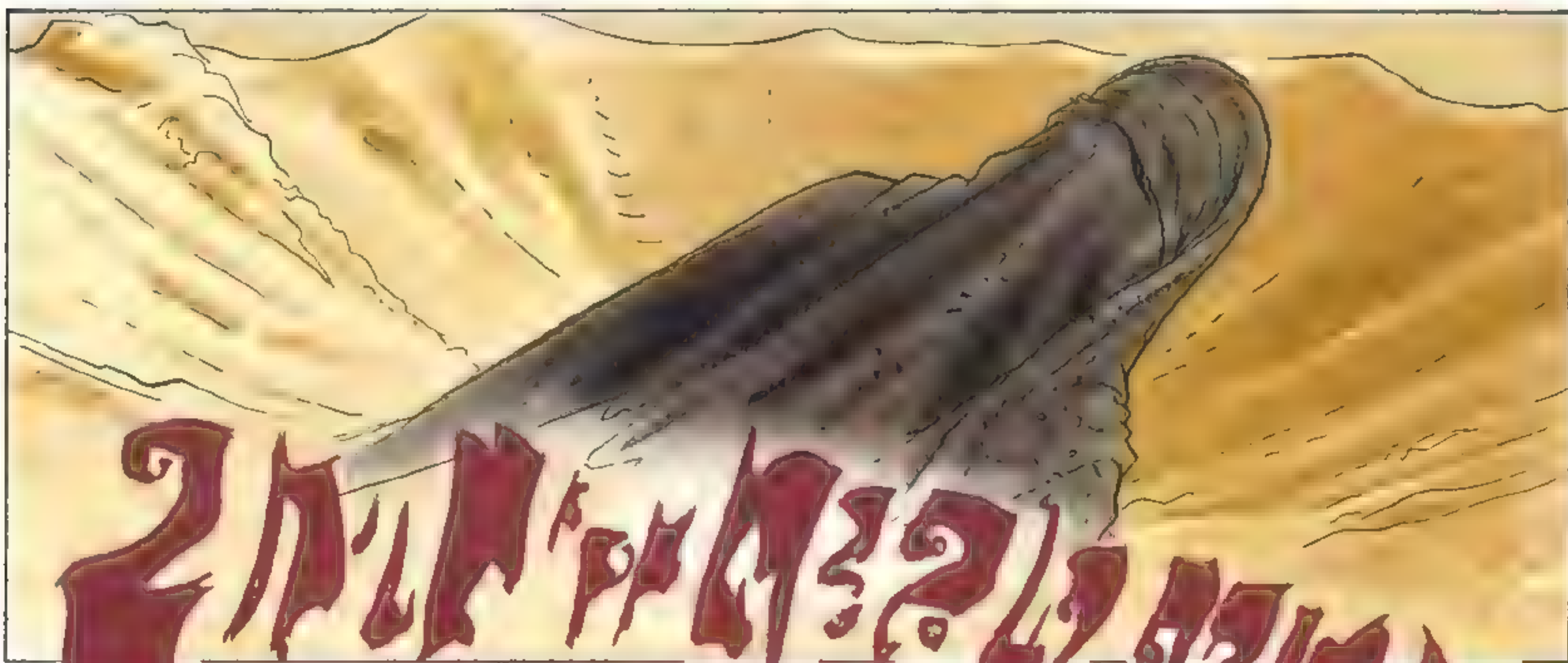
THERE'S NO POINT  
TRYING WITH THESE  
MONSTERS. THEY'RE  
MORTAL, IN EVERY SENSE  
OF THE WORD.



WHAT MUST  
HAPPEN WILL  
HAPPEN...

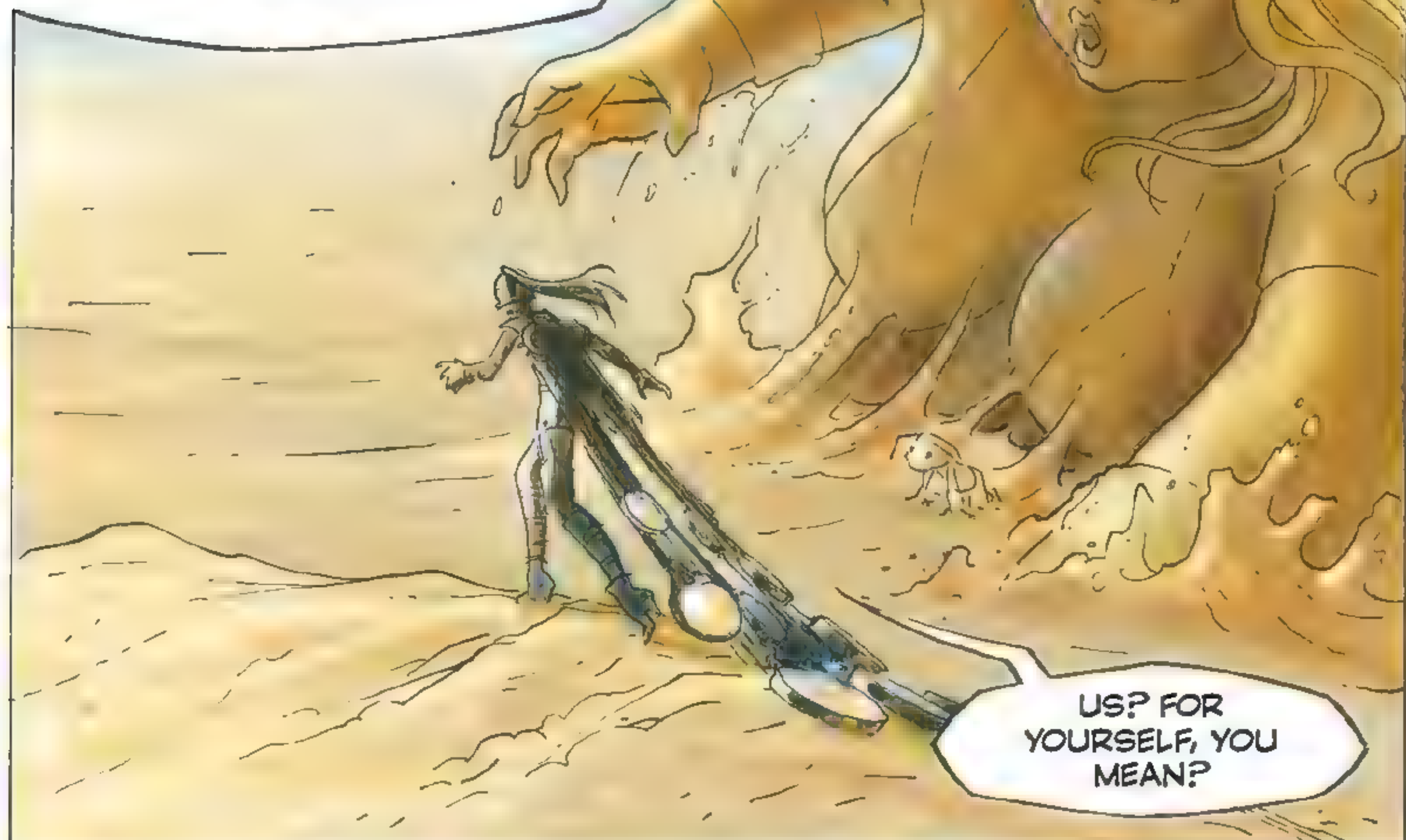
I DON'T INVOLVE  
MYSELF IN THEIR  
AFFAIRS! AND YOU  
WOULD DO WELL TO  
DO THE SAME!



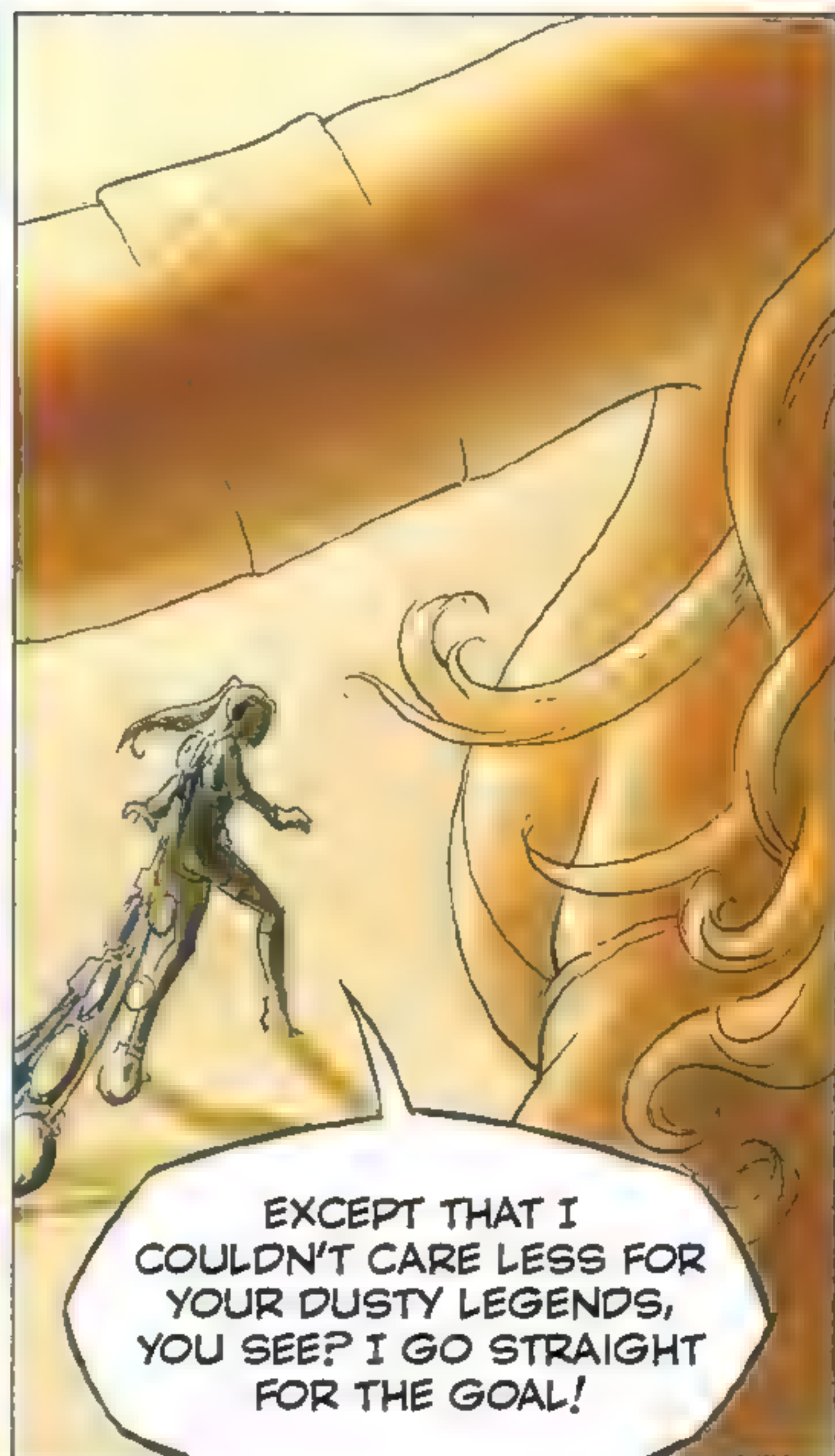




IT TOOK A LONG TIME FOR THE PRIMORDIALS TO BEAT THE SWARM, AND TO BANISH THEM TO THE UNDERWORLD. WE PAID DEARLY FOR IT. AND WE DID IT FOR THE HUMANS...

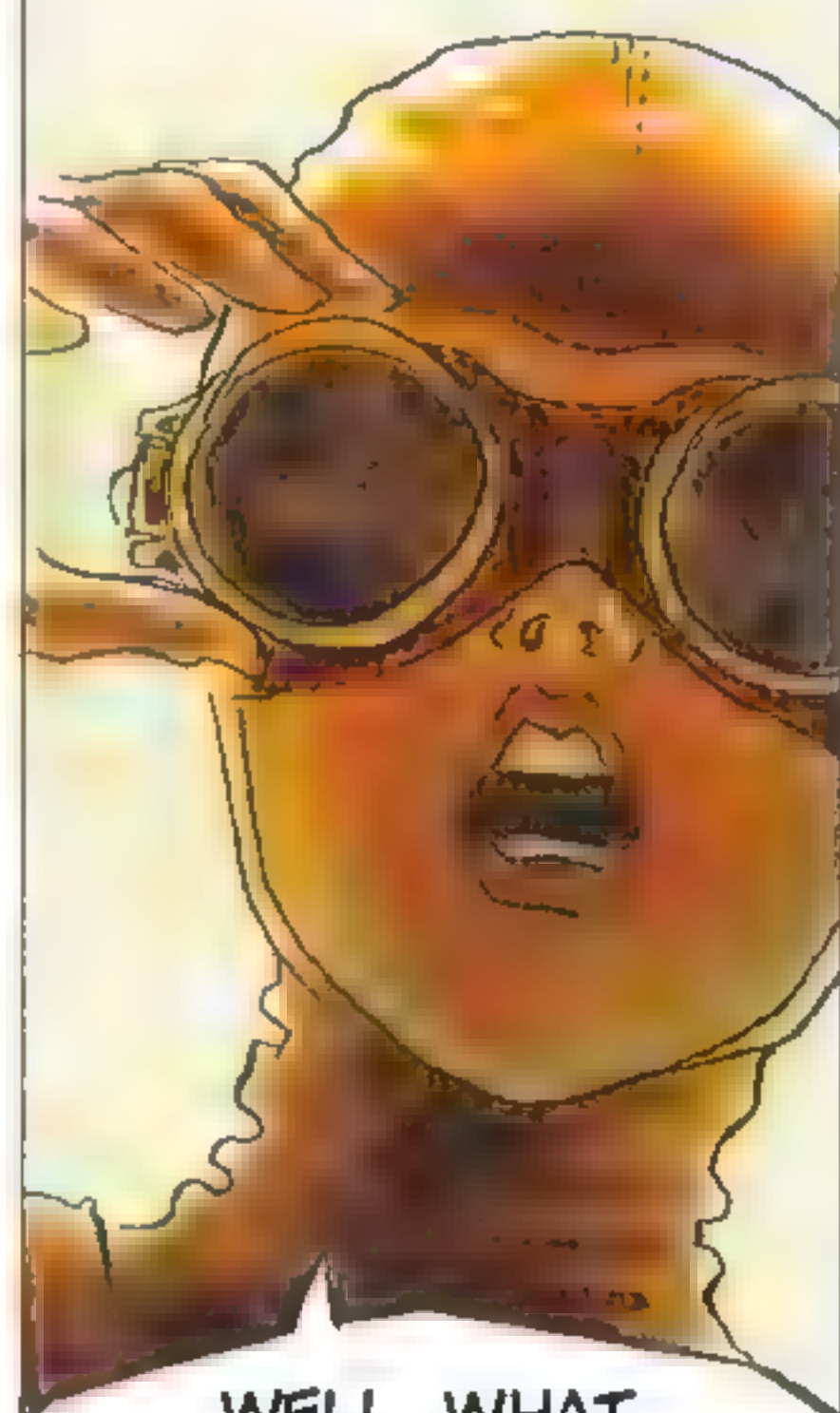


US? FOR YOURSELF, YOU MEAN?



EXCEPT THAT I COULDN'T CARE LESS FOR YOUR DUSTY LEGENDS, YOU SEE? I GO STRAIGHT FOR THE GOAL!

WHAT I WANT IS TO HOLD MY DEAR DAUGHTER IN MY ARMS.



WELL, WHAT I REALLY WANT IS TO SQUEEZE HER JUVENILE LITTLE NECK, BUT LET'S NOT LOSE OURSELVES IN THE DETAILS.



I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU DURING OUR FIRST MEETING. BUT I DON'T KILL HUMANS.



IF YOU WANT MY ADVICE...

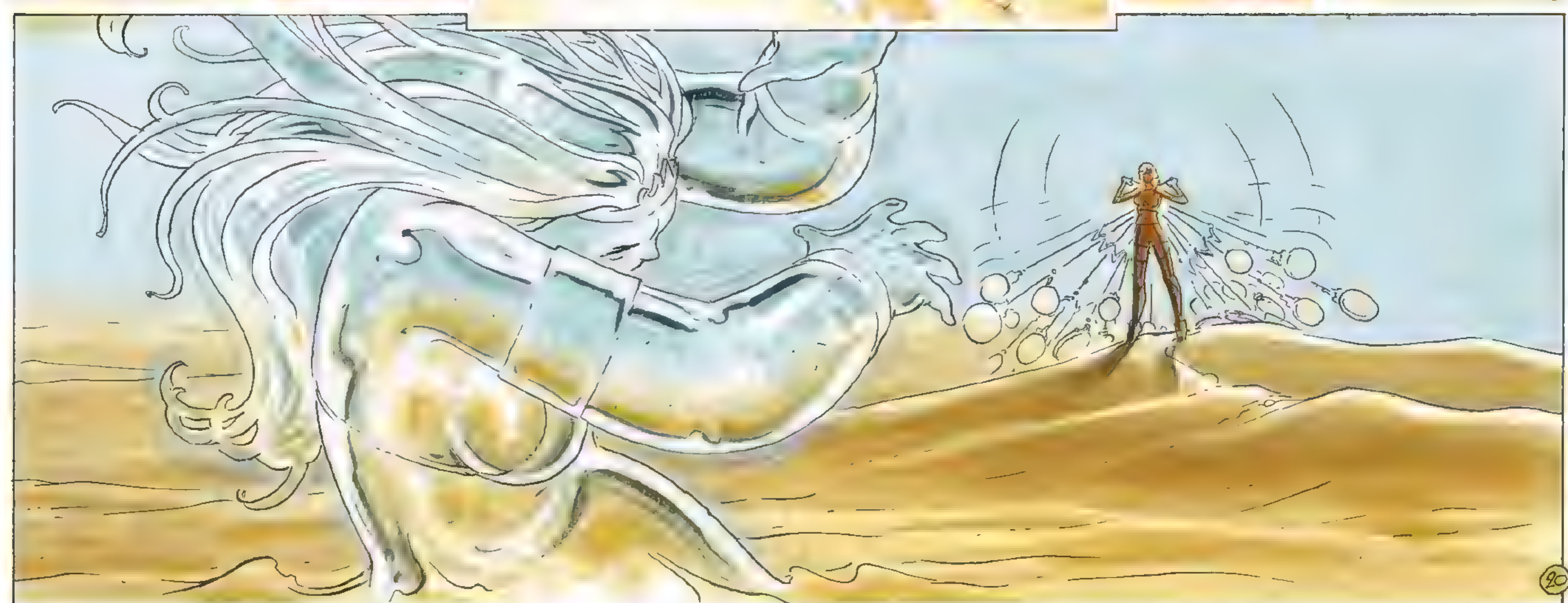


THAT'S GOING TO COST YOU!

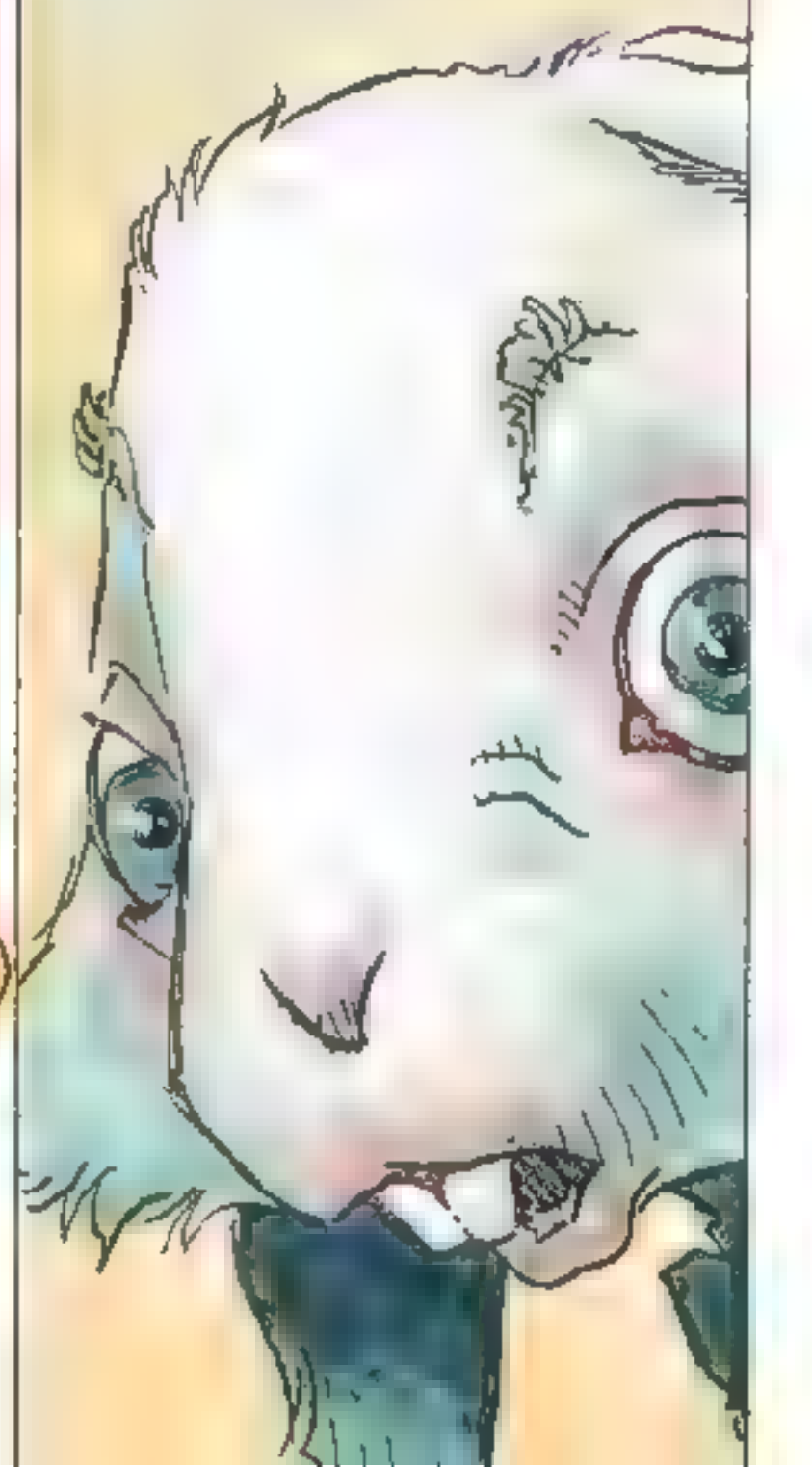
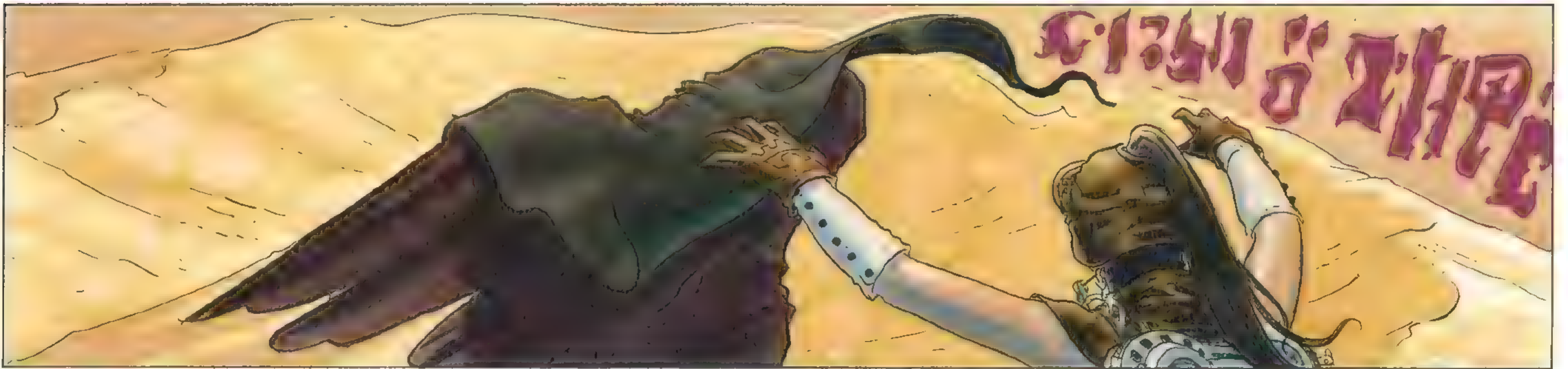
SHIAK!















PRIOR TO PROCEEDING WITH THE REMOVAL OF THAT DEFICIENT PART OF YOUR ANATOMY, FROM WHICH CAME THE ABSURD IDEA TO TAKE ON THE ALL-POWERFUL BABA MUSIIR, YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED TIME IN WHICH TO FORMULATE A TEARFUL BUT ULTIMATELY FUTILE SUPPLICATION, THE PATHETIC SOUND OF WHICH WILL WANDER OUT INTO THE DESERT AND MAKE THE DUNE JACKALS LAUGH.



WE WON'T GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE.



WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.

PLEASE DO, BEAUTIFUL MANIE. BID YOUR COMPANIONS FAREWELL HOWEVER YOU THINK MOST FITTING.



I LOVE YOU, EUGÈNE.

I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART, AND I WON'T LOVE ANYONE ELSE BUT YOU.

IT WAS TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE TIME SNATCHER THAT I FOUGHT DOWN MY FEELINGS. BECAUSE HE HAS NO PITY. I WANTED YOU TO LIVE, MY LOVE! I NEED YOU TO KNOW THAT BEFORE YOU...

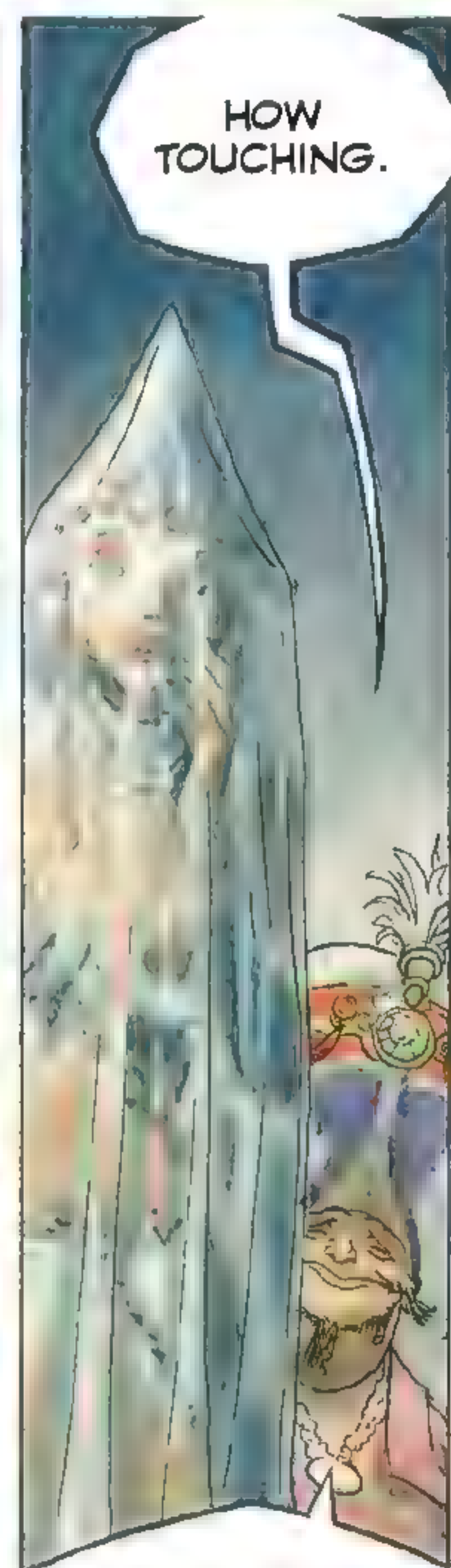
...DIE.



I LOVE YOU TOO, MANIE, WITH ALL MY HEART! AND I DIE HAPPY! HAPPY!

ME TOO!

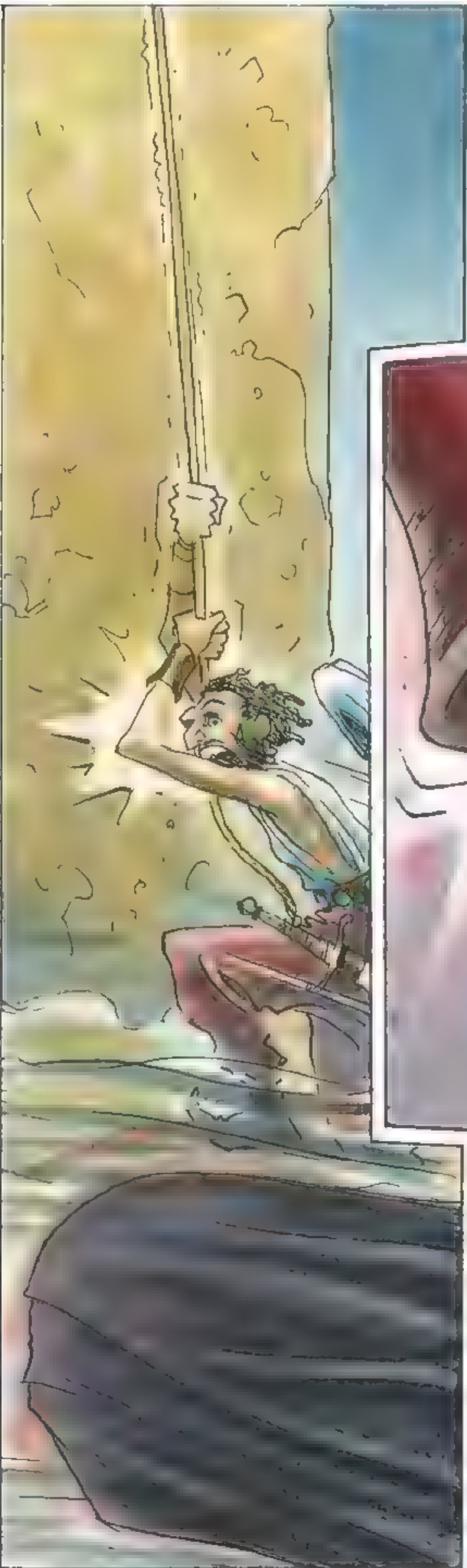
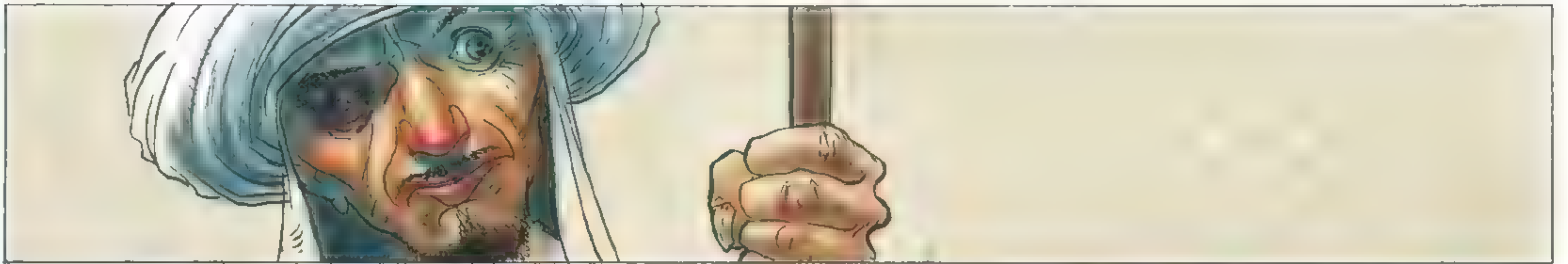
ERM, I SAY...



HOW TOUCHING.

IF YOU DESIRE IT, WE CAN KEEP HIS HEAD TO DECORATE THE BEDROOM...





CHARMING MUNICIPAL  
EXECUTIONER, ON  
MY COMMAND...







NOW  
WHAT...P!

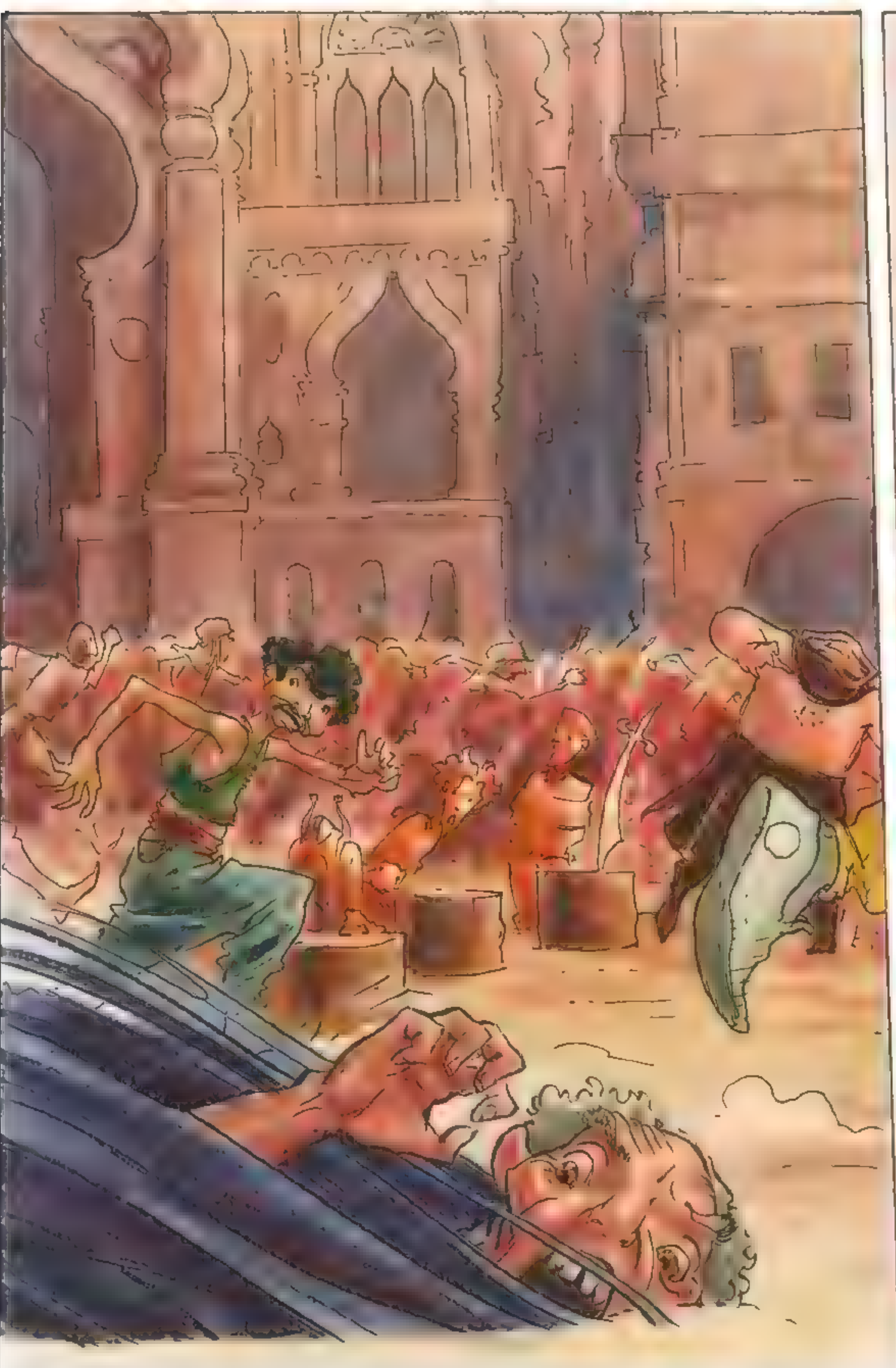
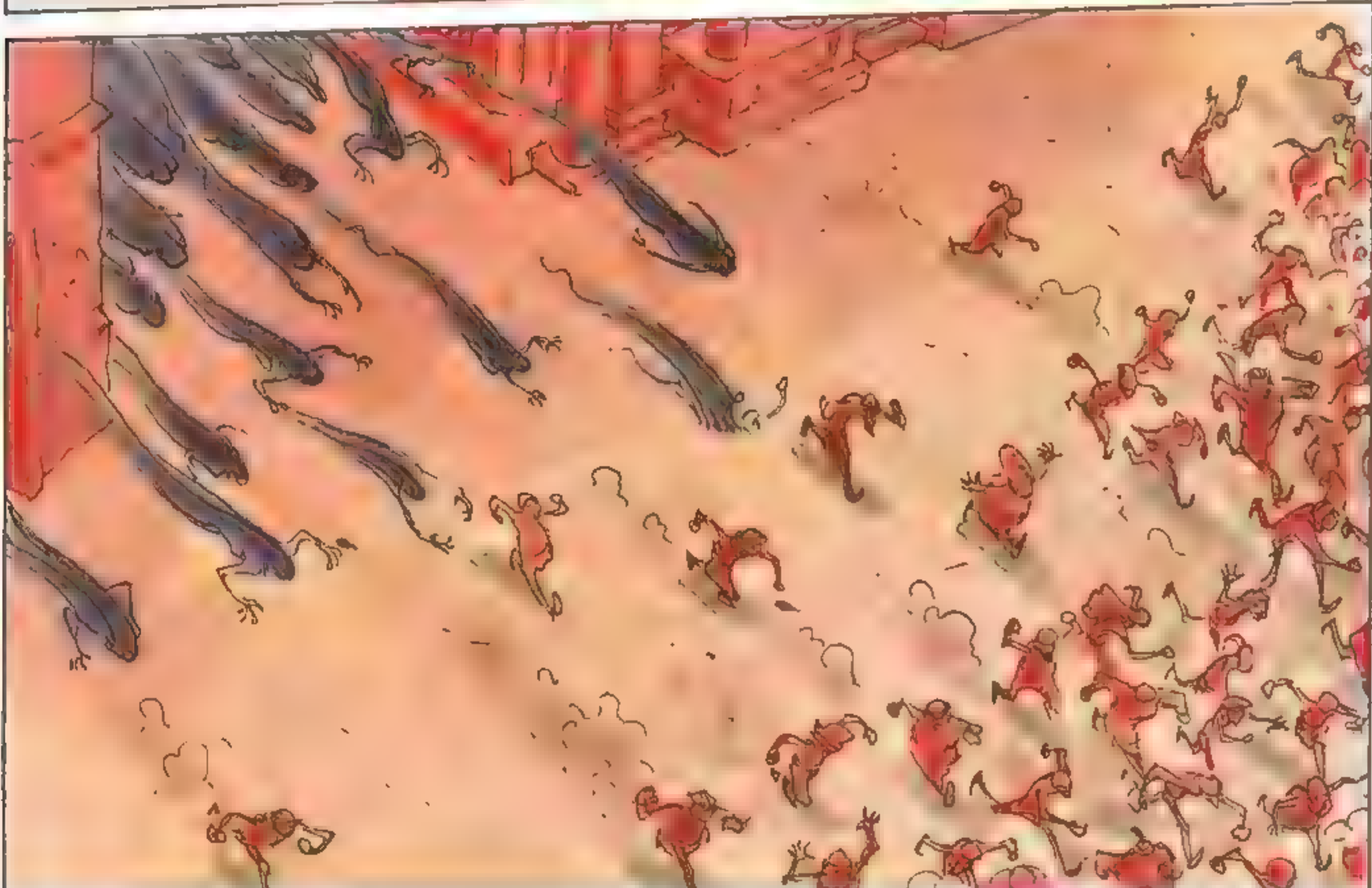
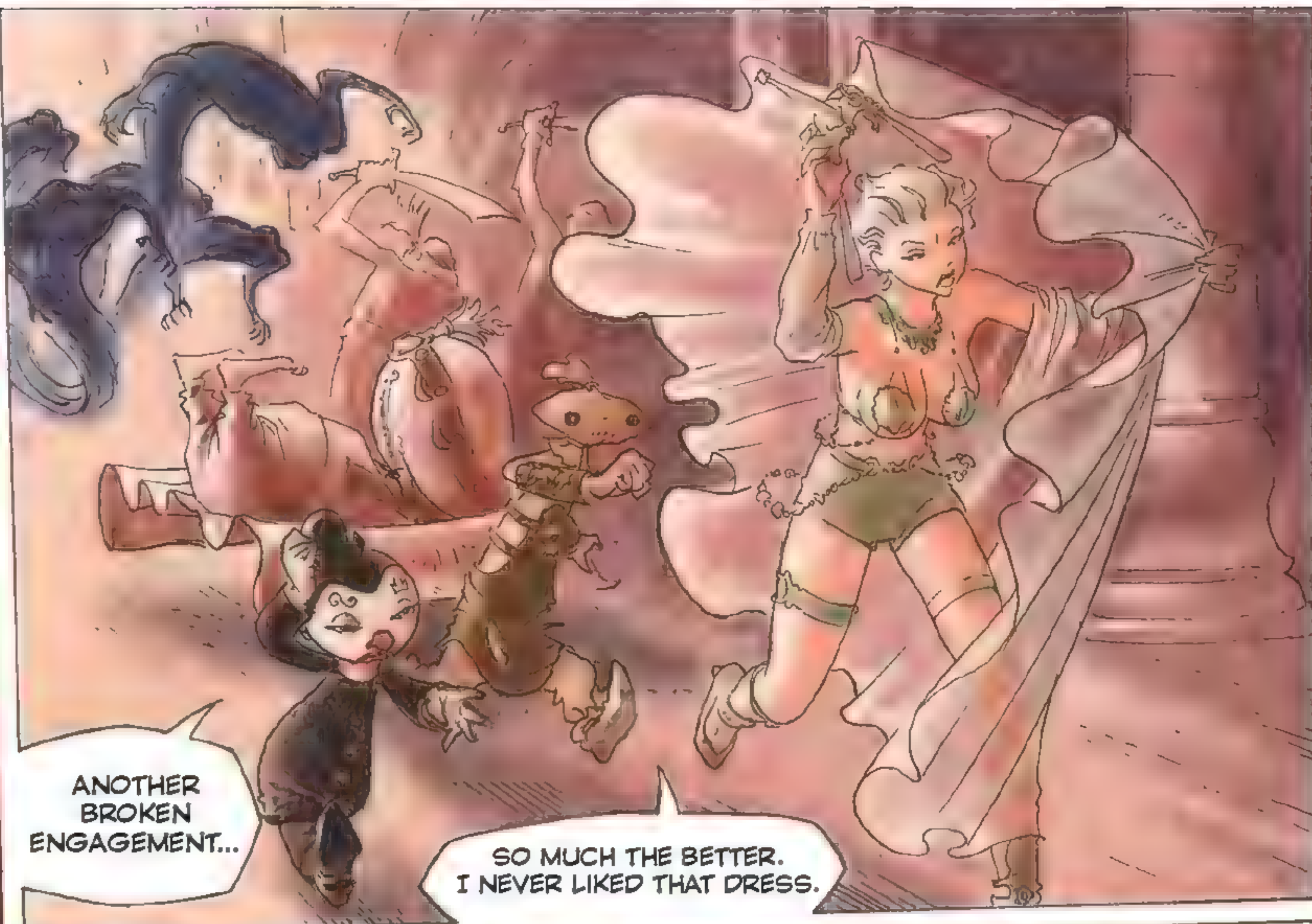
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?!!



GUAARDS!  
GUAAAAARDS!

DEAR EROTIC  
STALLION, MAY  
I HAVE YOUR  
ATTENTION FOR  
A SECOND?







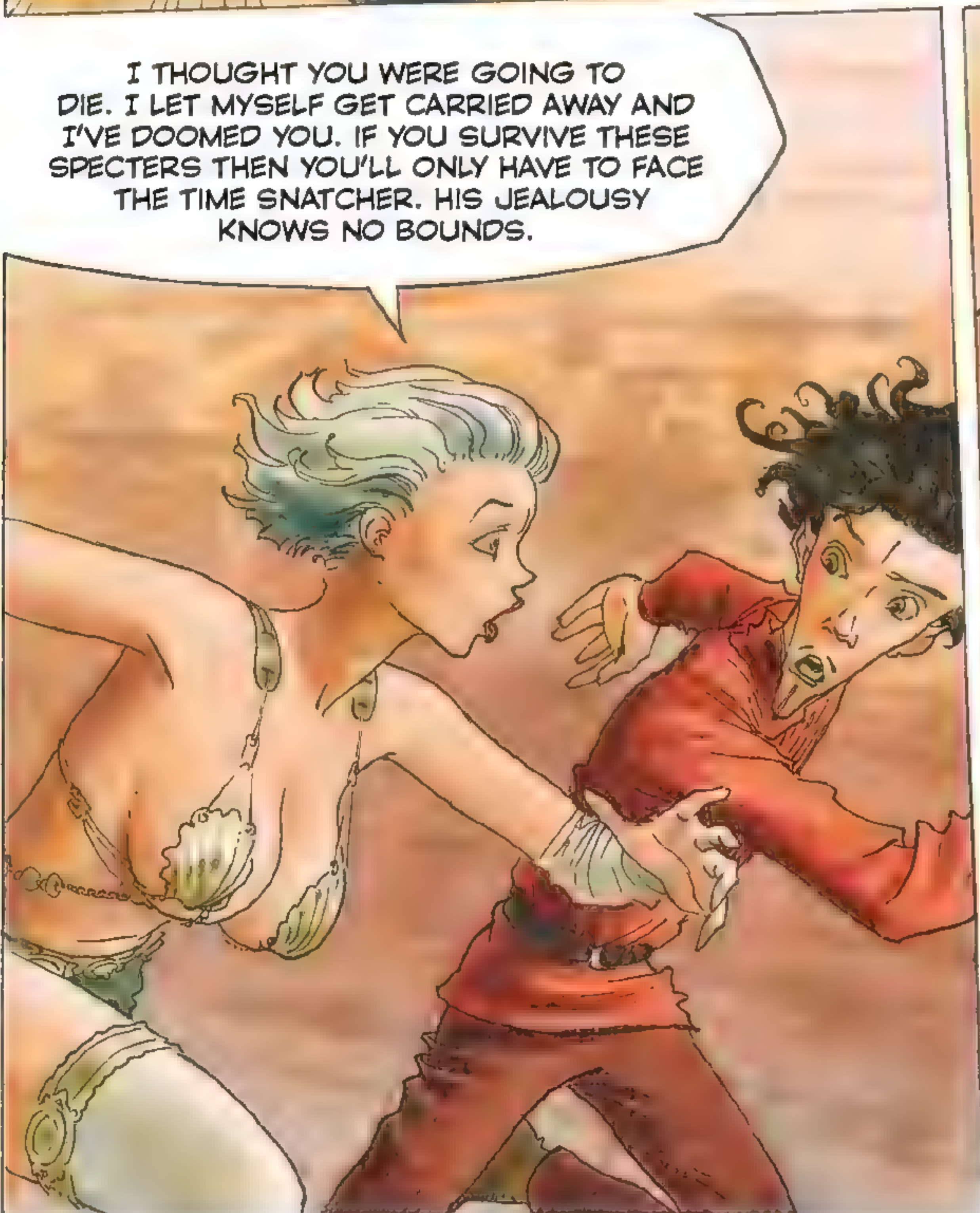


THE PORT! OUR ONLY CHANCE OF SURVIVAL!



MANIE... IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW HAPPY I AM! WHAT YOU SAID BEFORE, IT WAS SO...

STUPID!



I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO DIE. I LET MYSELF GET CARRIED AWAY AND I'VE DOOMED YOU. IF YOU SURVIVE THESE SPECTERS THEN YOU'LL ONLY HAVE TO FACE THE TIME SNATCHER. HIS JEALOUSY KNOWS NO BOUNDS.



GULP.

AH?

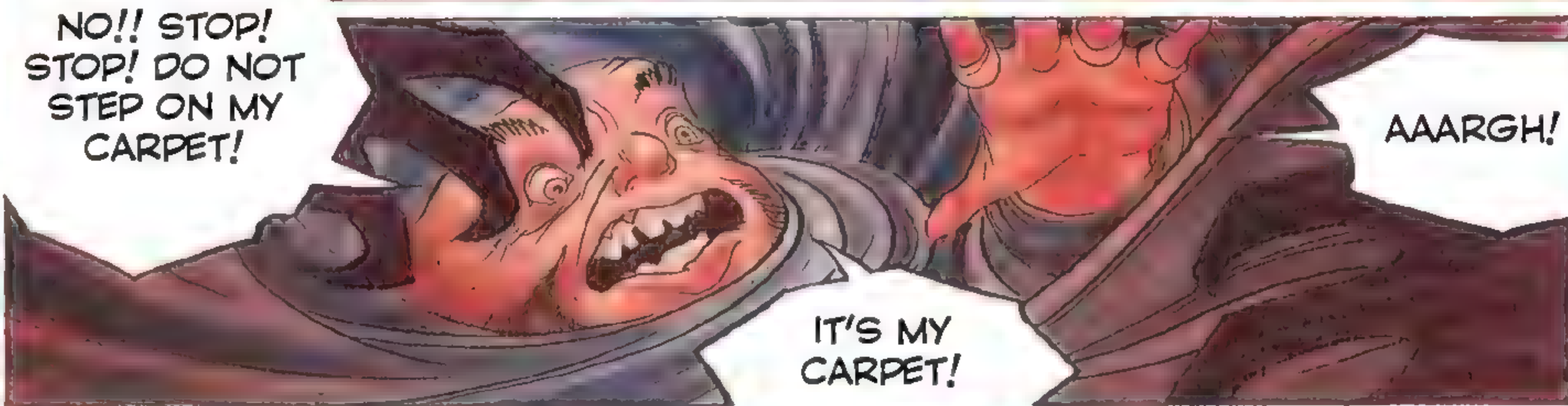
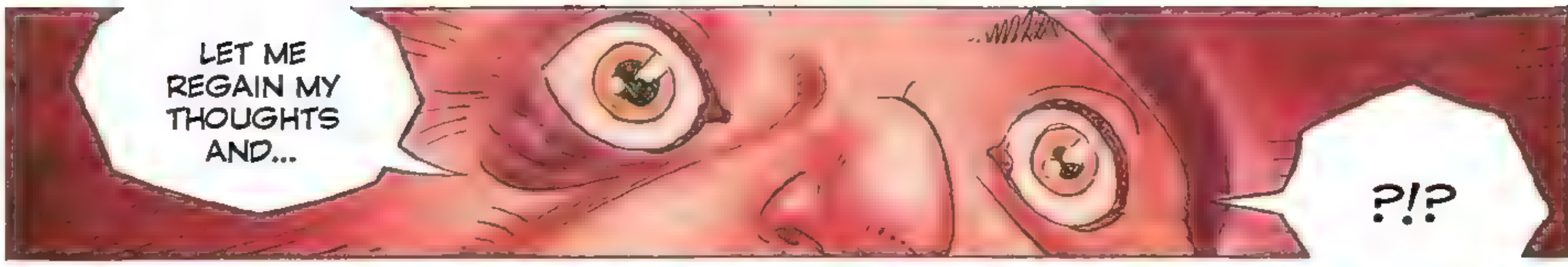
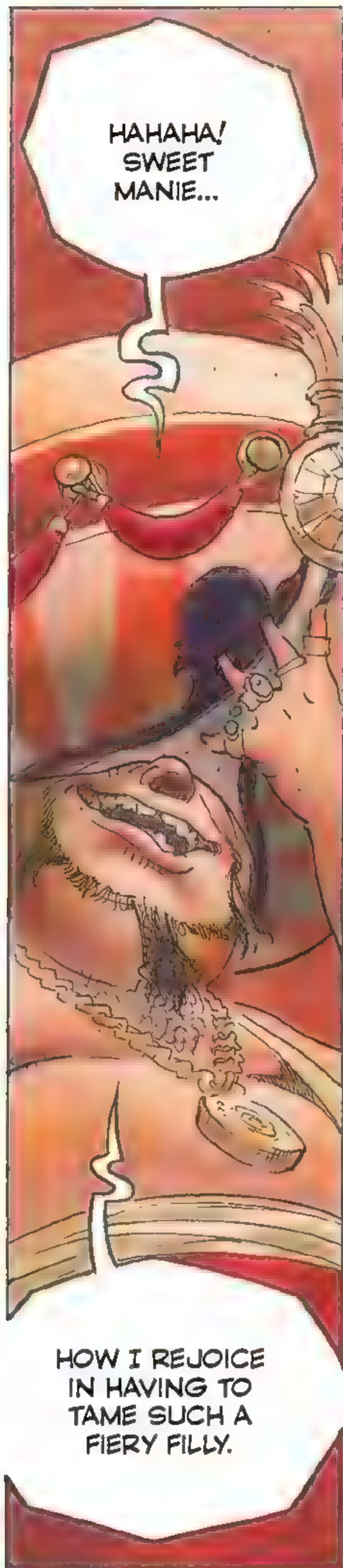
BUT THERE MUST BE, ERM... A SOLUTION.



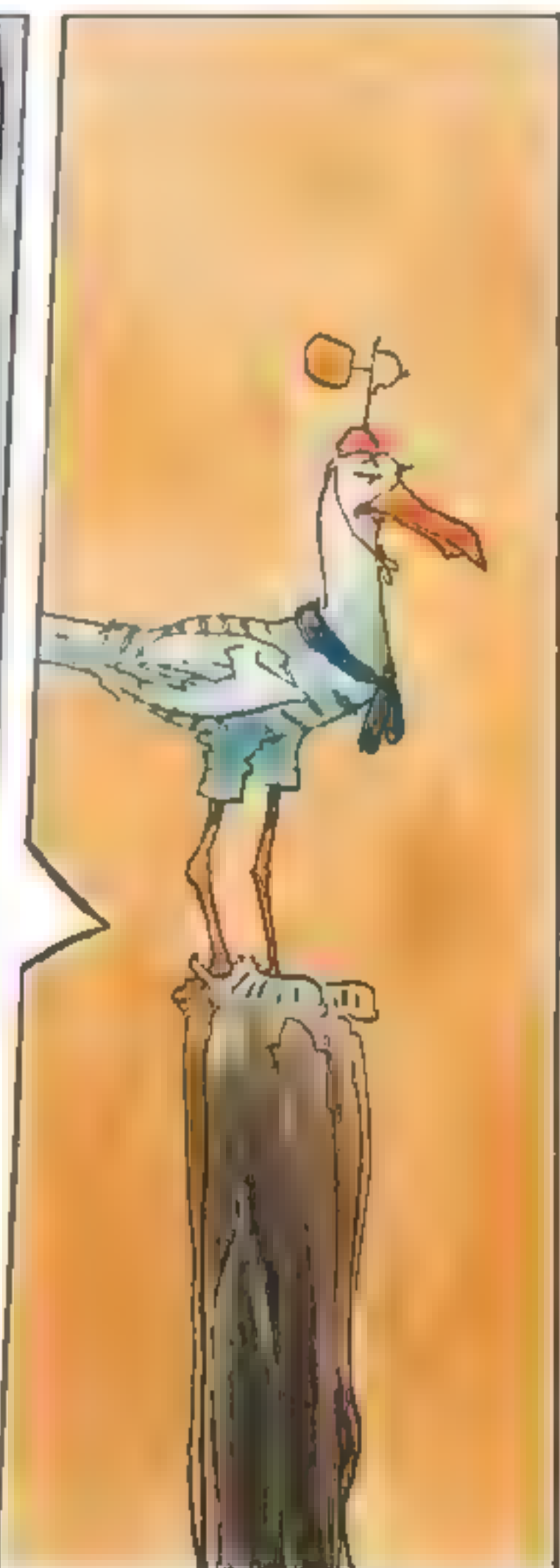
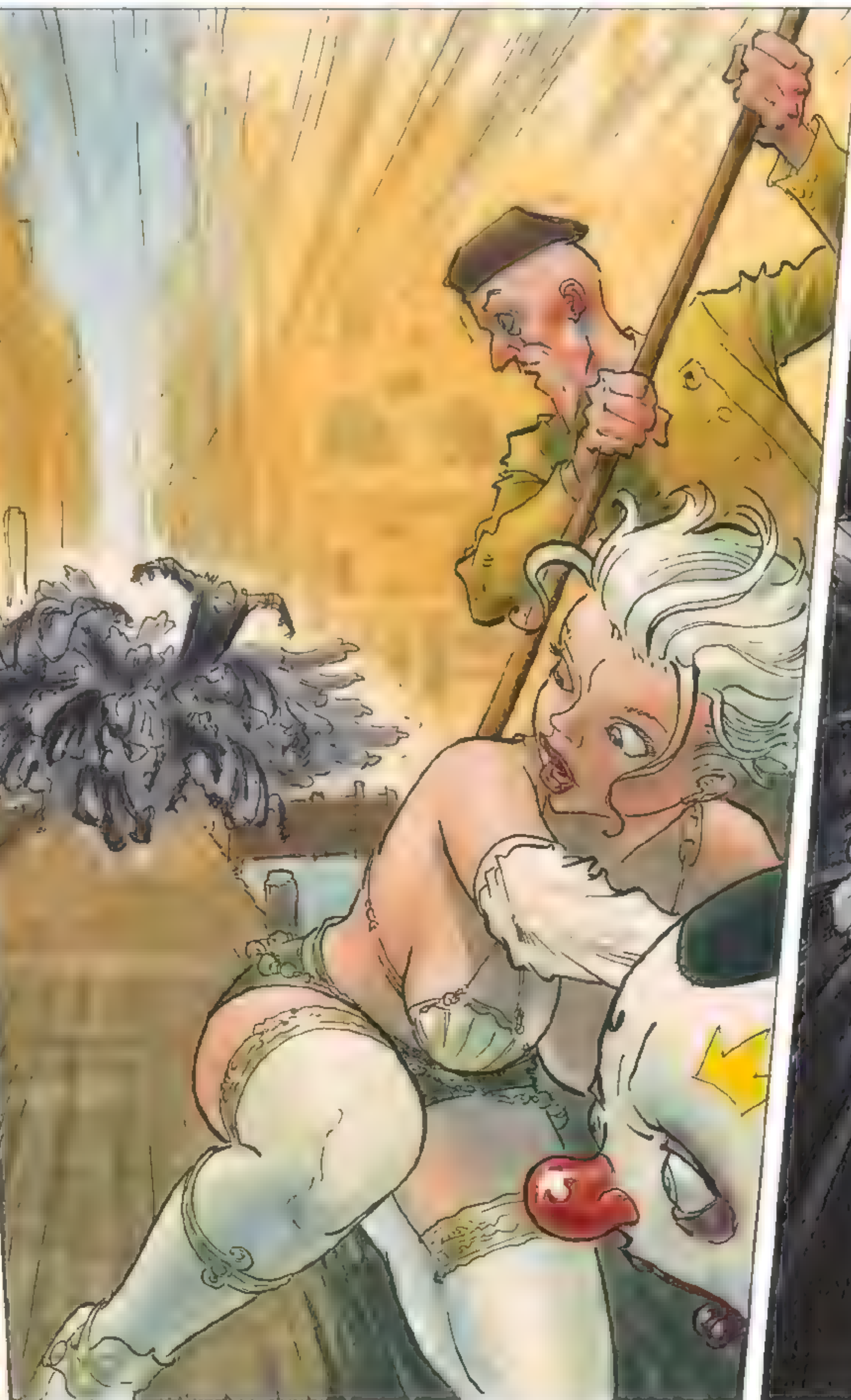
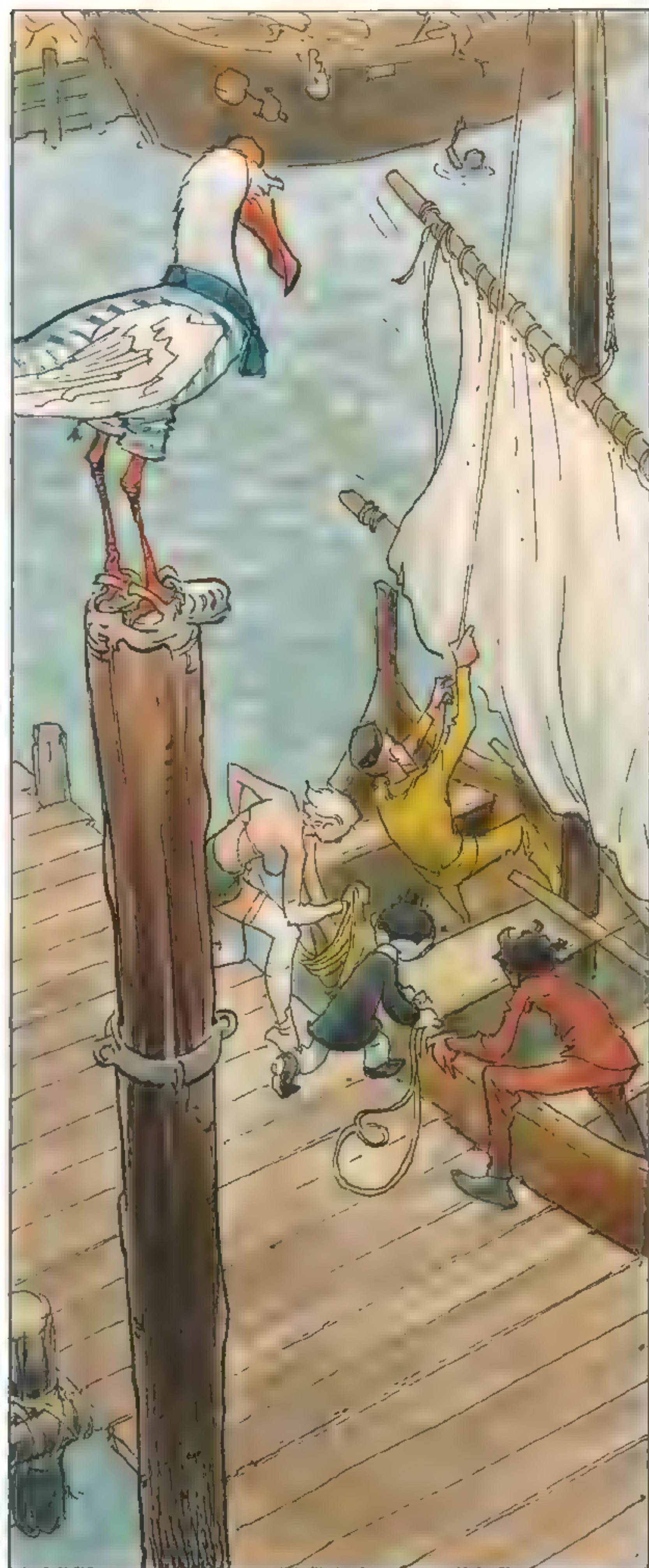
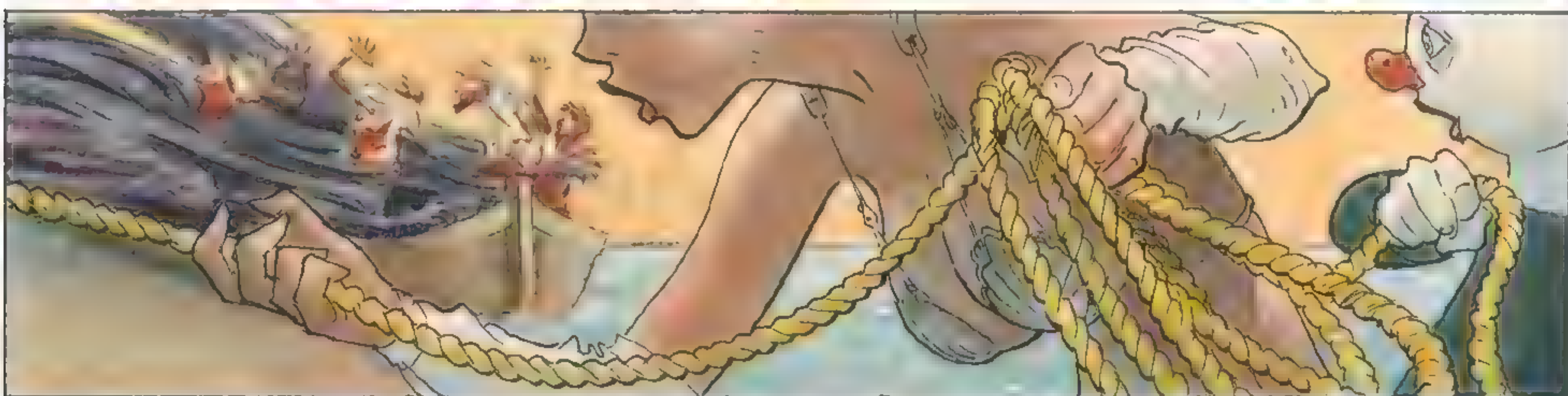
AGAINST THE TIME SNATCHER? HAHA!

JUST RUN RATHER THAN SPOUTING NONSENSE...





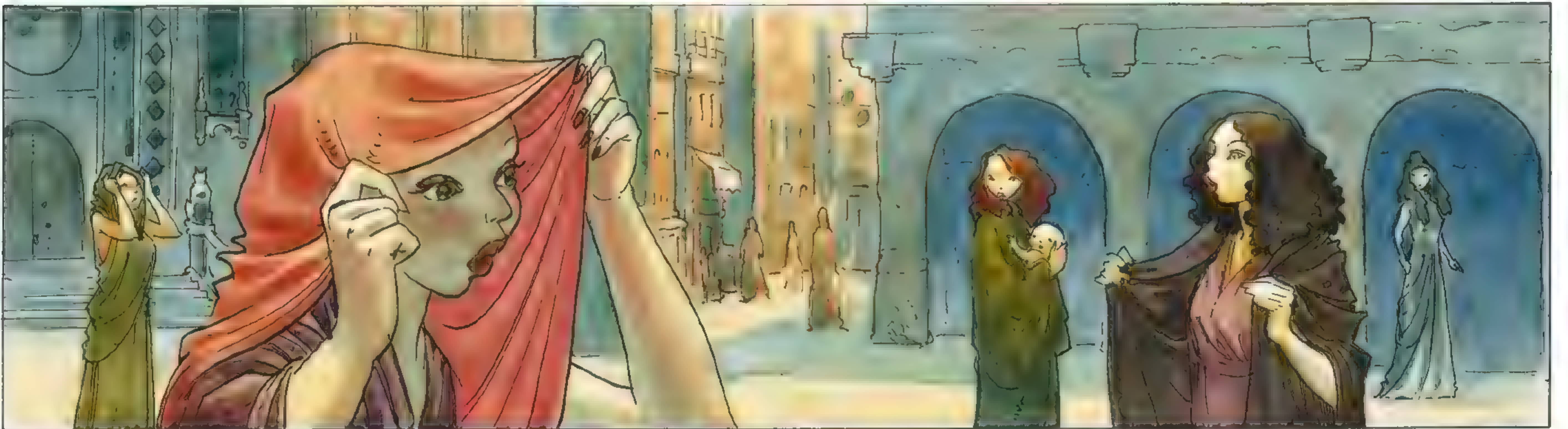
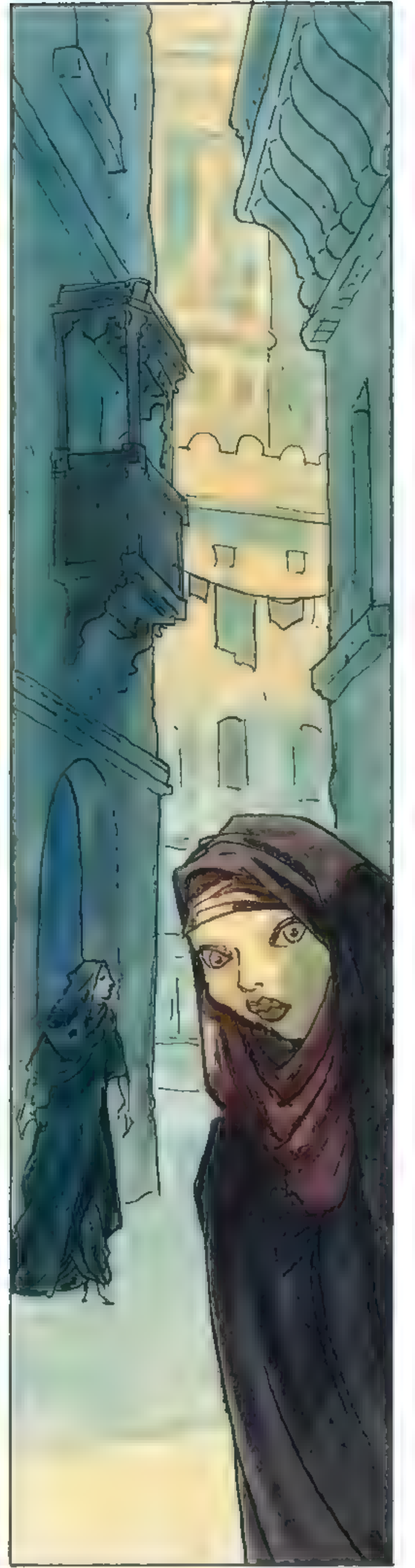
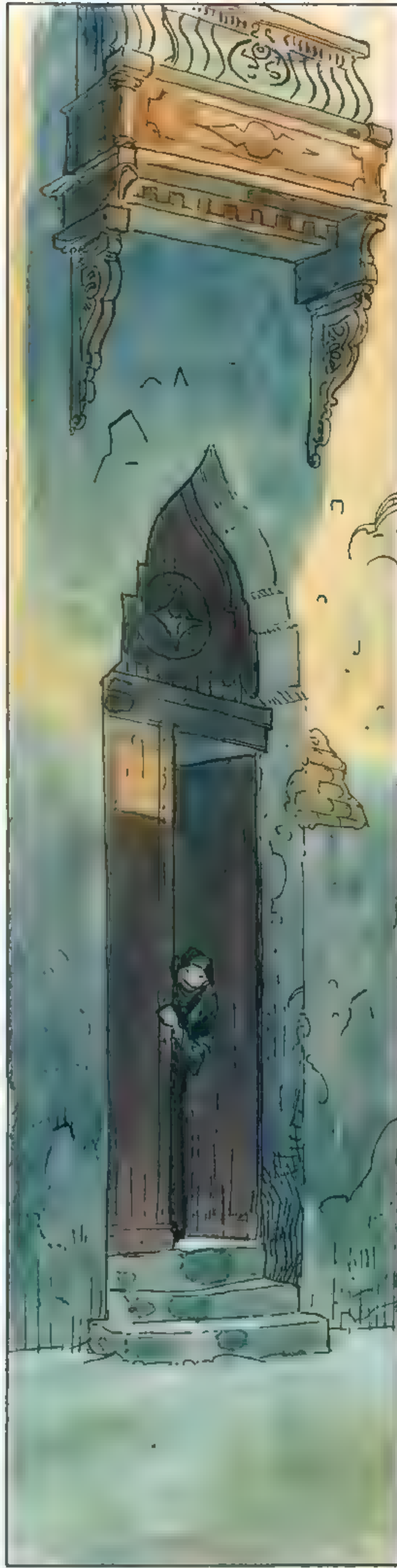
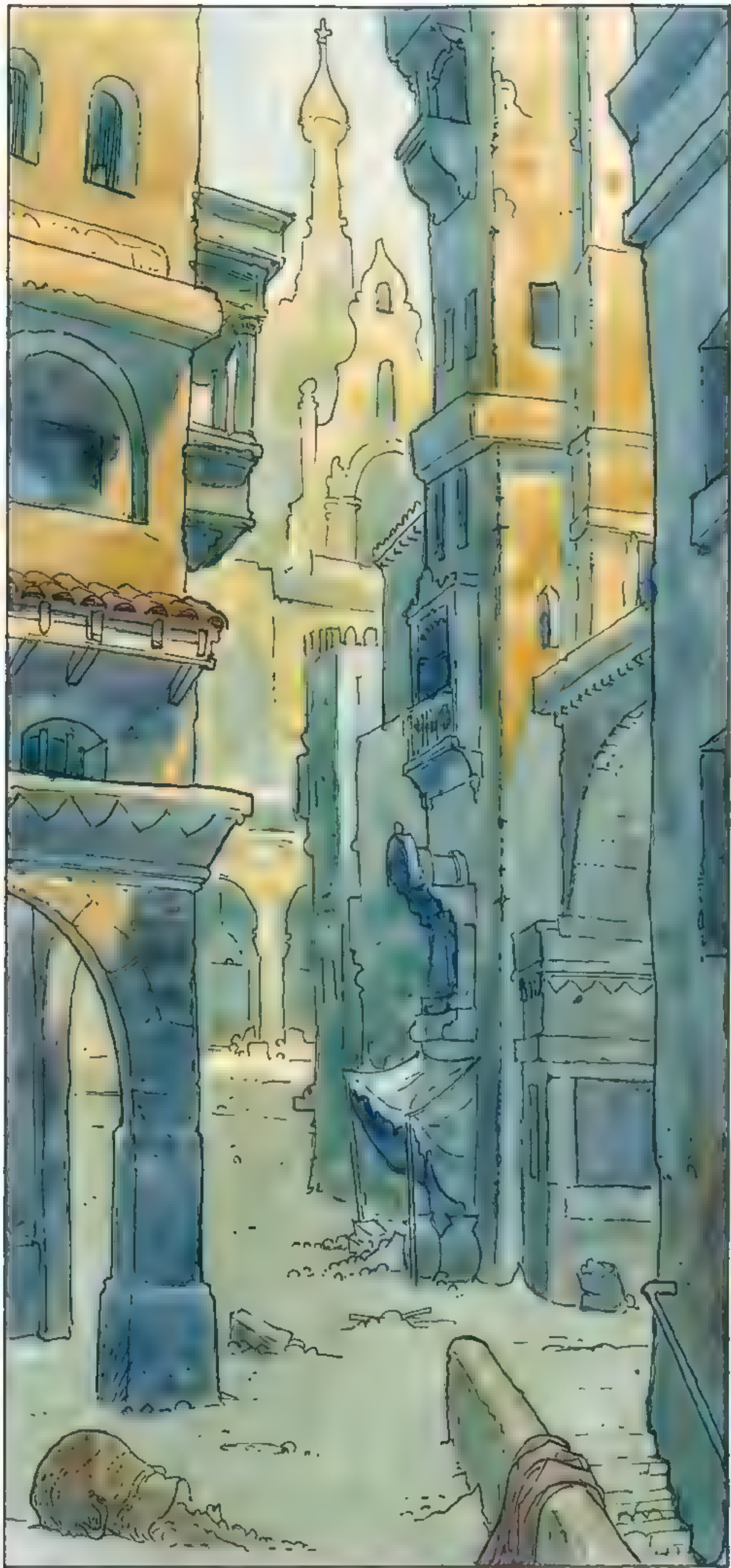




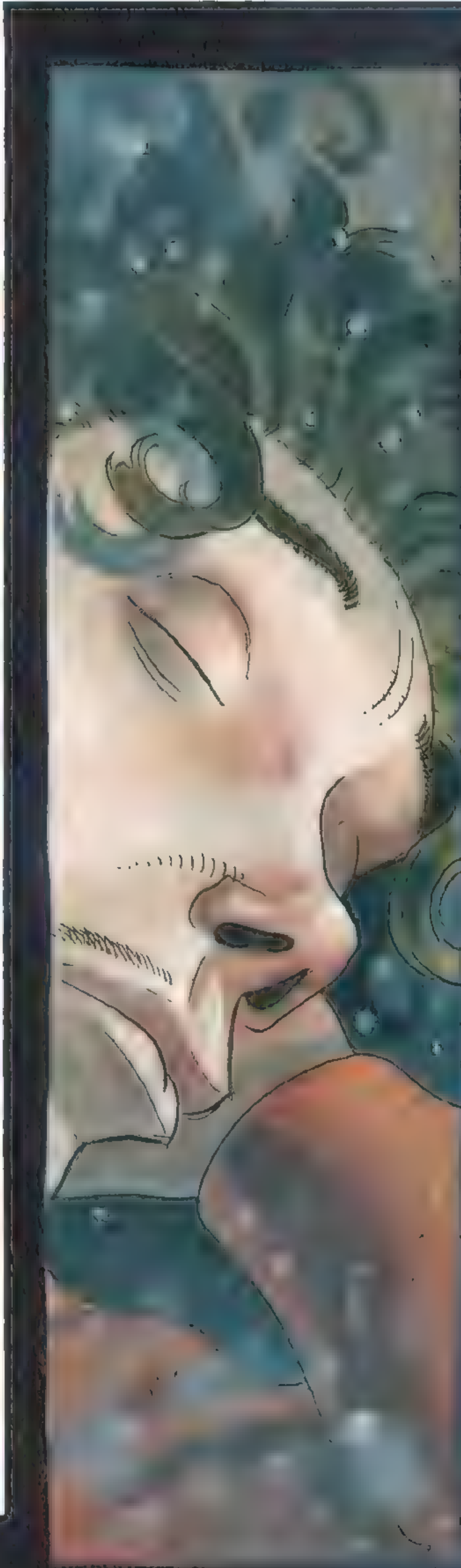
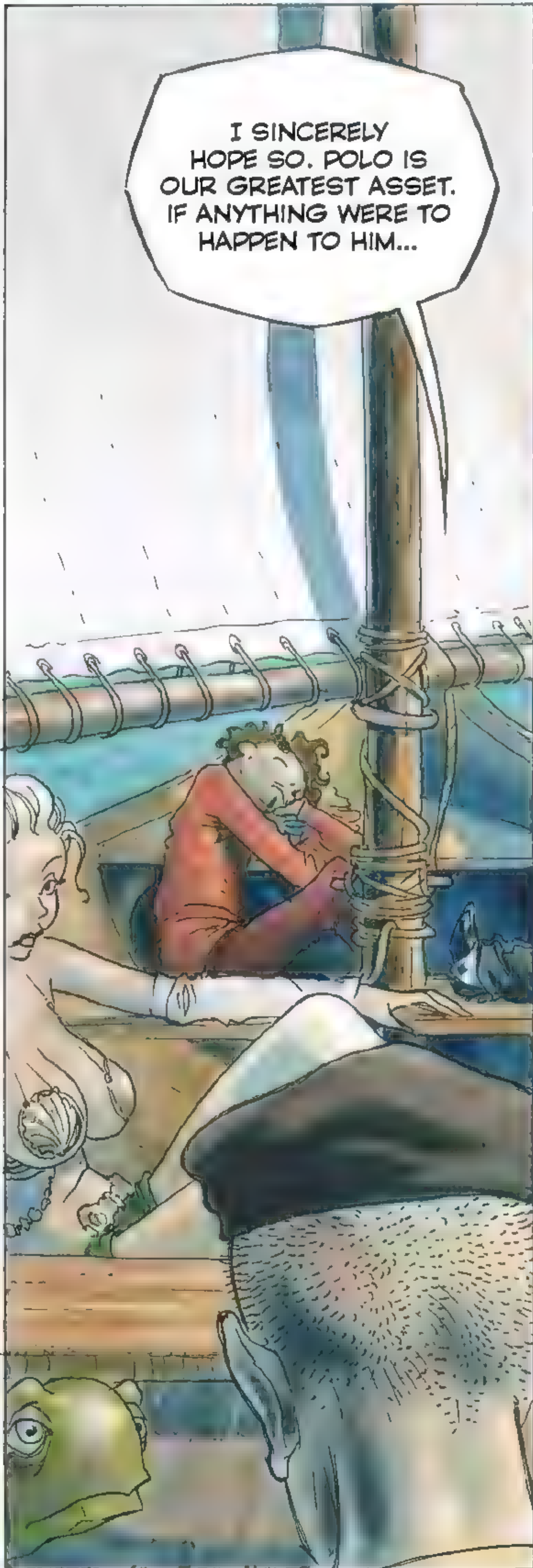
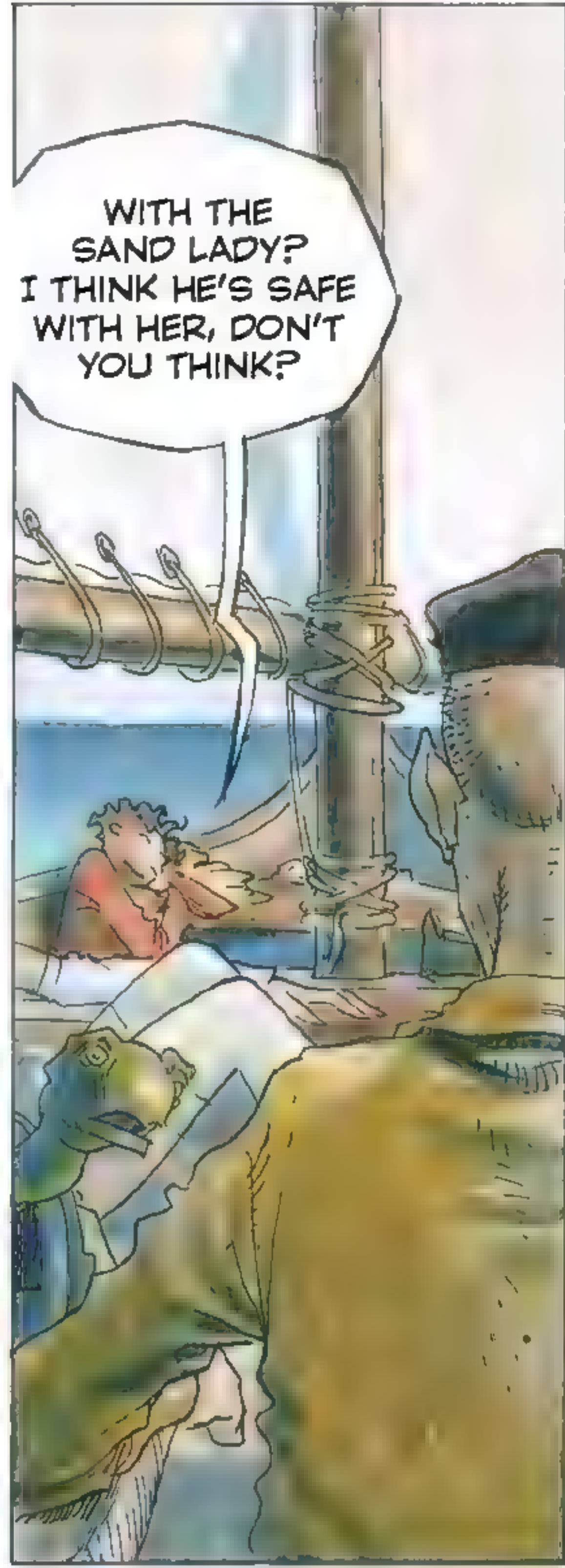




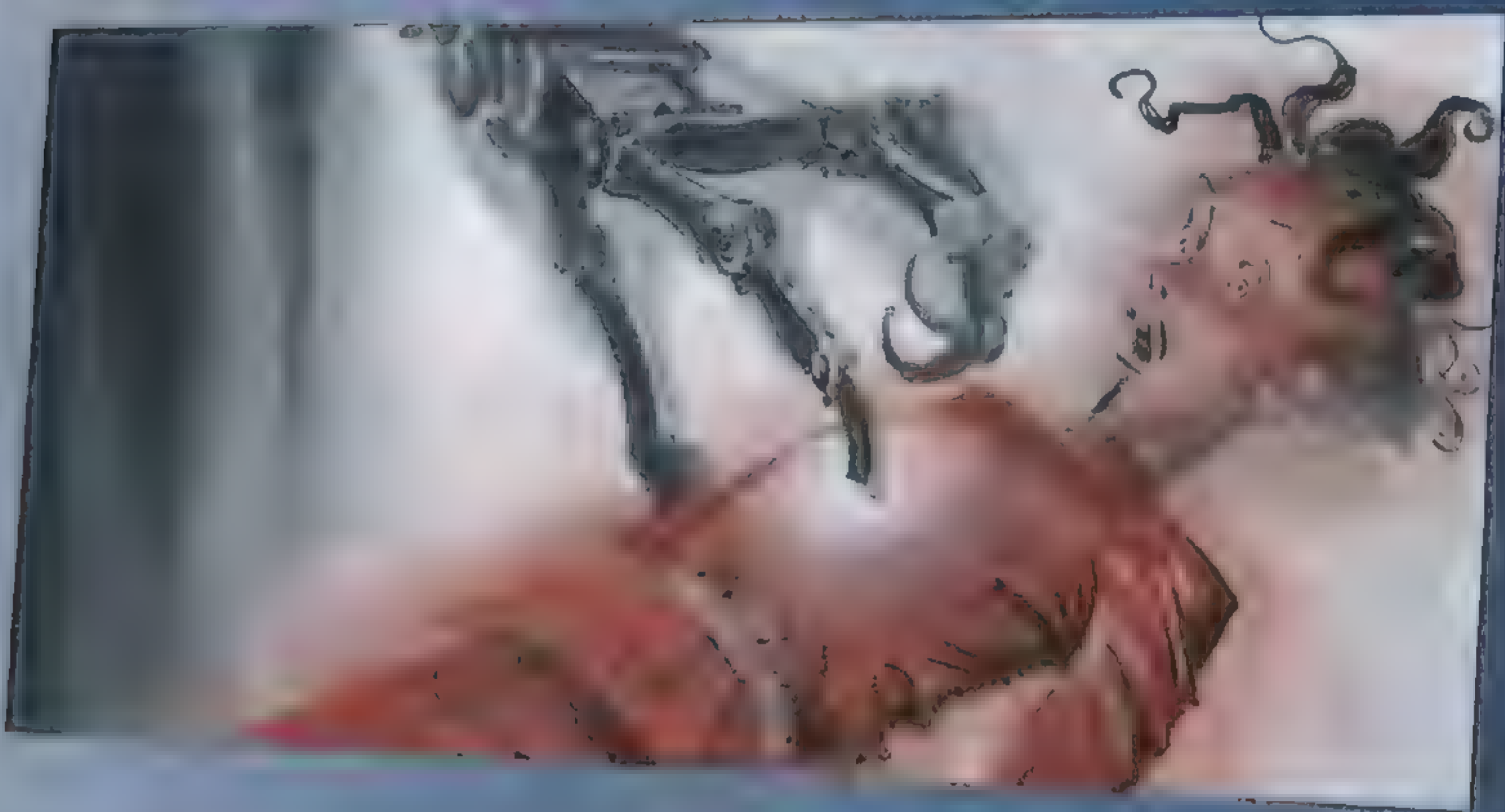




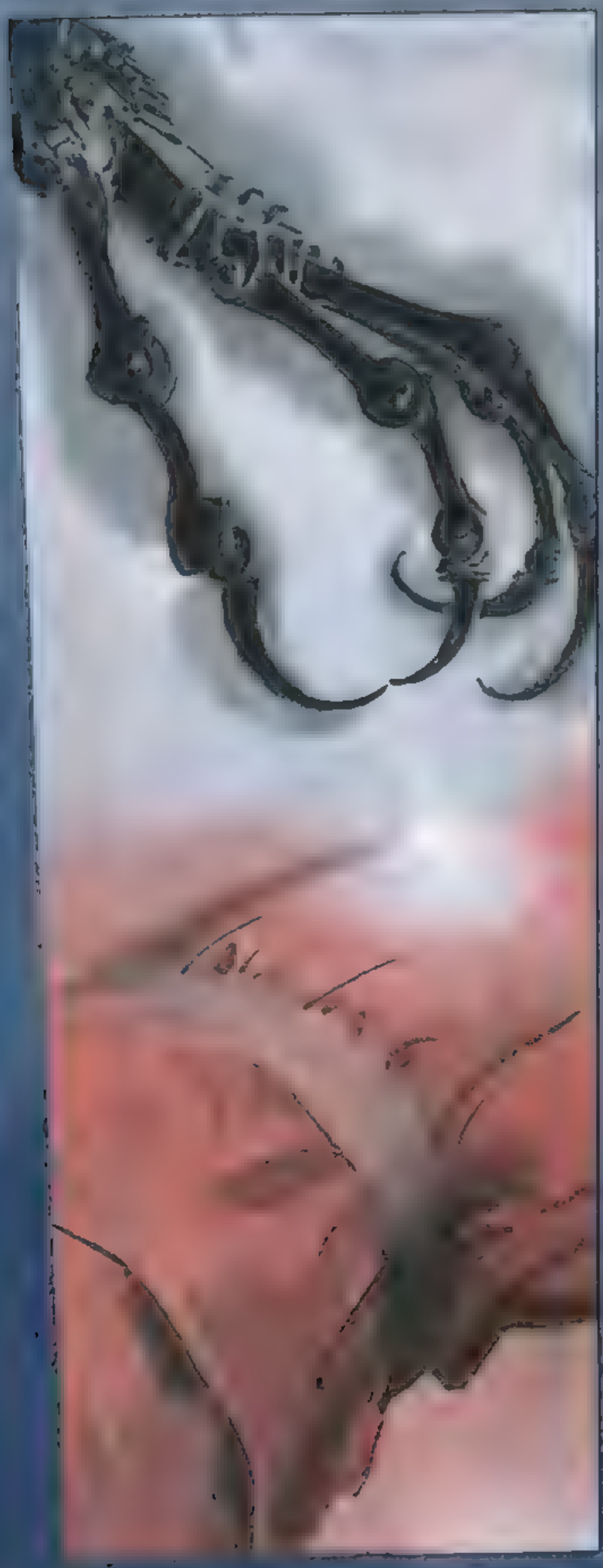
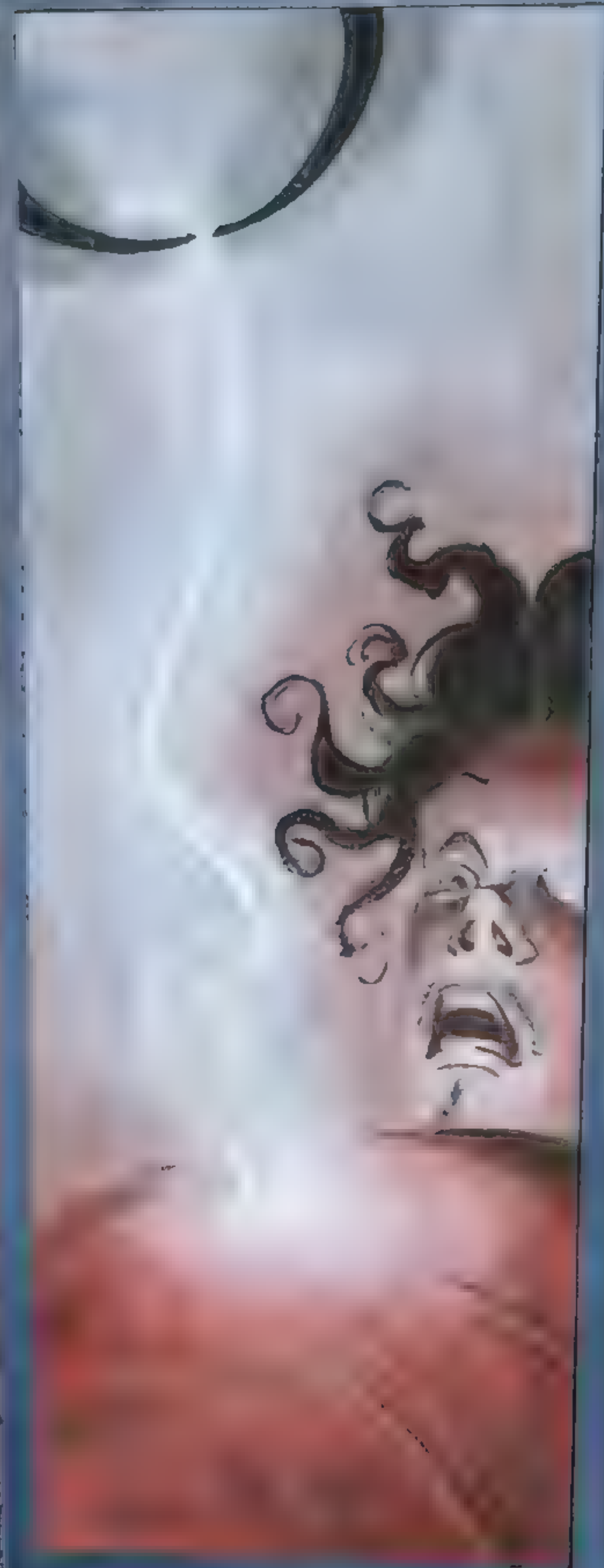








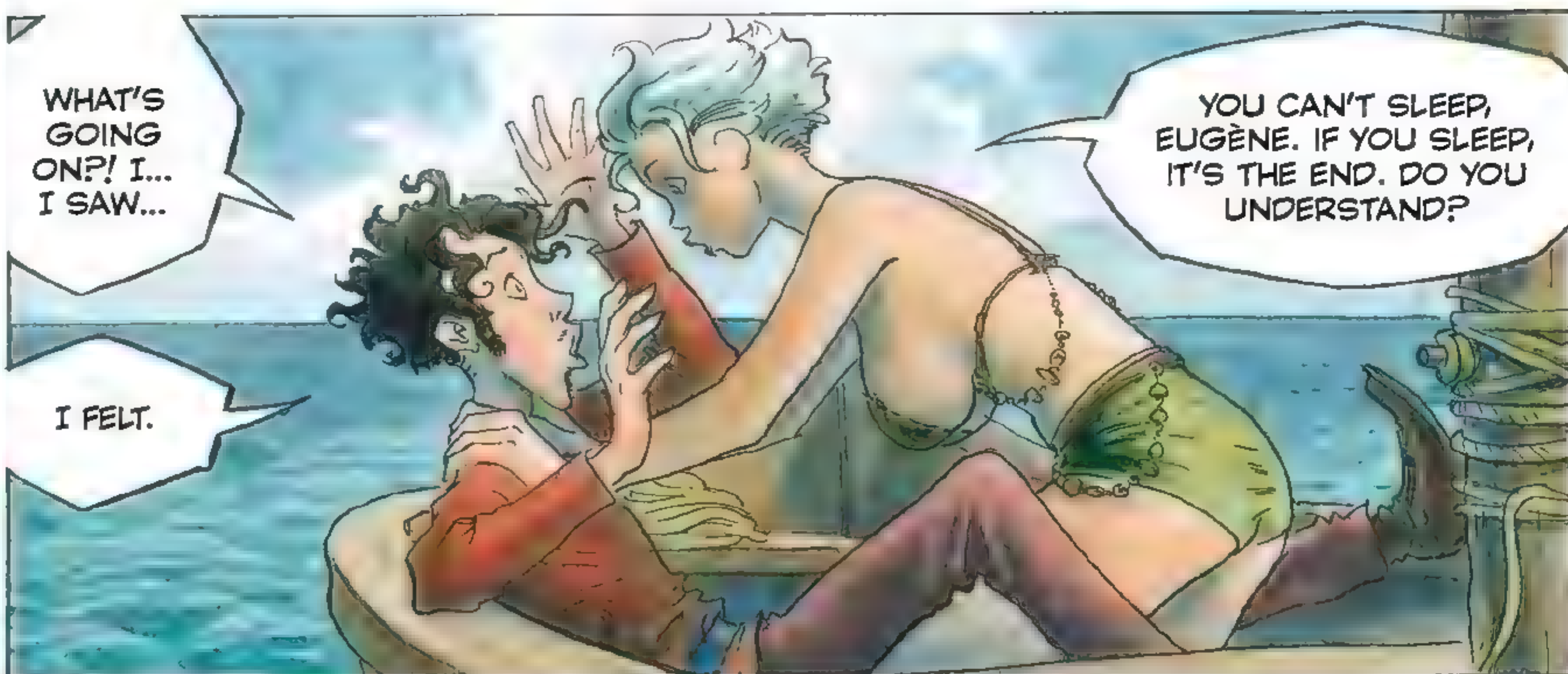
EUGÈNE,  
WAKE UP!







HAAA!



WHAT'S GOING ON?! I... I SAW...

I FELT.

YOU CAN'T SLEEP, EUGÈNE. IF YOU SLEEP, IT'S THE END. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



!?!?

B... BUT... I CAN'T STAY AWAKE MY WHOLE LIFE!

I'VE BEEN CHASING AFTER YOU FOR WEEKS WITHOUT REST! I'M EXHAUSTED!

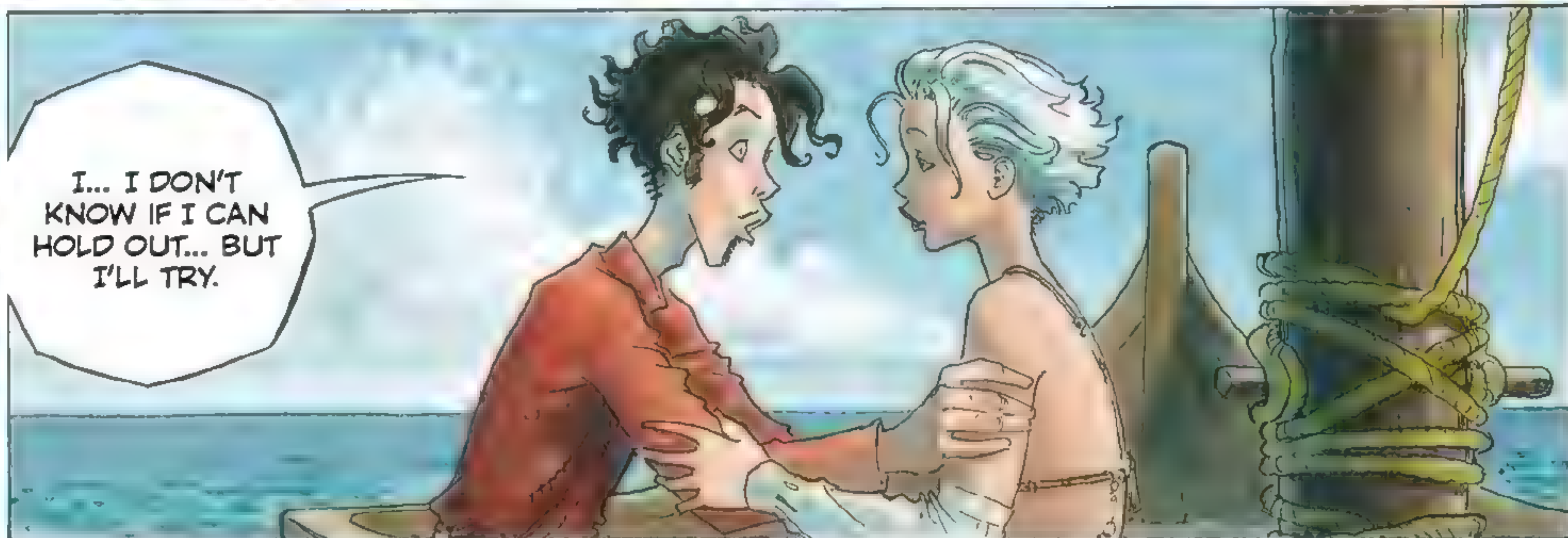


WOULD YOU RATHER WAKE UP AN OLD MAN? TRY TO BE MORE GROWN UP, EUGÈNE!

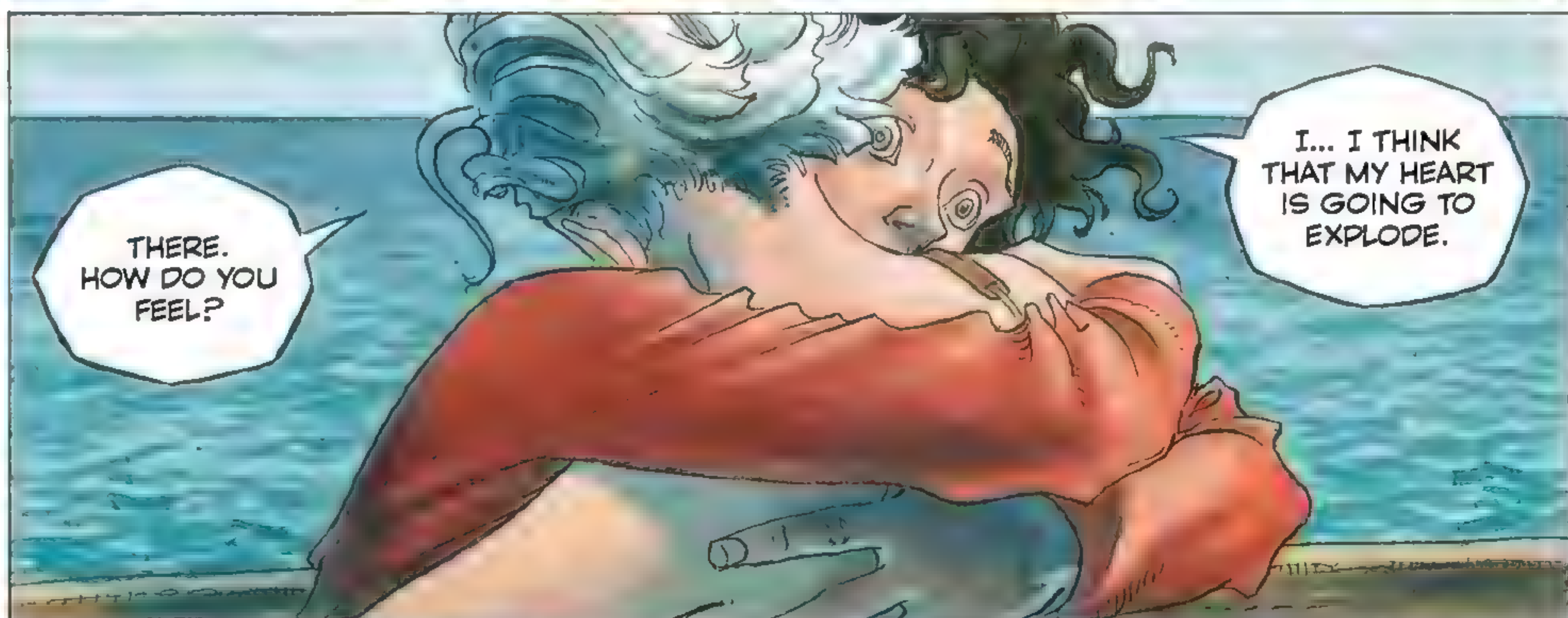


GROWN UP? BUT I... IT'S THAT...

LISTEN, INSTEAD OF COMPLAINING, COME INTO MY ARMS.

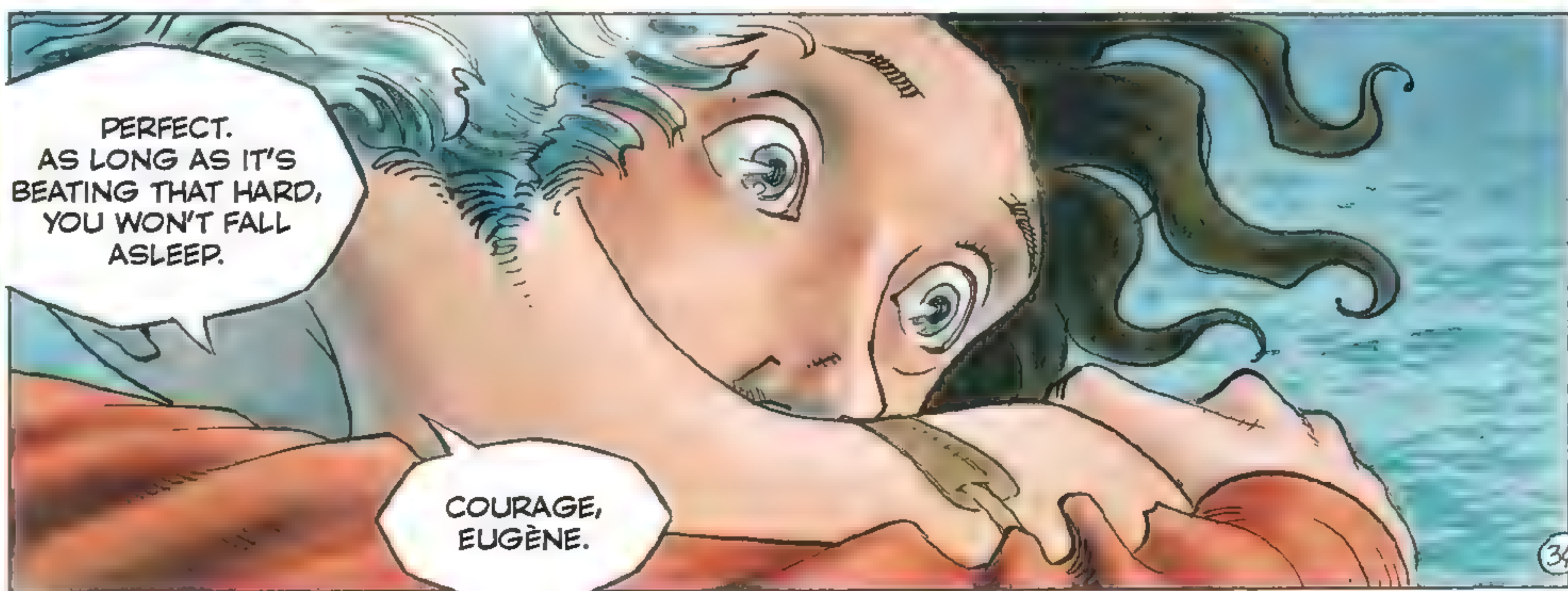


I... I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HOLD OUT... BUT I'LL TRY.



THERE. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I... I THINK THAT MY HEART IS GOING TO EXPLODE.



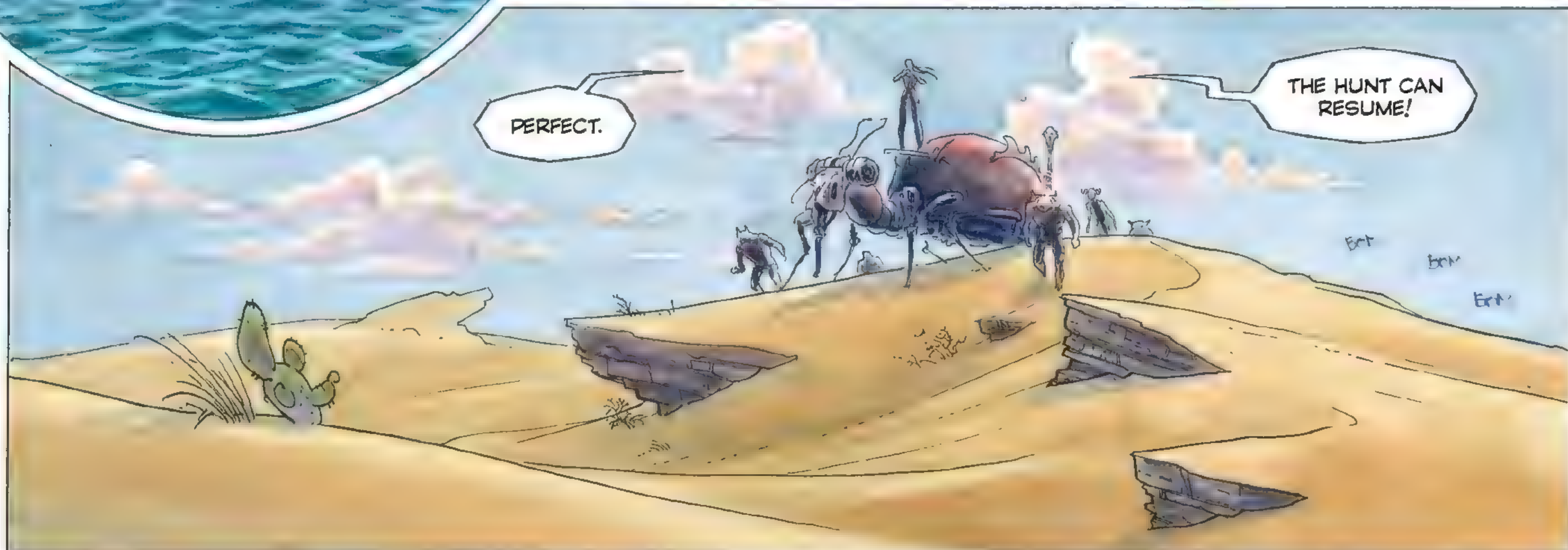
PERFECT. AS LONG AS IT'S BEATING THAT HARD, YOU WON'T FALL ASLEEP.

COURAGE, EUGÈNE.





AND THERE YOU  
ARE! FREE ONCE AGAIN,  
MY PRETTY!

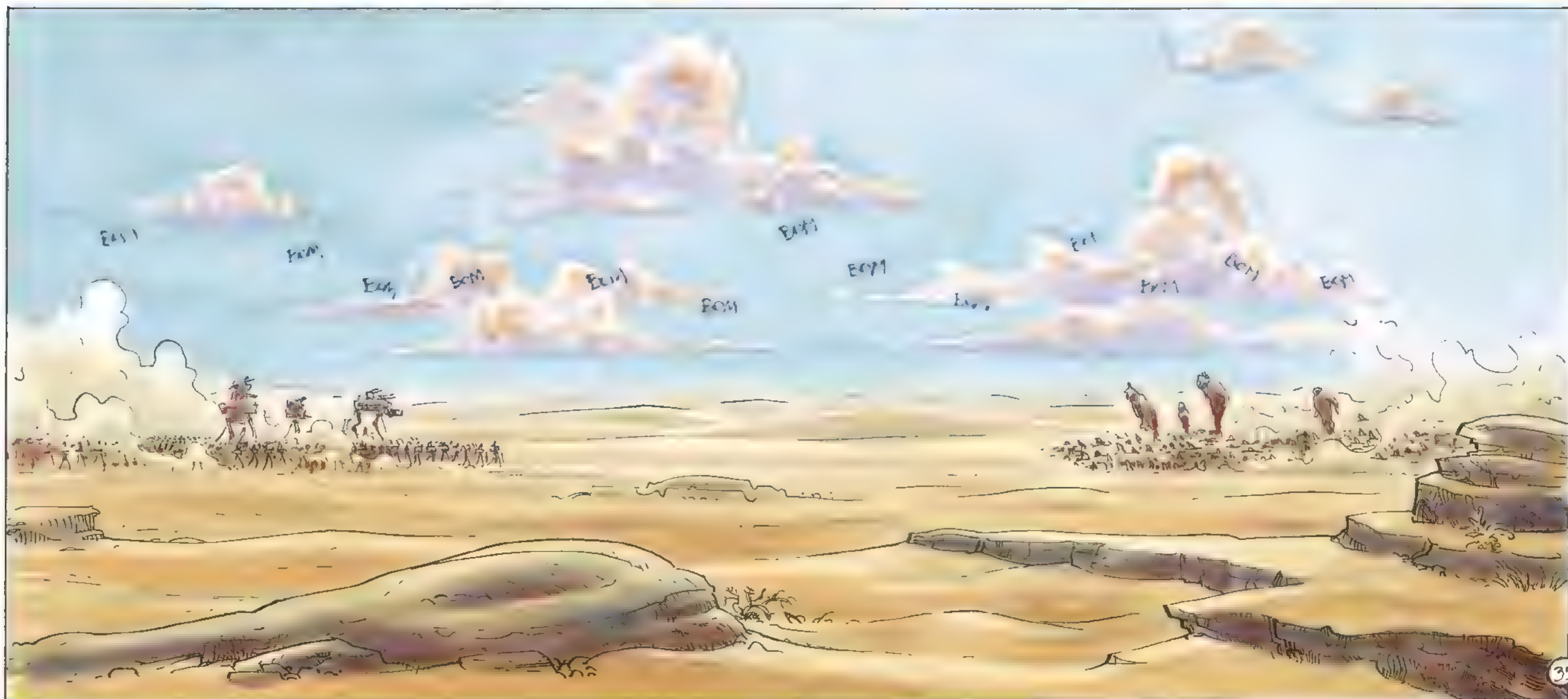


PERFECT.

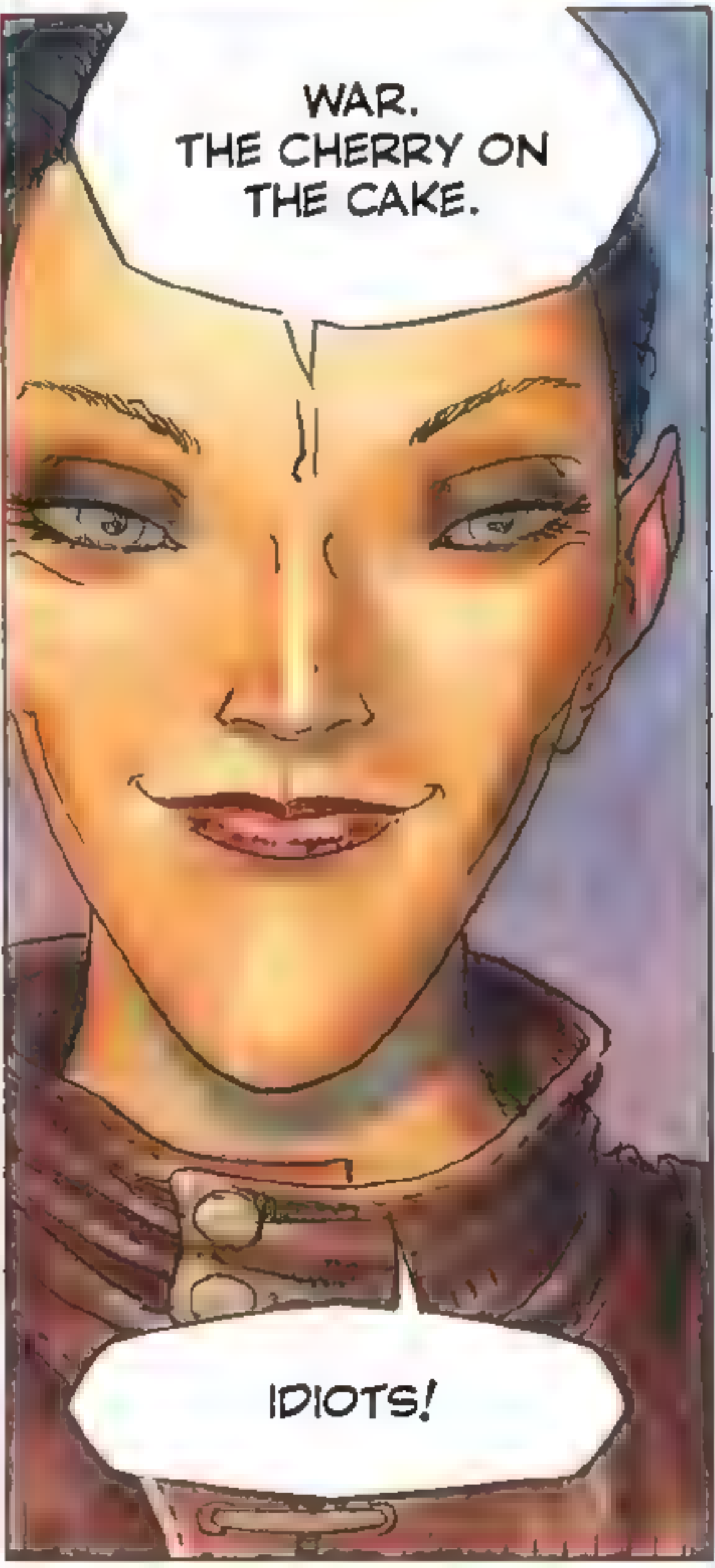
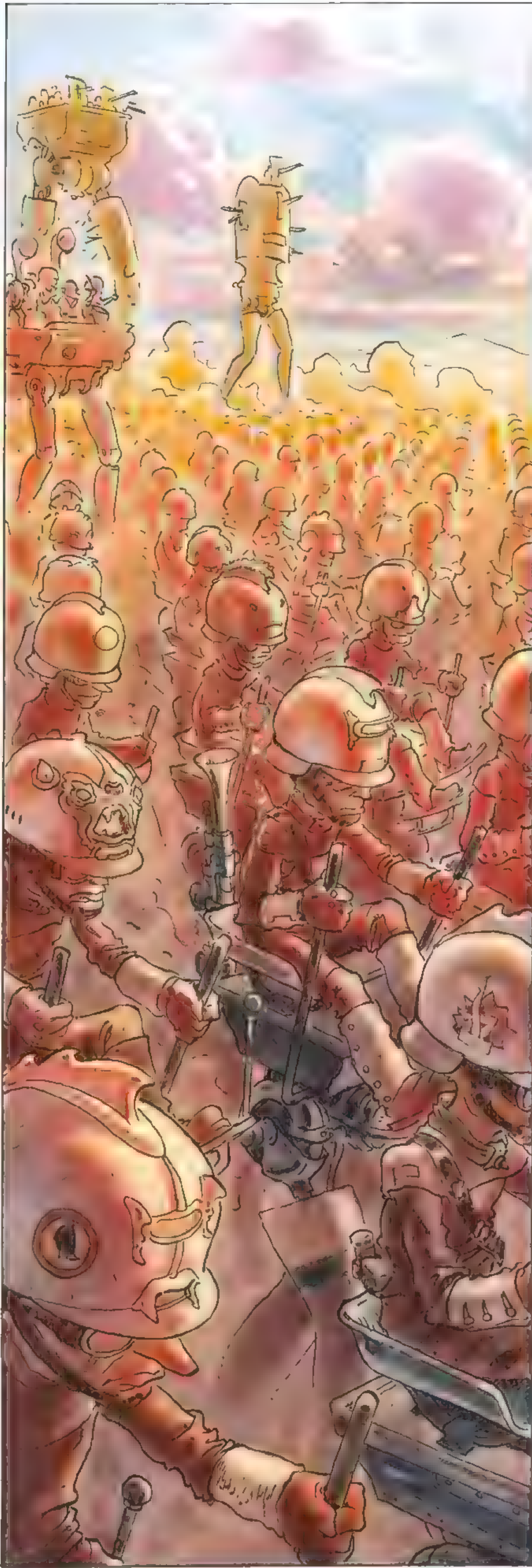
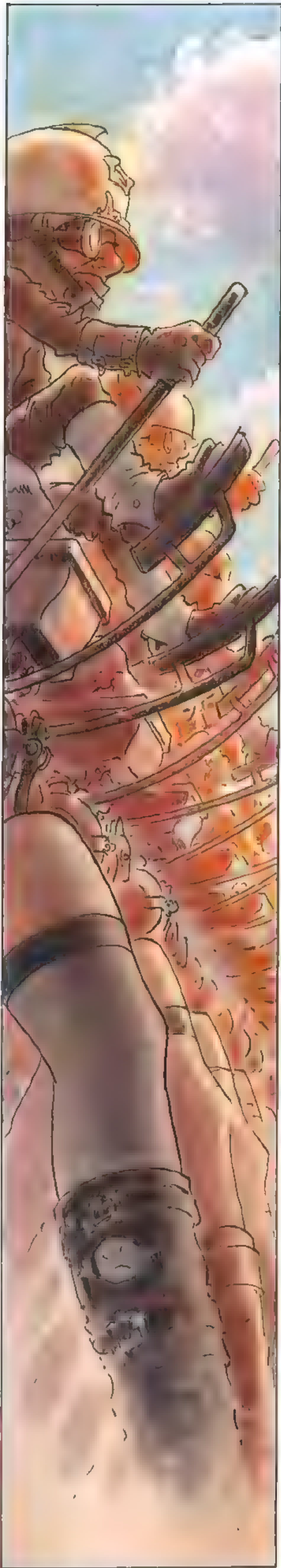
THE HUNT CAN  
RESUME!



AND WHAT DO WE  
HAVE OVER THERE?

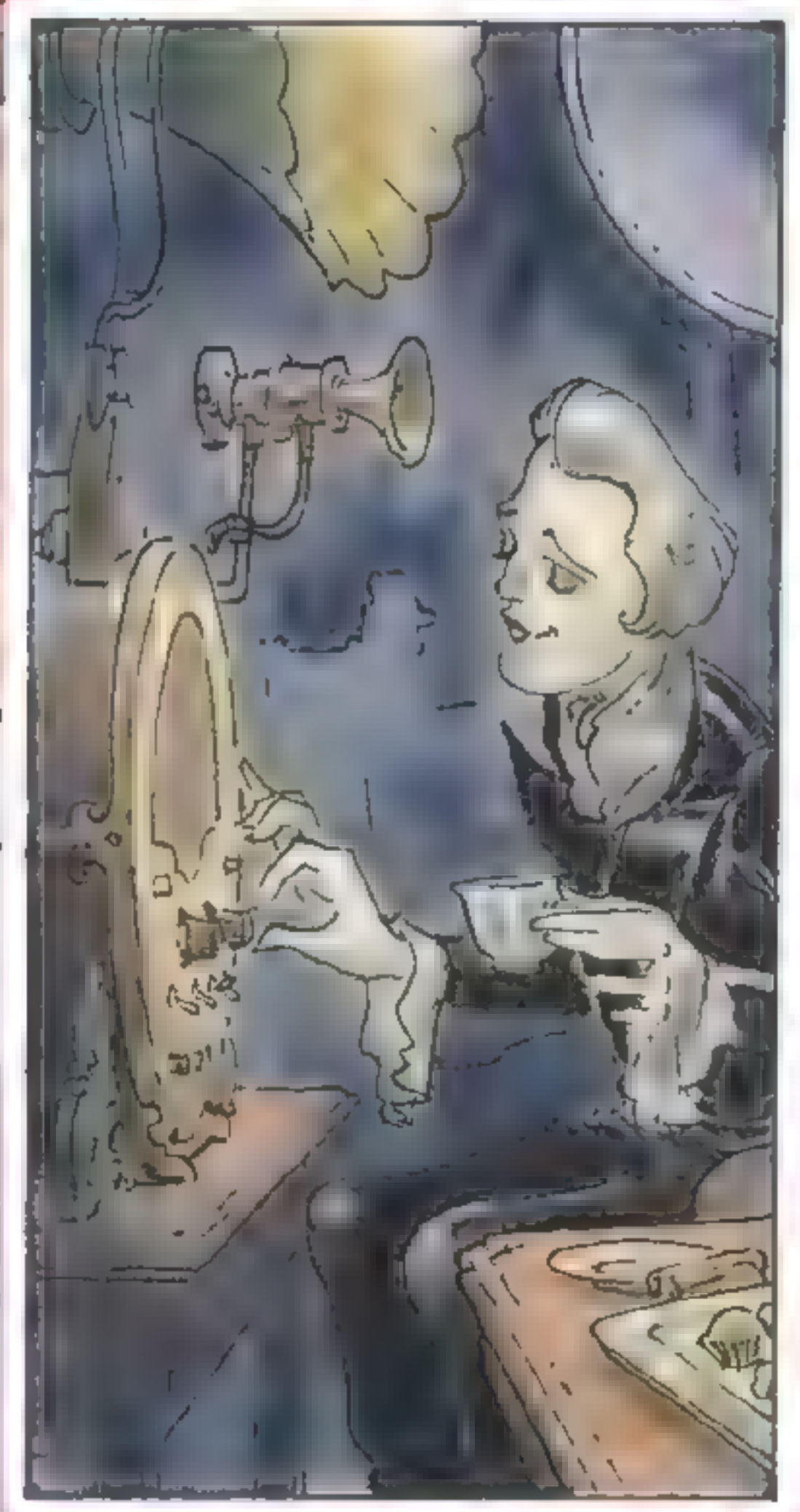




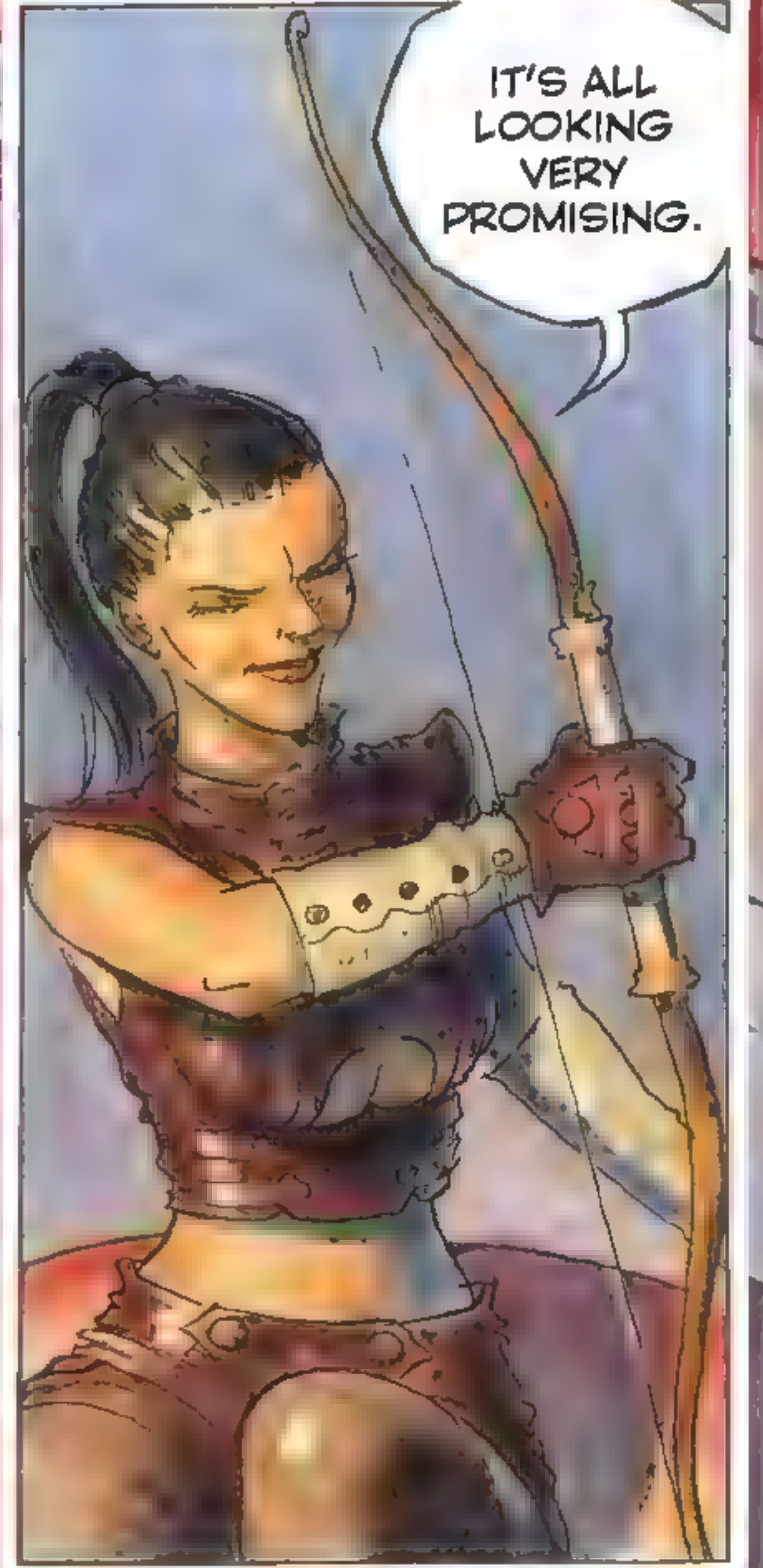


WAR.  
THE CHERRY ON  
THE CAKE.

IDIOTS!

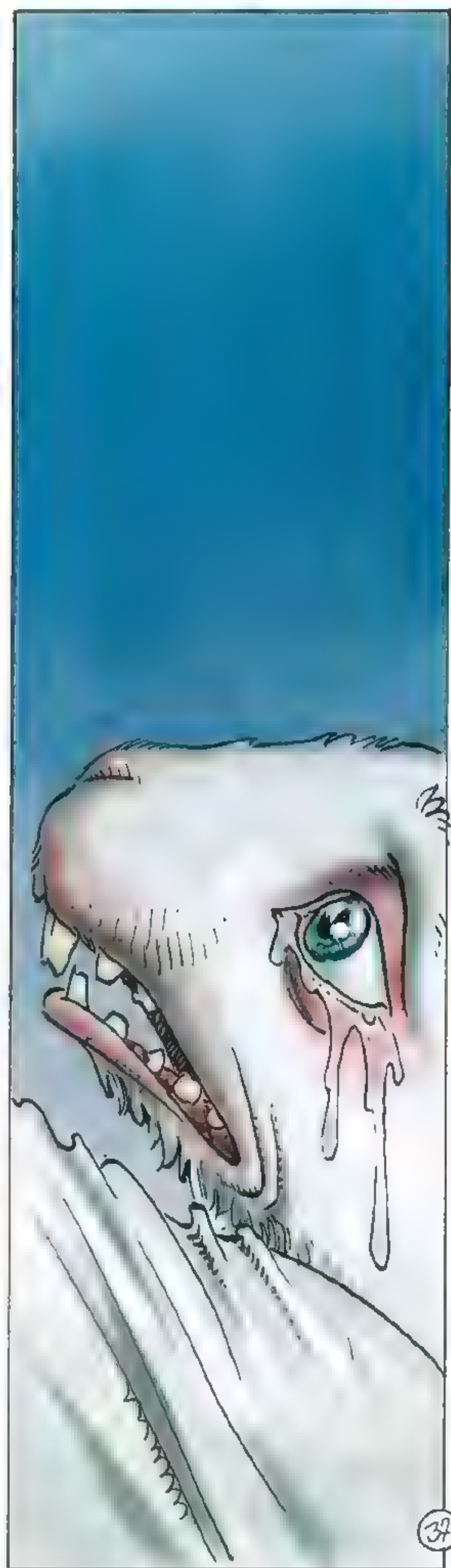
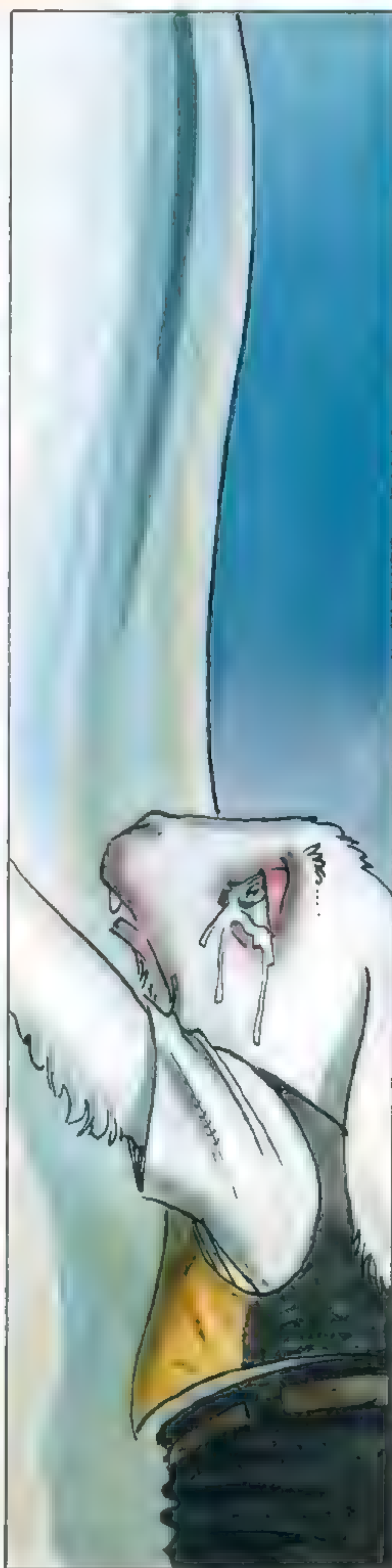
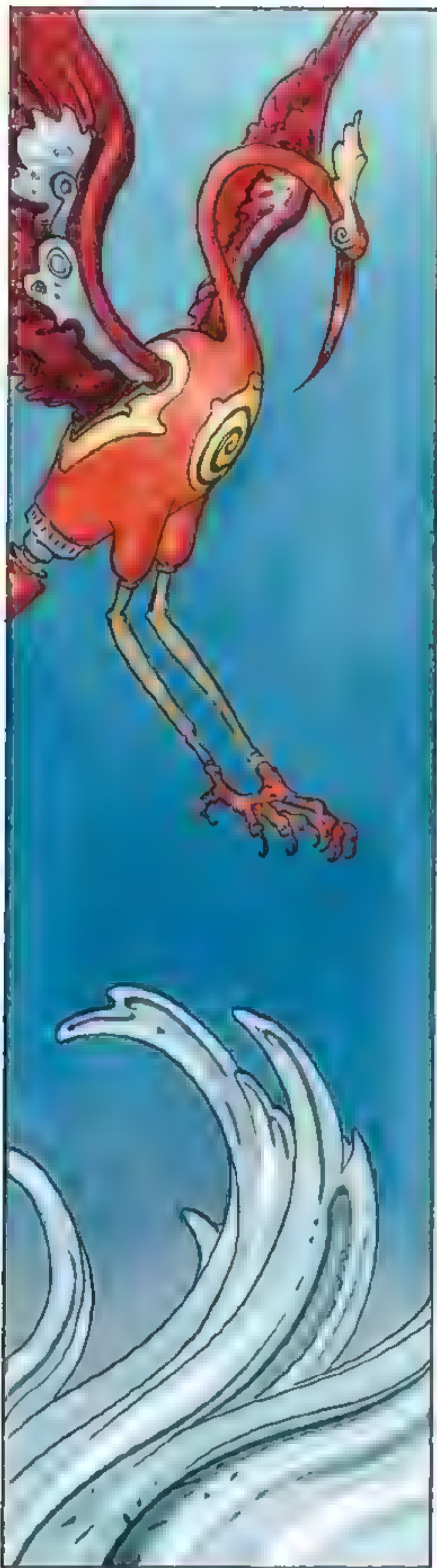


CLOCK!

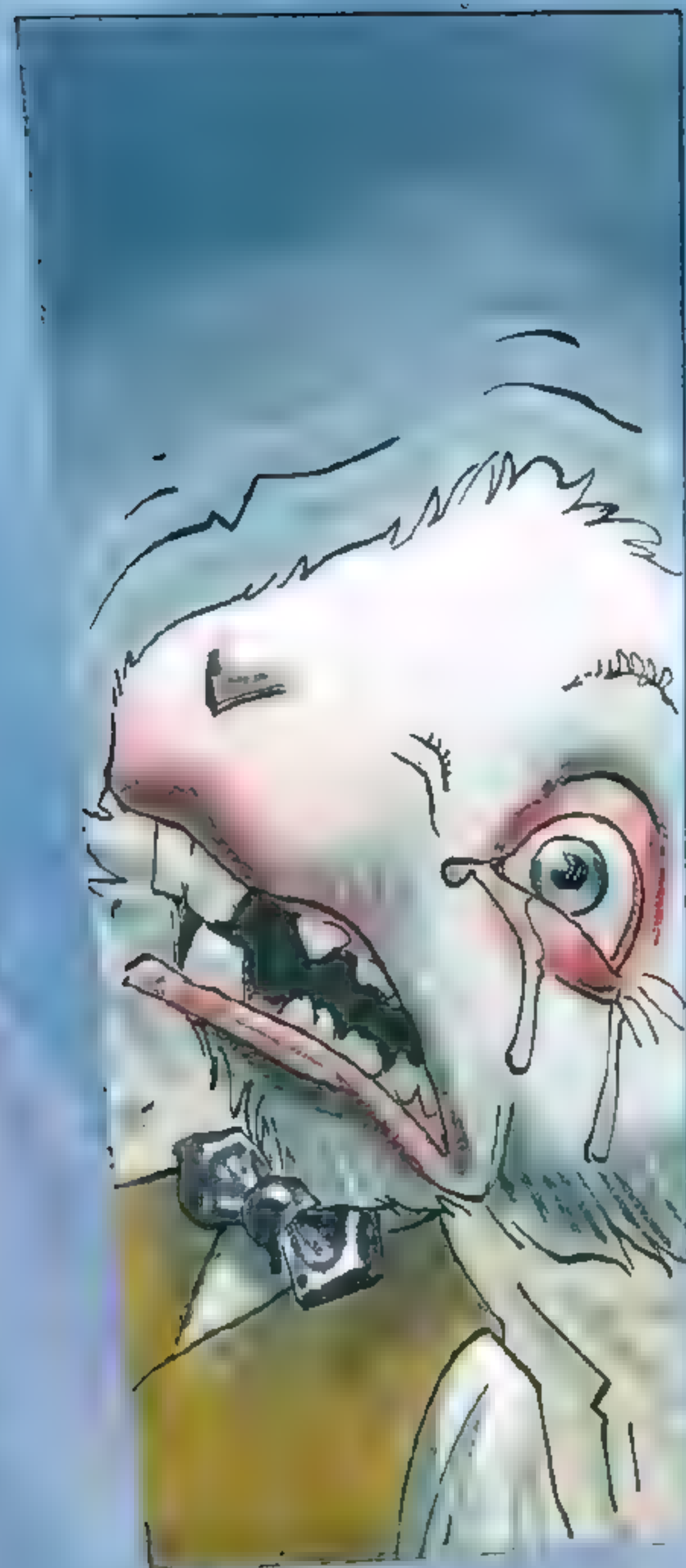


IT'S ALL  
LOOKING  
VERY  
PROMISING.

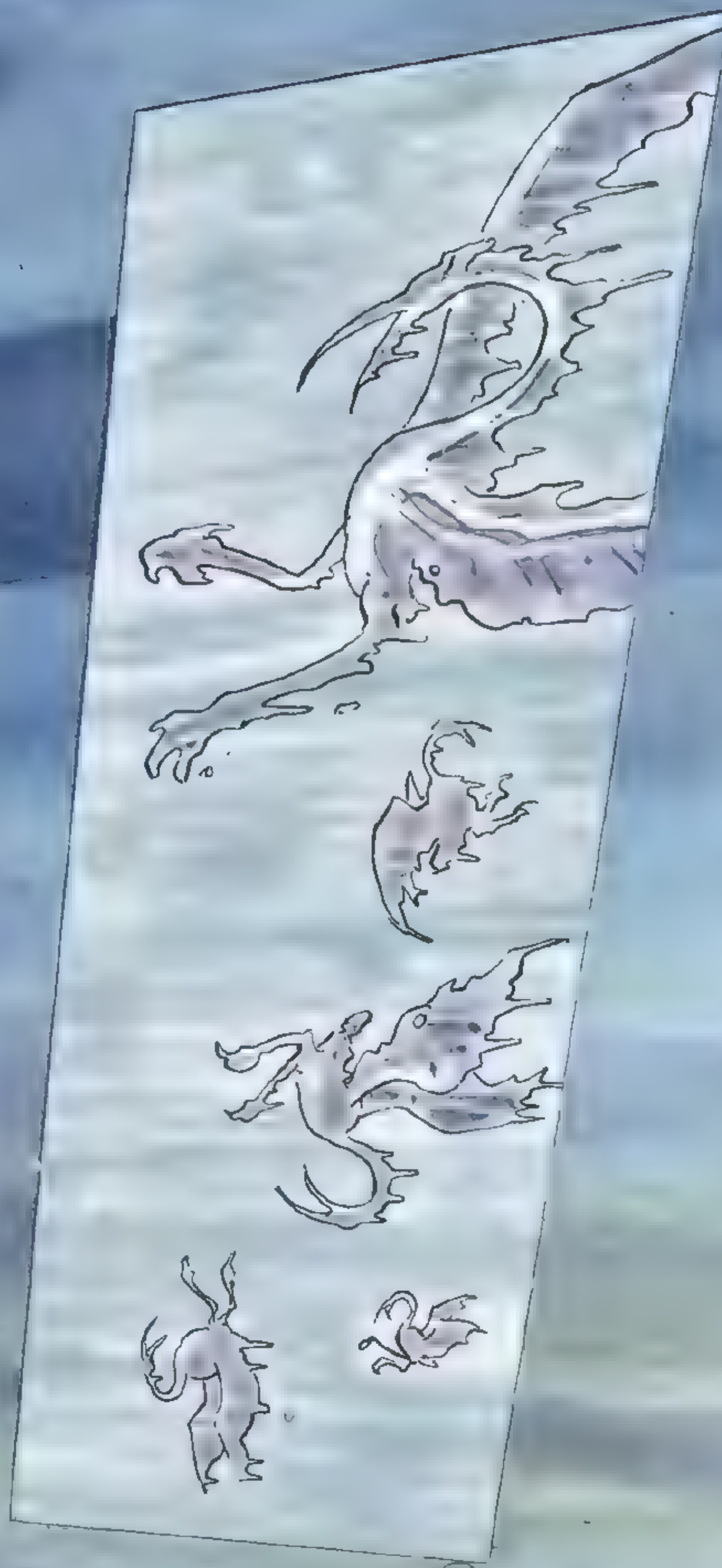
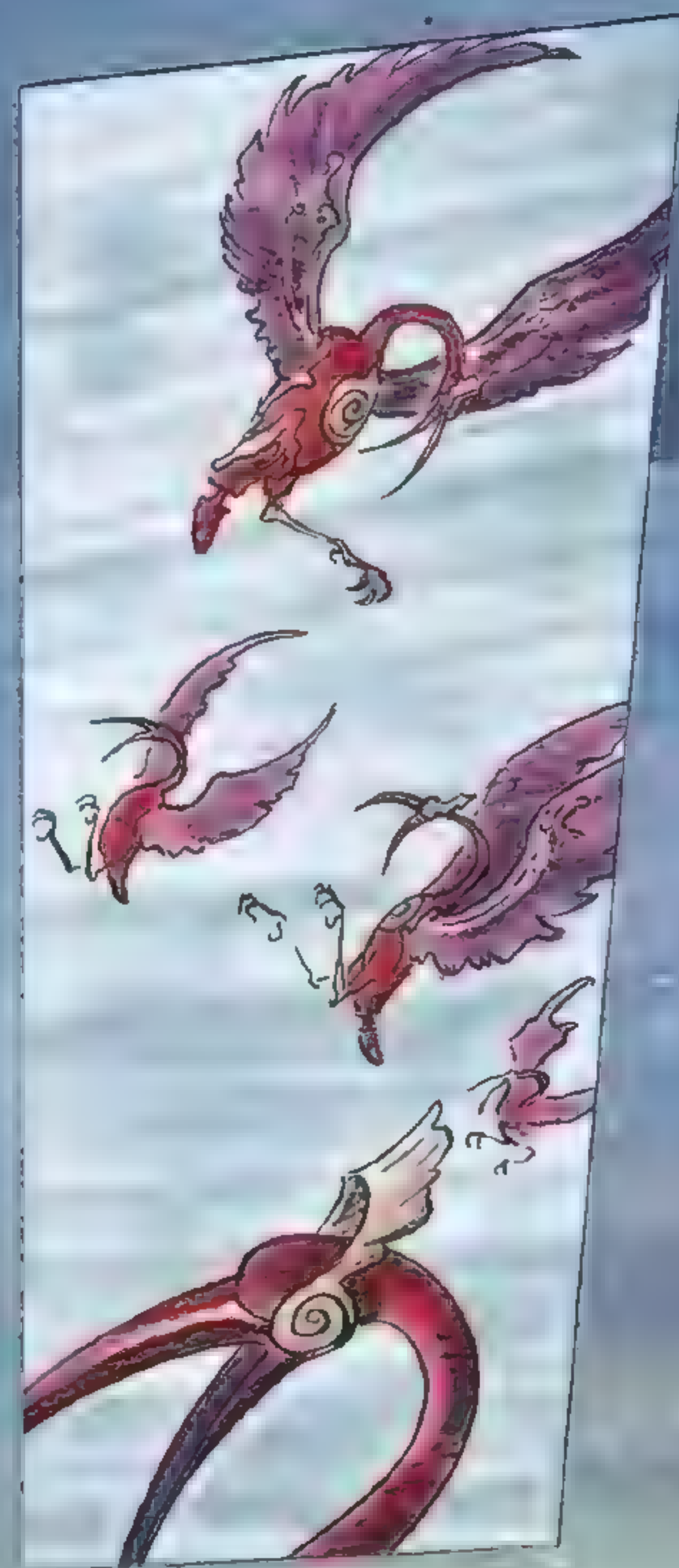




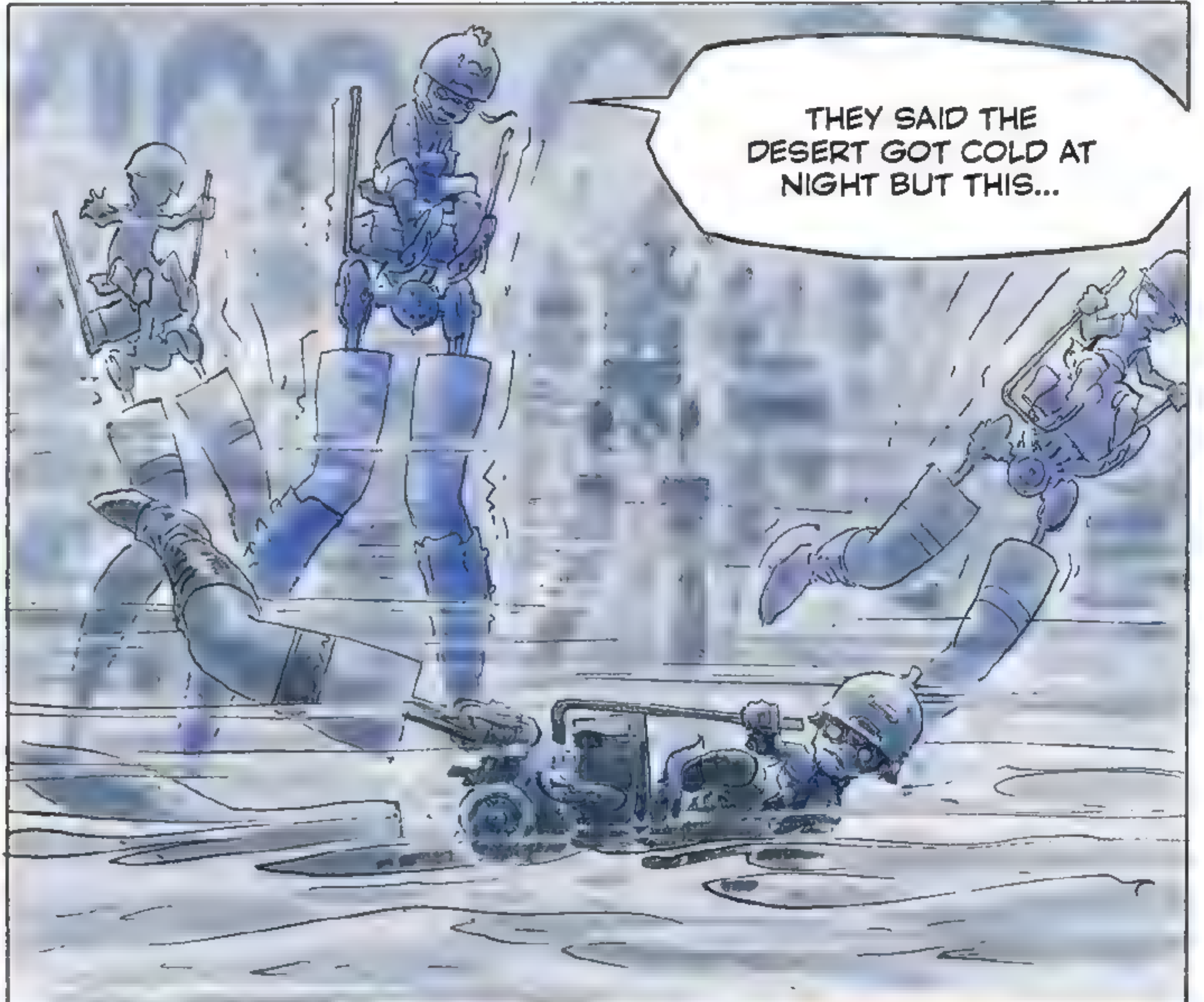




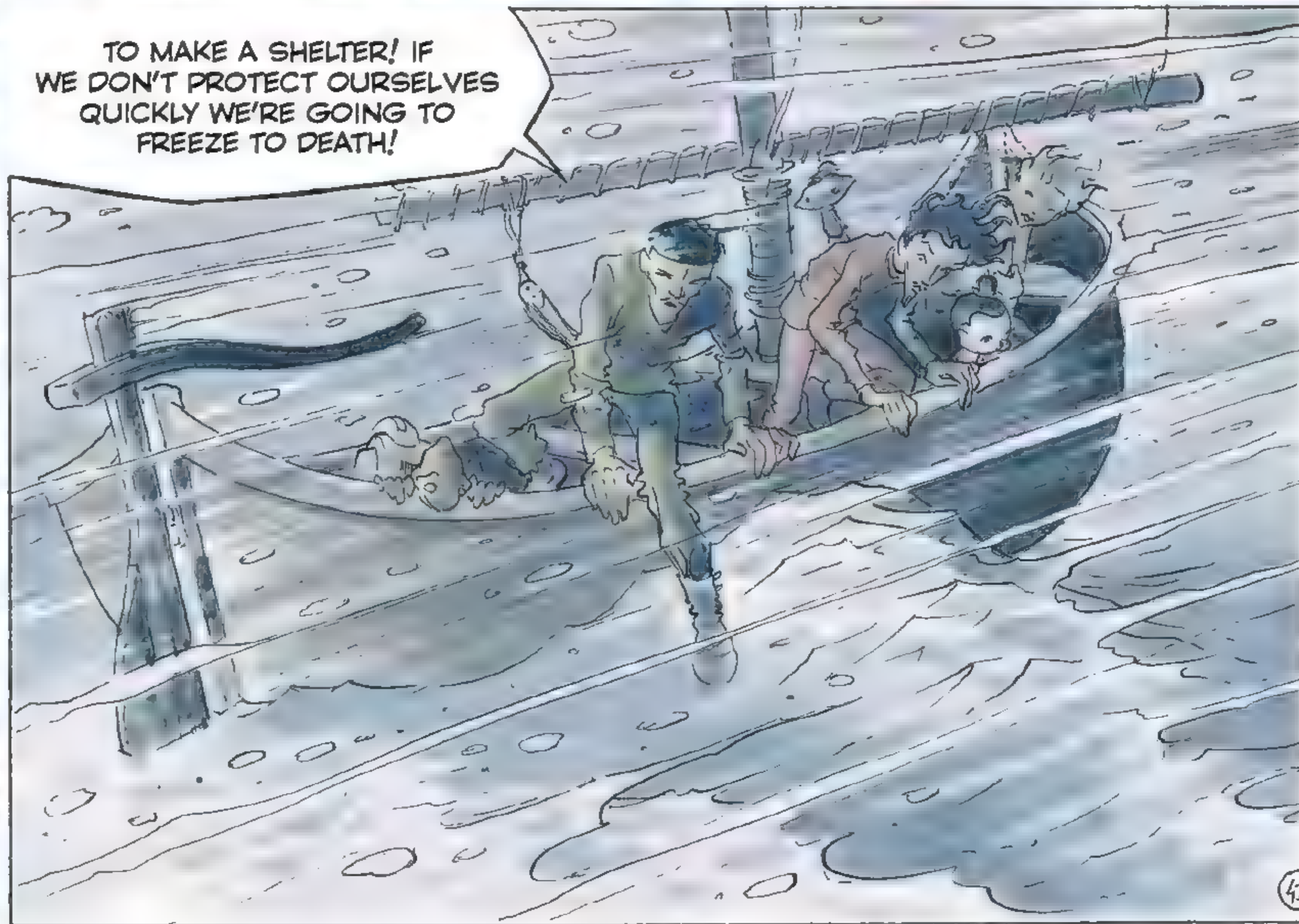
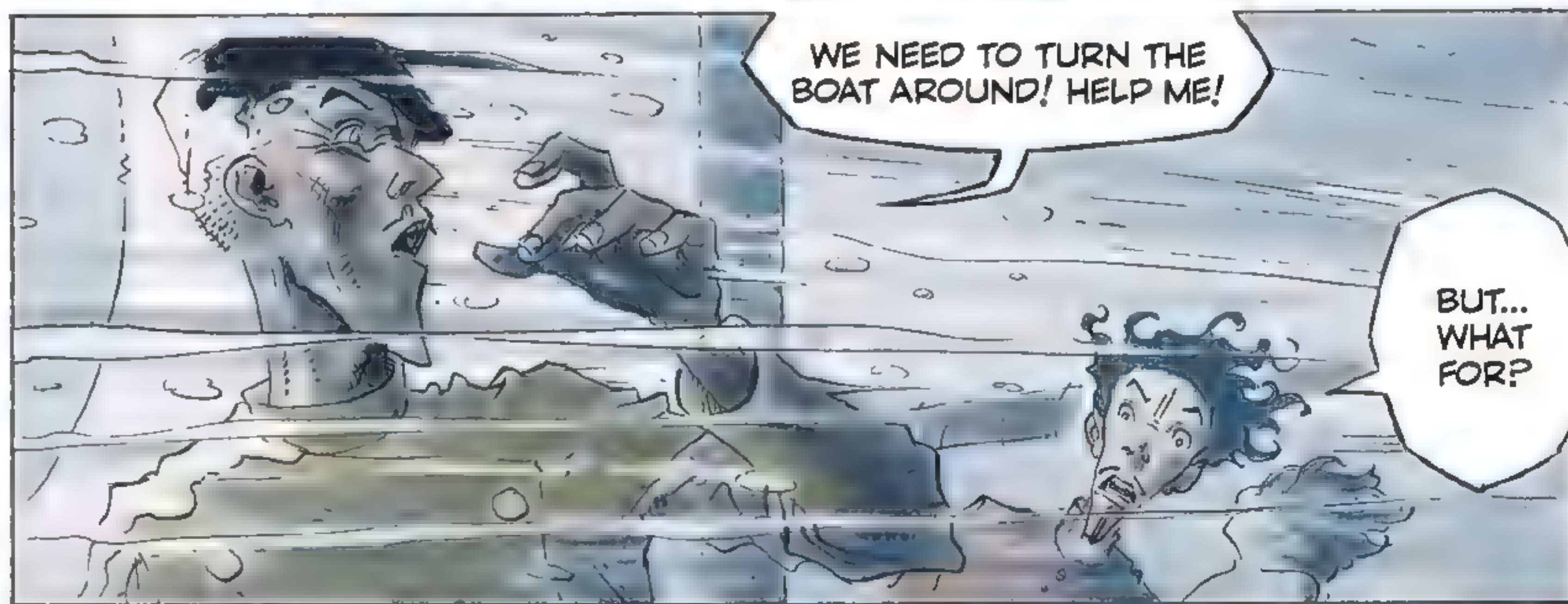
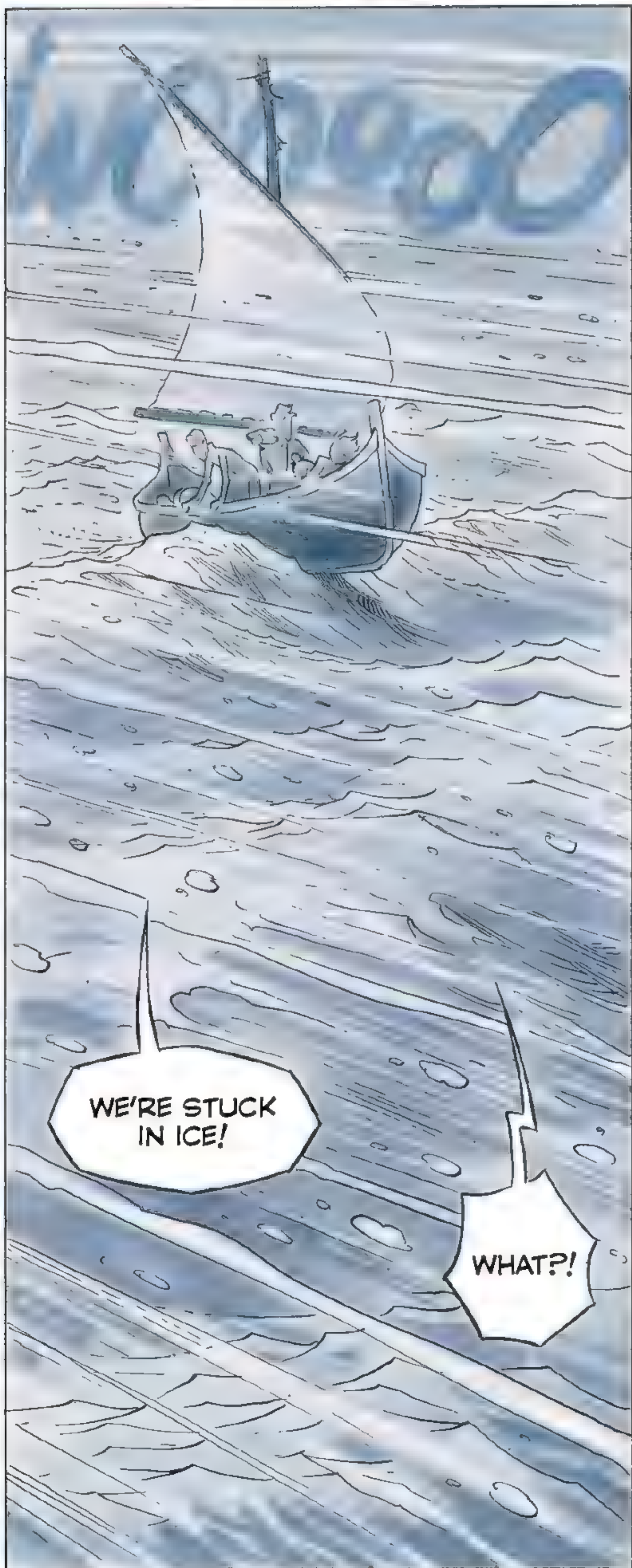
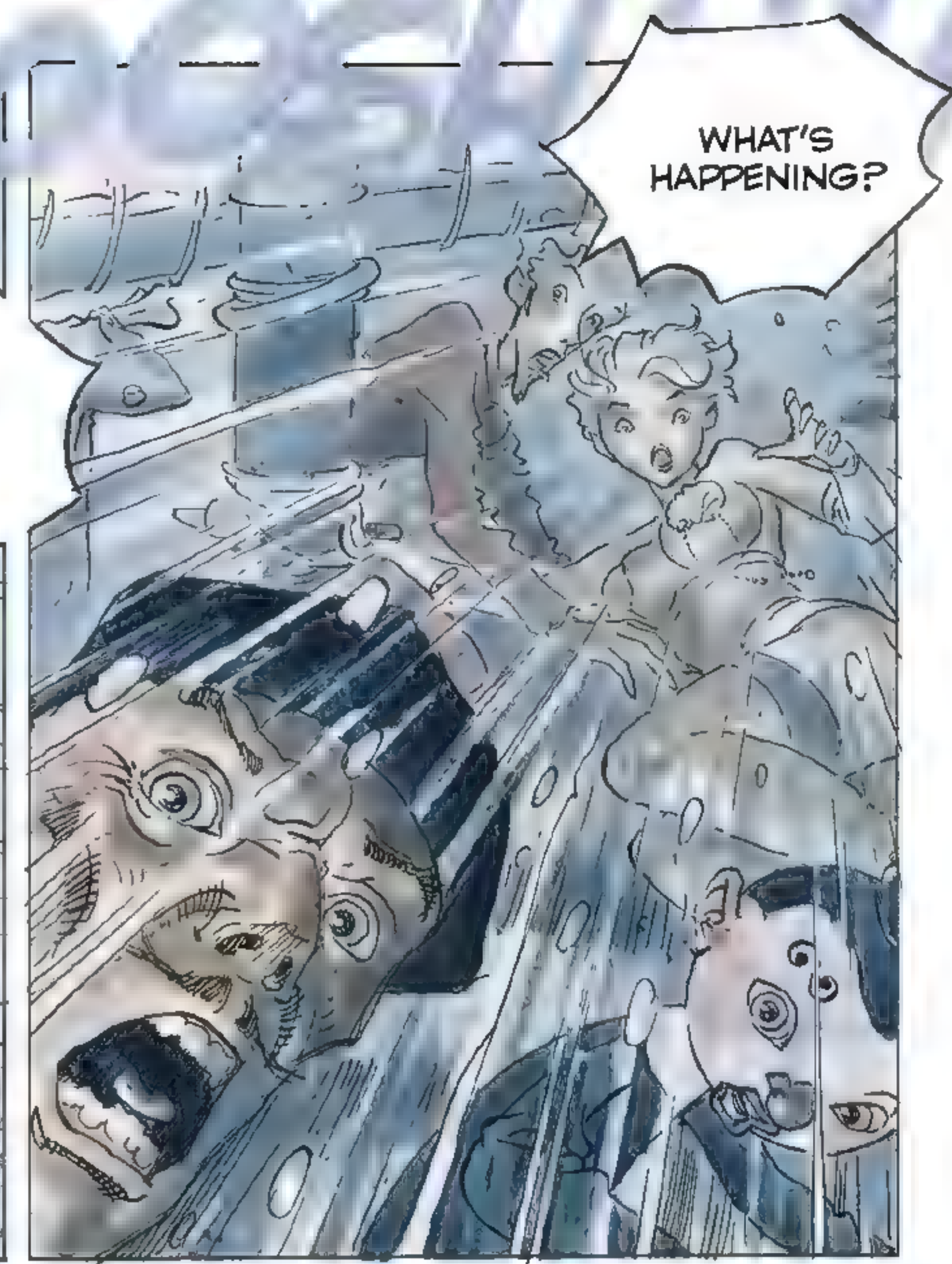
天風自來



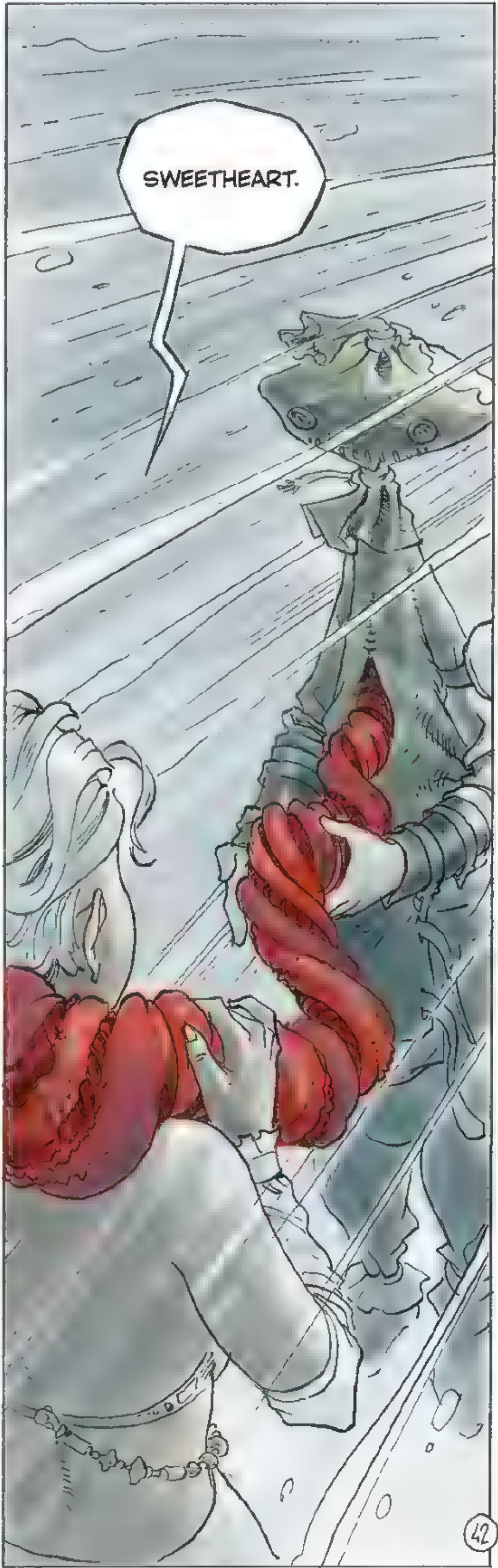
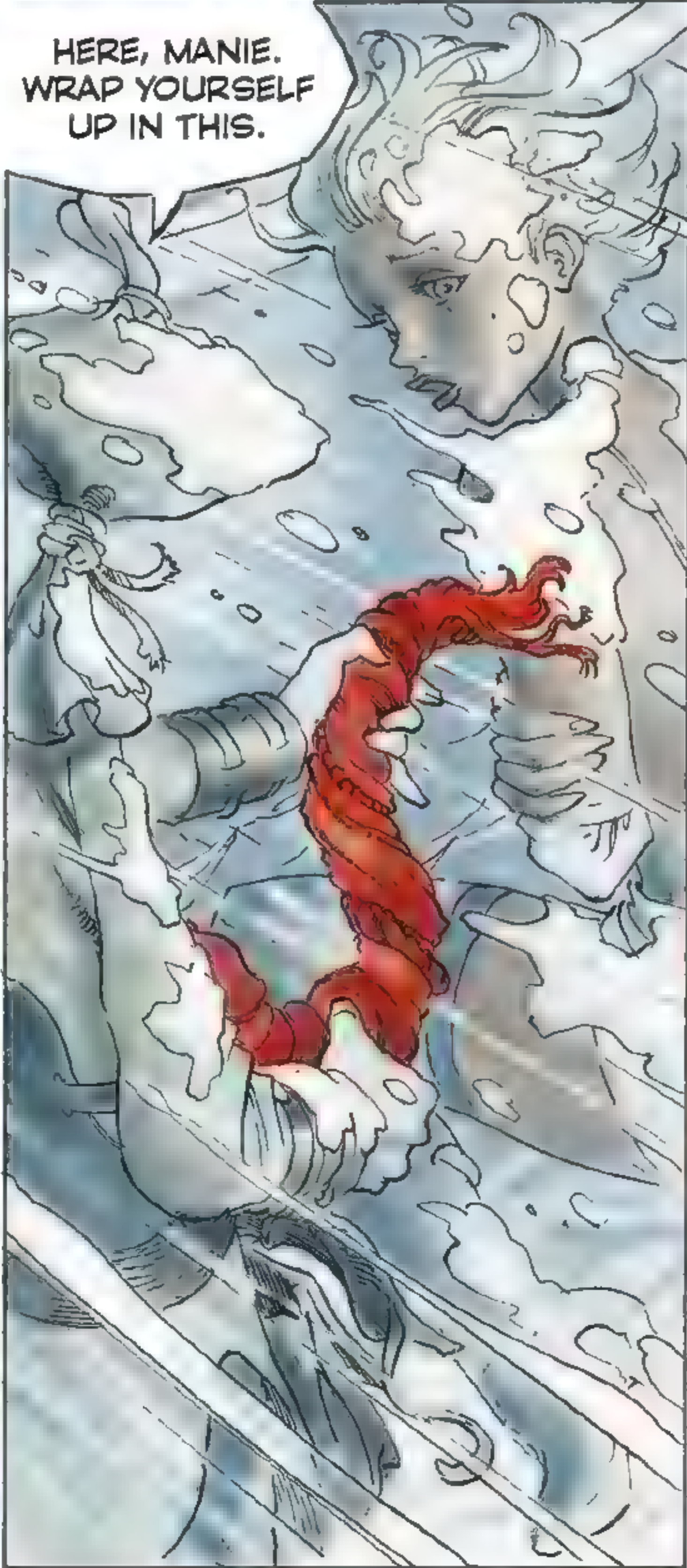
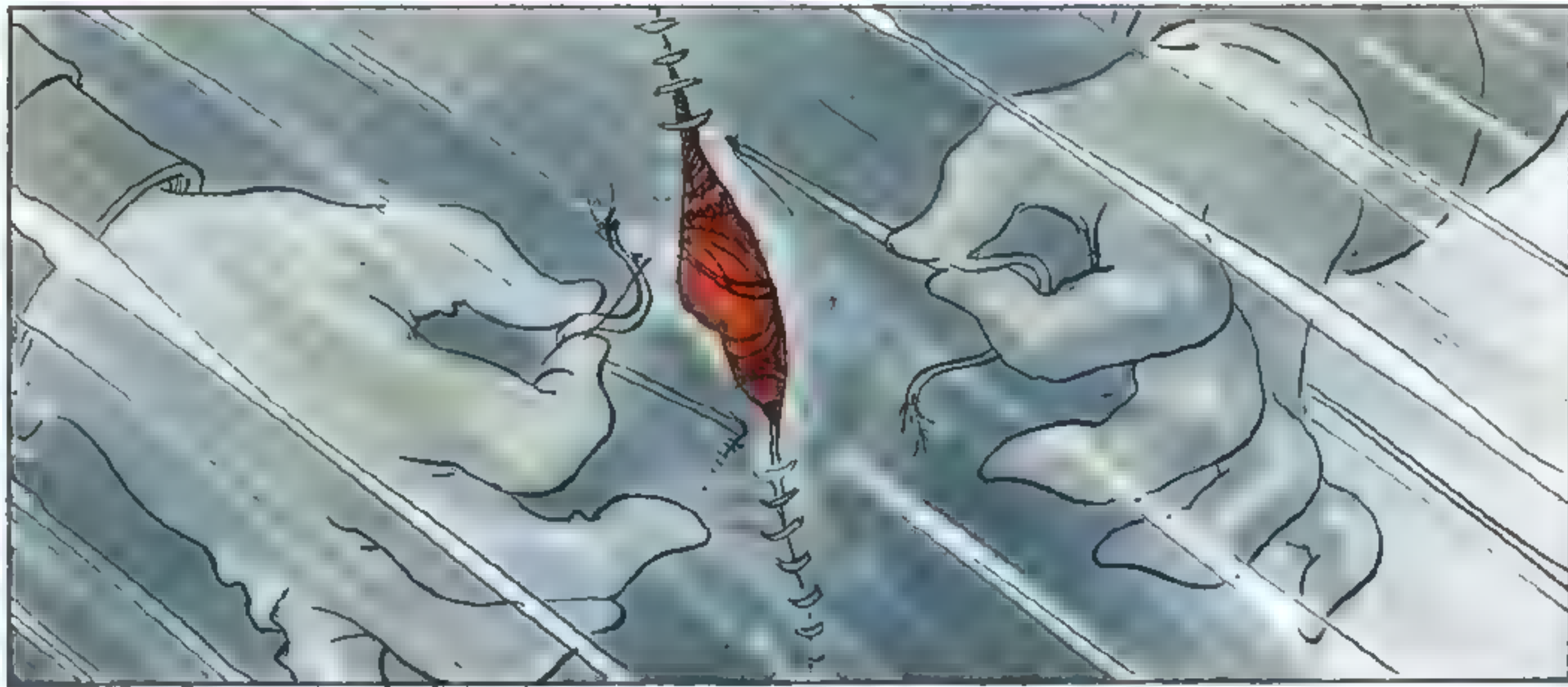
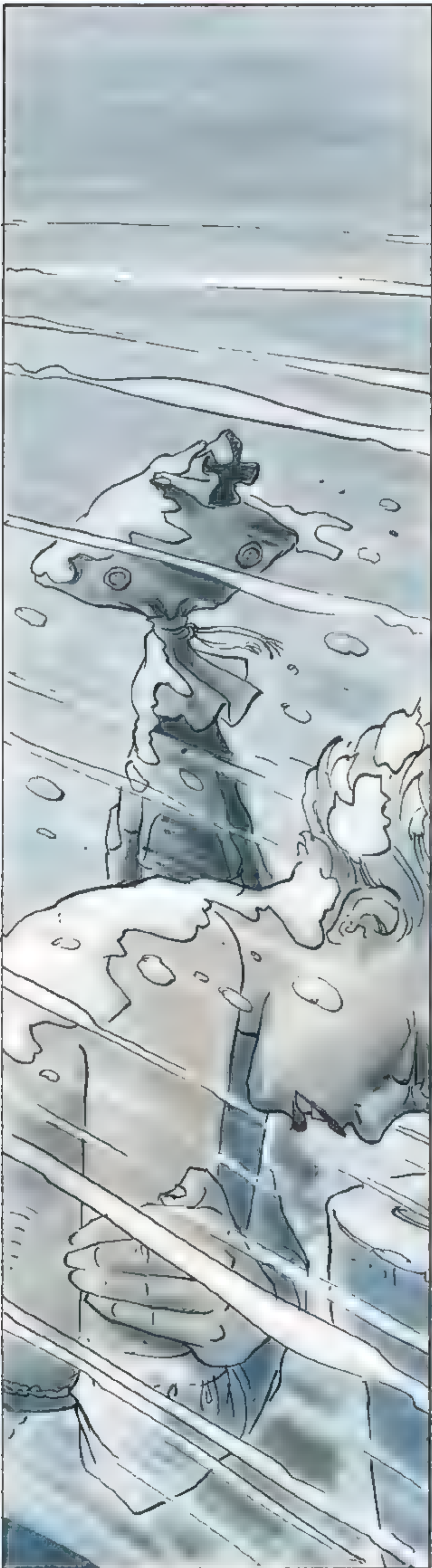
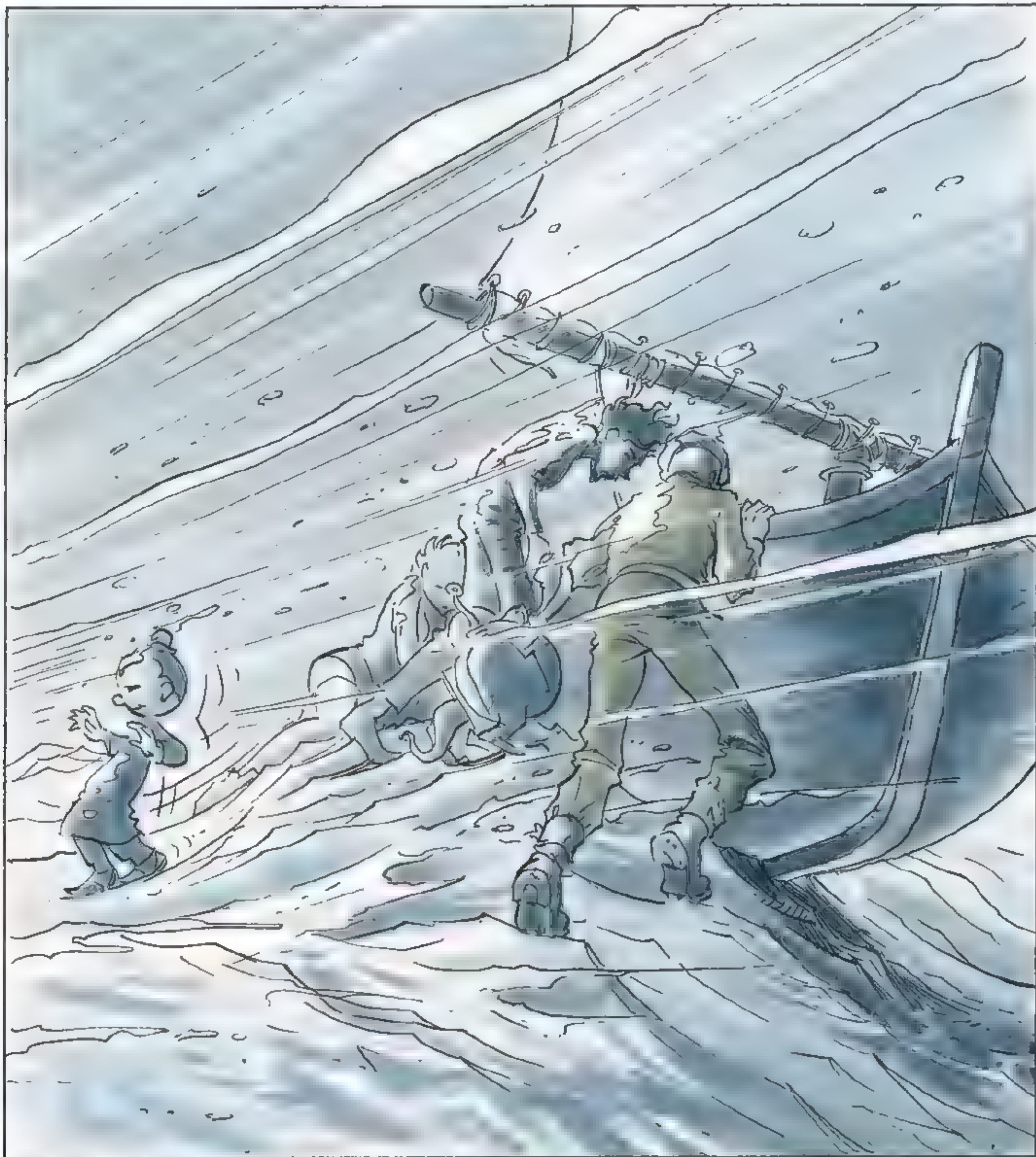




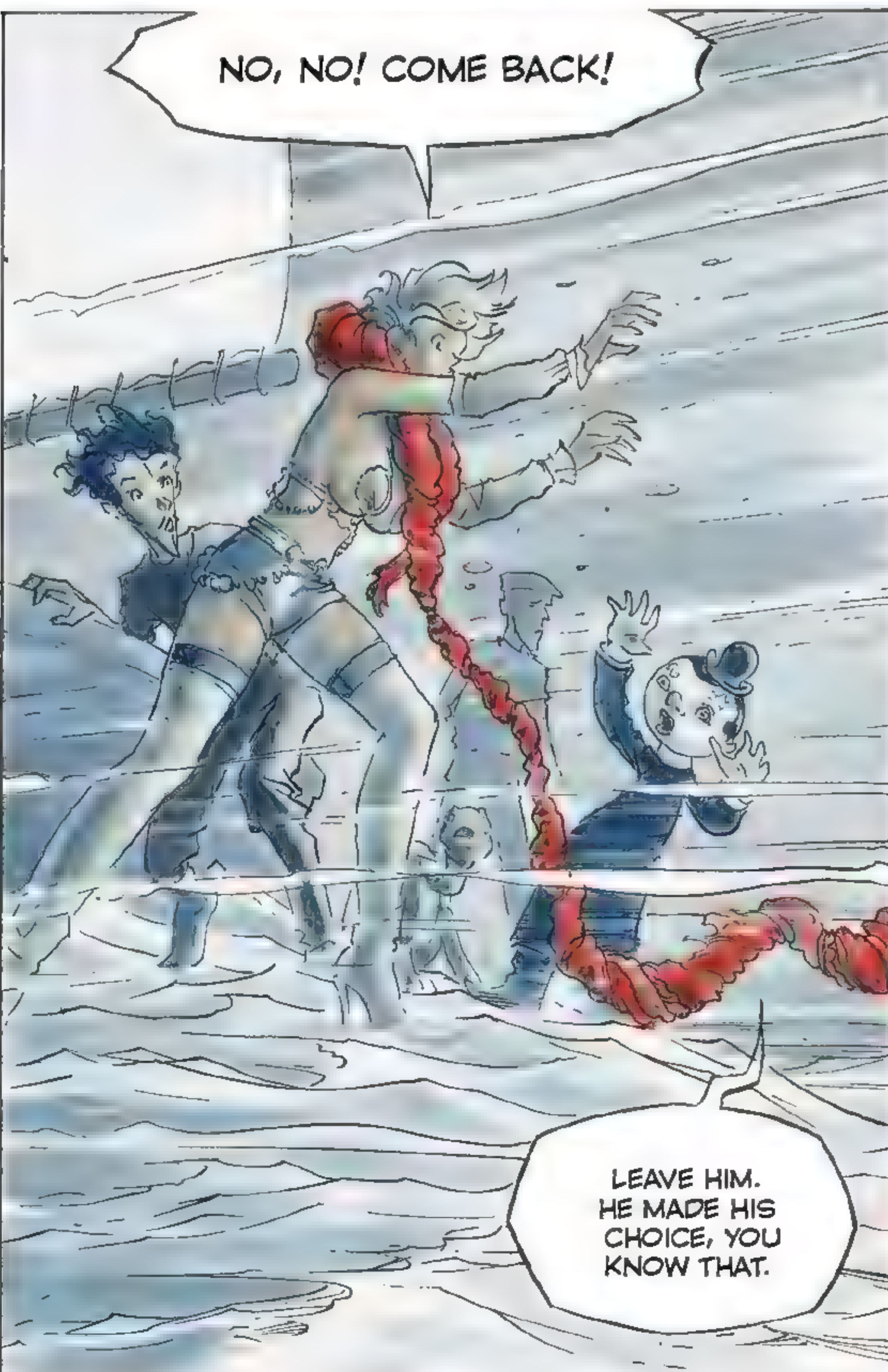
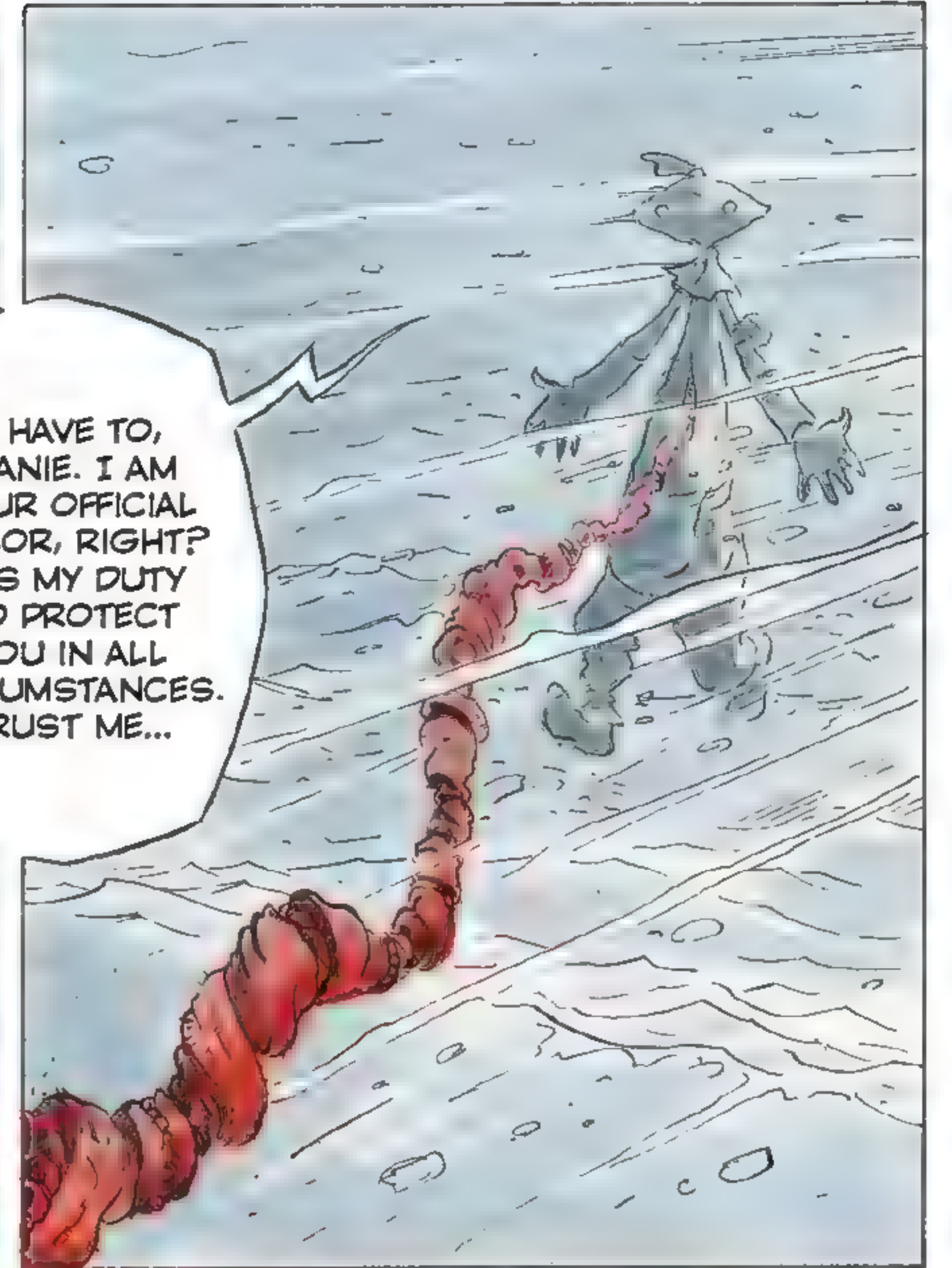




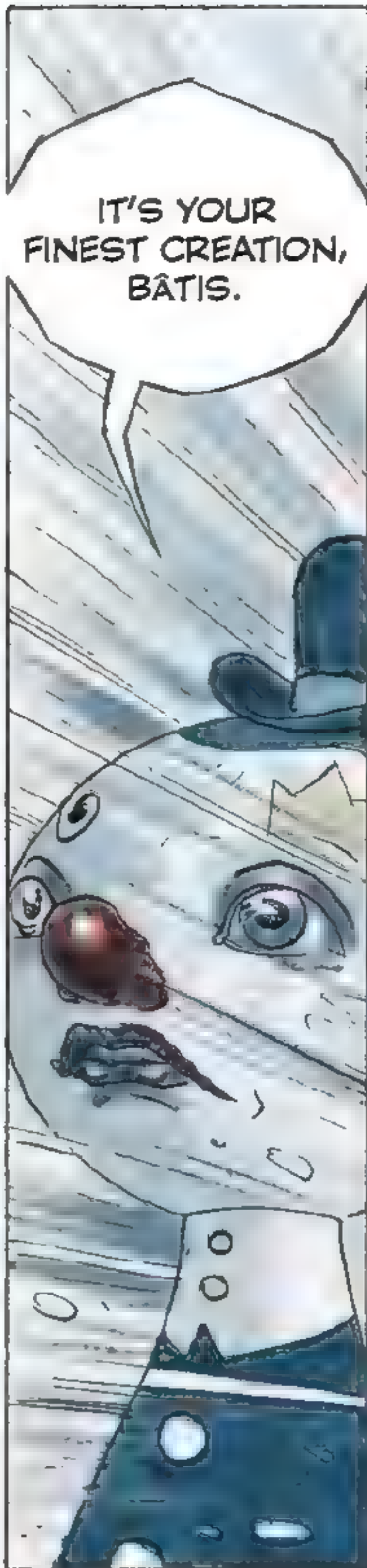




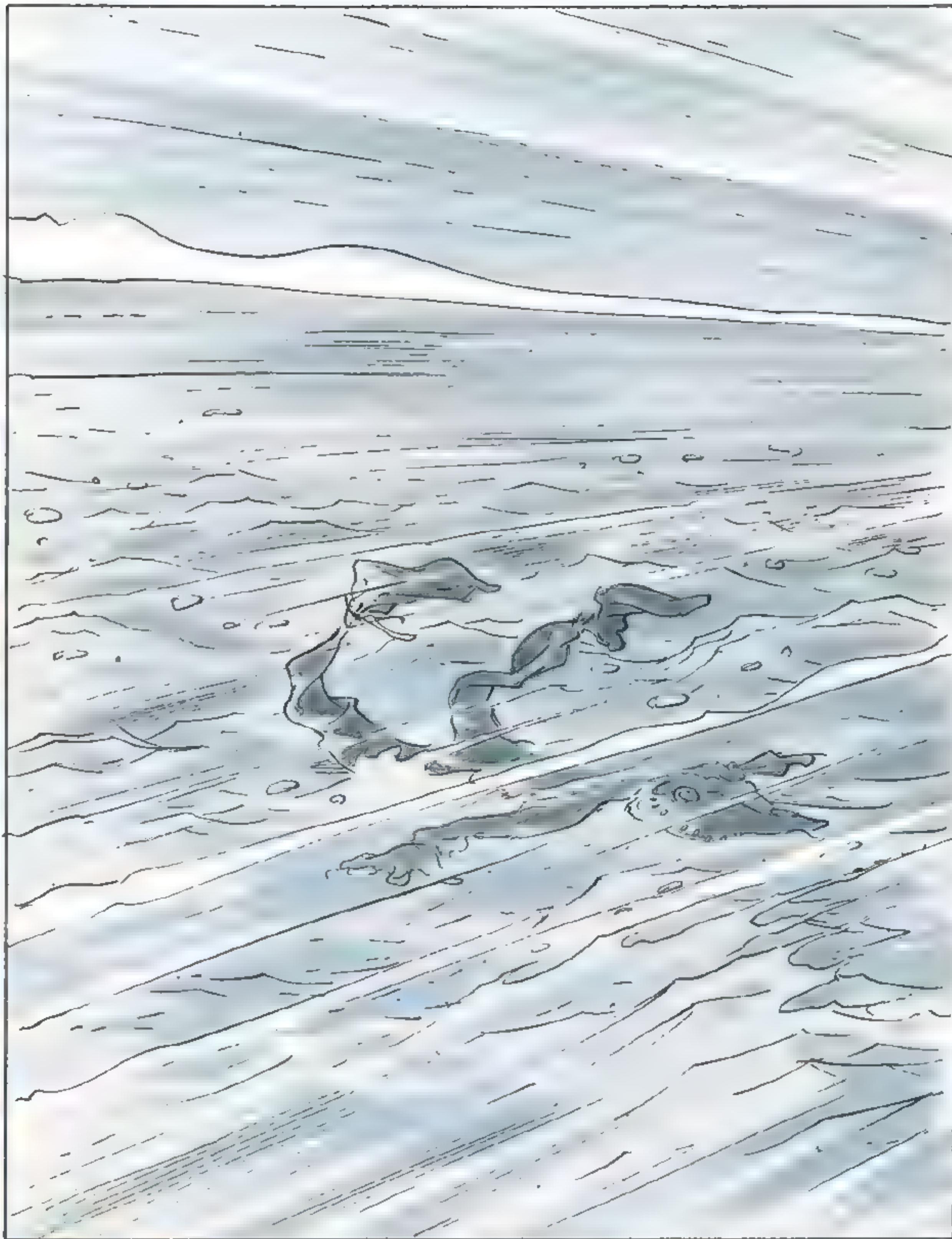




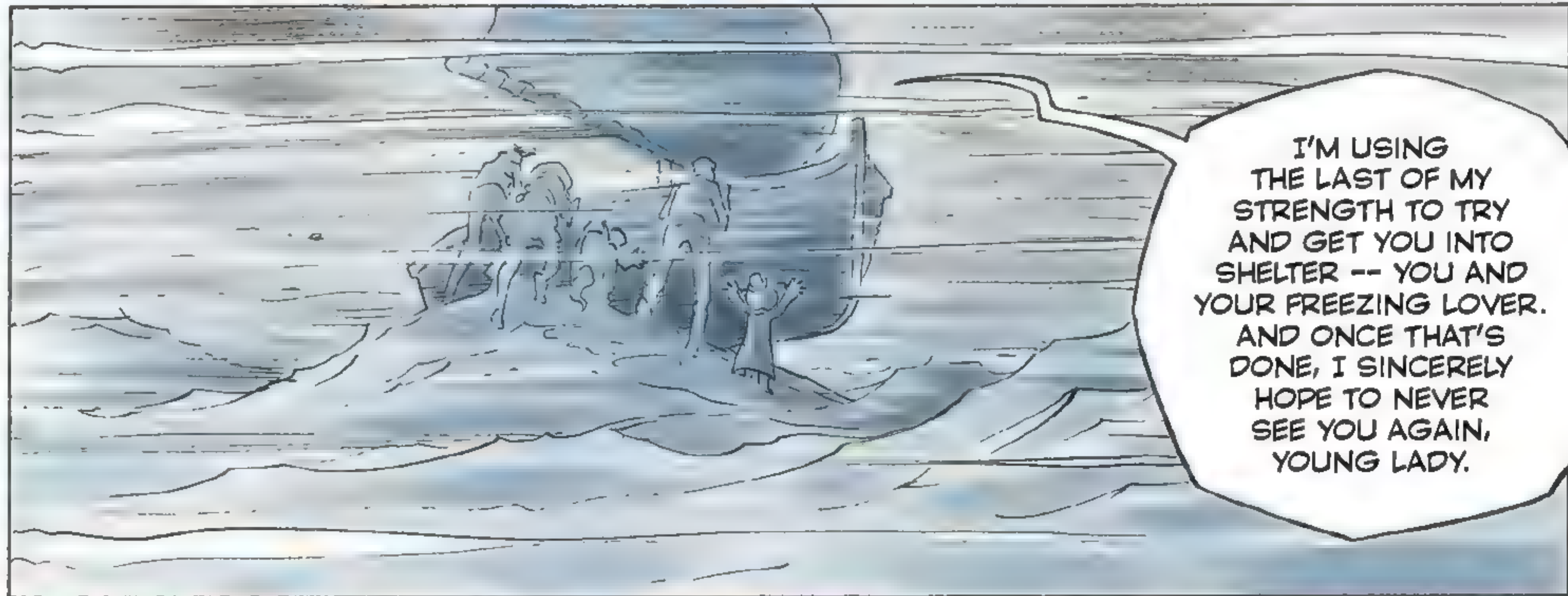




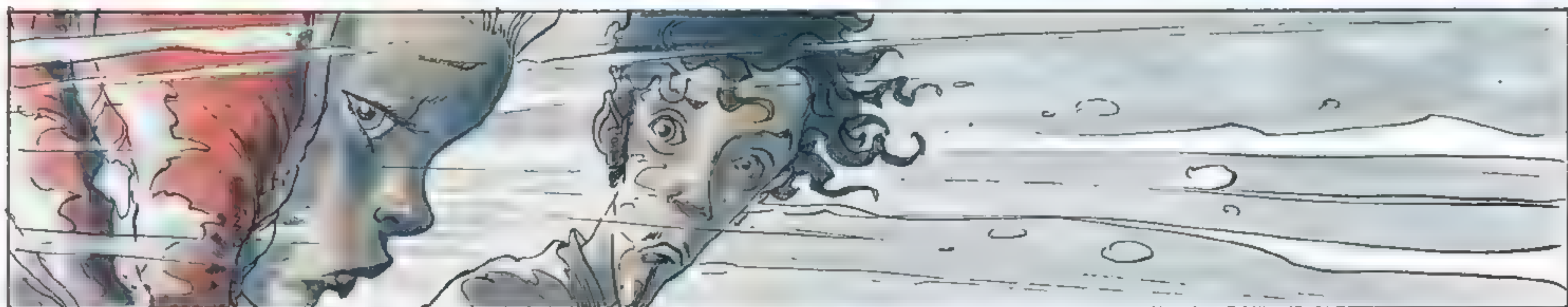
IT'S YOUR  
FINEST CREATION,  
BÂTIS.



SAY, WOULD  
IT KILL YOU TO  
HELP US OUT  
A BIT?!

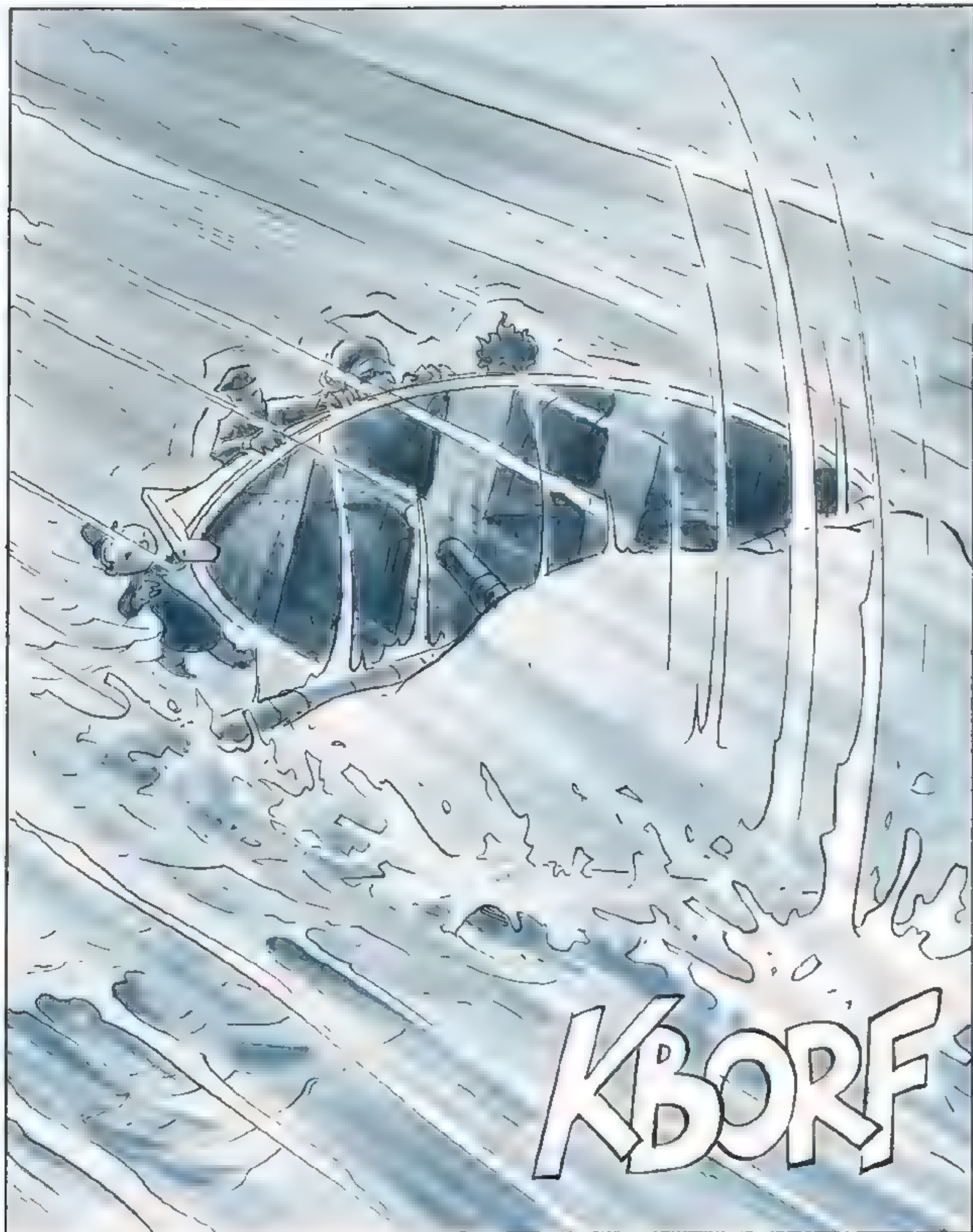


I'M USING  
THE LAST OF MY  
STRENGTH TO TRY  
AND GET YOU INTO  
SHELTER -- YOU AND  
YOUR FREEZING LOVER.  
AND ONCE THAT'S  
DONE, I SINCERELY  
HOPE TO NEVER  
SEE YOU AGAIN,  
YOUNG LADY.

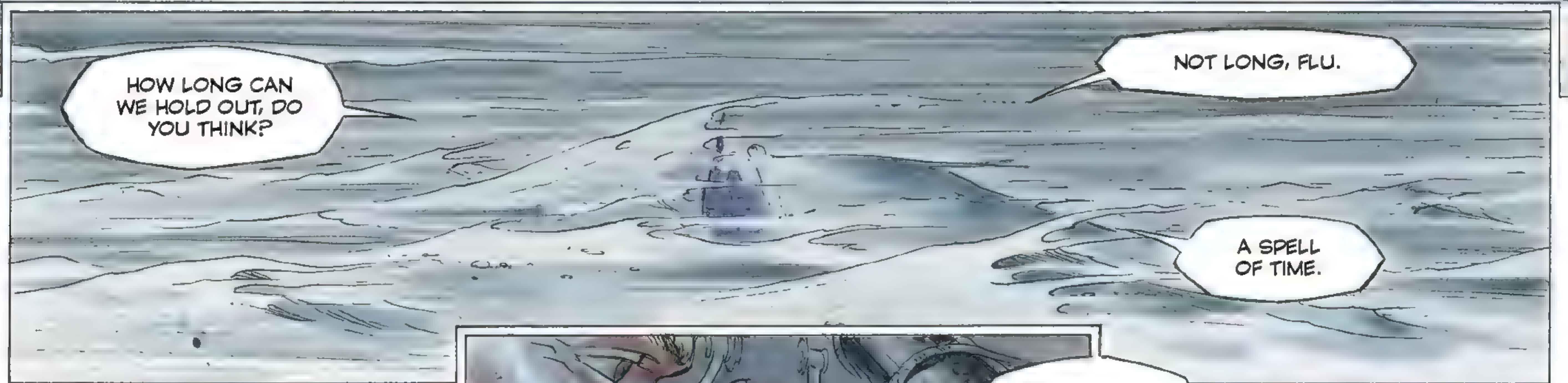
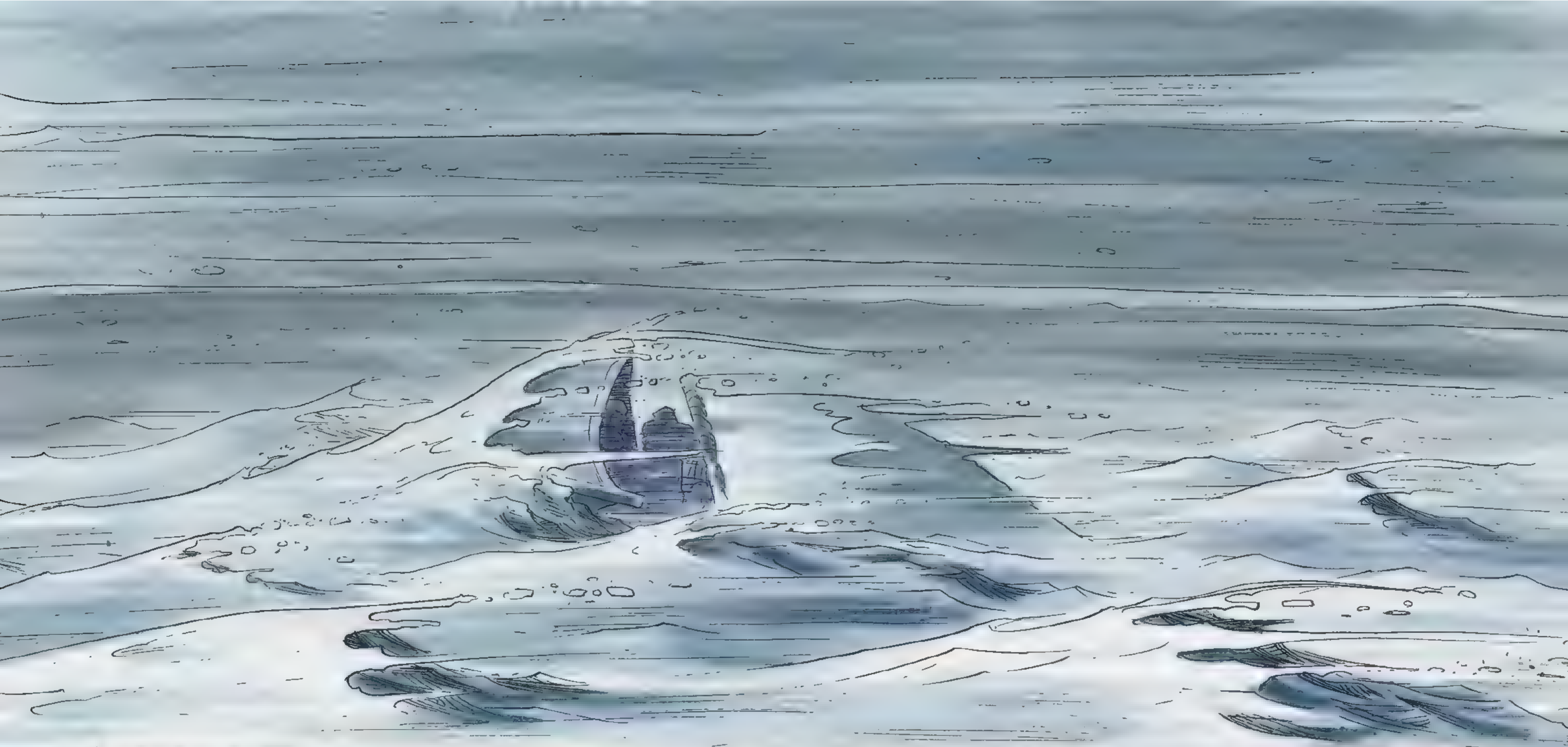


CRAAAG!





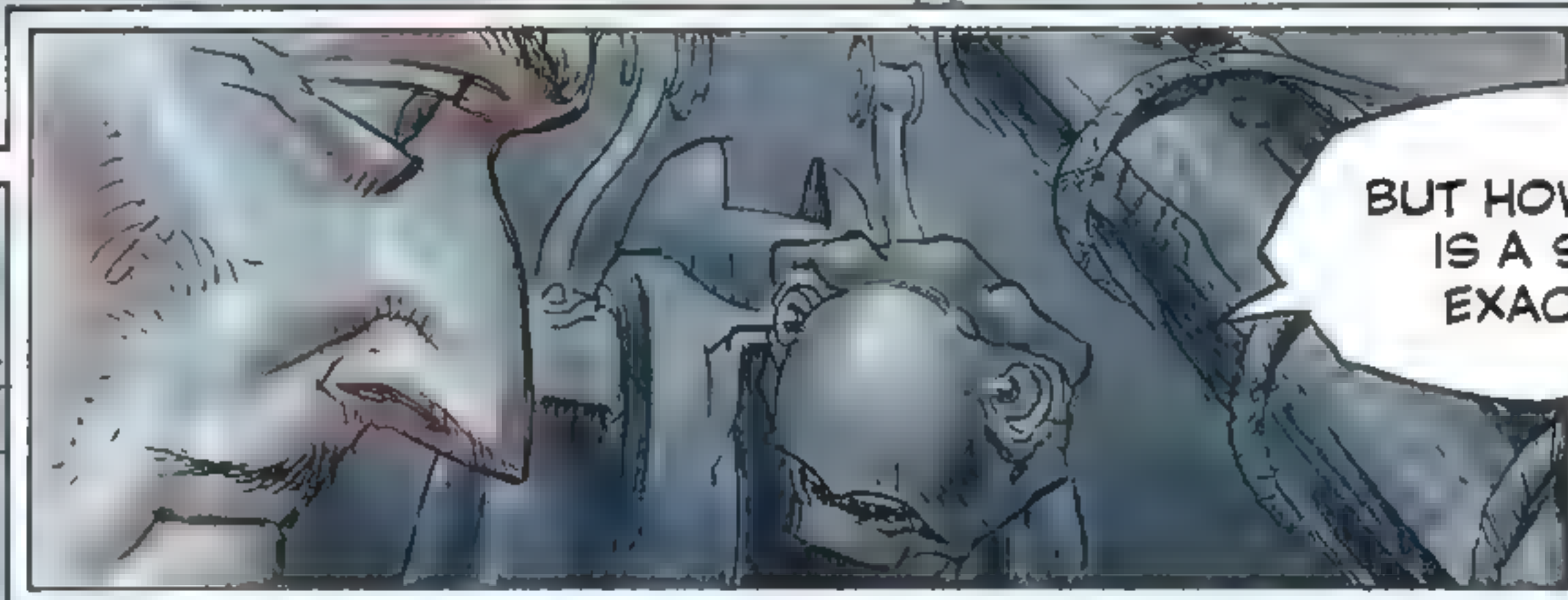




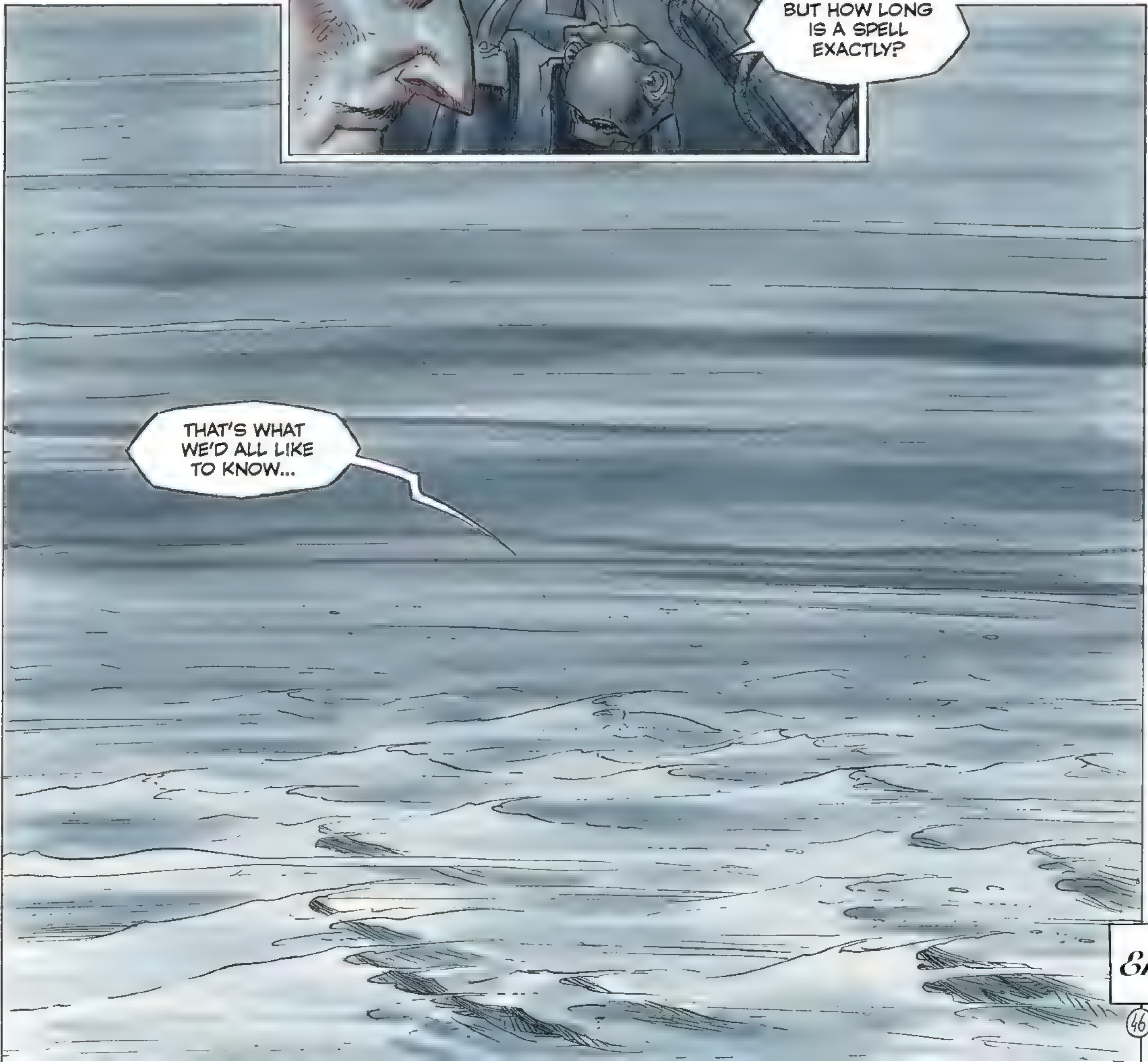
HOW LONG CAN  
WE HOLD OUT, DO  
YOU THINK?

NOT LONG, FLU.

A SPELL  
OF TIME.



BUT HOW LONG  
IS A SPELL  
EXACTLY?



THAT'S WHAT  
WE'D ALL LIKE  
TO KNOW...

*End of part 4*

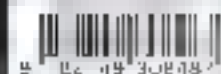




# AZIMUT

C'est comme un éternel recommencement.  
 Les nouvelles aventures sont organisées pour Marie-Louise.  
 La belle est promise à devenir cette fois-ci la cent-troisième épouse  
 du seigneur de désert, le grand mamourachi Haba Musli.  
 Mais ce dernier ne présente-t-il, sera-t-il capable de résister à la jalouse malicieuse  
 de l'Arracheur du temps ? Sans parler du pacha Hagane, capable de tout par amour,  
 ou de la reine Elise, prête à dévoiler des palanques secrètes pour se venger de la beauté  
 de sa fille. Et pendant que Marie déchiffre les raisons de l'énigme, lui, continue de filer.

En compagnie d'une armée de personnages fantastiques,  
 embarquez pour un fabuleux voyage  
 qui vous mènera tout droit dans les agiles éblouies de l'imagination.  
 Et au-delà des préoccupations journalistiques banales.



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ANTREFAF



## VENTS D'OUEST



# Encyclopédie d

## Ciseaux Chronopteres



extrêmement acide; de son estomac  
ensuite les métaux et de quelques engrais  
se chargent de transformer cette soude

Le Cyparisse nain à pieds bleus dont on  
se sert pour faire des fleurs de soude  
est une espèce de cyparisse nain à  
pieds bleus dont on se sert pour  
faire des fleurs de soude



# Les Chronoplières

par Aristide Breloquin

WWE

bénéficiant de l'apport calorique des autres vivants quantiques qui mangent plus

## Deuxième Chronoplière

### La Chronomite

Si vous avez l'impression que vos journées passent trop vite et que vous avez le crêpe de rien faire

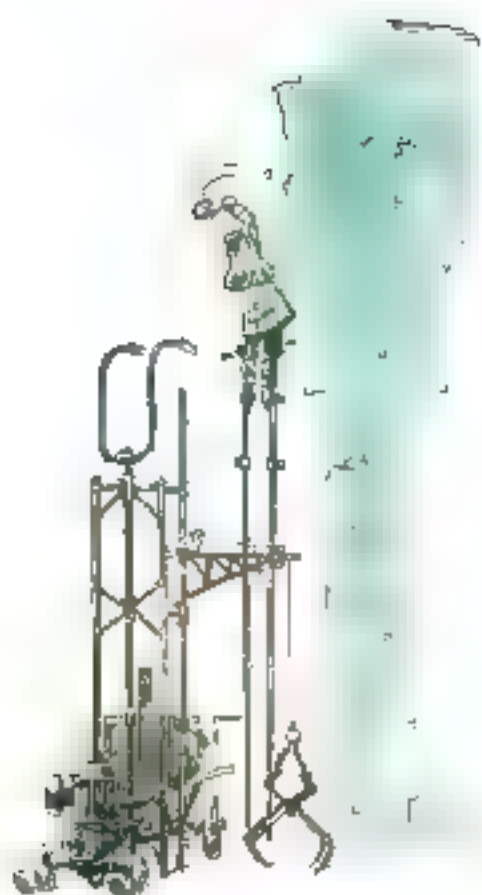
ti tu trémores! C'est très gênant. La Chronomite est un direct chrono-hémiophaque qui se nourrit.

Et dans la mesure où vous n'avez pas accès à votre propre emiguelle personnelle celle-ci se crée en

général nécessaire d'avoir recours à un qui viendra par le truchement d'un rituel complexe vous valant le titre temporaire d'anti-chronomite pour que votre vie puisse reprendre son cours normalement. Le traitement n'est pas donné mais on ne vit guère.







LUPANO & ANDREAE

# AZIMUT

— TOME 5  
DERNIERS FRIMAS DE L'HIVER

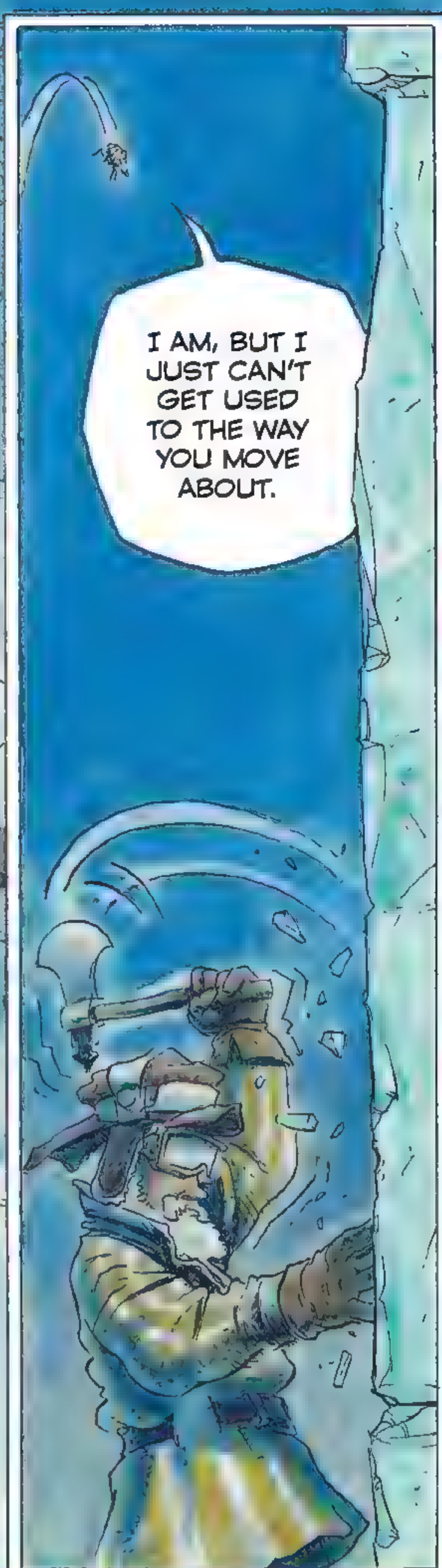
**VENTS D'OUEST**





CAN'T WE TAKE A  
LITTLE BREAK? I DON'T  
FEEL VERY WELL...

YOU HAVE A  
MISSION AND THE ROAD  
IS STILL LONG. I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE A HARDENED  
EXPLORER.



I AM, BUT I  
JUST CAN'T  
GET USED  
TO THE WAY  
YOU MOVE  
ABOUT.



FINE,  
OKAY.  
WE'LL  
STOP FOR  
A MOMENT.

BESIDES,  
I NEED  
TO ASK FOR  
DIRECTIONS.  
I DON'T  
RECOGNIZE  
ANY OF  
THIS.

SHROF



BROF!



AHH...  
THANK YOU.

AT LAST.

THESE LANDINGS  
ARE AGONY.





EXCUSE ME. COULD YOU TELL US WHERE WE ARE EXACTLY?

OF COURSE.



YOU ARE HERE.



ARG. A PICKETER. WE HAD TO LAND ON A PICKETER.



ERM... WE'RE HERE, I UNDERSTAND. BUT WOULD YOU, BY CHANCE, KNOW THE NAME OF THIS VILLAGE?

THIS VILLAGE?

IT'S THE VILLAGE OF HERE.



DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH. HE'S A PICKETER, I'M TELLING YOU.

PICKETERS ARE ODD PEOPLE.



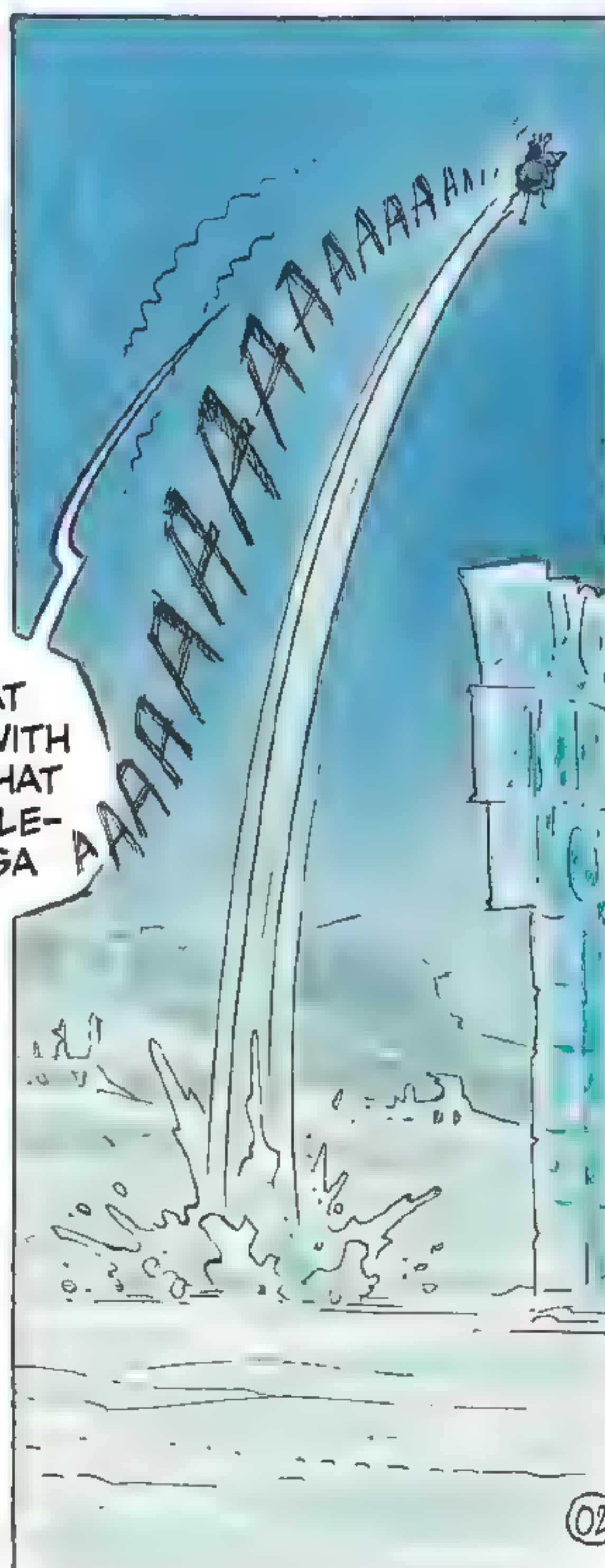
NOT ODD AT ALL. ON THE CONTRARY.

IT'S REASSURING TO KNOW WHERE YOU ARE. IT'S WHEN PEOPLE ARE LOST THAT THEY GET SCARED. AND TO PREVENT THAT, YOU HAVE THE PICKETERS. YOU CAN COUNT ON US.



I HAVE TO BE OFF. I HAVE OTHER HERE'S TO LOCALIZE.

WHAT WAS WITH ALL THAT GOBBLE-DEEGA











WHAT'S HAPPENING?



I DON'T  
KNOW. THERE  
WAS A TERRIBLE  
SCREAM...

A CHILLING  
ONE.

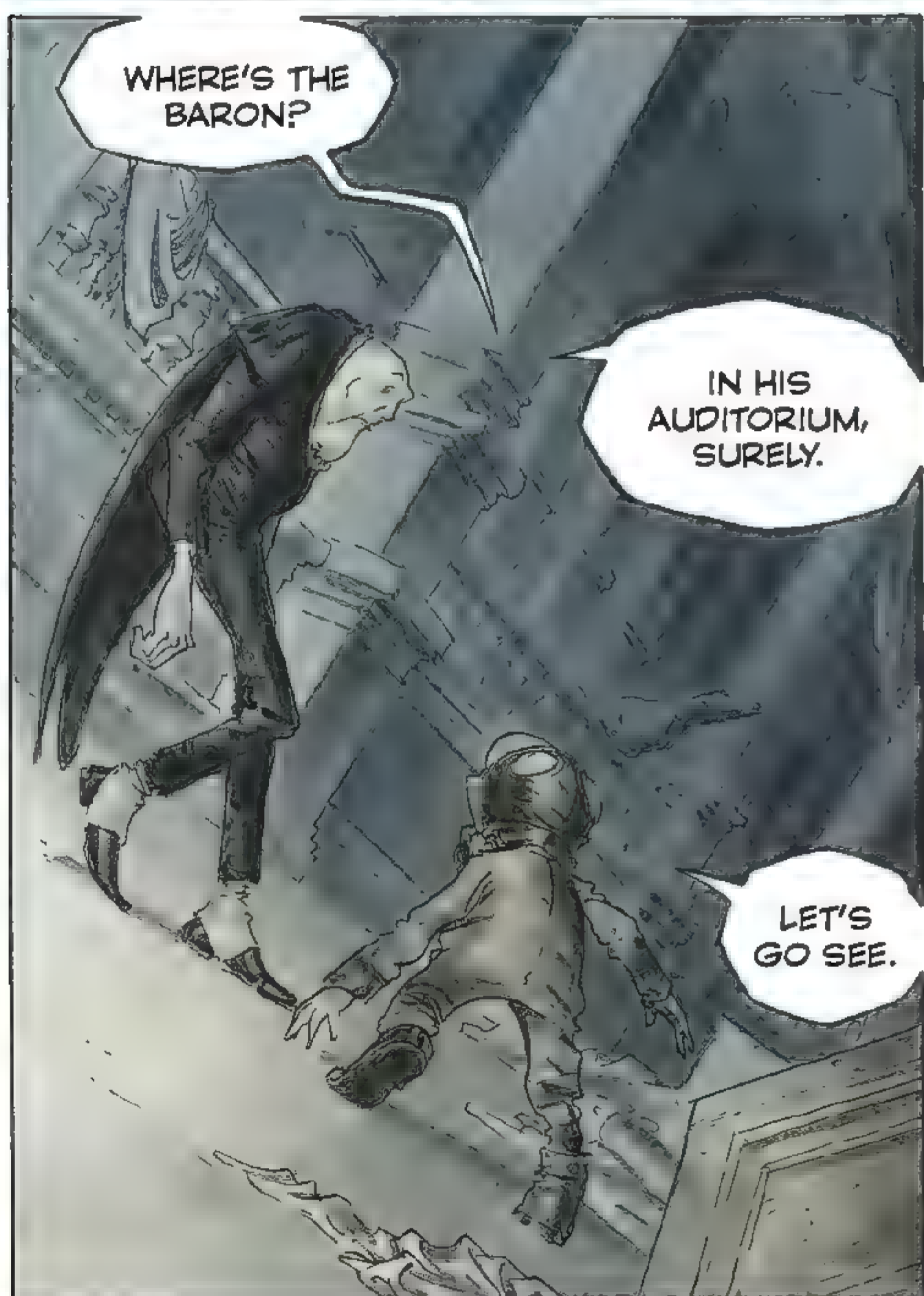
YES...



AND THEN?

AND  
THEN WHO  
KNOWS?

I LOST  
CONSCIOUSNESS.



WHERE'S THE  
BARON?

IN HIS  
AUDITORIUM,  
SURELY.

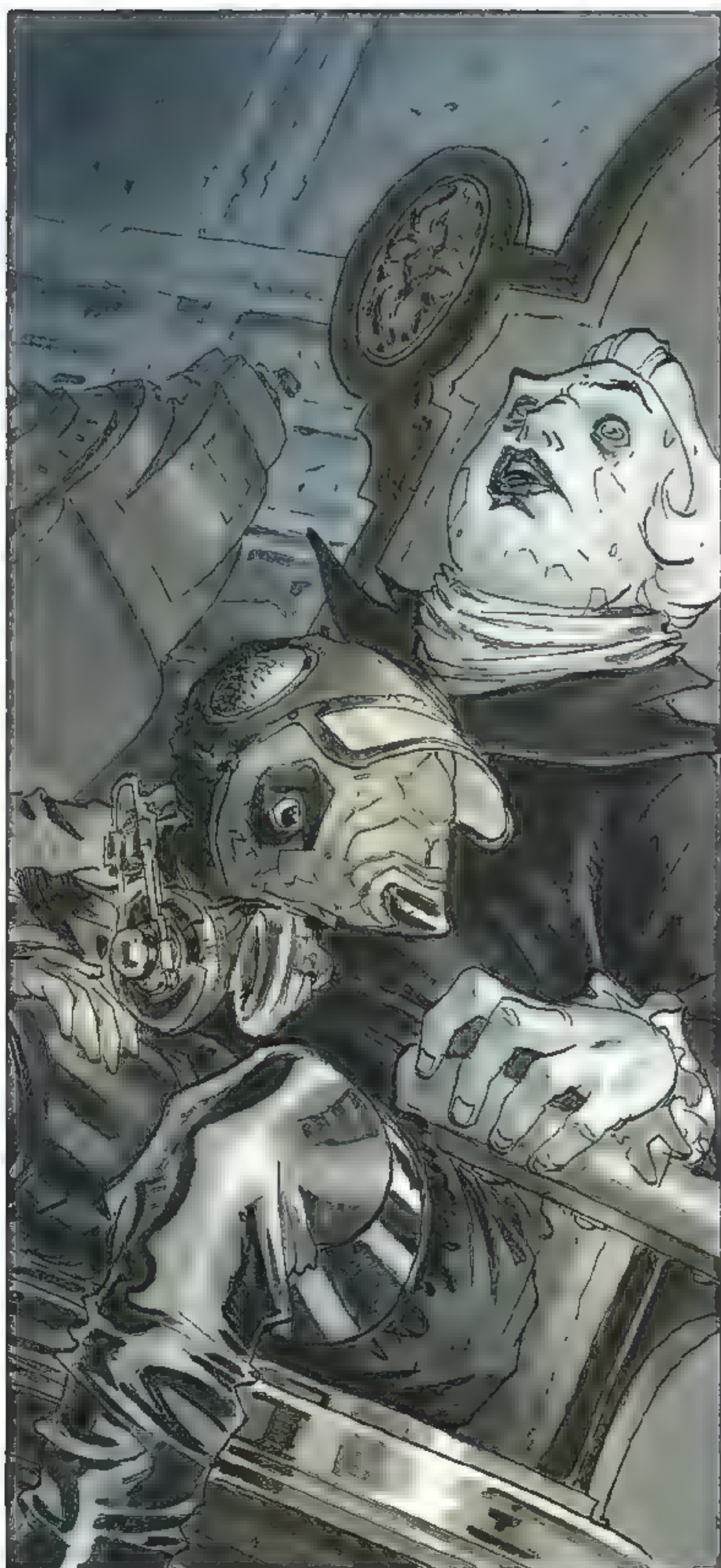
LET'S  
GO SEE.



THIS COLD  
IS AWFUL.

FOR  
HUMANS  
ESPECIALLY.





HE'S DEAD.

THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE. HE WAS MEANT TO LIVE UNTIL THE END OF TIME.

SO THIS MUST BE IT...



DAMN. JUST LIKE THAT, WITHOUT ANY WARNING?

THERE WERE SIGNS.

THE IRON BIRD.

THAT LADY IN THE BLACK DRESS.

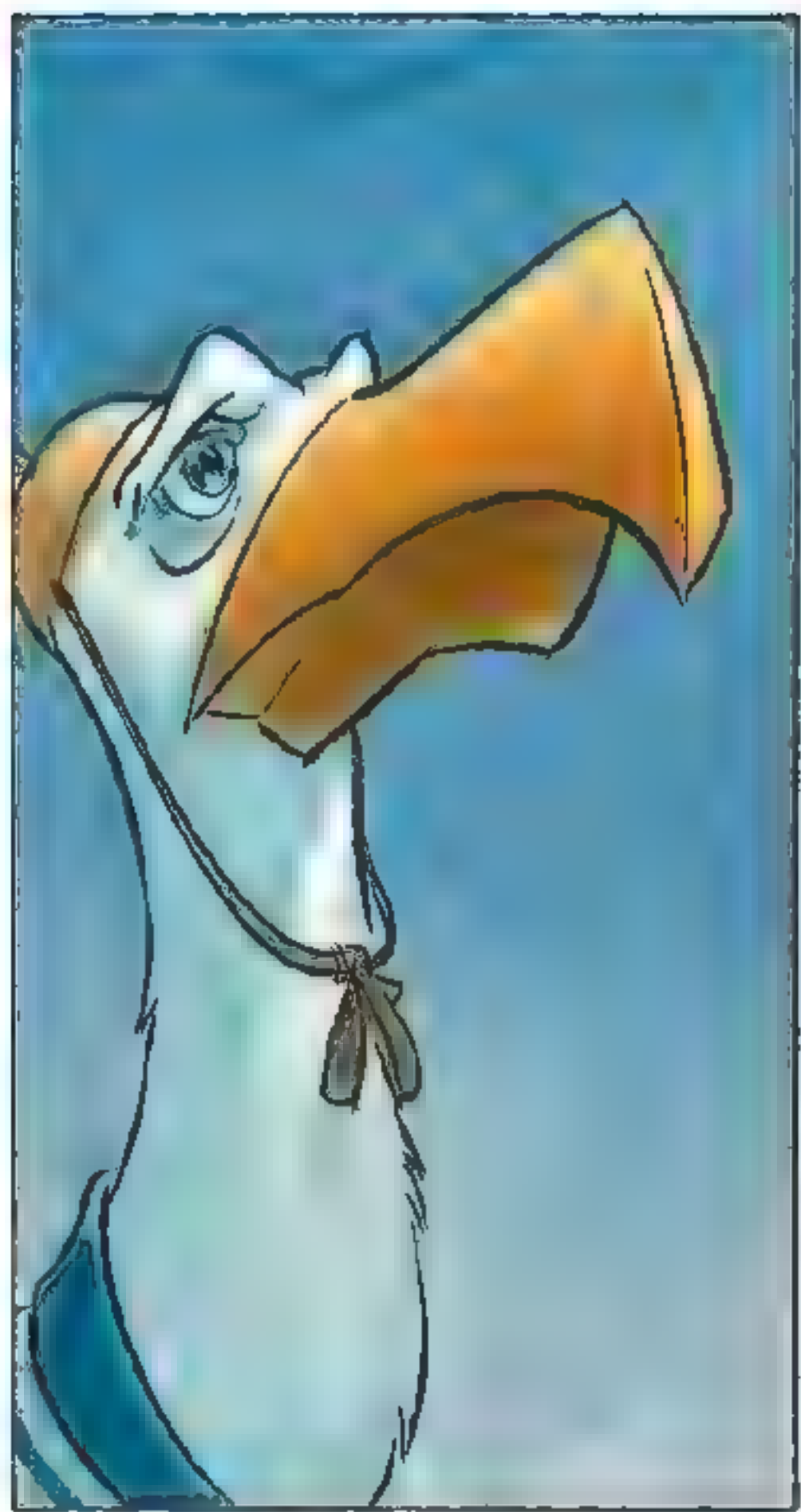


LET'S GO. THERE'S NOTHING FOR US HERE ANY MORE.









DID YOU MAKE THAT WEIRD THING?



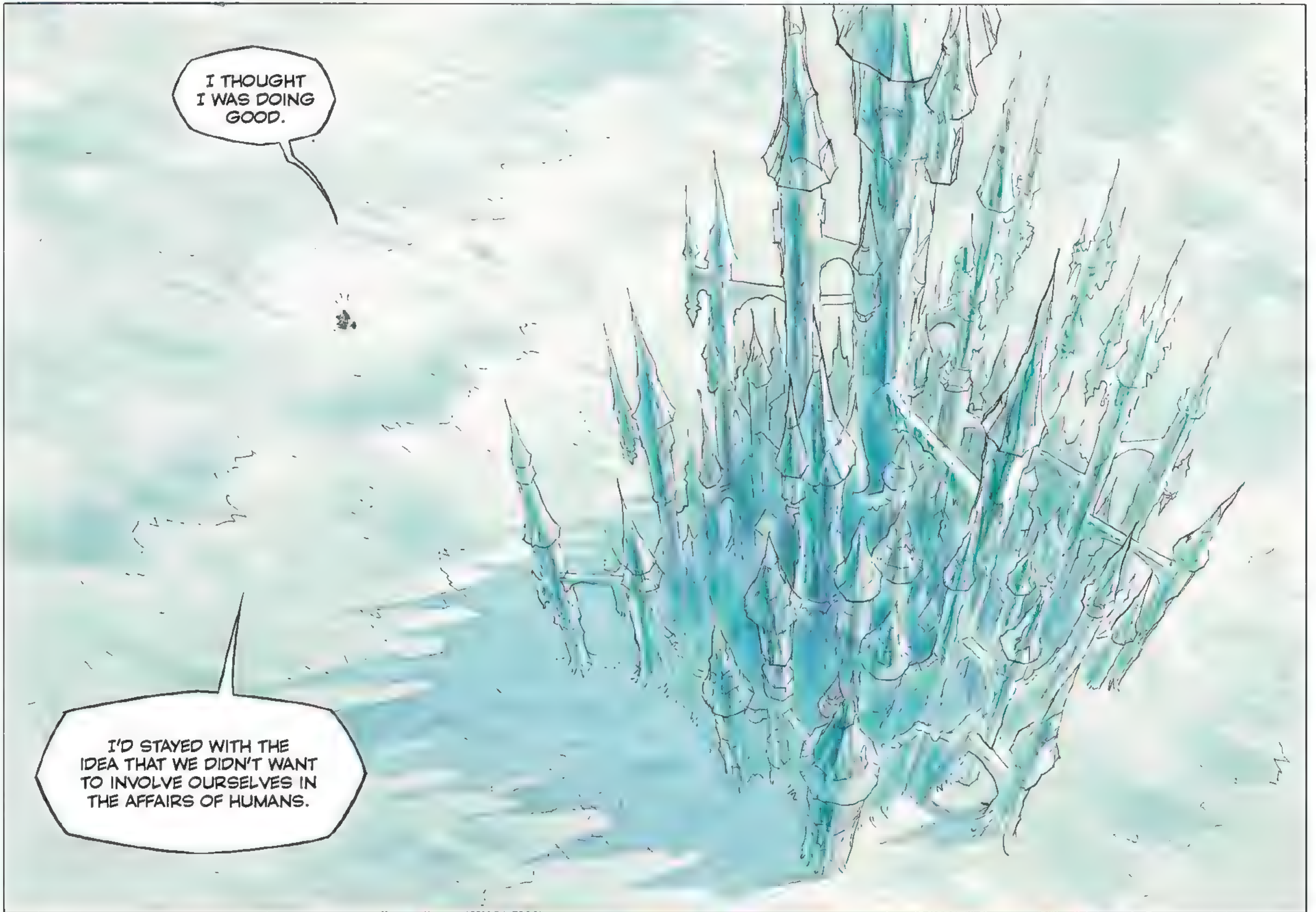
YUP.  
AND I  
REGRET IT  
ALREADY.



IT'S A BIT...  
FLASHY?



SO WHAT? IT'S WHAT  
THOSE HUMANS LIKE? THAT  
BUNCH ARE LIKE THE REST...



I THOUGHT  
I WAS DOING  
GOOD.

I'D STAYED WITH THE  
IDEA THAT WE DIDN'T WANT  
TO INVOLVE OURSELVES IN  
THE AFFAIRS OF HUMANS.



I KNOW, BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? IT'S  
DIFFERENT WITH THAT BUNCH. SHE LIKES THEM.

SHE'S  
THE ONE  
I DID IT FOR.  
I FELT GUILTY  
ABOUT WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO HER.



HER?



YES WELL, THE  
SAND LADY, LIKE SHE  
WANTS US TO CALL  
HER EVER SINCE SHE  
BECAME BESOTTED  
WITH HUMANS.

I FIND  
IT A BIT  
RIDICULOUS  
BUT, WHATEVER,  
I'LL RESPECT  
IT...





AREN'T THEY GOING TO FREEZE IN YOUR ICY PALACE?

NO, SHE'S TAKING CARE OF IT.



SHE'S BACK ALREADY?

NOT ENTIRELY. YOU DON'T JUST BOUNCE BACK FROM SOMETHING LIKE THAT. BUT YEAH, YOU CAN ALREADY FEEL HER PRESENCE, HERE AND THERE. A WARMTH...

SHE'S GATHERING HER STRENGTH.



SHE WENT TO REST IN THE DEEPEST PARTS OF THE GROUND AND IS GENTLY RETURNING TO THE SURFACE.

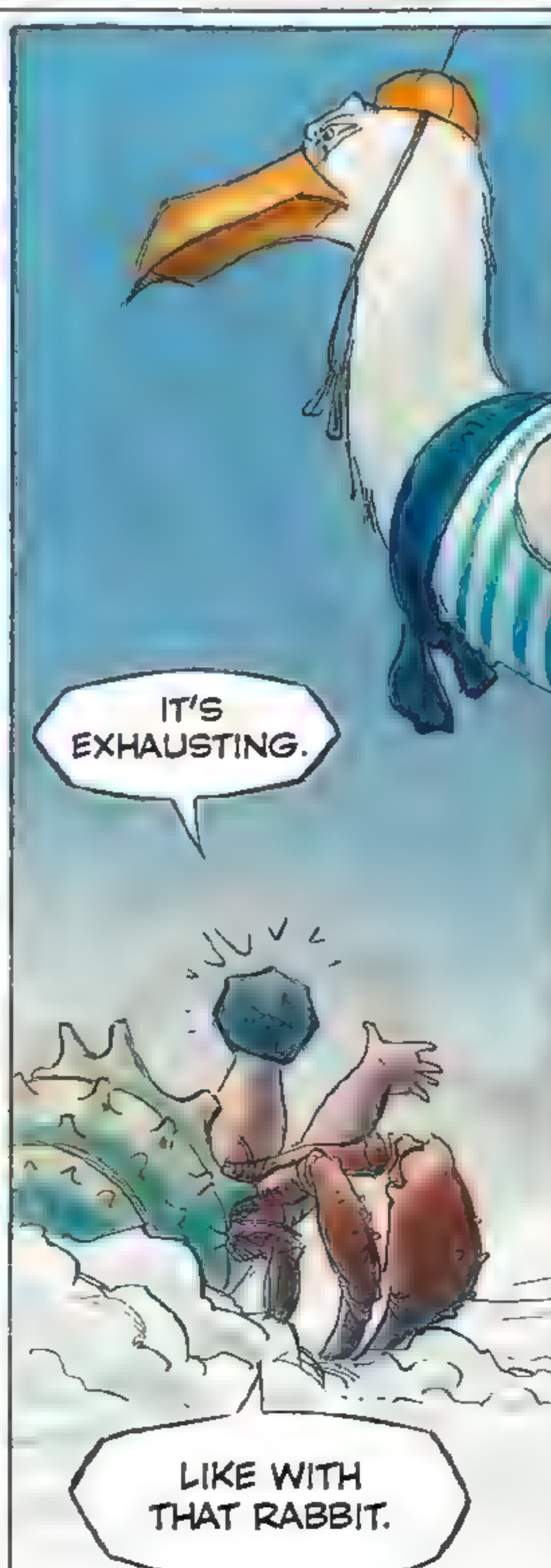


HEY!

CLAG

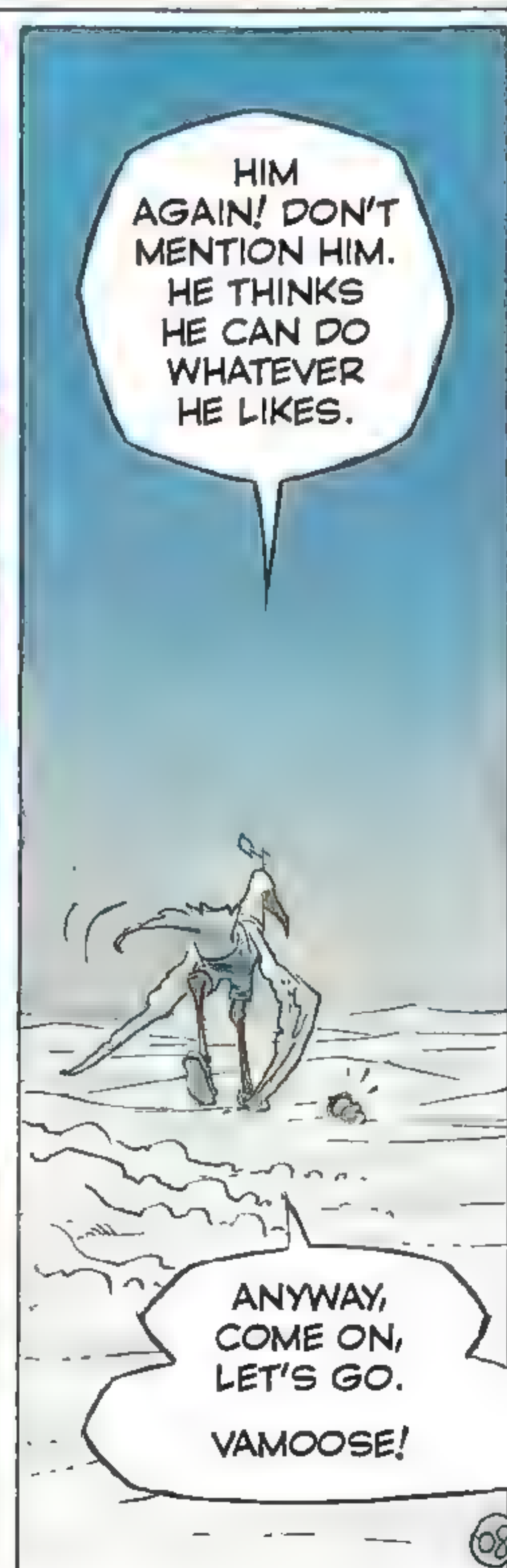


THERE'S SOME RIGHT NUTS OUT THERE, I'M TELLING YOU...



IT'S EXHAUSTING.

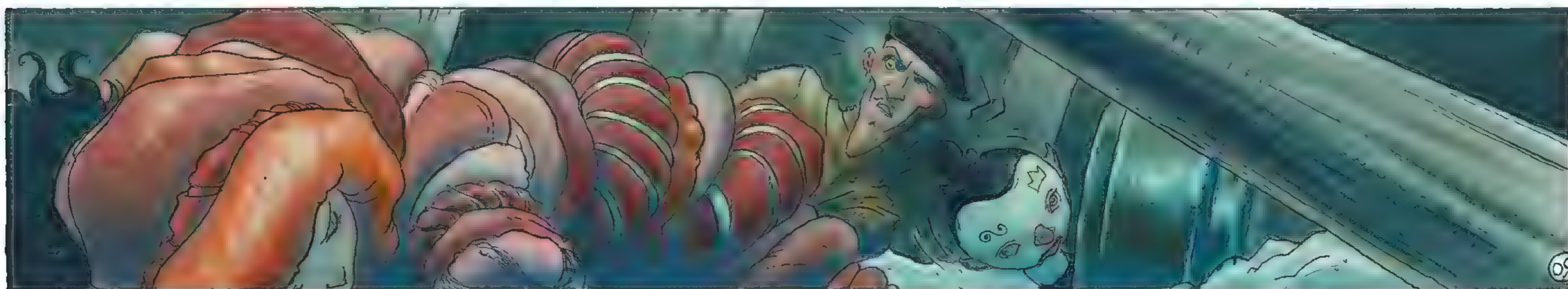
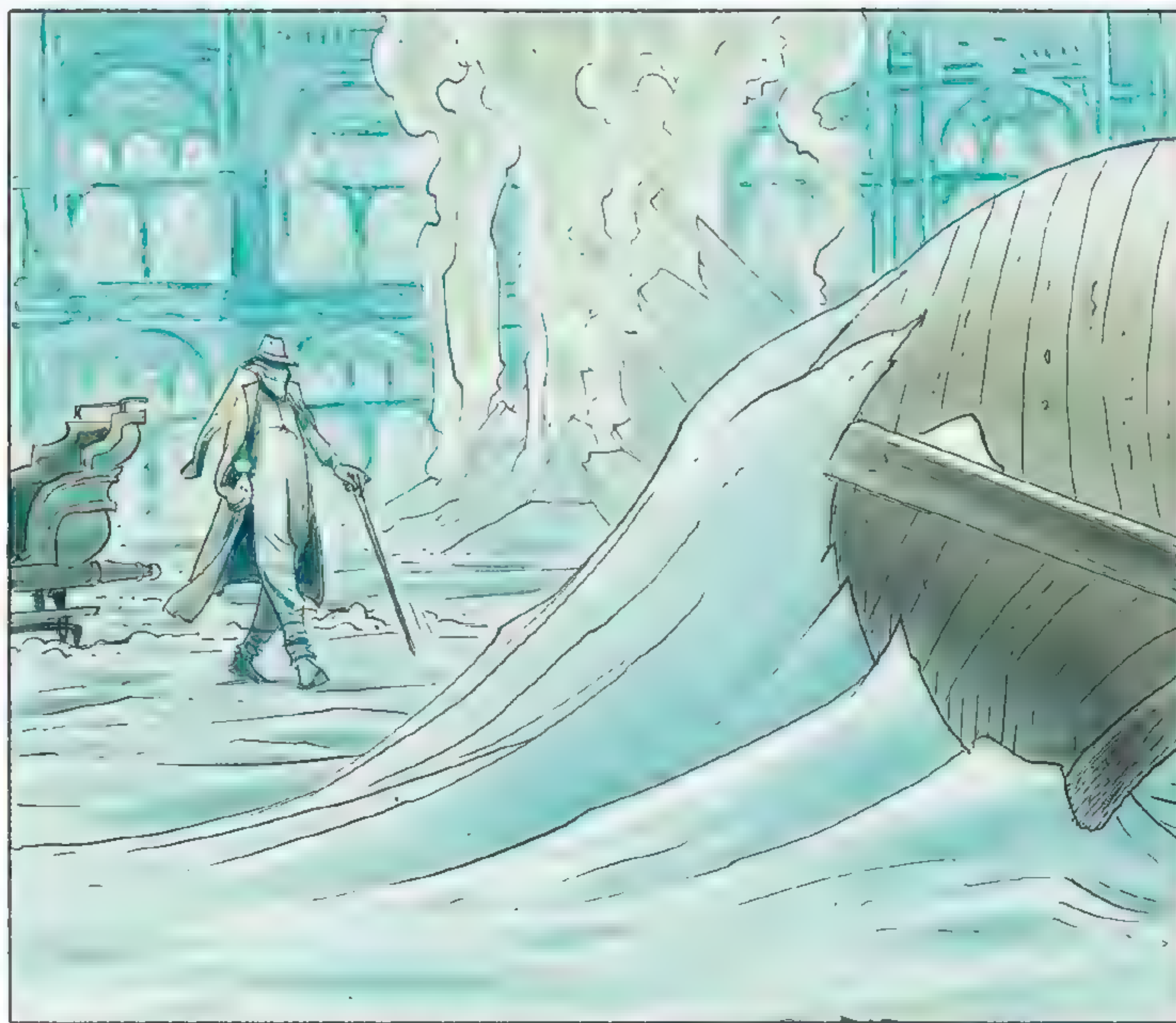
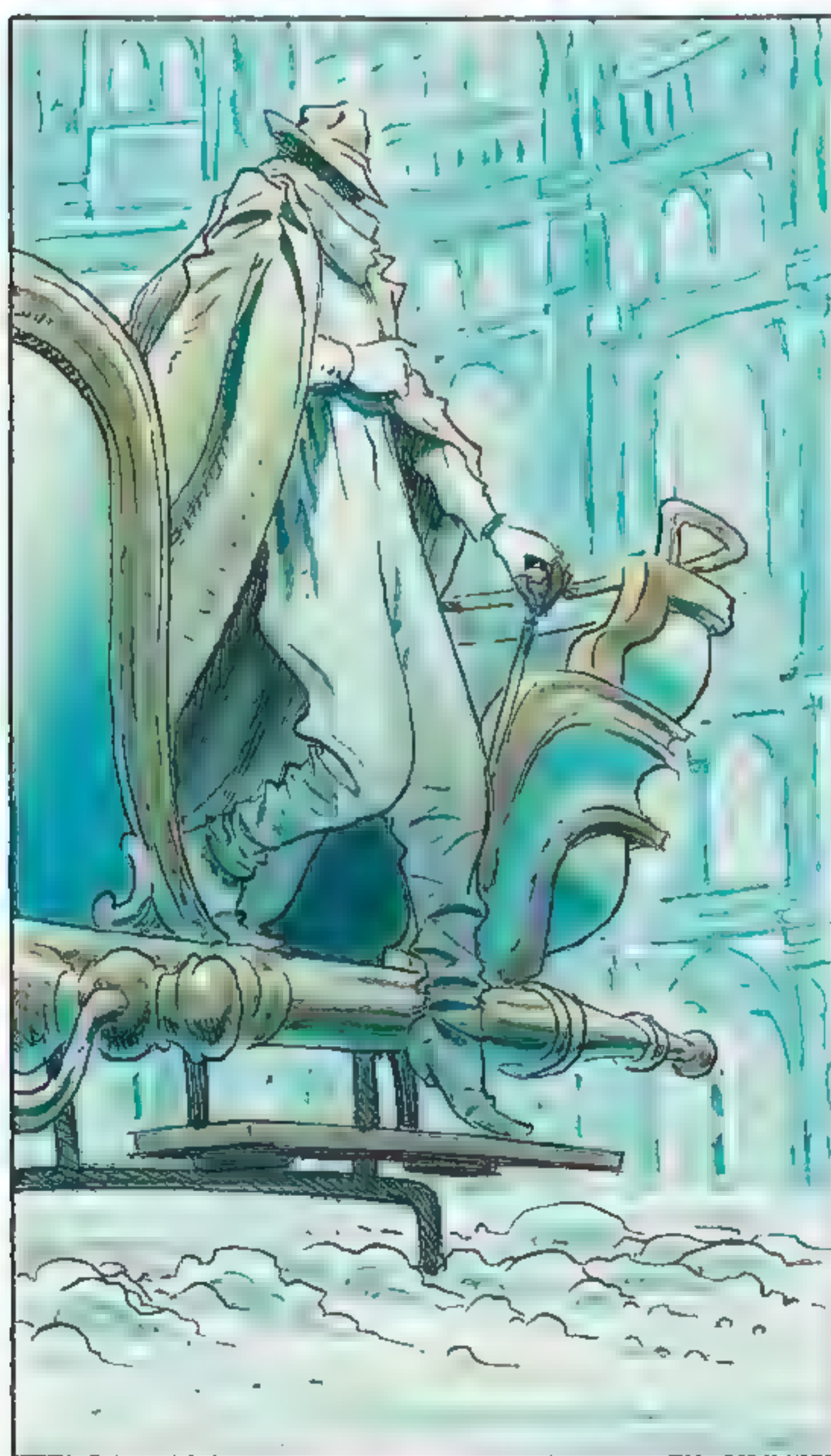
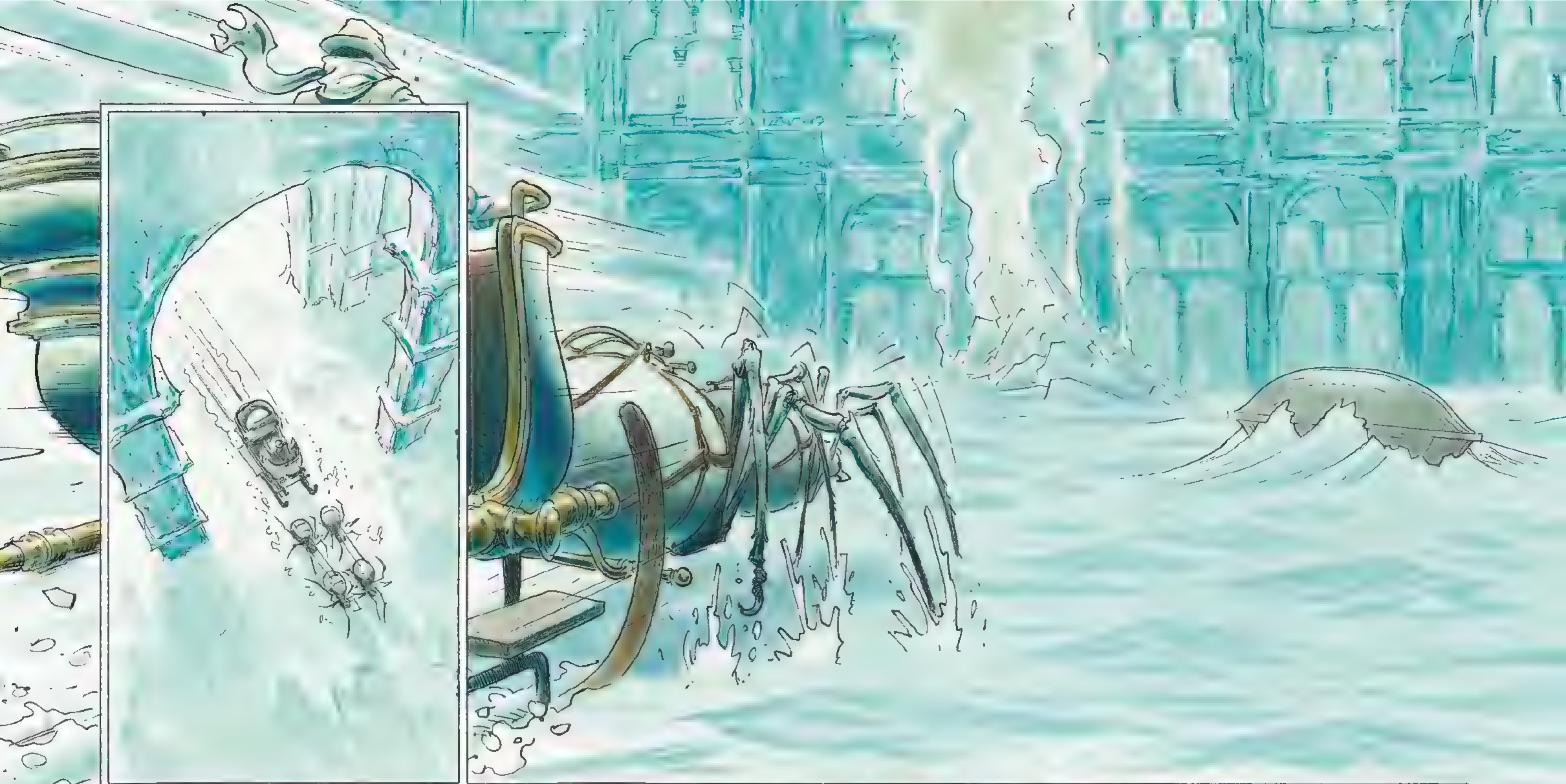
LIKE WITH THAT RABBIT.



HIM AGAIN! DON'T MENTION HIM. HE THINKS HE CAN DO WHATEVER HE LIKES.

ANYWAY, COME ON, LET'S GO. VAMOOSE!









WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

WHA...

COME SEE!



WHAT A STRANGE PLACE. WHERE ARE WE?



WE HAVEN'T MOVED. IT'S THIS PALACE THAT'S APPEARED...

I WAS SO COLD! I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS!

ME TOO. I THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD.

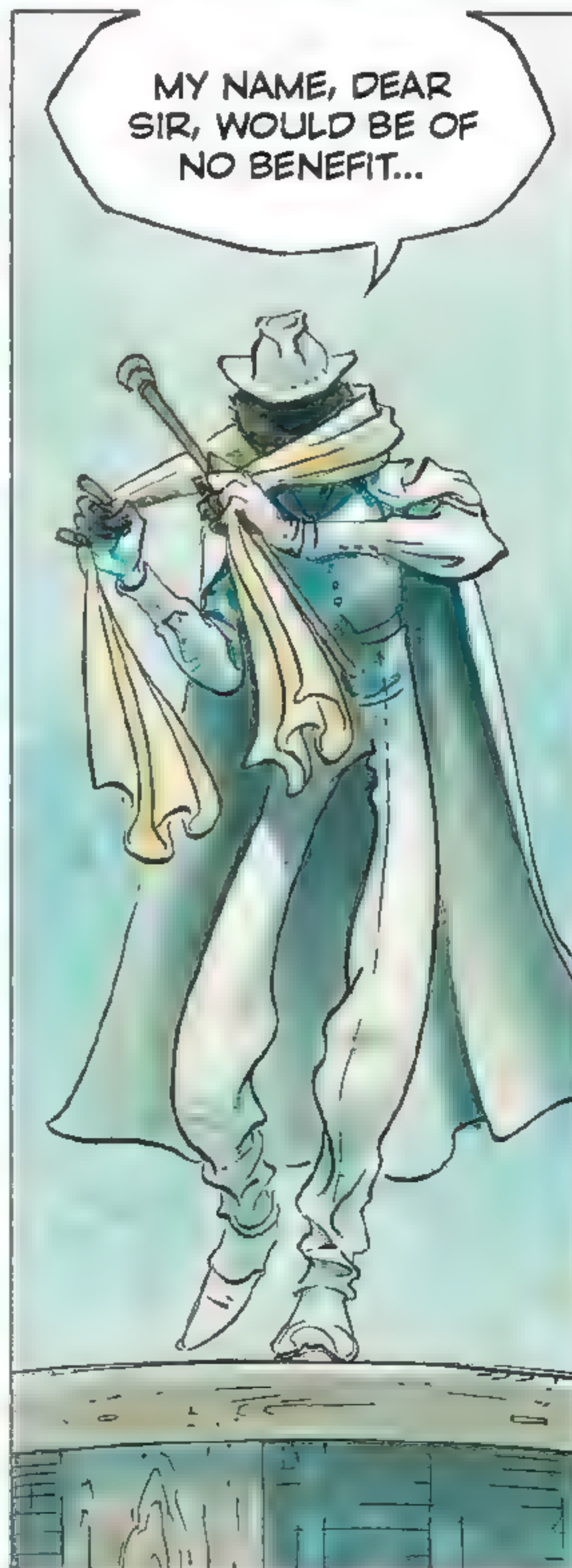


MAYBE WE'RE IN THE NEXT WORLD.

THE NEXT WORLD? HAHHAH!



WHO ARE YOU?



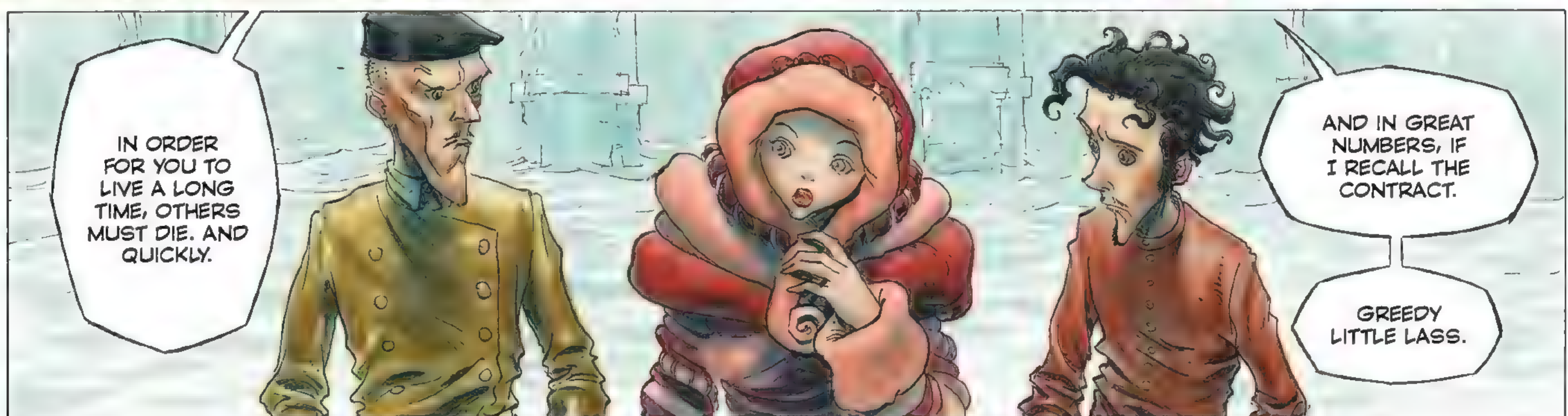
MY NAME, DEAR SIR, WOULD BE OF NO BENEFIT...



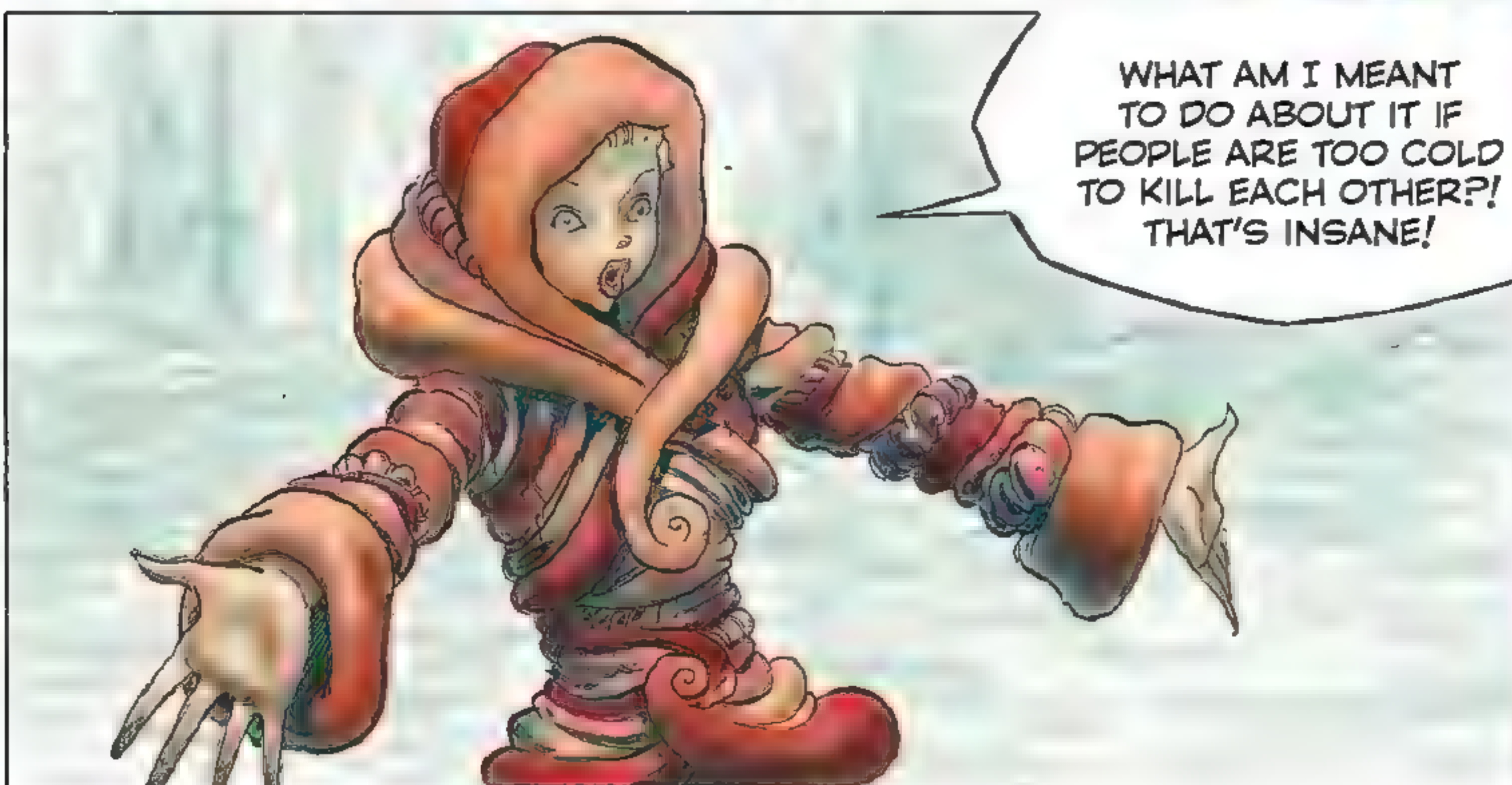
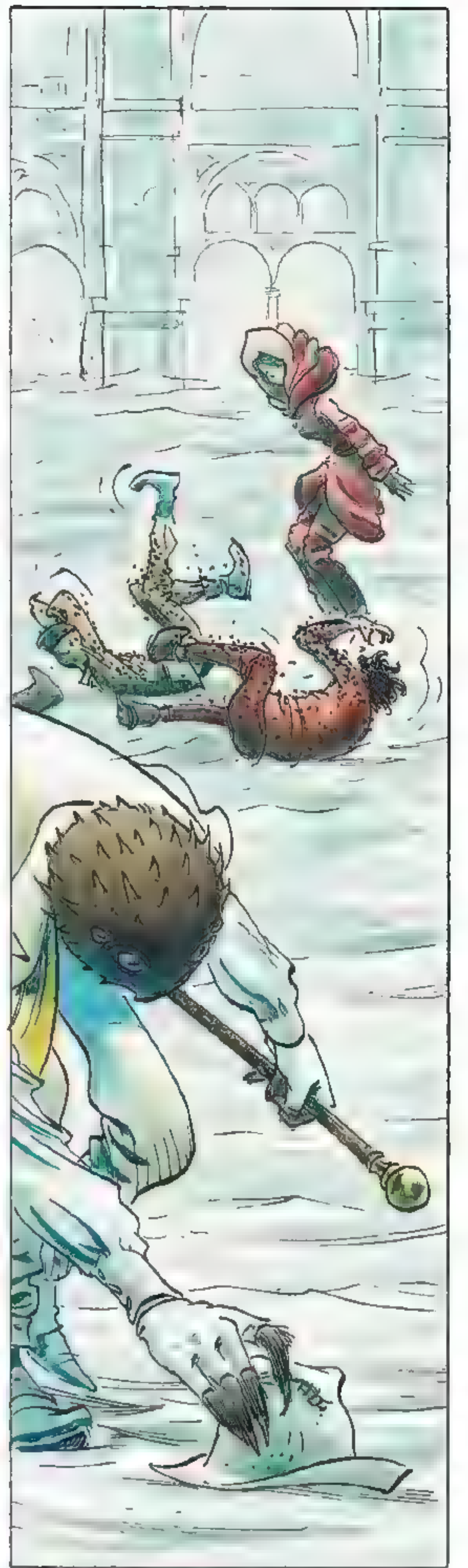
BY VIRTUE OF LACKING THE NECESSARY ORGANS REQUIRED TO PRONOUNCE IT CORRECTLY.

HOW HORRIBLE!

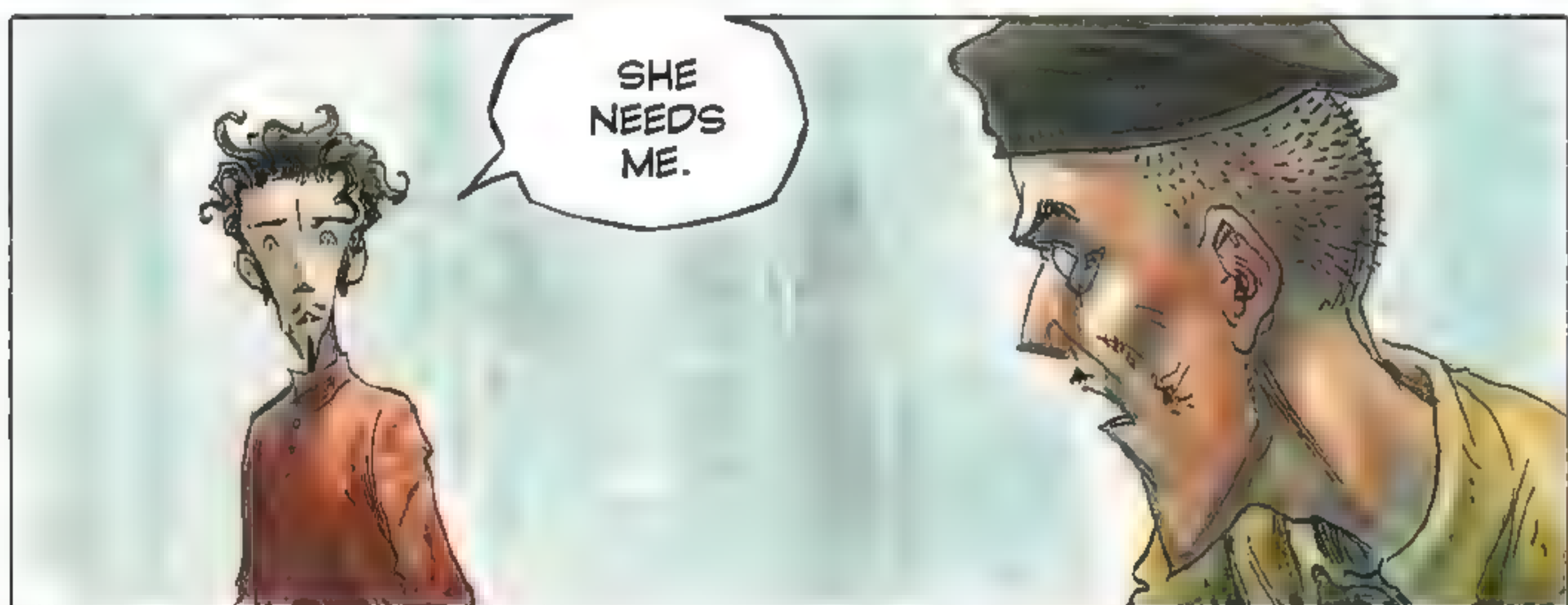
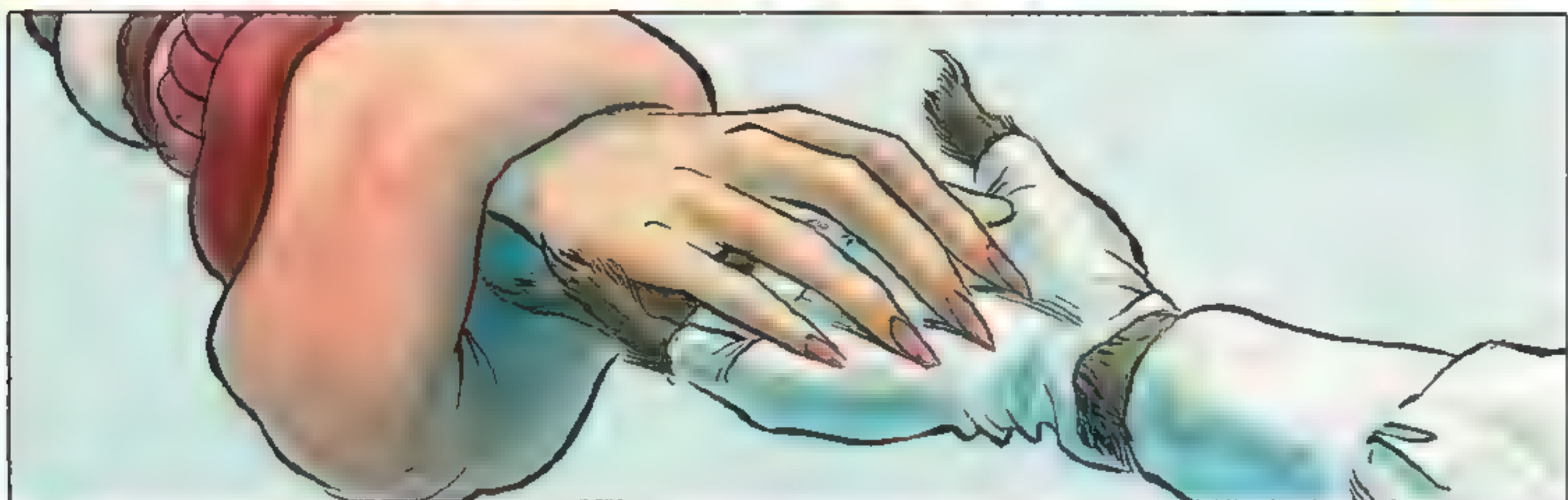




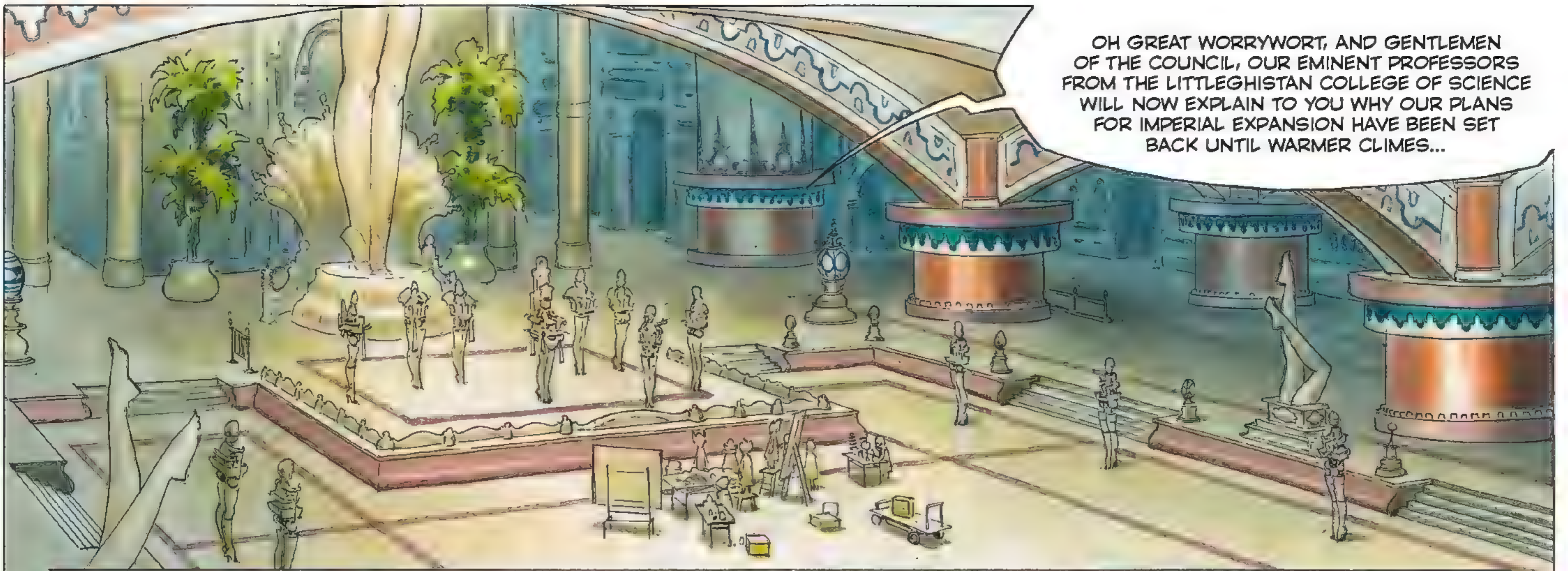








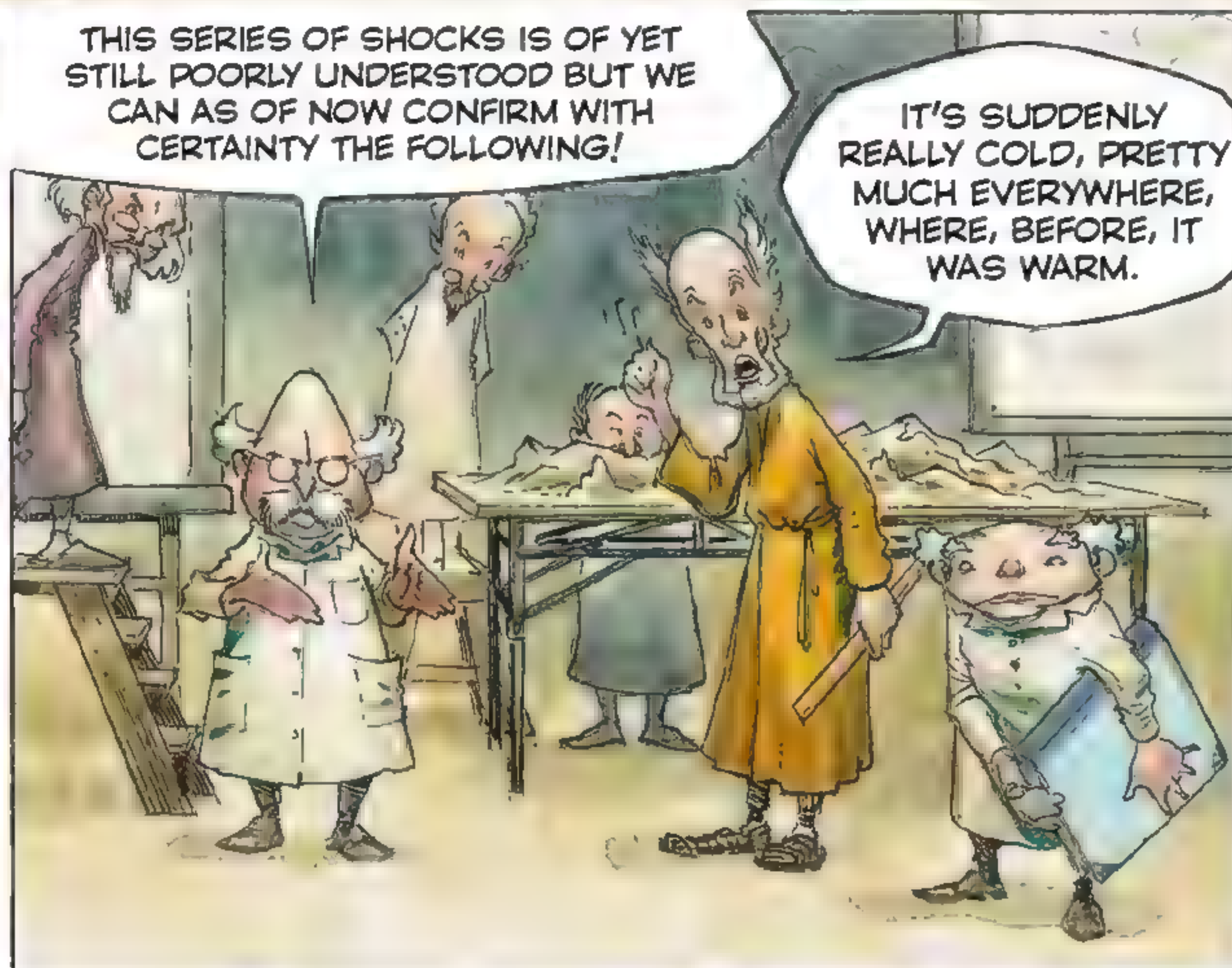




OH GREAT WORRYWORT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL, OUR EMINENT PROFESSORS FROM THE LITTLEGHISTAN COLLEGE OF SCIENCE WILL NOW EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY OUR PLANS FOR IMPERIAL EXPANSION HAVE BEEN SET BACK UNTIL WARMER CLIMES...

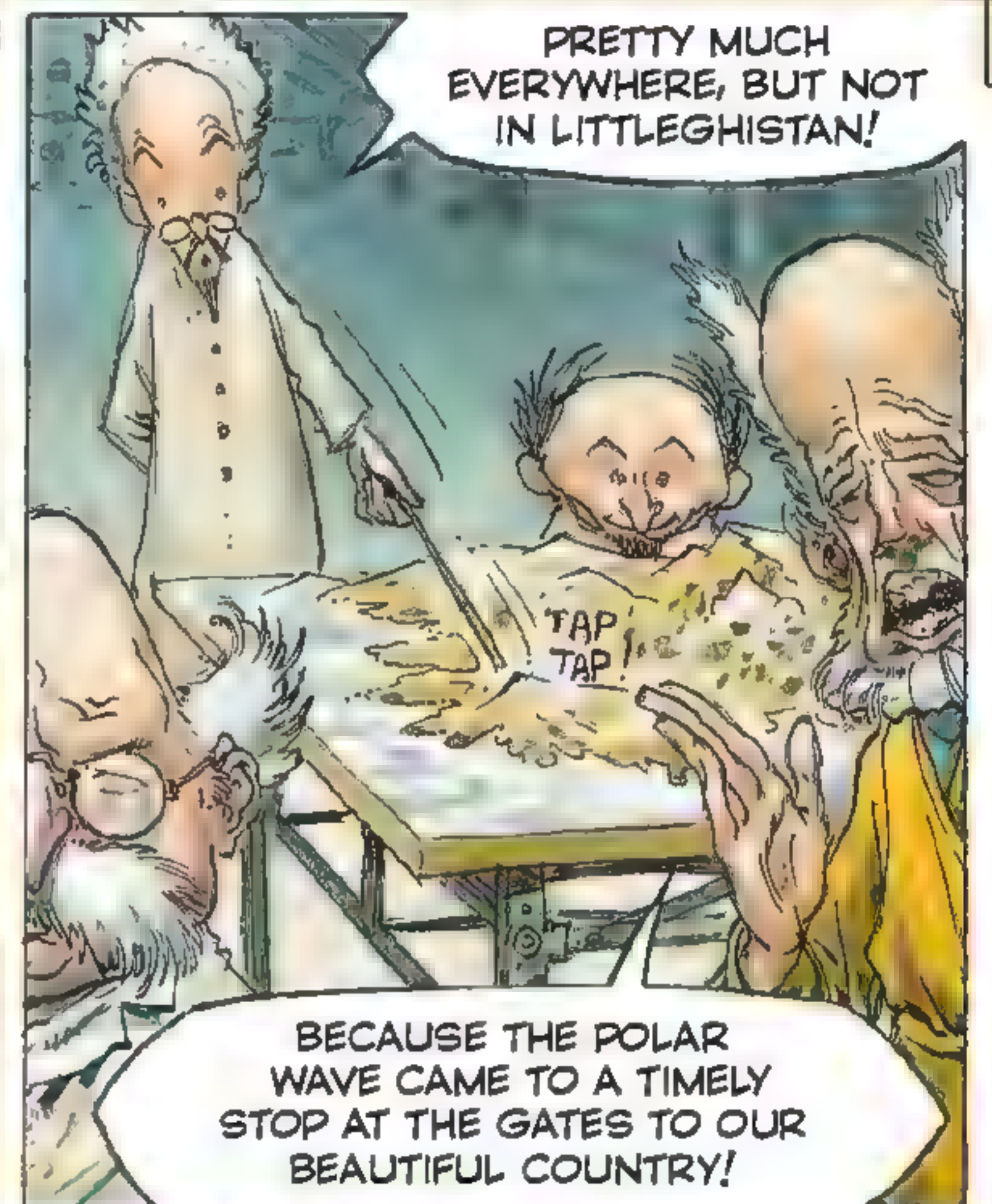


THE WORLD, OH GREAT WORRYWORT, JUST SUFFERED A SERIES OF PROFOUND SHOCKS.



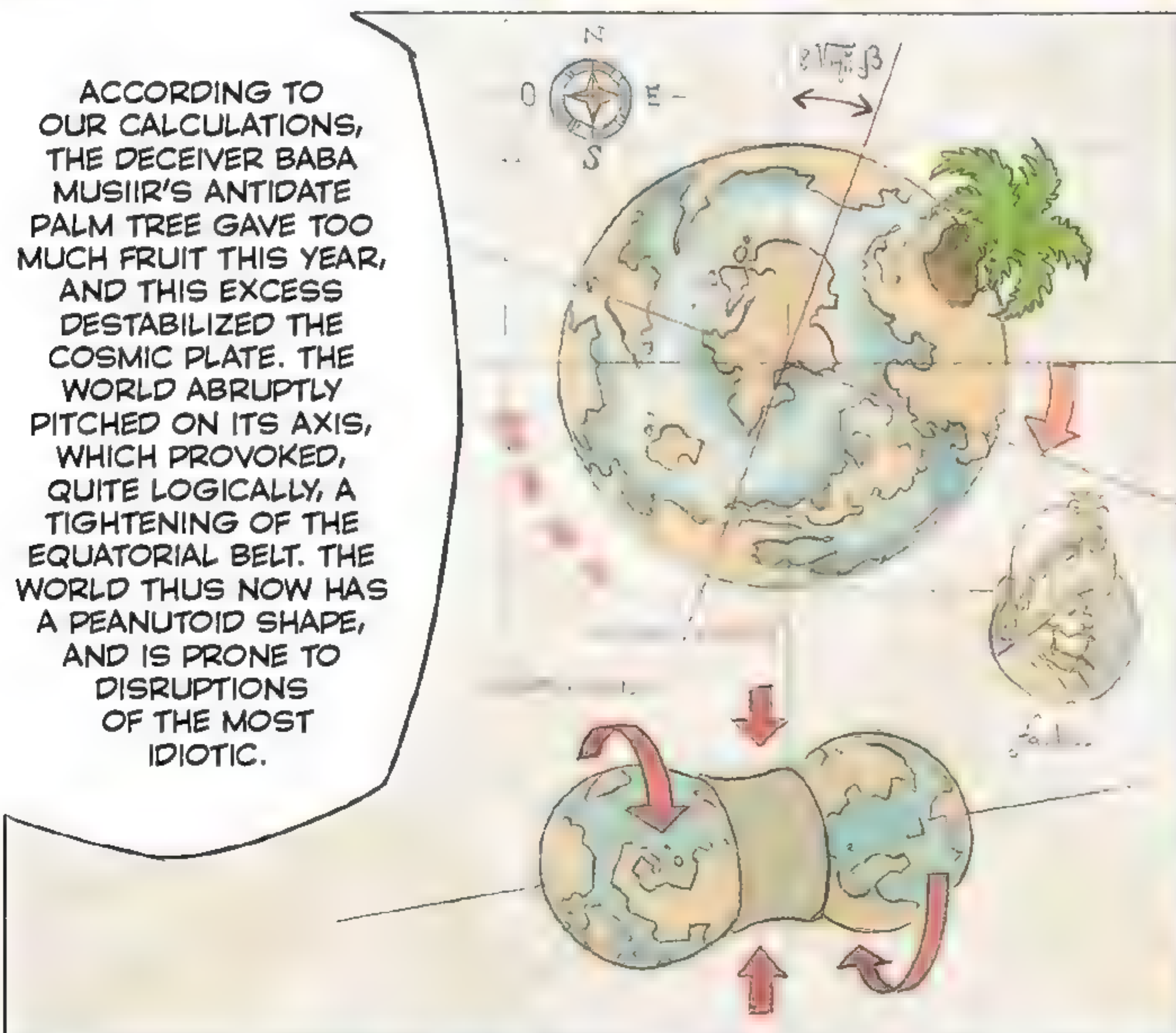
THIS SERIES OF SHOCKS IS OF YET STILL POORLY UNDERSTOOD BUT WE CAN AS OF NOW CONFIRM WITH CERTAINTY THE FOLLOWING!

IT'S SUDDENLY REALLY COLD, PRETTY MUCH EVERYWHERE, WHERE, BEFORE, IT WAS WARM.

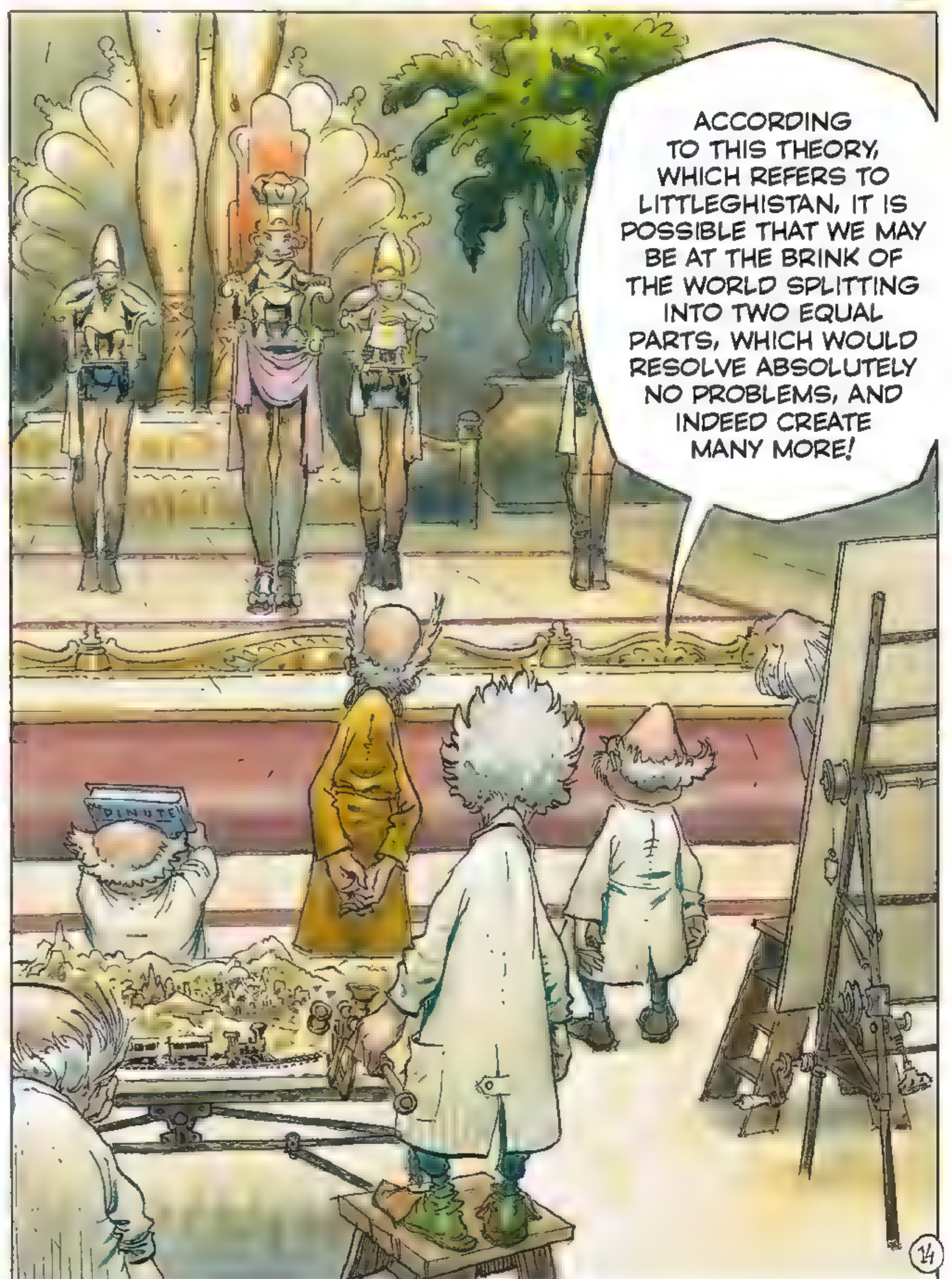


PRETTY MUCH EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT IN LITTLEGHISTAN!

BECAUSE THE POLAR WAVE CAME TO A TIMELY STOP AT THE GATES TO OUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY!



ACCORDING TO OUR CALCULATIONS, THE DECEIVER BABA MUSIIR'S ANTIDATE PALM TREE GAVE TOO MUCH FRUIT THIS YEAR, AND THIS EXCESS DESTABILIZED THE COSMIC PLATE. THE WORLD ABRUPTLY PITCHED ON ITS AXIS, WHICH PROVOKED, QUITE LOGICALLY, A TIGHTENING OF THE EQUATORIAL BELT. THE WORLD THUS NOW HAS A PEANUTOID SHAPE, AND IS PRONE TO DISRUPTIONS OF THE MOST IDIOTIC.



ACCORDING TO THIS THEORY, WHICH REFERS TO LITTLEGHISTAN, IT IS POSSIBLE THAT WE MAY BE AT THE BRINK OF THE WORLD SPLITTING INTO TWO EQUAL PARTS, WHICH WOULD RESOLVE ABSOLUTELY NO PROBLEMS, AND INDEED CREATE MANY MORE!

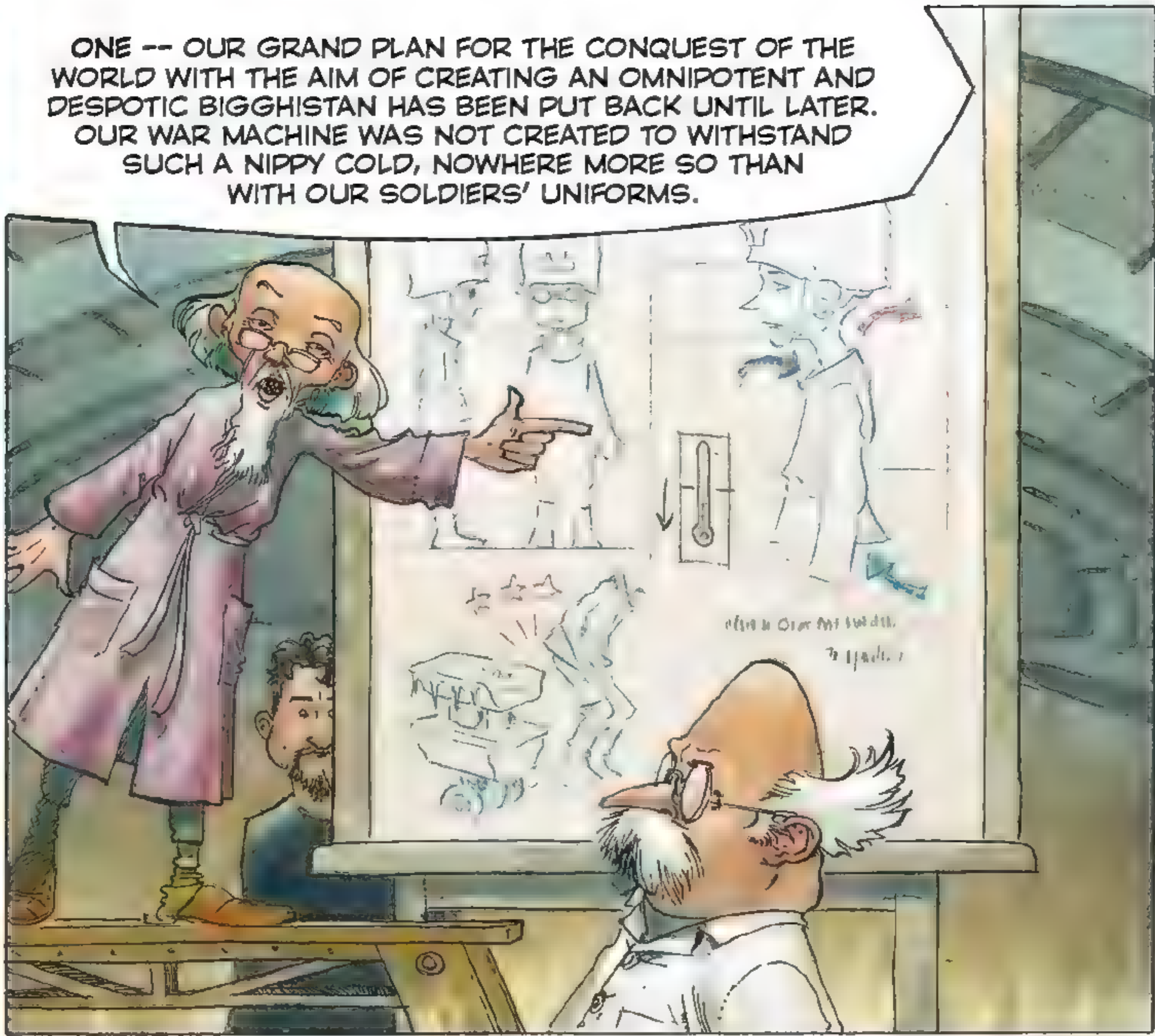


AS CONFIRMED BY PROFESSOR PATARACHE PINUTE'S FAMOUS THEORY.





WHATEVER THE CASE, THIS DRAMATIC SNOWY EPISODE HAS TWO IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES.



ONE -- OUR GRAND PLAN FOR THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD WITH THE AIM OF CREATING AN OMNIPOTENT AND DESPOTIC BIGGHISTAN HAS BEEN PUT BACK UNTIL LATER. OUR WAR MACHINE WAS NOT CREATED TO WITHSTAND SUCH A NIPPY COLD, NOWHERE MORE SO THAN WITH OUR SOLDIERS' UNIFORMS.



CURRENT REPORTS ESTIMATE THAT 70% OF OUR TROOPS HAVE CAUGHT A COLD.



TWO -- WHILST LITTLEGHISTAN WAS UNTOUCHED BY THIS GLACIAL WAVE, AN UNINTERRUPTED COLUMN OF CLIMACTIC REFUGEES HAS BEEN ARRIVING ON MASS FOR SEVERAL DAYS. OUR ENEMIES OF YESTERDAY ASK FOR ASYLUM.



WE ARE BEING INVADED BY THOSE WE INTENDED TO INVADE.



CRUIKEY!

IS THE WORLD IN REVERSE?



IT'S THE GREAT PEANUT THEORY.



THIS WHOLE STORY IS REALLY QUITE VEXING. THE DISPLACEMENT OF THE NORTH FIRST LIBERATED US FROM THE YOKE OF PONDUCHE, BUT NOW LOOKS SET TO PUT OUR IMPERIALIST DREAMS IN JEOPARDY.

LITTLE-GHISTAN IS FACE TO FACE WITH ITS OWN HISTORY.

WE SAID 'CONQUEST!' BY FIRE AND IRON.

WE SAID 'VENGEANCE!' AFTER CENTURIES OF ENSLAVEMENT AND HUMILIATION.

END RESULT -- WHAT DO WE GET? FROSTBITE AND REFUGEES.

AND WE SHOULD ACCEPT THEM?! WE SHOULD WELCOME THEM?! HAHA!

WE CAN'T WELCOME EVERY WRETCH IN THE WORLD!

NO, QUITE...

NO.

IN THAT CASE, LET US OPEN OUR ARMS TO A PARTICULAR BRAND OF REFUGEE... THOSE WHO CORRESPOND, FOR EXAMPLE, TO A CERTAIN ERM... PROFILE, ERM... THAT WE ARE SEEKING, AND THAT COULD REPRESENT A SORT OF... ERM... BENEFIT TO OUR PLANS FOR BIGGHISTAN CIVILIZATION.

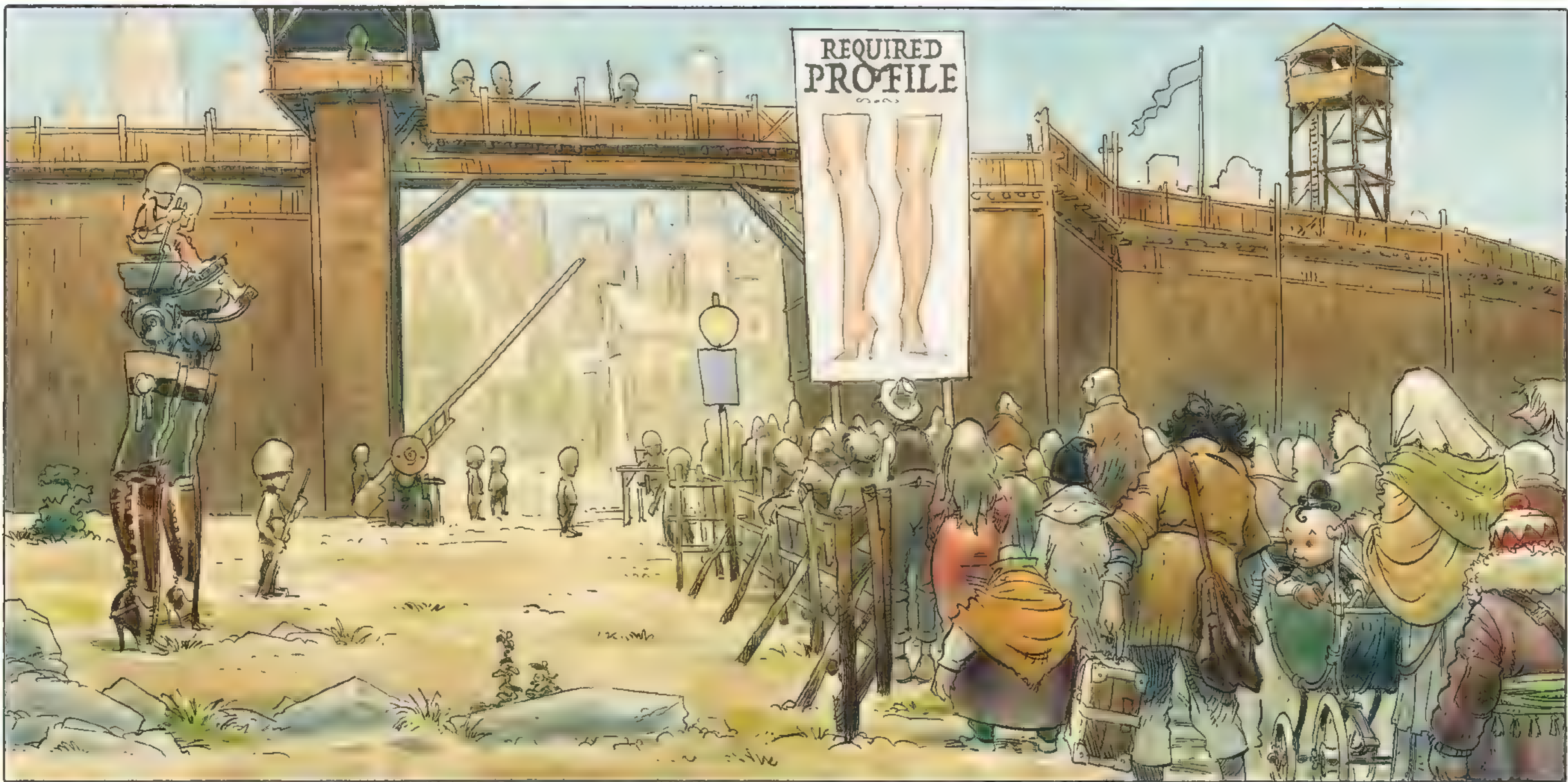
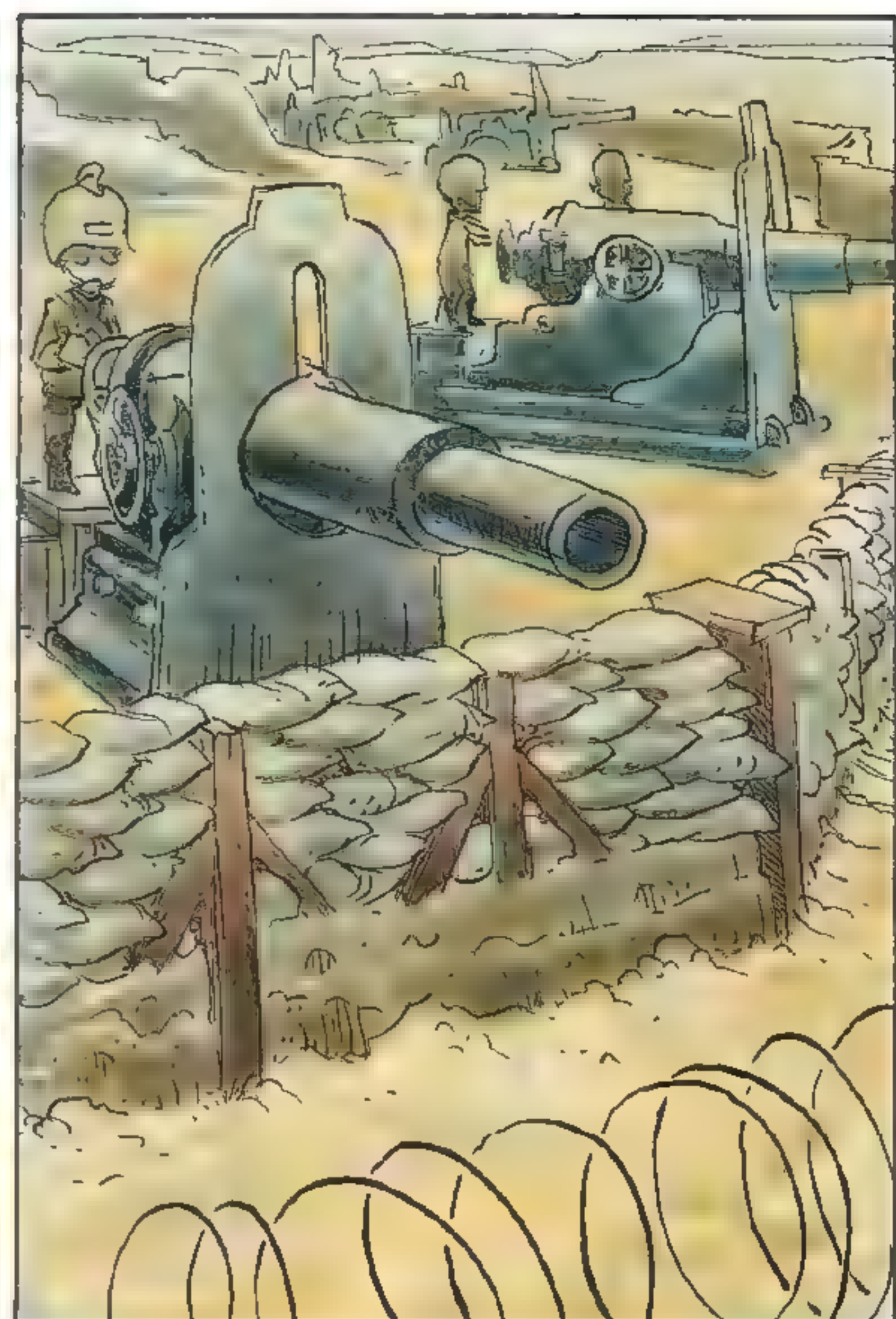
EXCELLENT!

THAT'S IT!

LET'S DO THAT!

WELL OF COURSE NOT!









TCHAC !  
TCHAC !



EXCUSE ME...

COULD  
YOU TELL ME  
WHERE WE ARE  
EXACTLY?



ABSOL-  
UTELY.

YOU  
ARE  
HERE.



YES,  
QUITE, I'M  
HERE.

BUT WHAT I'M  
REALLY TRYING TO DO  
IS SITUATE MYSELF IN  
RELATION TO THE NORTH.



BECAUSE,  
YOU SEE,  
IT'S THE  
NORTH  
THAT I AM  
LOOKING  
FOR.

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN BY  
THE NORTH  
EXACTLY?



THE N...?

YOU KNOW  
QUITE WELL,  
COME NOW...

THE...  
THE  
NORTH...



IT'S THE...

A...

...WHITE.

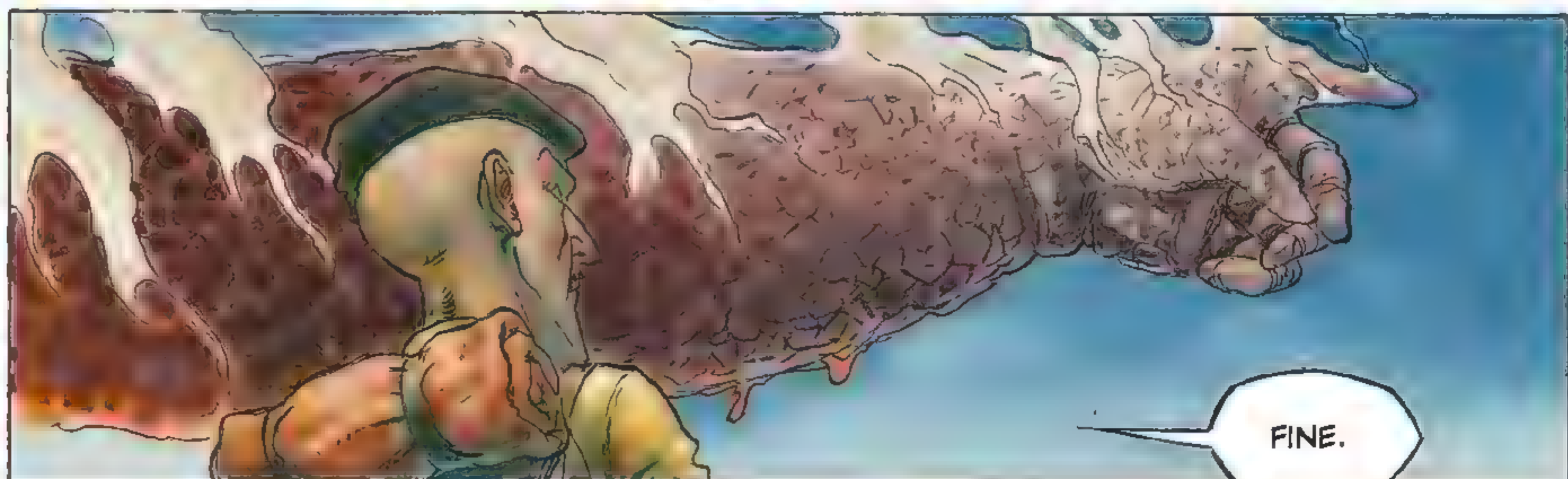
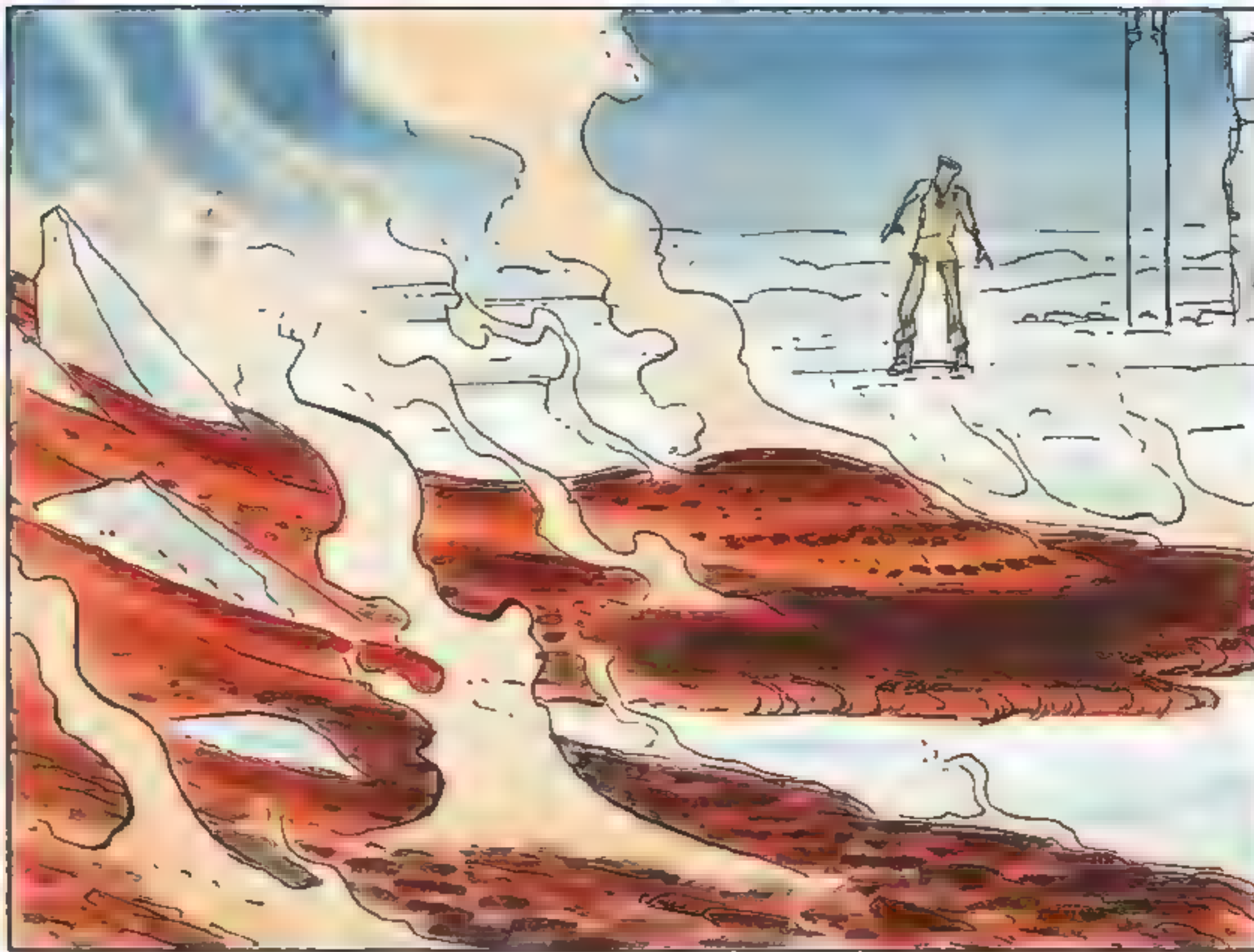
GULP.

RABBIT.



MAYBE I'M  
NOT EXPLAINING  
MYSELF WELL.









I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME THE LAPS HAS BEEN IMMOBILIZED LIKE THAT. THAT SHIP HAS RESOURCES.



IT BREAKS THE HEART TO HAVE TO ABANDON IT HERE.

I DIDN'T KNOW THE SEA COULD FREEZE UP LIKE THAT ALL OF A SUDDEN.



IT CAN'T, IN THEORY. WE ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF A F.A.G.L.R.

A FROZEN AIR GENERATED BY LOVE-STRUCK RABBIT..



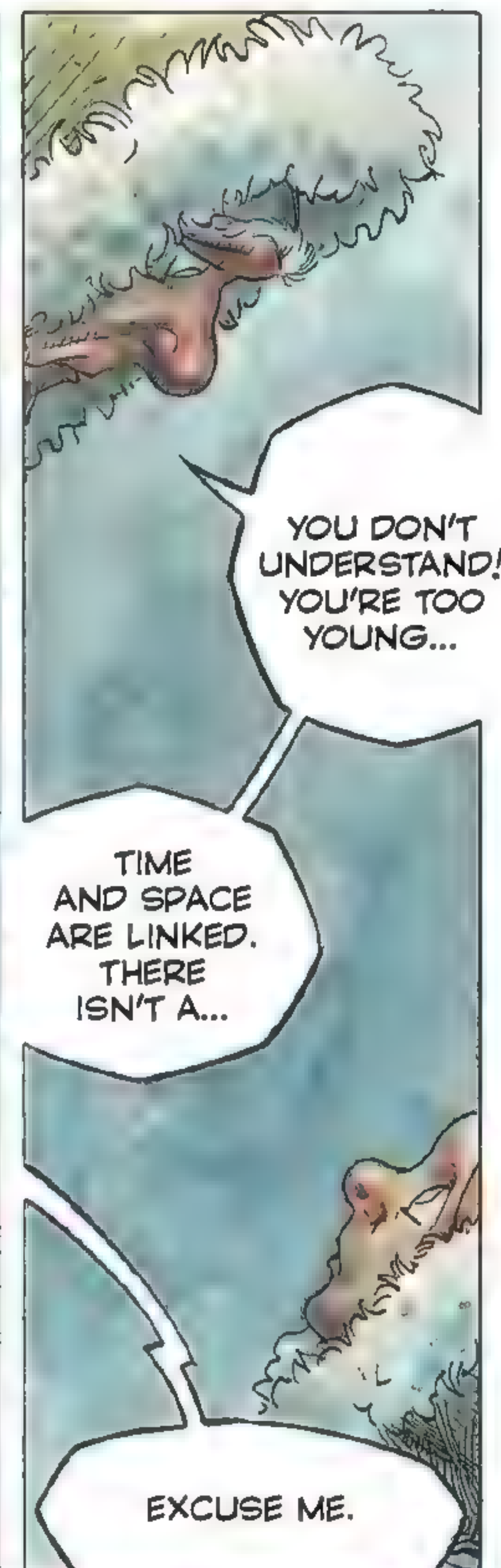
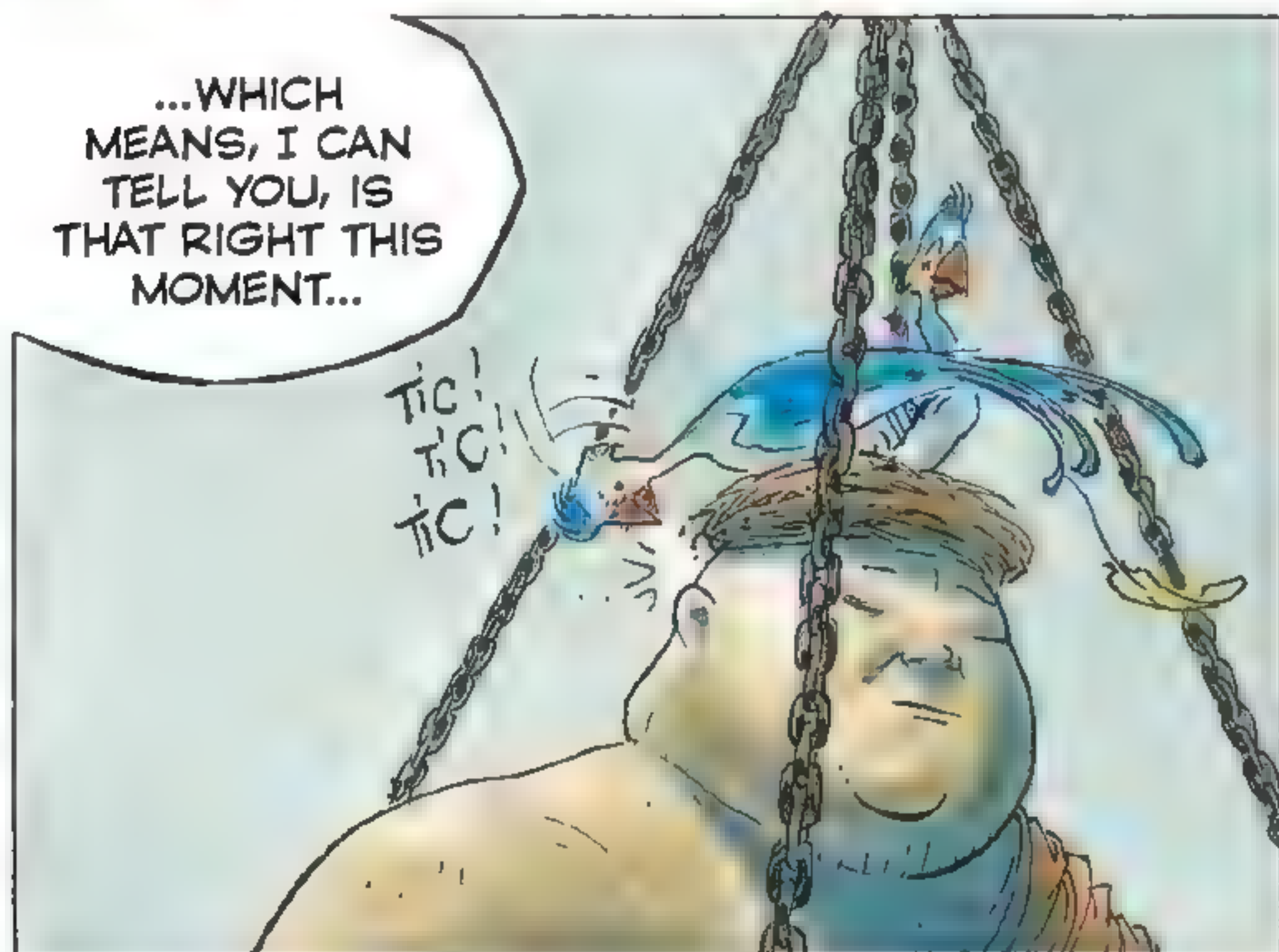
IT'S A RARE AND POORLY UNDERSTOOD PHENOMENON.



WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

I HAVE NO IDEA.









MY... MY BRONZE BONZE! HE...

EXCUSE ME BUT I AM NOT MADE OF BRONZE. I AM BRONZED. SHADE.



I'VE BEEN MEDITATING FOR QUITE SOME TIME, AND IT'S NOT UNLIKELY THAT I CAUGHT THE SUN A BIT...

QUITE SOME TIME?!



MASTER, I DISCOVERED YOU IN A FORGOTTEN TEMPLE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A STATUE!



THE PRACTICE OF ZINZEN DEMANDS FAIRLY LONG PERIODS OF MEDITATION. IT'S RESTRICTIVE, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.



SHAME ABOUT THE TEMPLE. I LIKED IT A LOT. IT WAS VERY COLORFUL, VERY CONVIVIAL.

WHAT'S ZINZEN?



ZINZEN, DEAR FRIEND, IS THE ANCESTRAL ART OF APPLYING FANCIFUL AND/OR CRAZY RESPONSES TO RATIONAL PROBLEMS.



CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FANCIFUL AND CRAZY?

HAHA! IMPATIENT YOUTH. THAT TAKES YEARS OF STUDY.

ZINZEN IS THE ULTIMATE MARTIAL ART!

YOU SEE, THE INTELLECT ALLOWS US TO PERCEIVE THE WEAVE OF REALITY, FOR IT IS A CLOTH.

BUT ZINZEN ALLOWS US TO SEE THE FUNNY LITTLE MOTIFS PRINTED ON TO THIS CLOTH, AND TO USE THEM TO ACHIEVE AN ALMOST AWKWARD INTIMACY WITH THE COSMOS!

LIKE HERE, I SENSE THAT THE SOLUTION WILL BE...

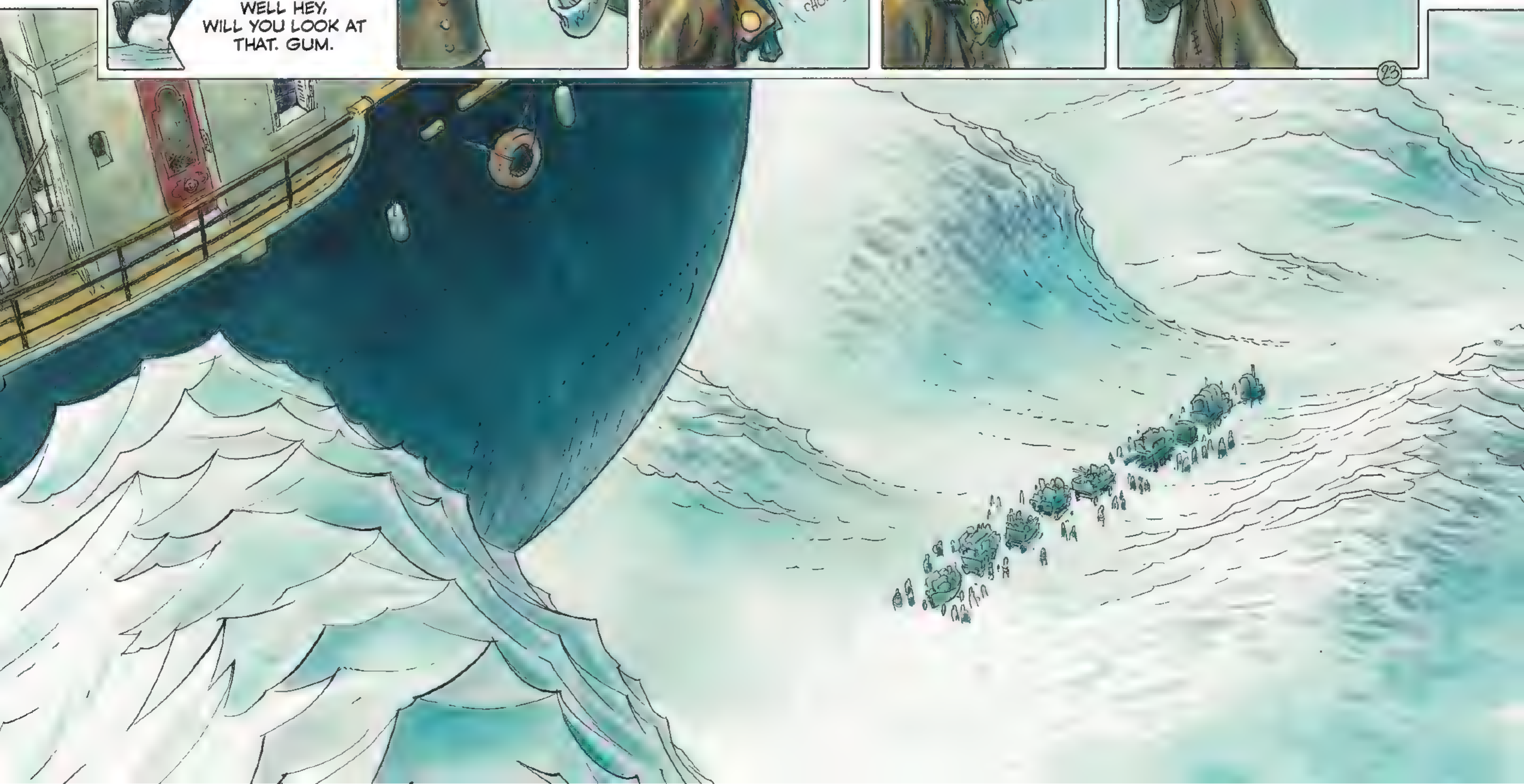
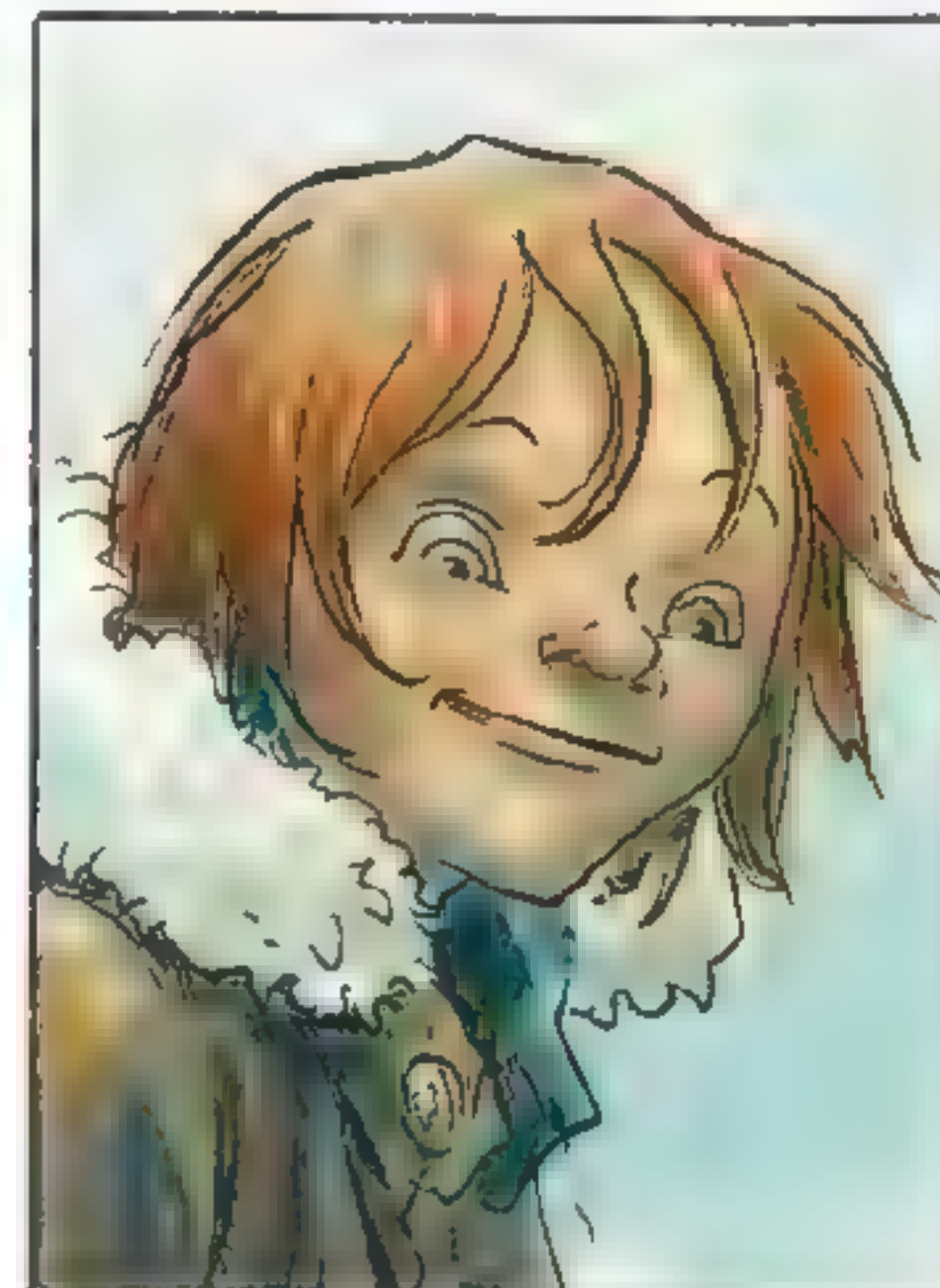
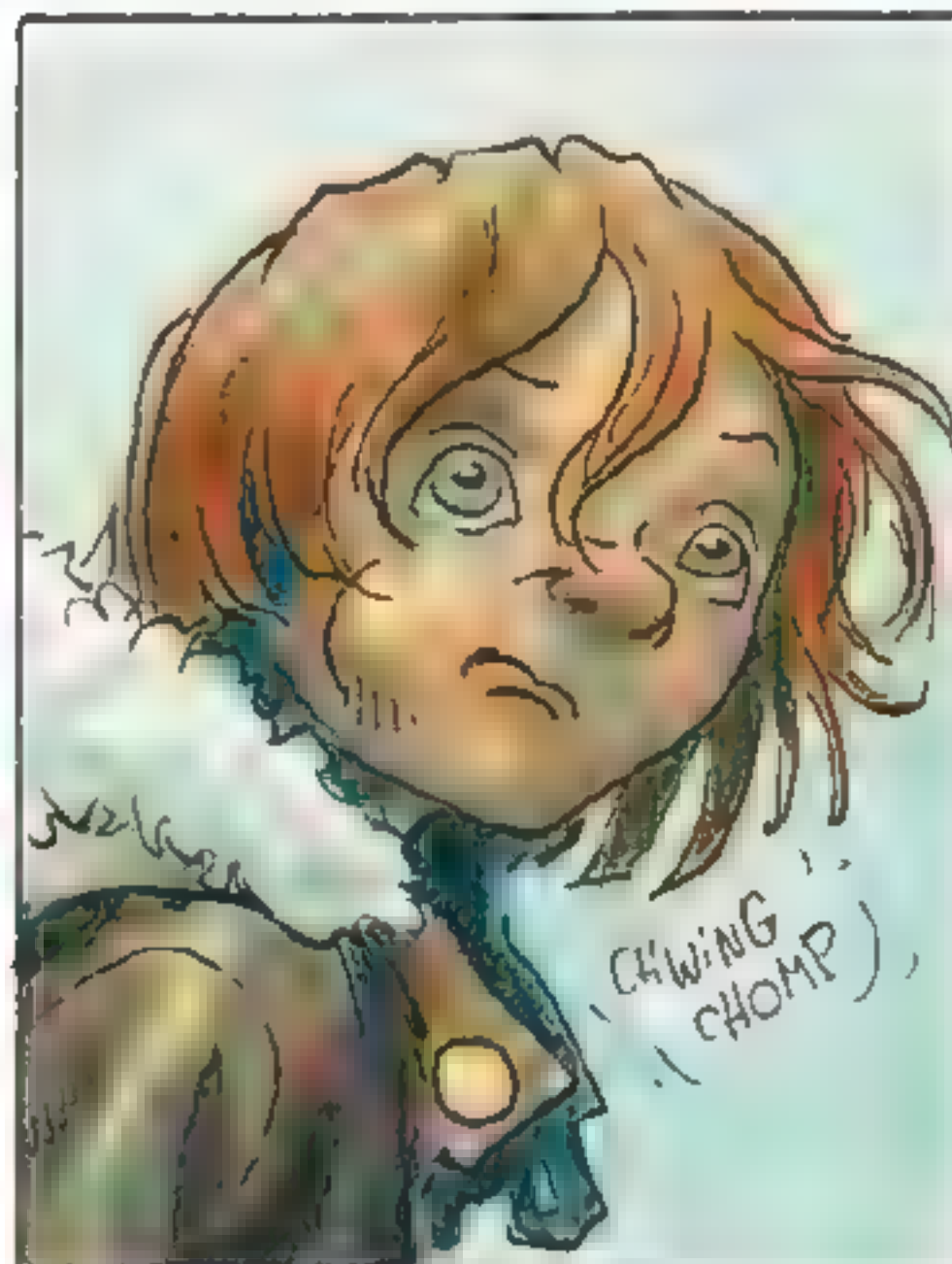
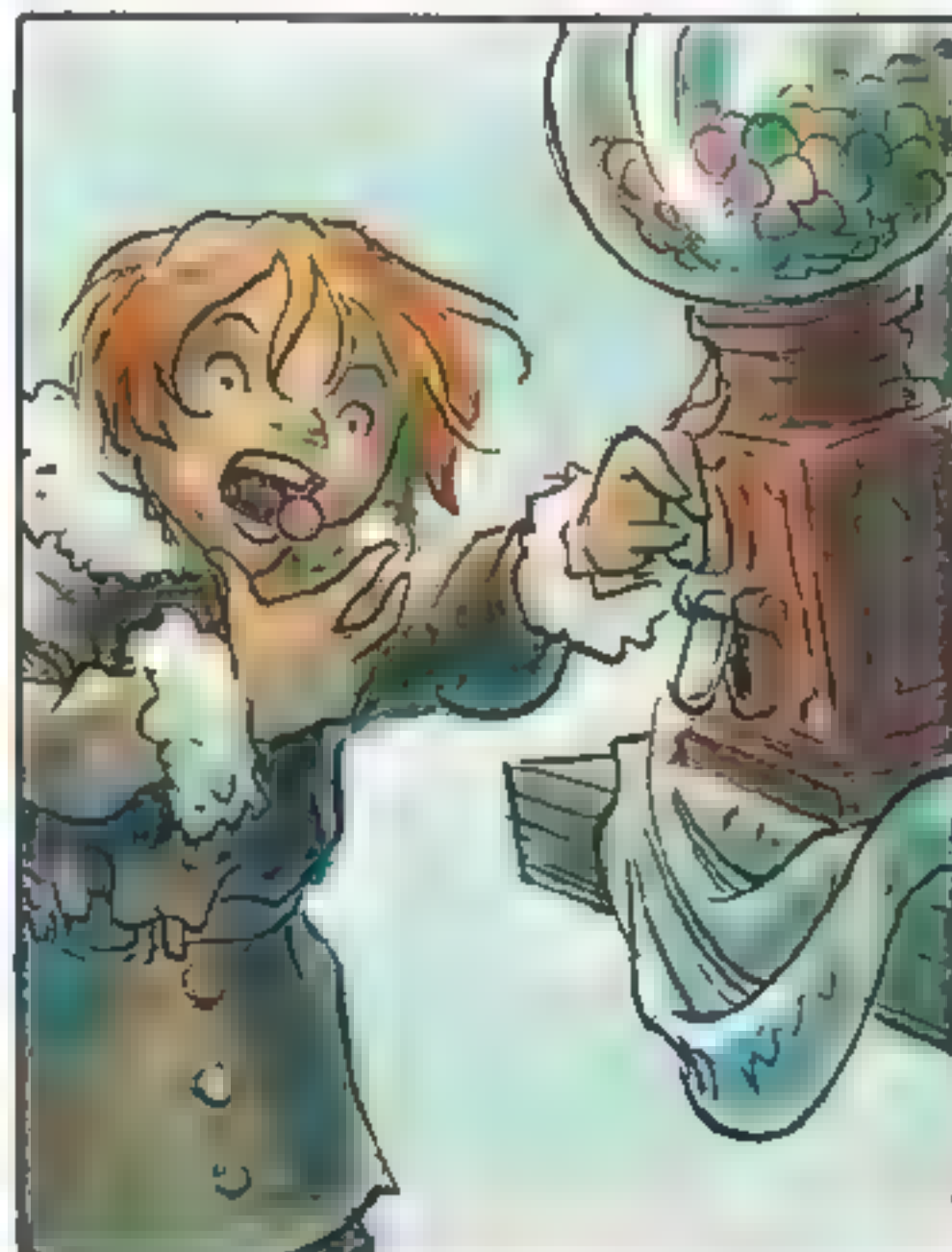
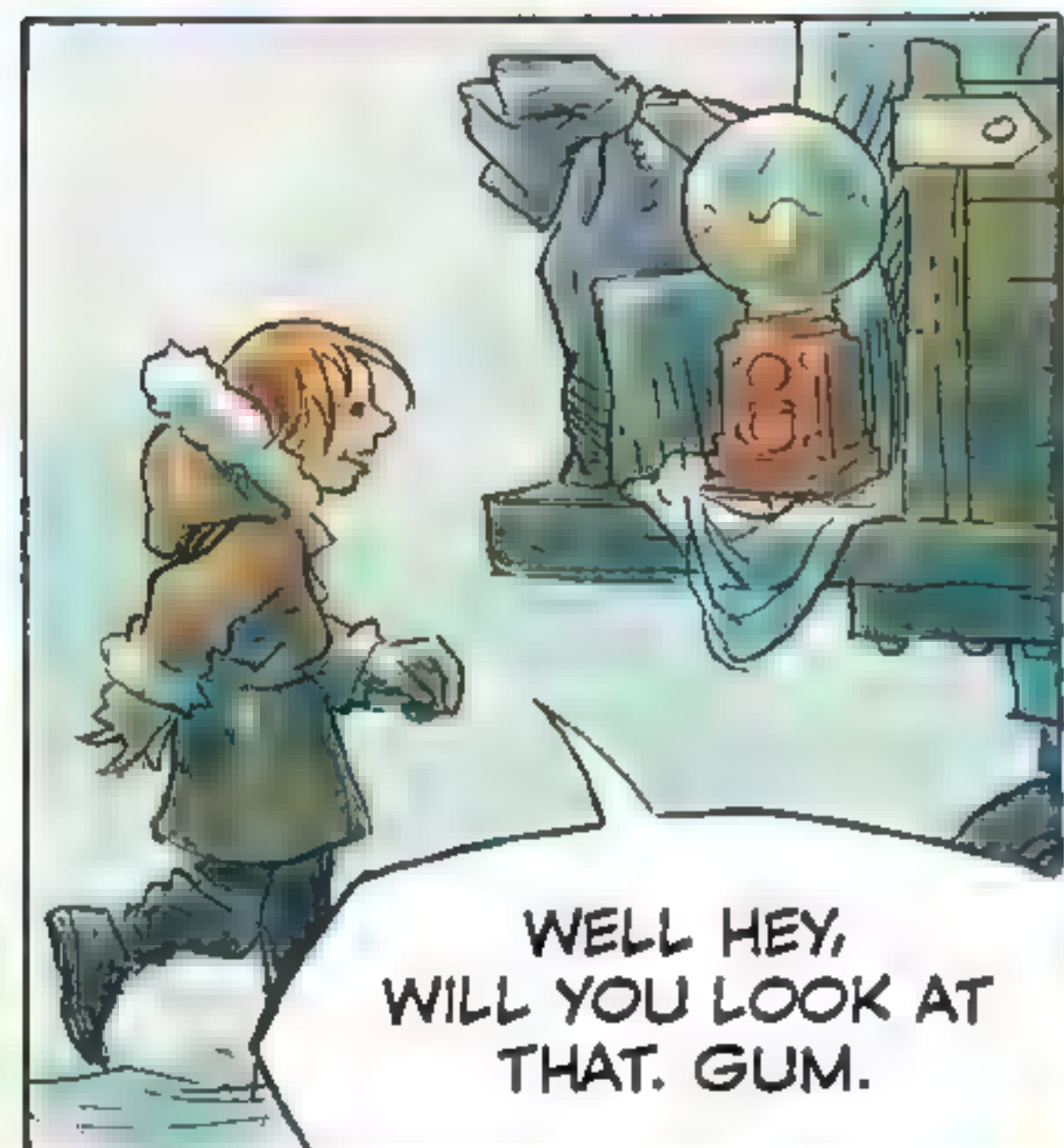
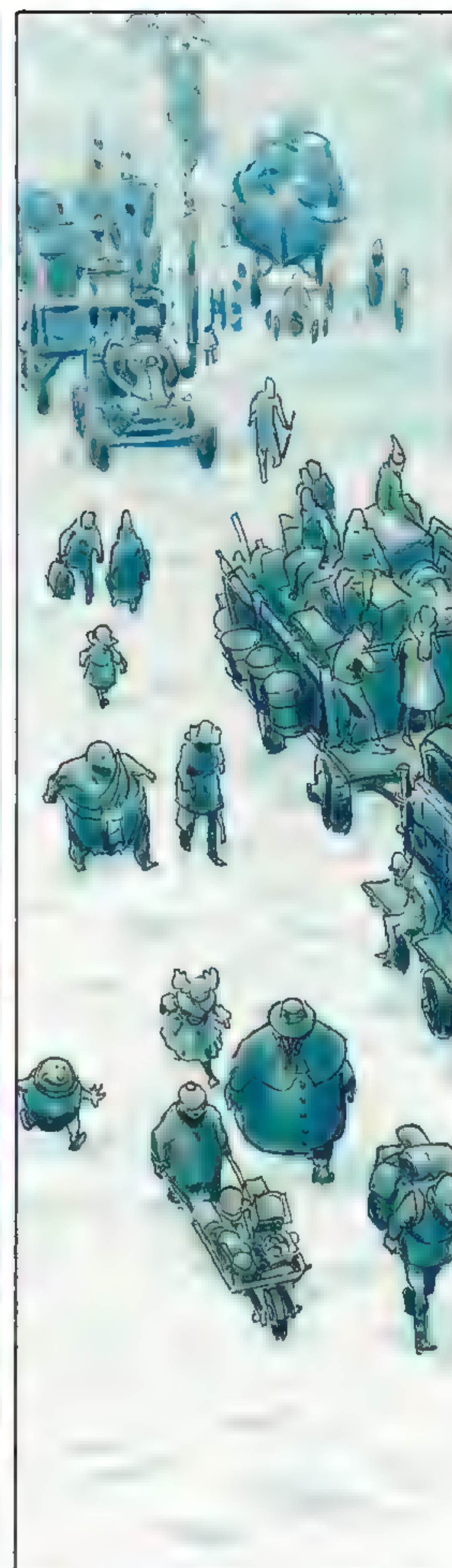
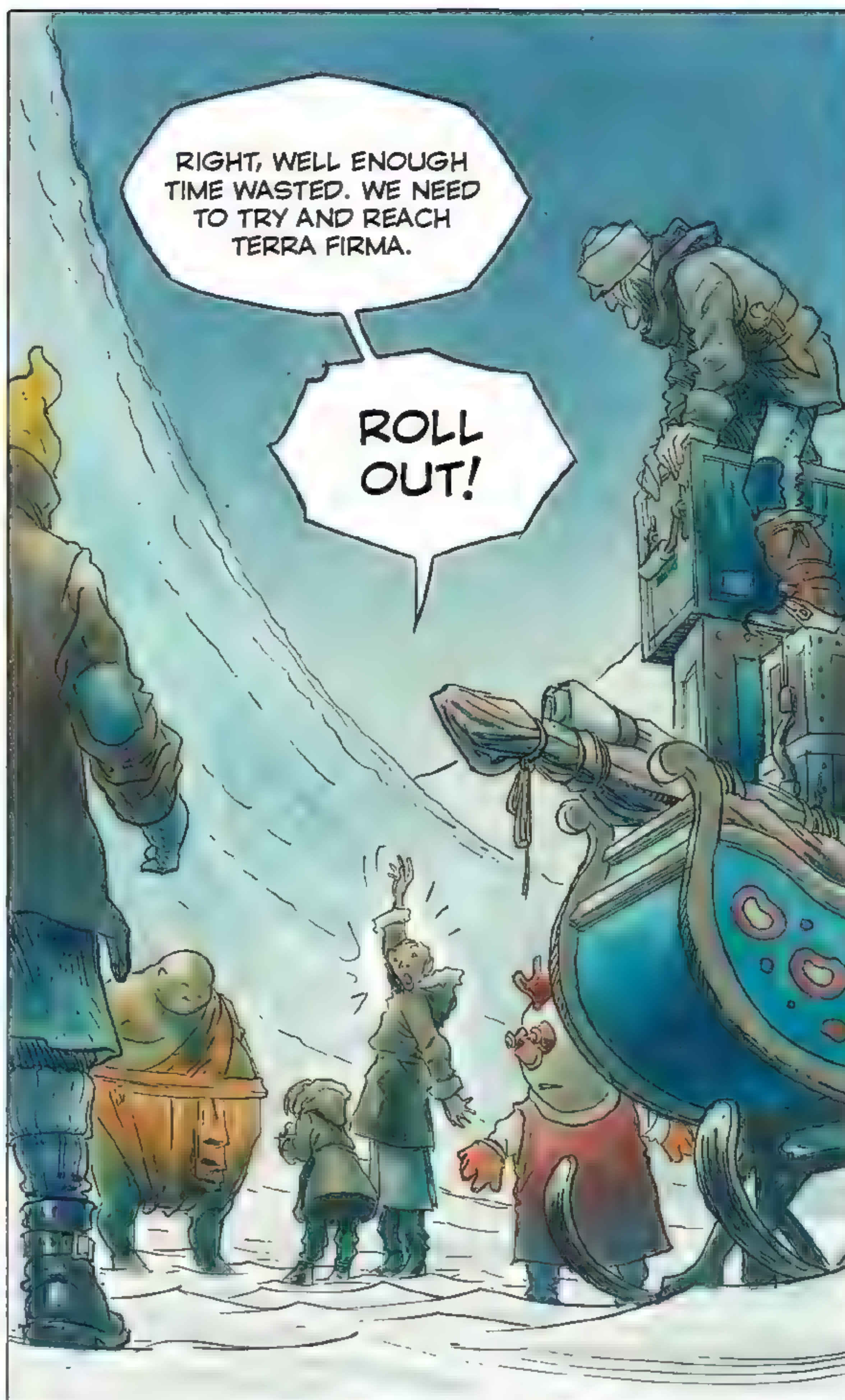


ONE CONCENTRATES, EVALUATES THE LAWS AND PRACTICES, AND GIVES FREE REIGN TO ONE'S FANTASY!

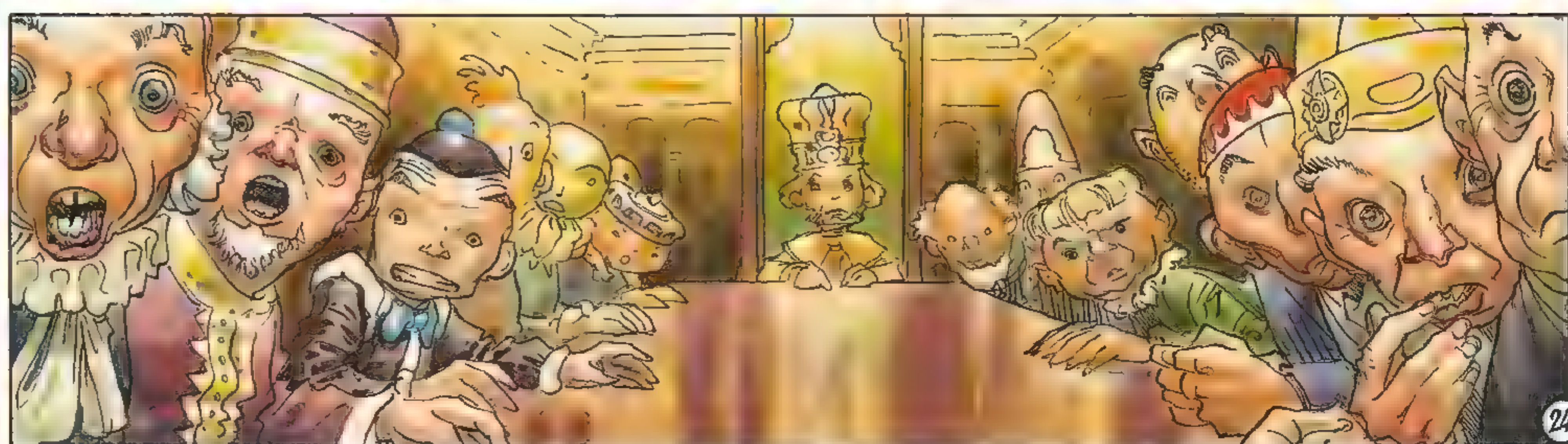
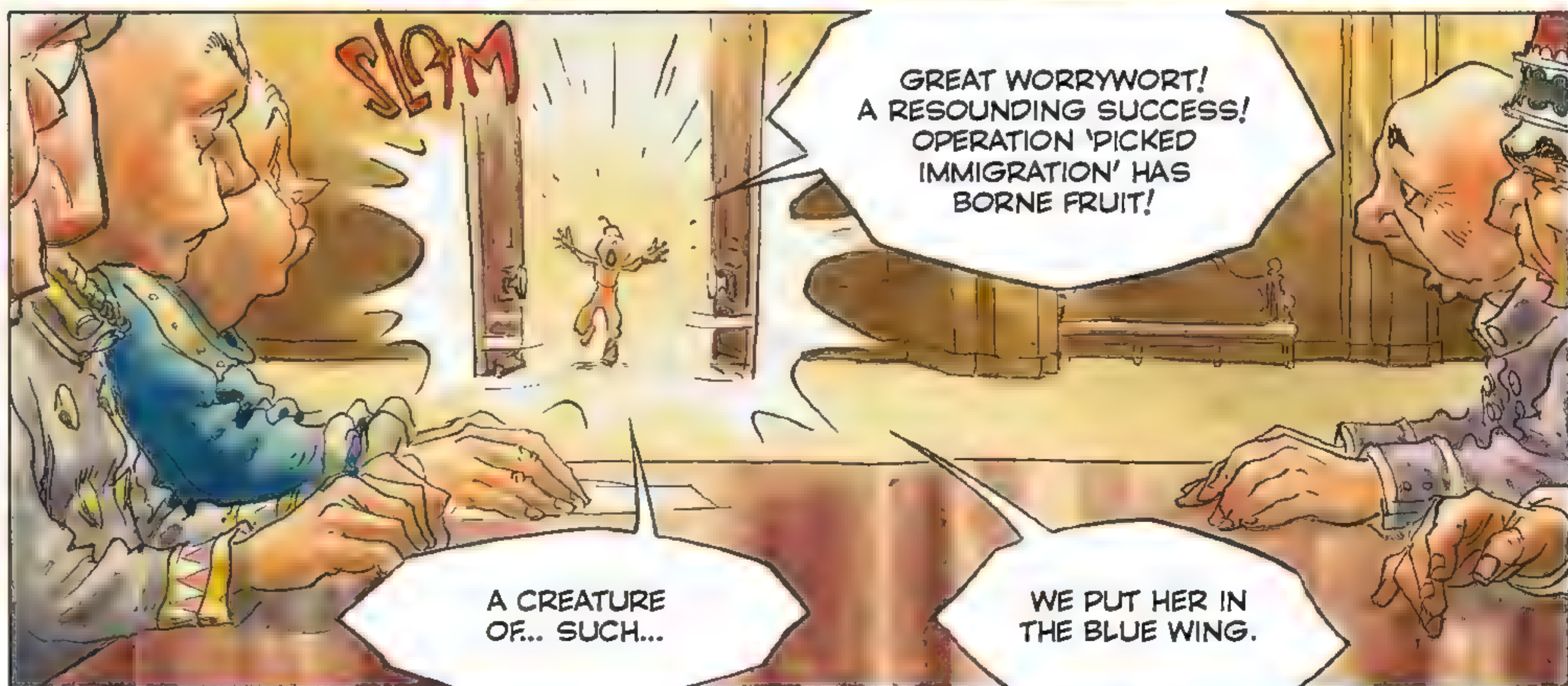
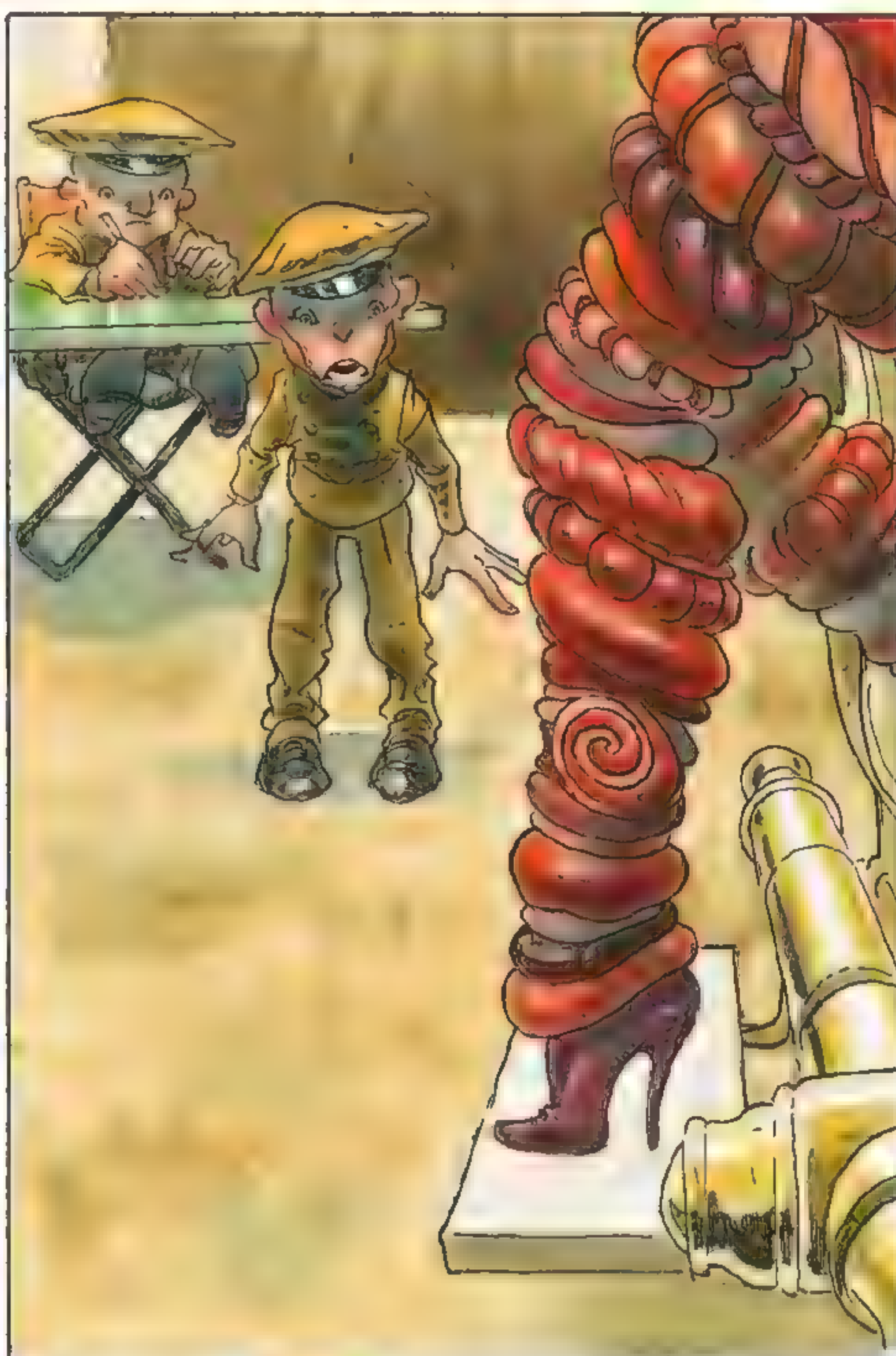
BECAUSE FANTASY IS THE KEY THAT ALLOWS US TO OPEN THE DOORS THAT HAVE NO KEYHOLES.

A BALL OF GUM.





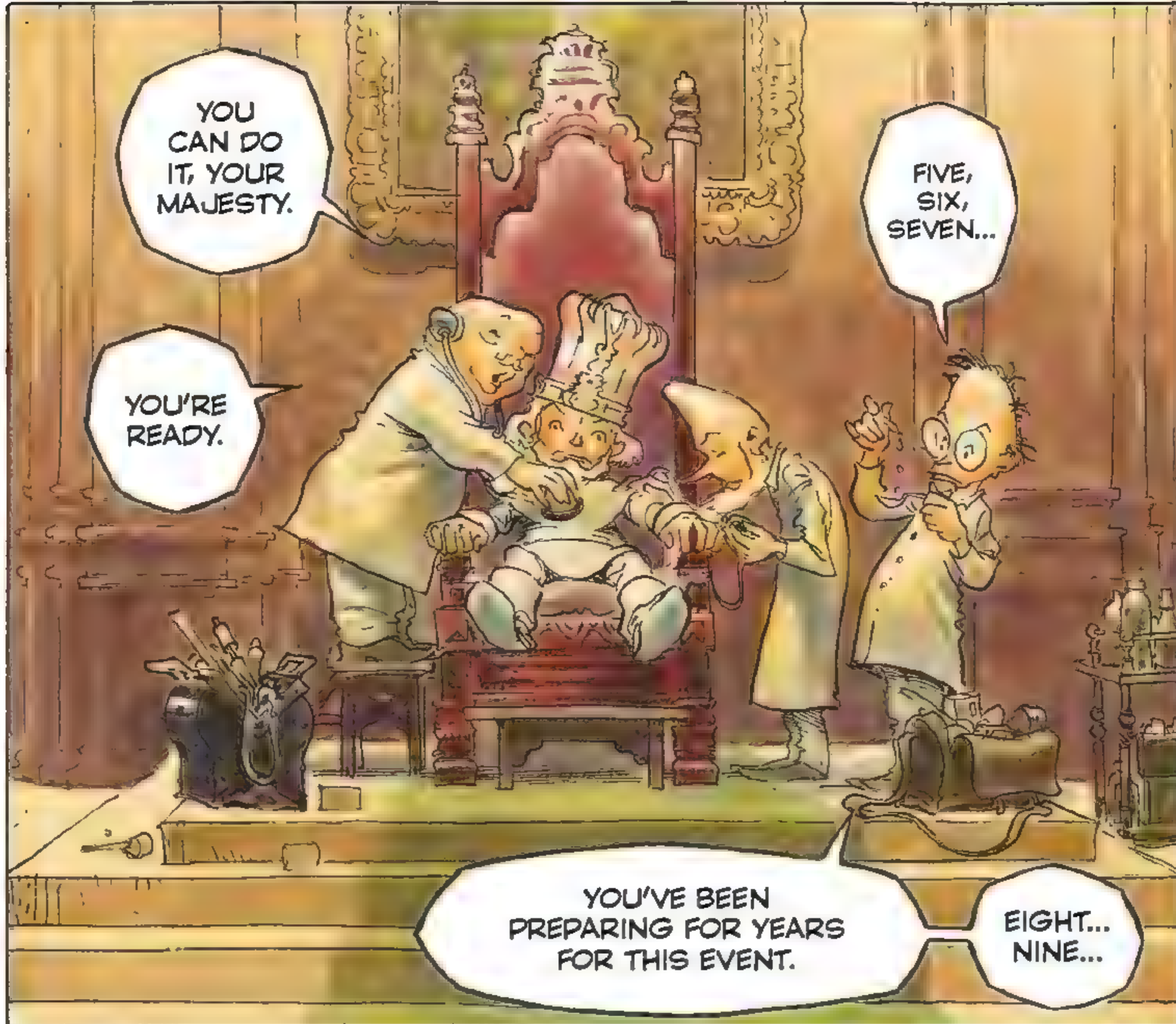








SHE'S COMING.



YOU CAN DO IT, YOUR MAJESTY.

YOU'RE READY.

FIVE, SIX, SEVEN...

YOU'VE BEEN PREPARING FOR YEARS FOR THIS EVENT.

EIGHT... NINE...

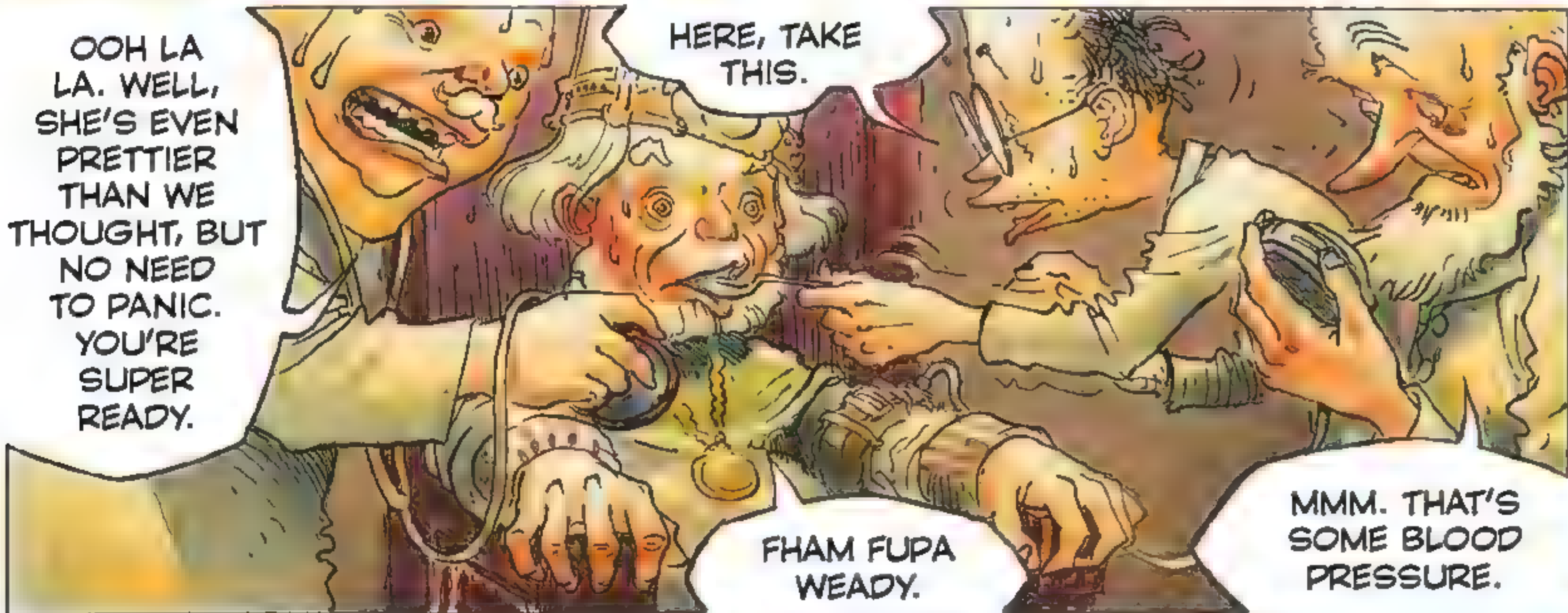


IT'S THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.

EYE OF THE TIGER, YOUR MAJESTY.

GULP. YES, I...

THE TIGER.

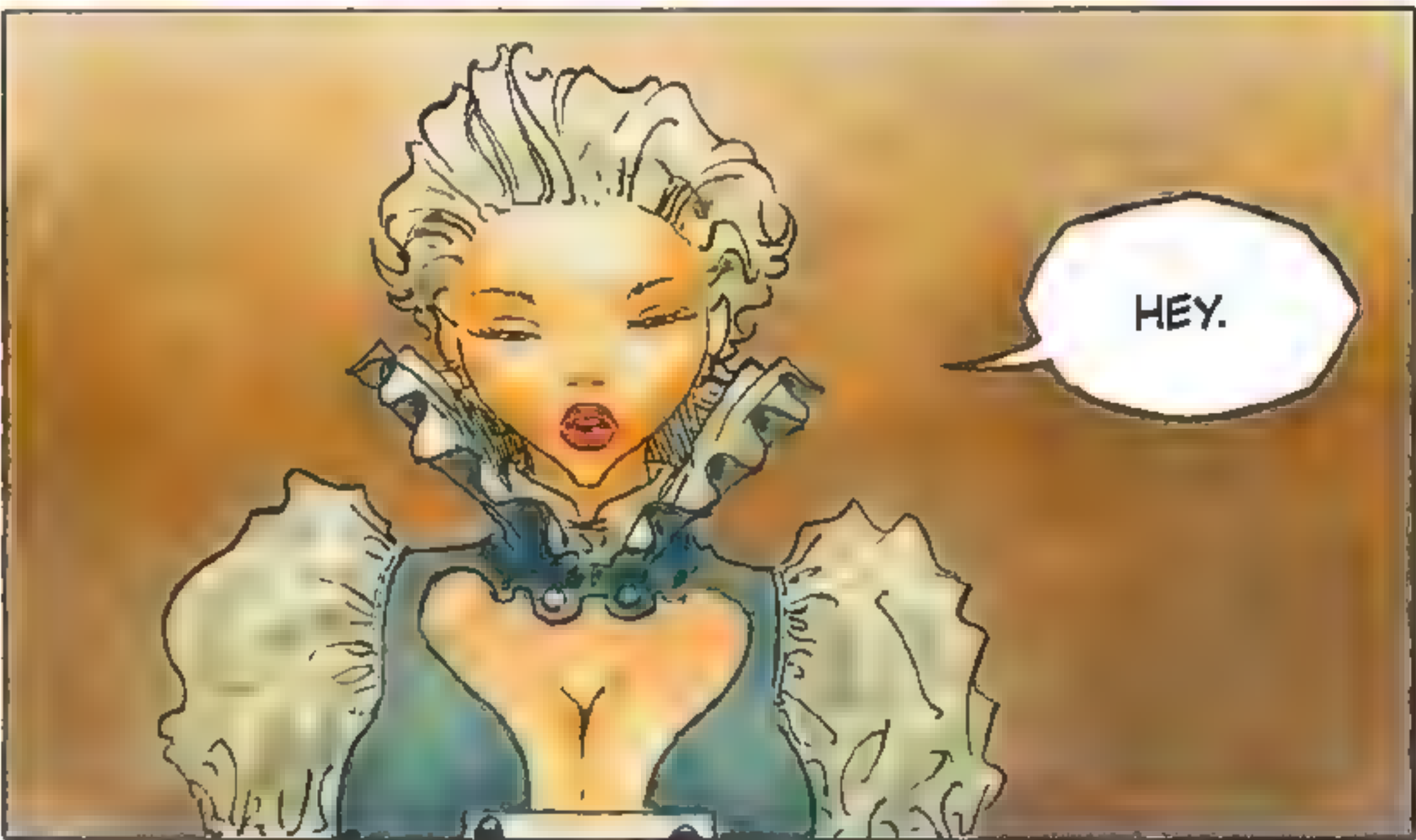


OOH LA LA. WELL, SHE'S EVEN PRETTIER THAN WE THOUGHT, BUT NO NEED TO PANIC. YOU'RE SUPER READY.

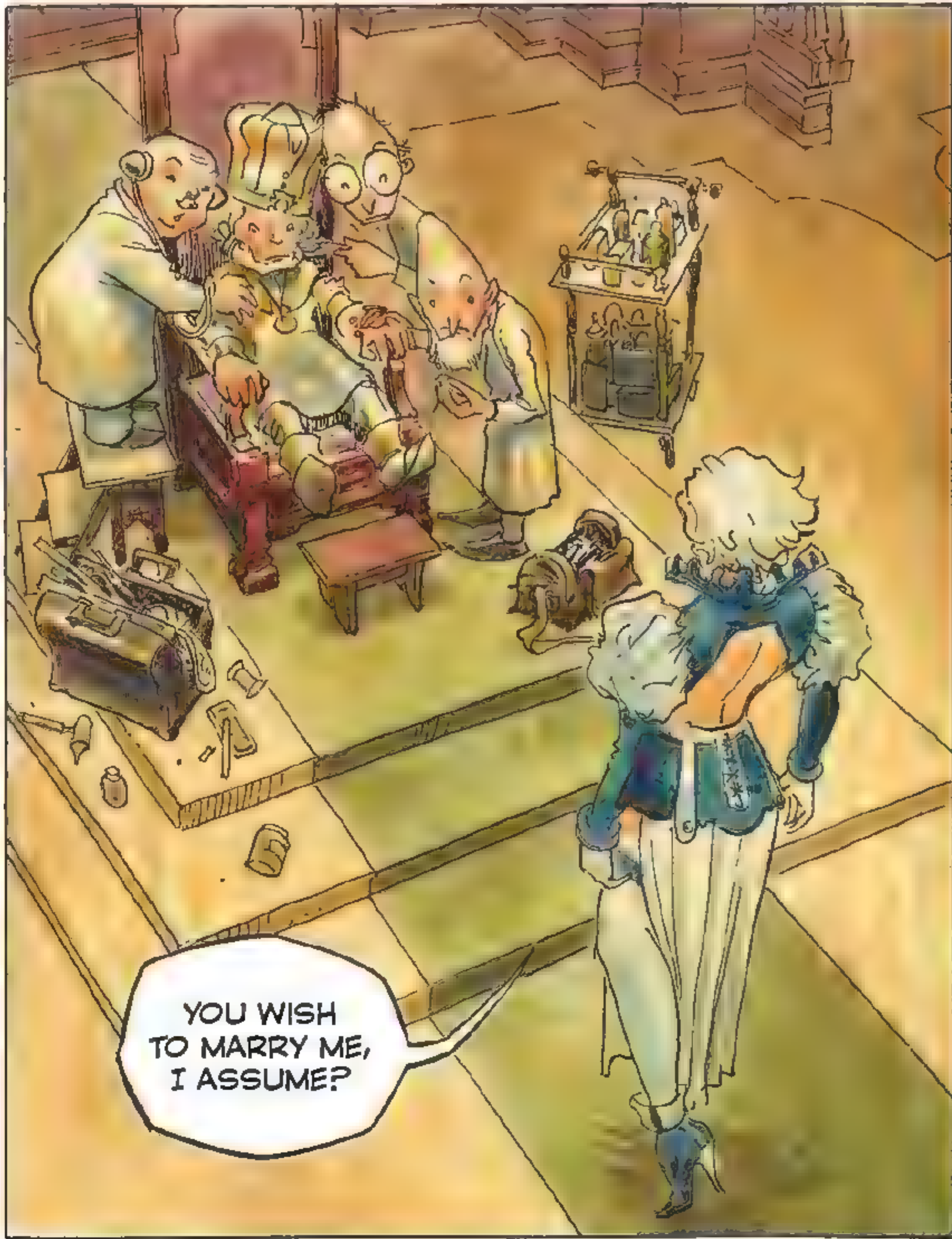
HERE, TAKE THIS.

FHAM FUPA WEADY.

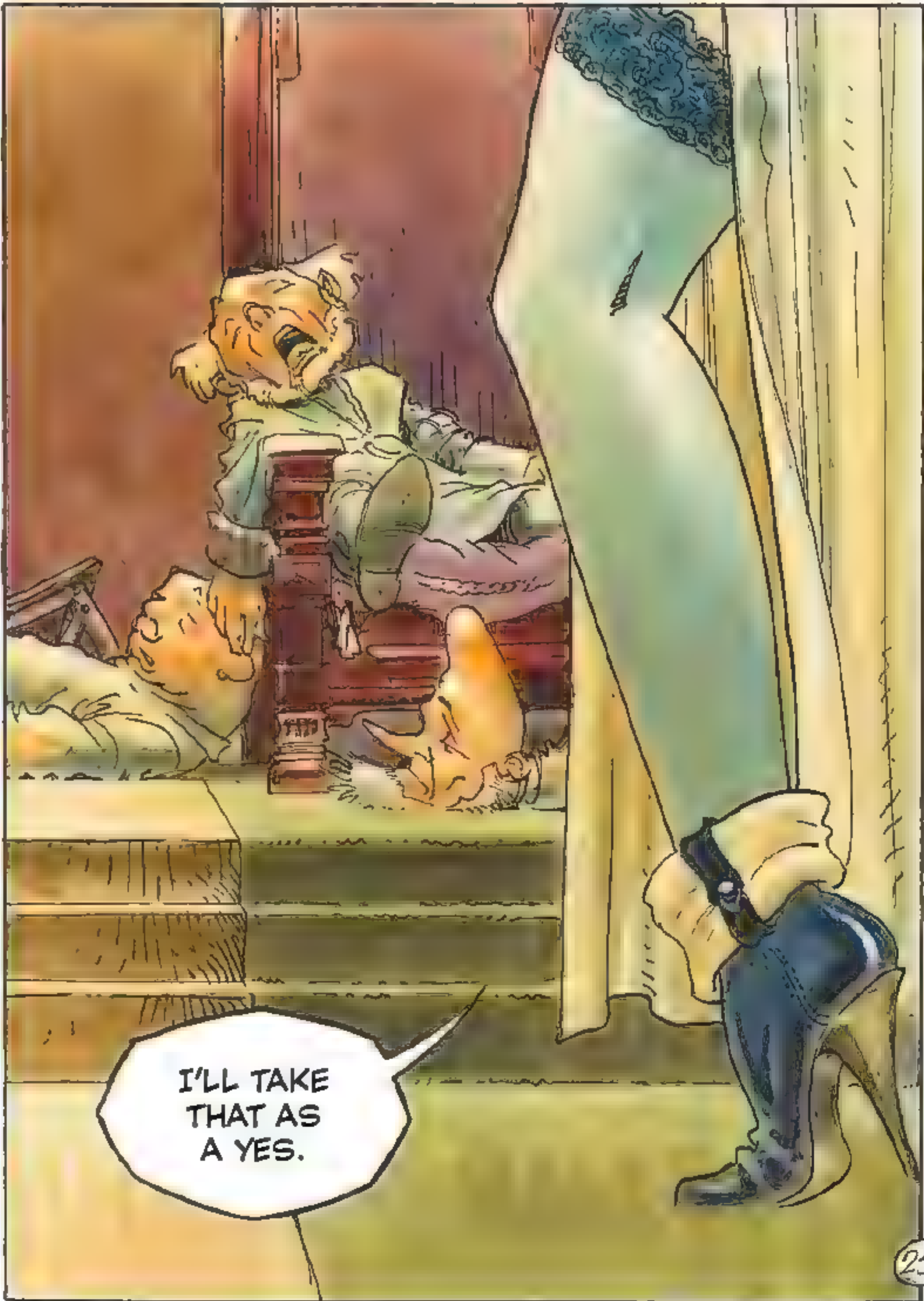
MMM. THAT'S SOME BLOOD PRESSURE.



HEY.

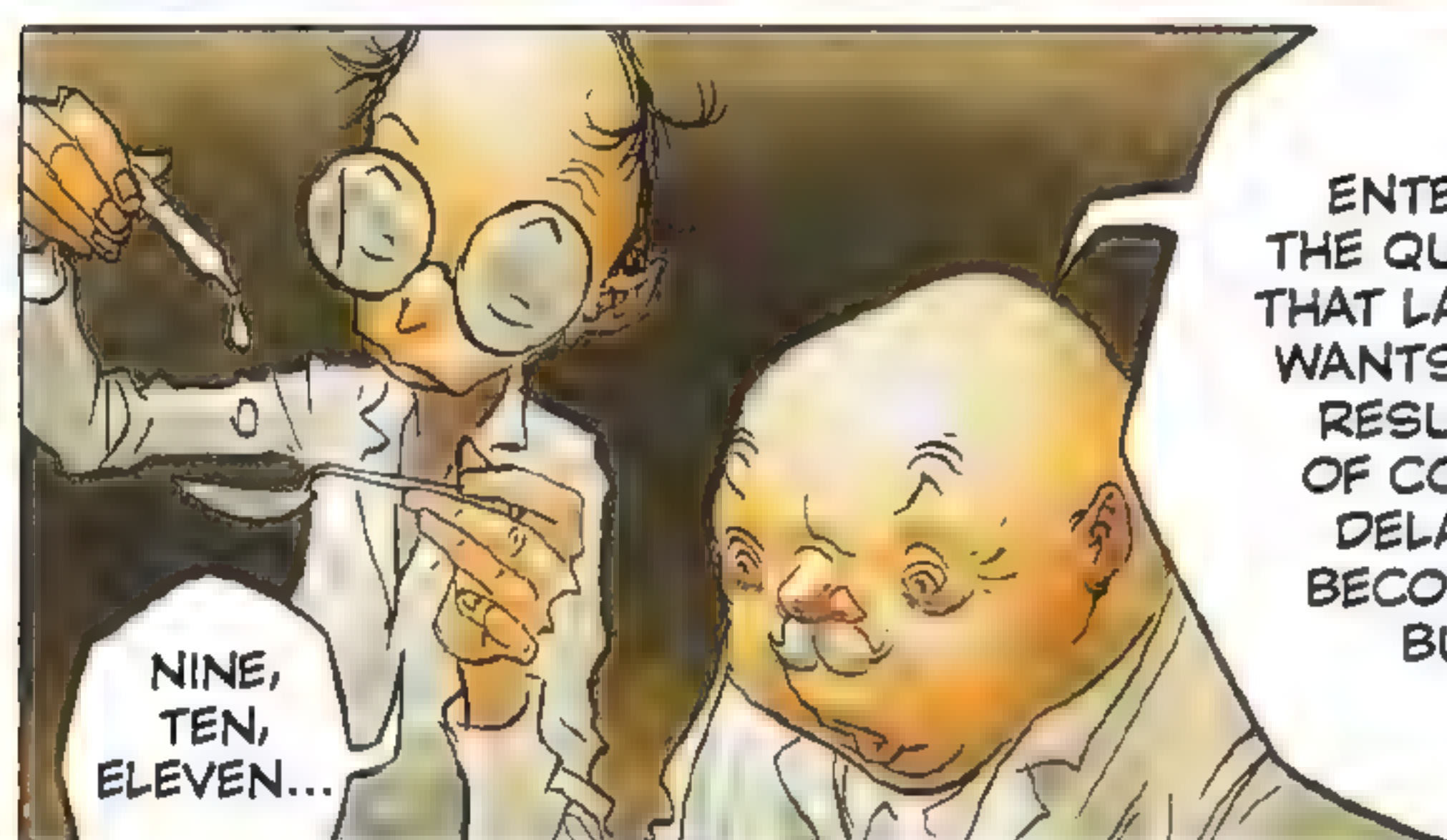
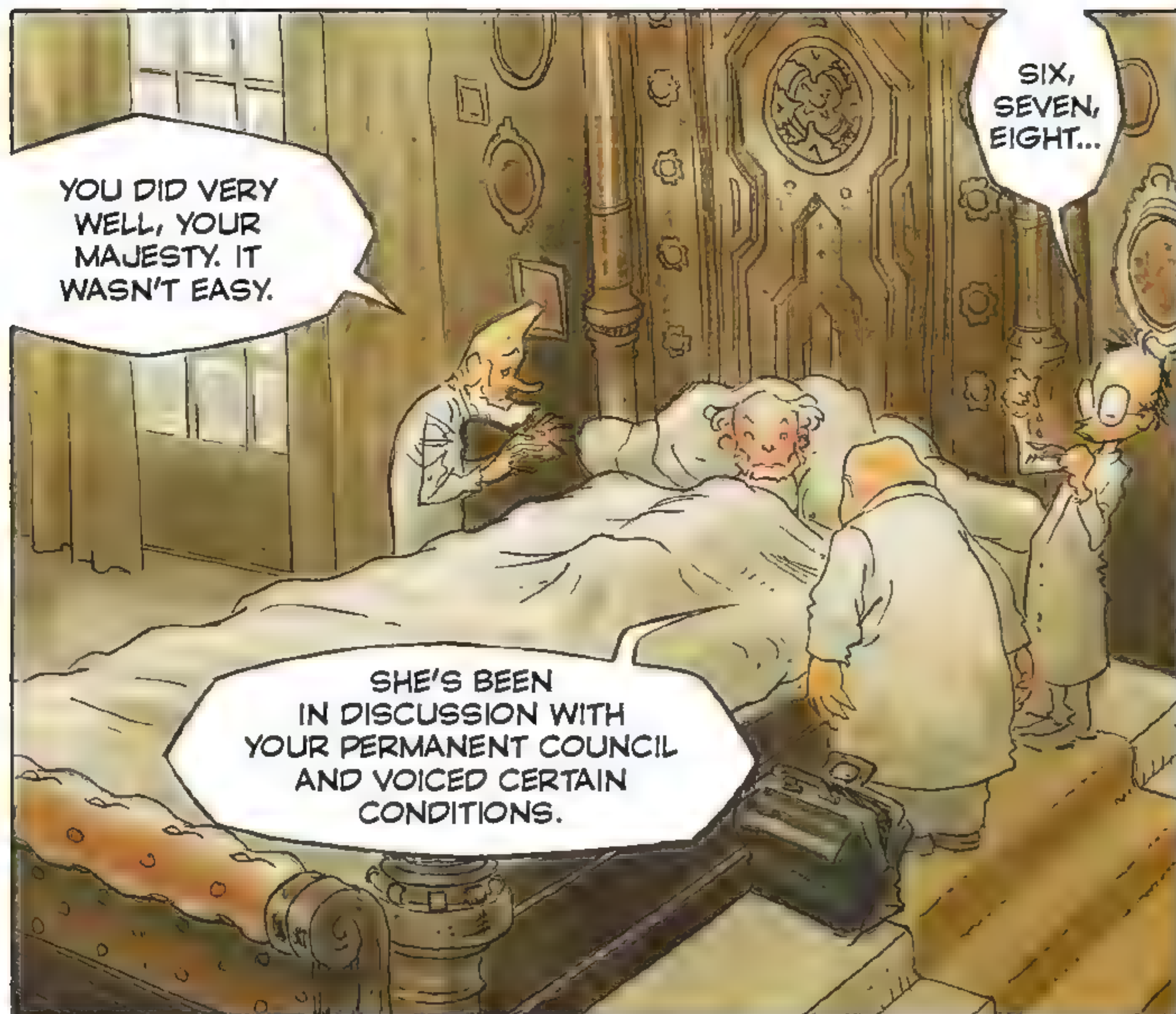


YOU WISH TO MARRY ME, I ASSUME?

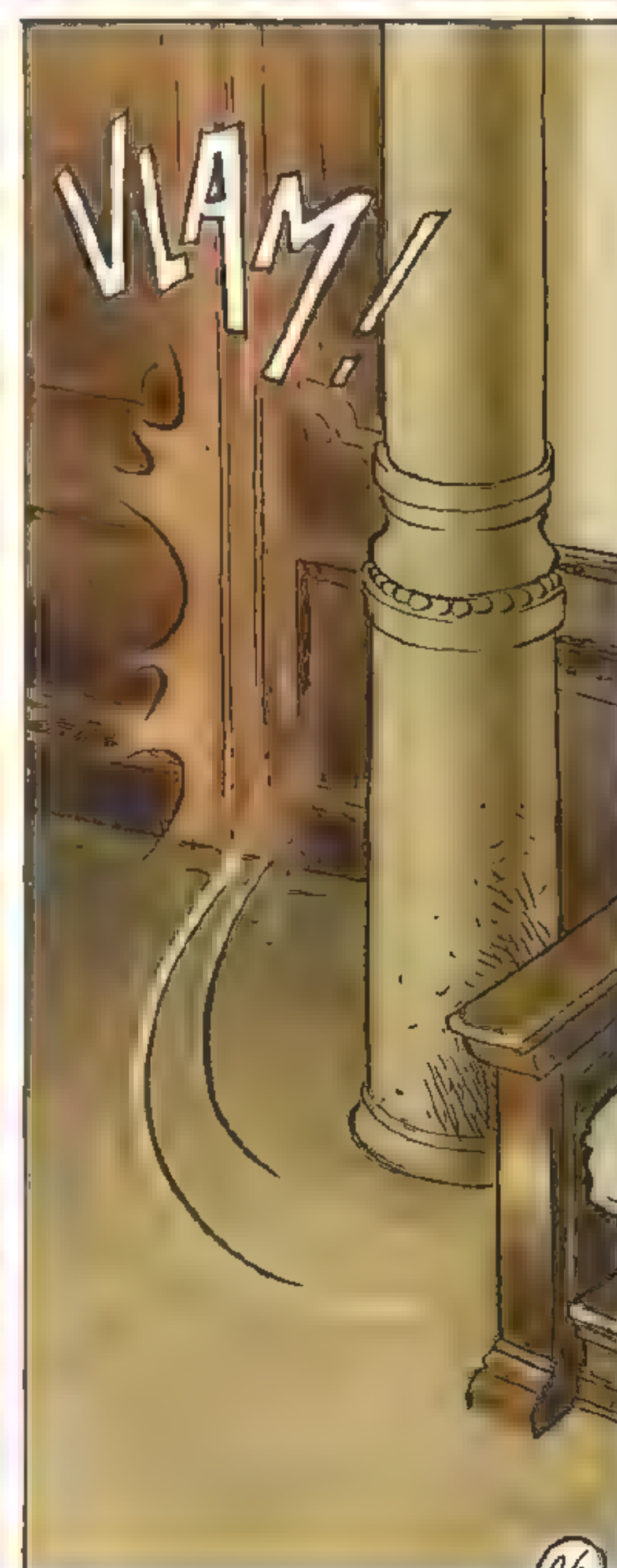
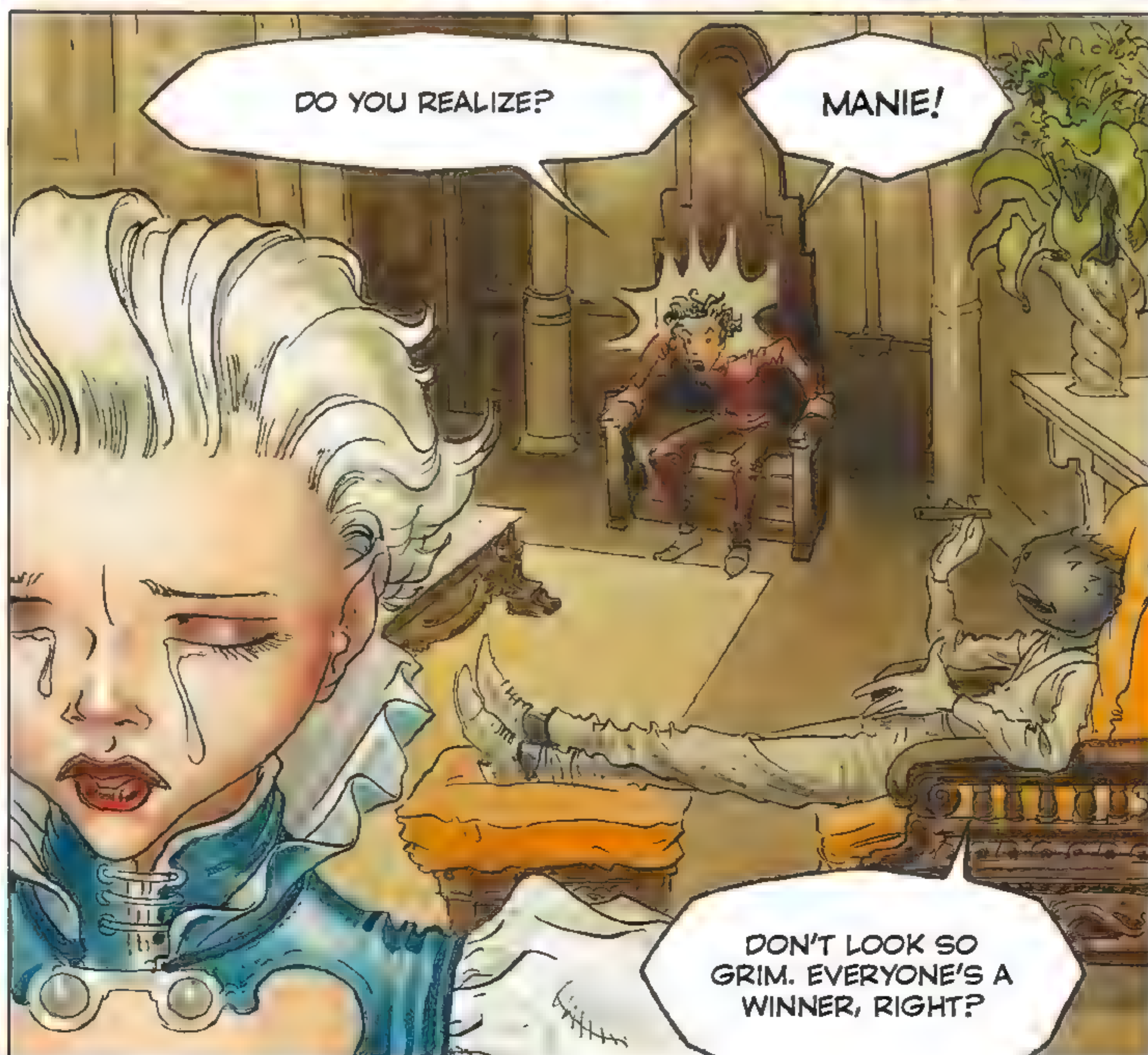
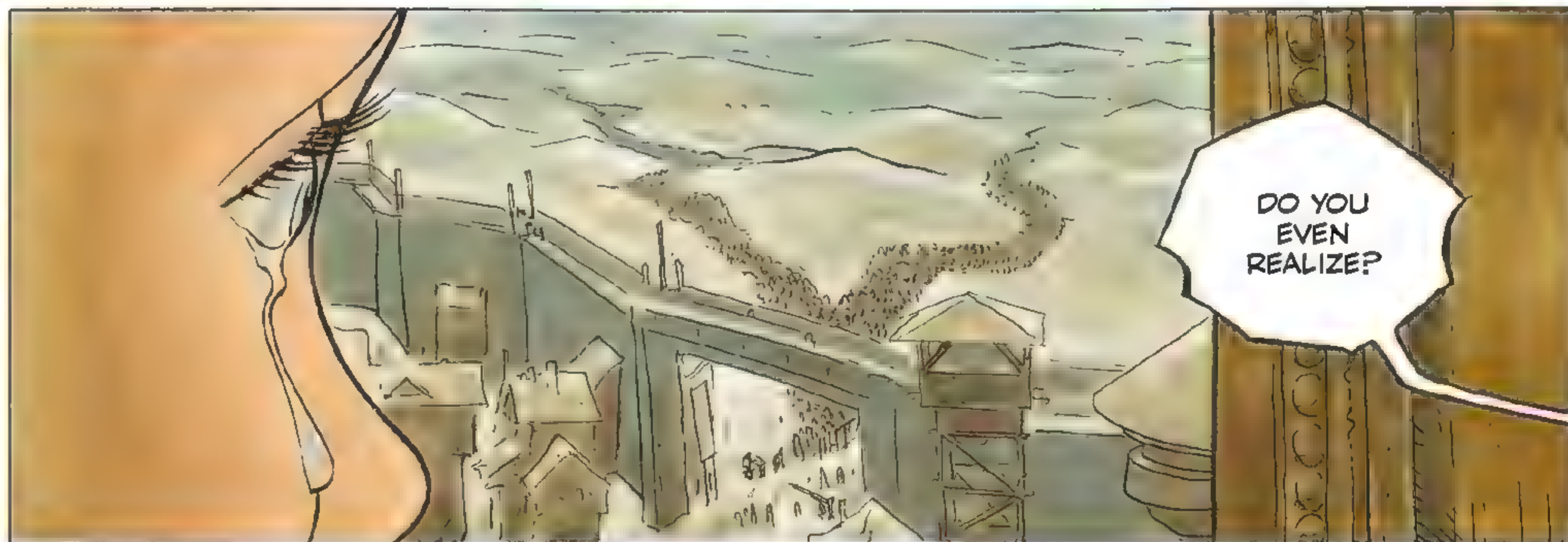
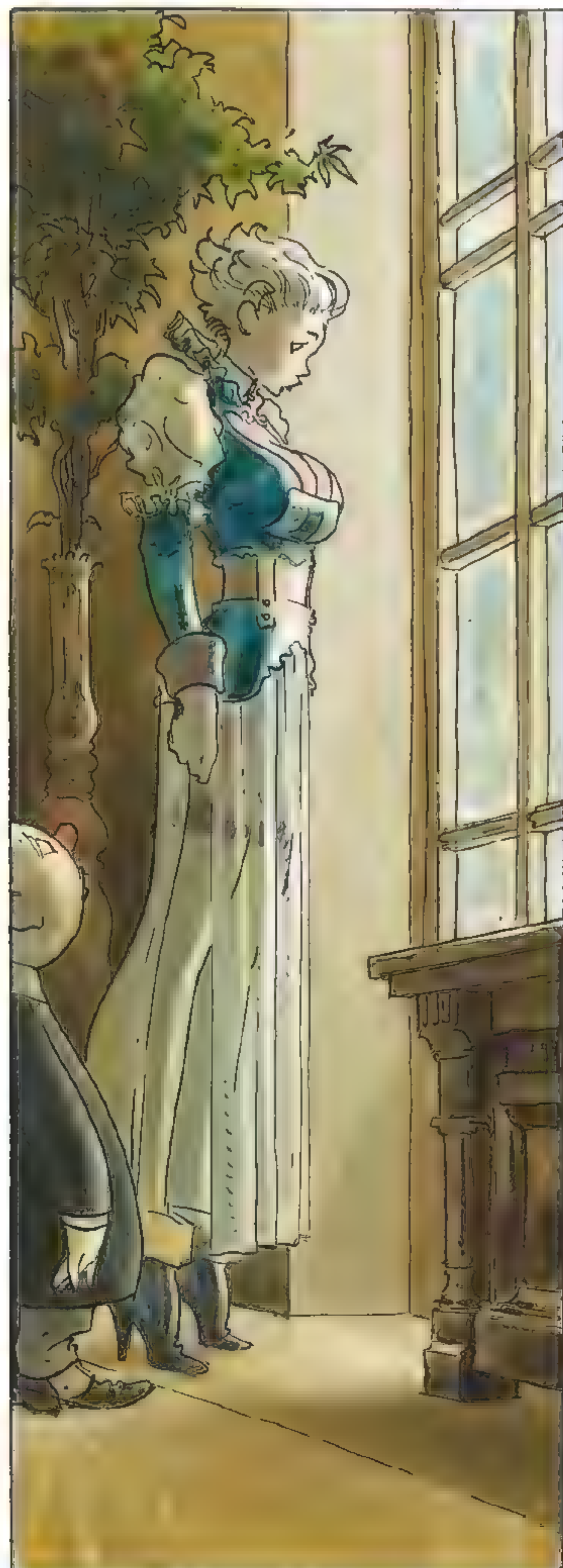


I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.





SHE WON'T ENTERTAIN BECOMING THE QUEEN OF A COUNTRY THAT LACKS AMBITION. SHE WANTS LITTLEGHISTAN TO RESUME ITS PROGRAM OF CONQUEST WITHOUT DELAY, AND FOR IT TO BECOME A VAST EMPIRE BUILT ON BLOOD AND FEAR.







PROFESSOR! THE MEN WANTED  
TO HUNT A FEW OF THOSE FUNNY  
LOOKING BIRDS YOU CAN SEE  
OVER THERE!



OH NO!

THAT'S A CHRONO-LY  
OF 'AMPLE-TIME' PENGUINS!



RUN!

YOU MEAN A  
COLONY?



NO! A CHRONO-LY. A GROUP OF  
THEM FORMS A TEMPORAL STASIS IN  
WHICH TIME GETS BOGGED DOWN. IF  
THEY CATCH UP TO US, WE'LL BE DEAD  
OF OLD AGE WITHIN THE HOUR!

BUT PROFESSOR, THE  
MEN ARE HUNGRY.

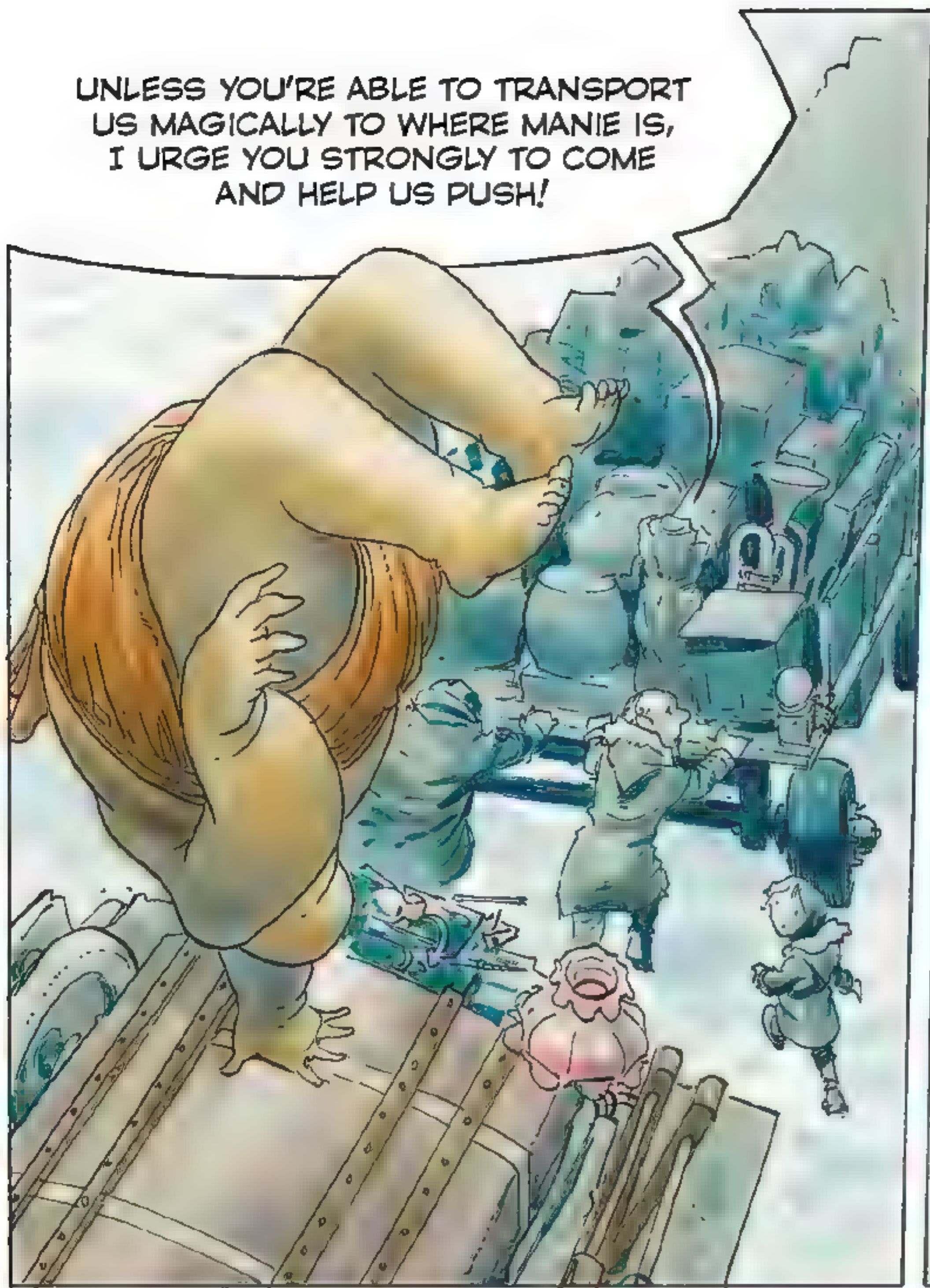


WE HAVE  
TO FLEE, I'M  
TELLING  
YOU!



EXCUSE  
ME, BUT  
ARE YOU IN  
NEED OF A  
SOLUTION?

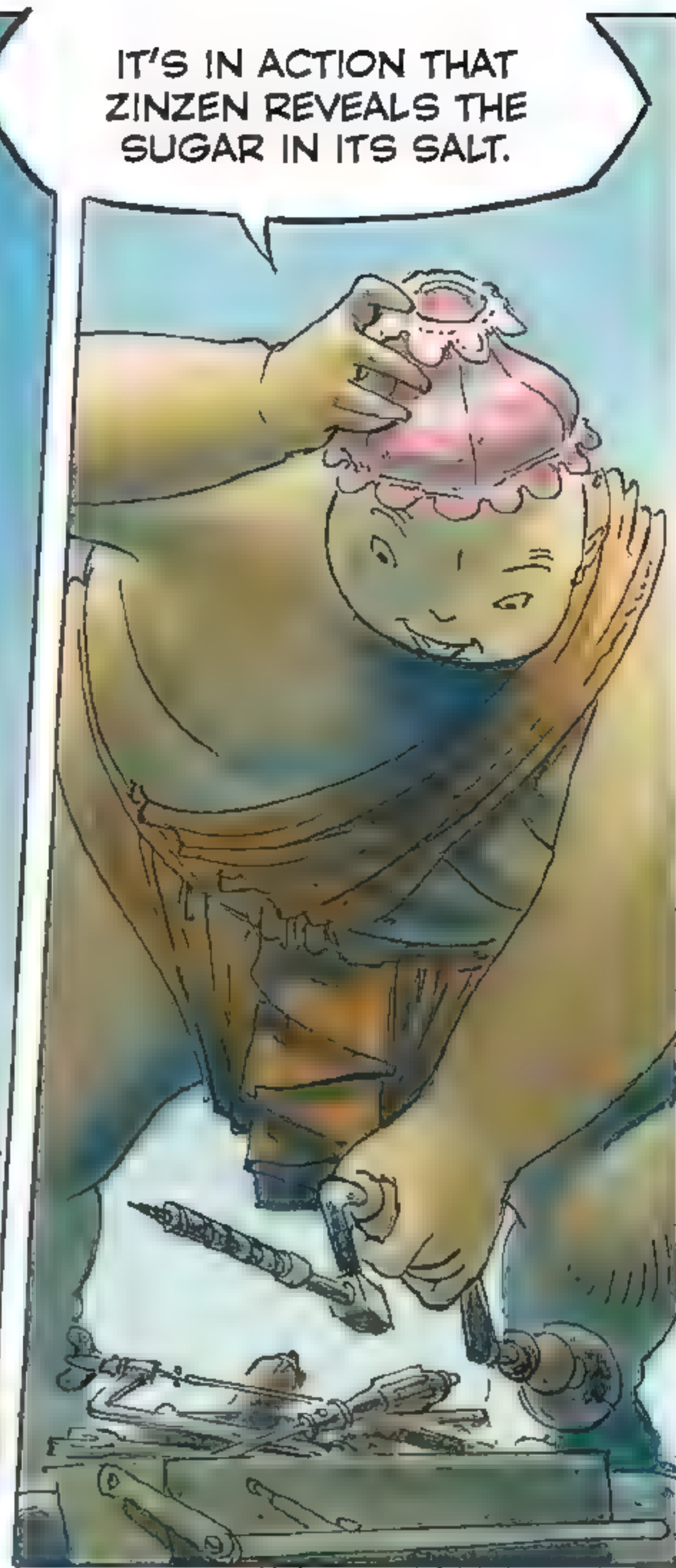




UNLESS YOU'RE ABLE TO TRANSPORT US MAGICALLY TO WHERE MANIE IS, I URGE YOU STRONGLY TO COME AND HELP US PUSH!



HA HAA!  
SOME ACTION!  
AT LAST SOME ACTION!



IT'S IN ACTION THAT ZINZEN REVEALS THE SUGAR IN ITS SALT.



BY THE POWER OF NOT THINKING, I CATALYZE WITHIN MYSELF THE QUINTESSENTIAL DONTGIVEADAMN OF THE COSMOS, AND I TURN IT BACK ON ITSELF!



THE UNIVERSE IS AN...

...APPLE PIE!



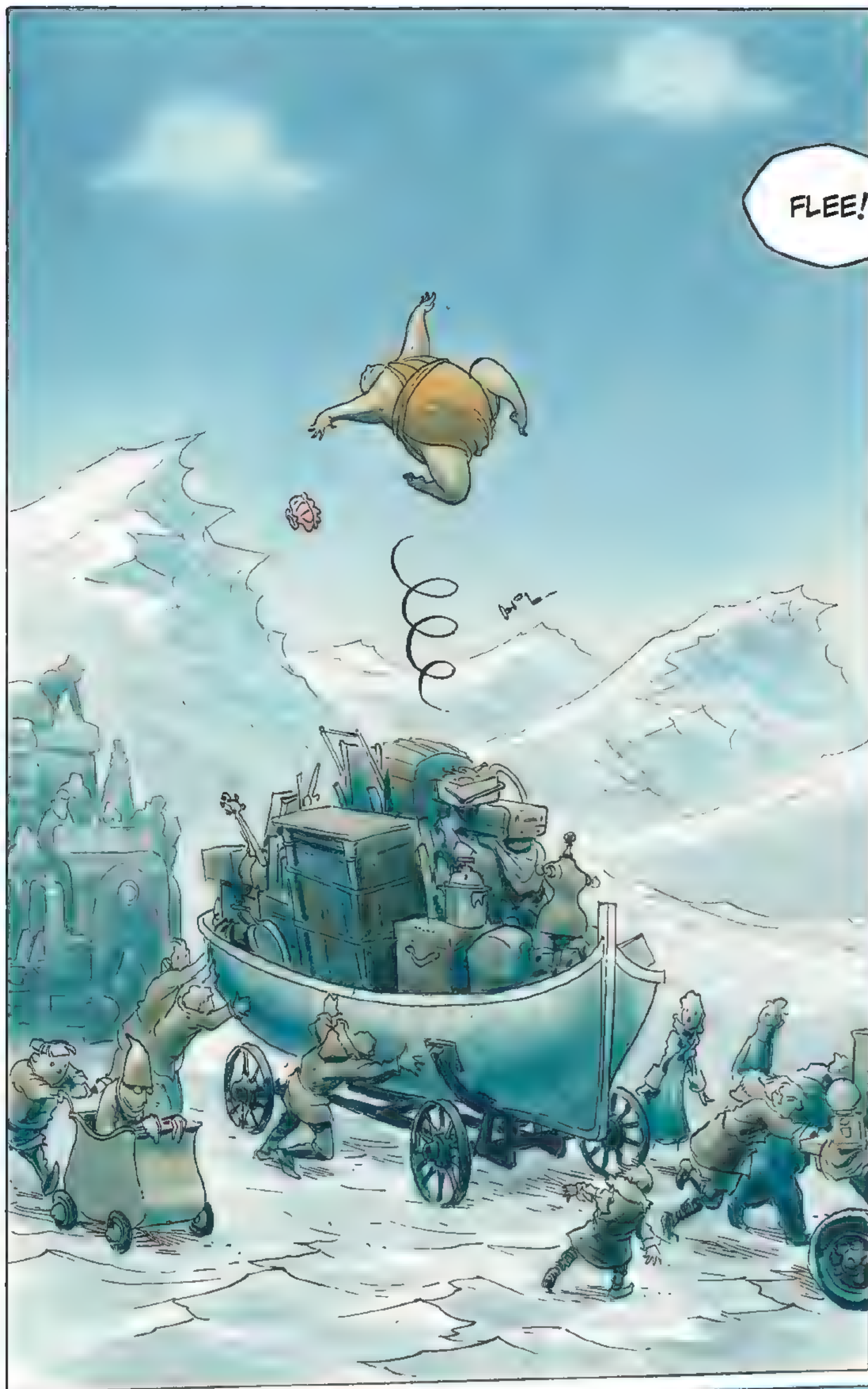
DO YOU NEED SOME GUM?

ERM,  
NO. NOT NOW, THAT'S SWEET OF YOU.



QUIT MONKEYING AROUND! WE NEED TO FLEE!

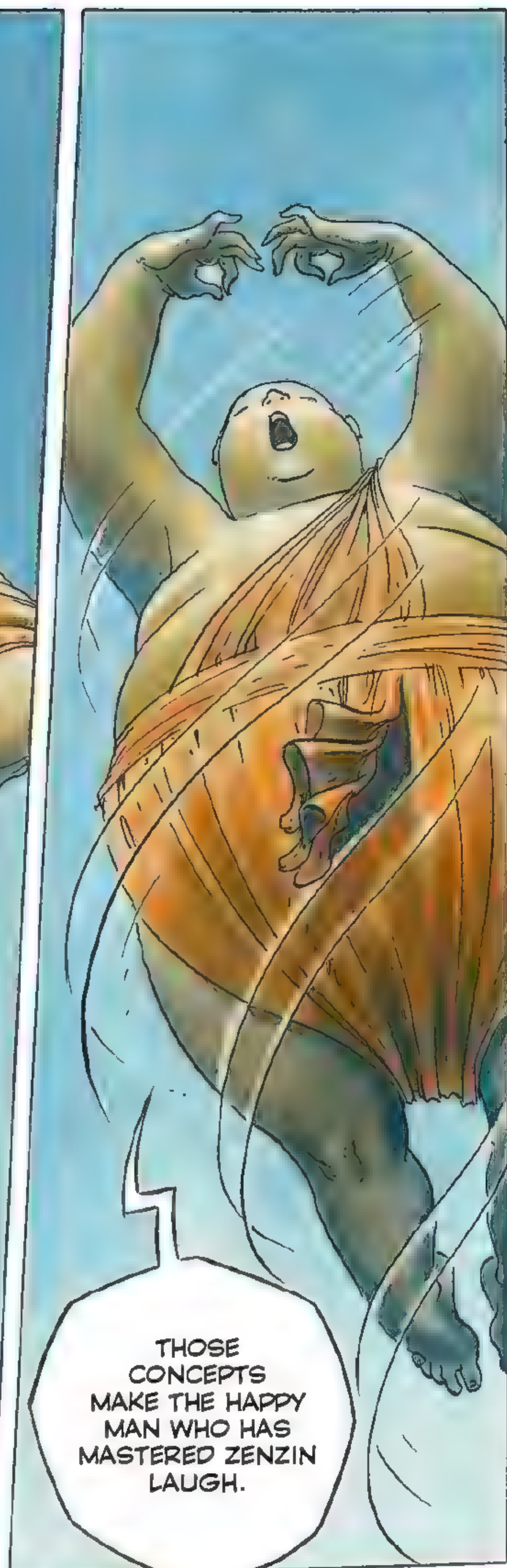




FLEE!



RUN!



THOSE  
CONCEPTS  
MAKE THE HAPPY  
MAN WHO HAS  
MASTERED ZENZIN  
LAUGH.



YES, WELL IF YOU'D  
PUSH INSTEAD OF  
LAUGHING! THE AMPLE-  
TIME PENGUINS ARE  
GETTING CLOSER!



IT DOESN'T  
MATTER WHETHER  
THE TIME BE AMPLE OR  
SHORT AS BY APPLYING  
A DOUBLE FLICK TO  
THE HOOTER OF  
REALITY...

OUCH!



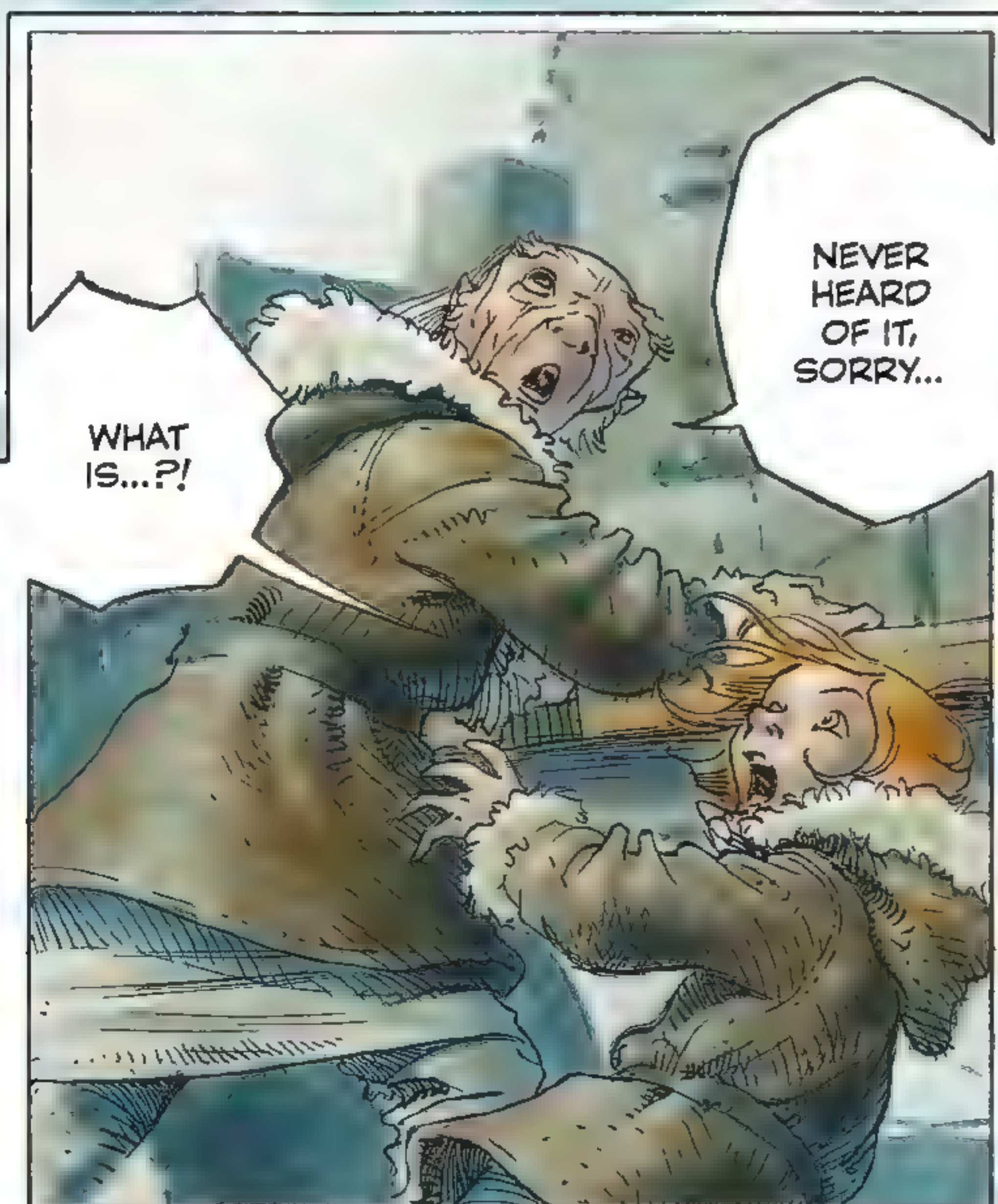
I INVOKE THE  
ALL-POWERFUL, THE  
SINEWY, THE SILENT,  
THE UBIQUITOUS, THE  
SLITHERING, THE ONE AND  
ONLY, THE COSMIC TWIST,  
THE STORM OF SCALE  
AND FEATHERS!





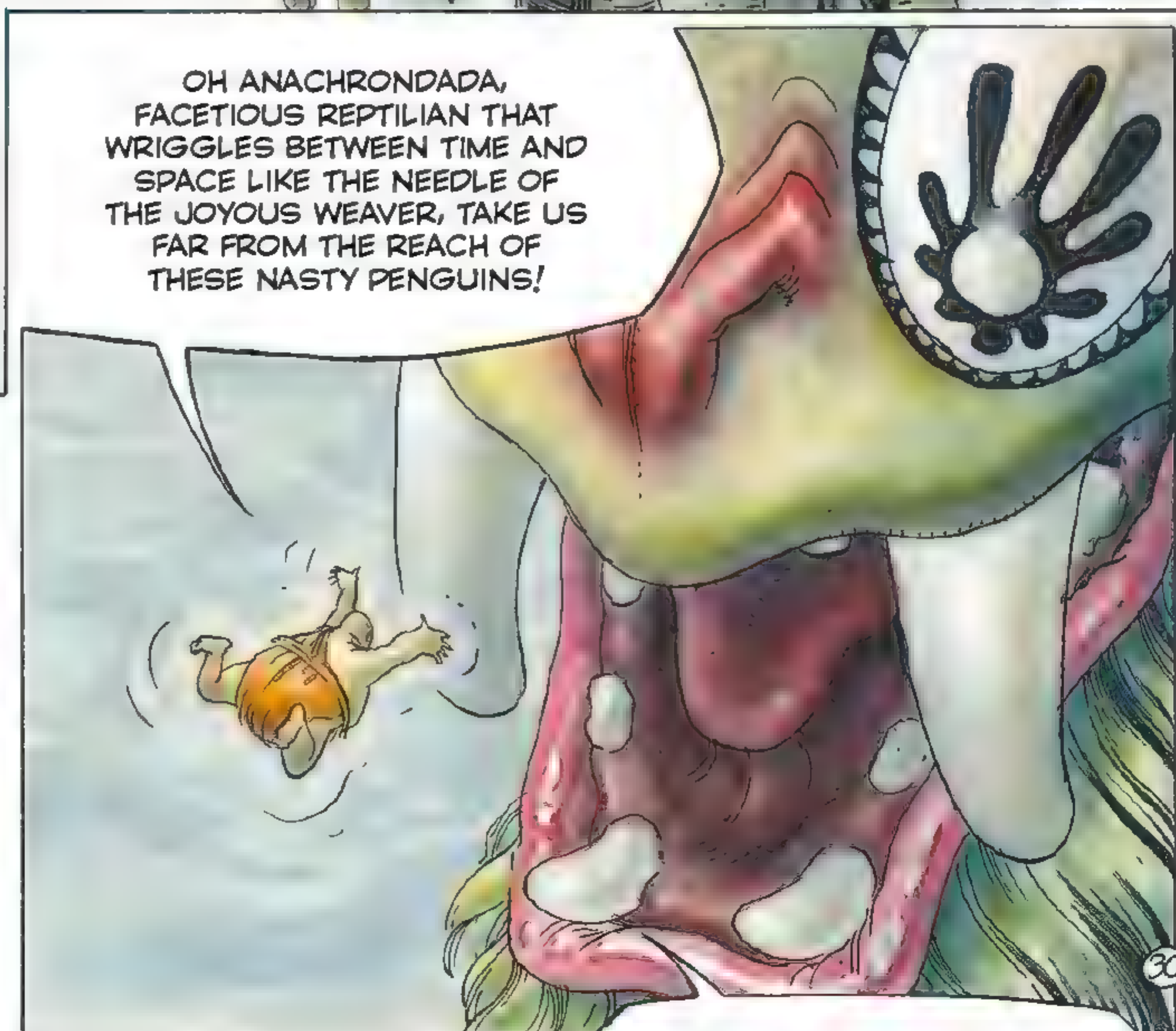
ANACHRONDADA,

THE  
INCONGRUOUS  
SERPENT OF THE  
INFINITE RINGS!



WHAT  
IS...?!

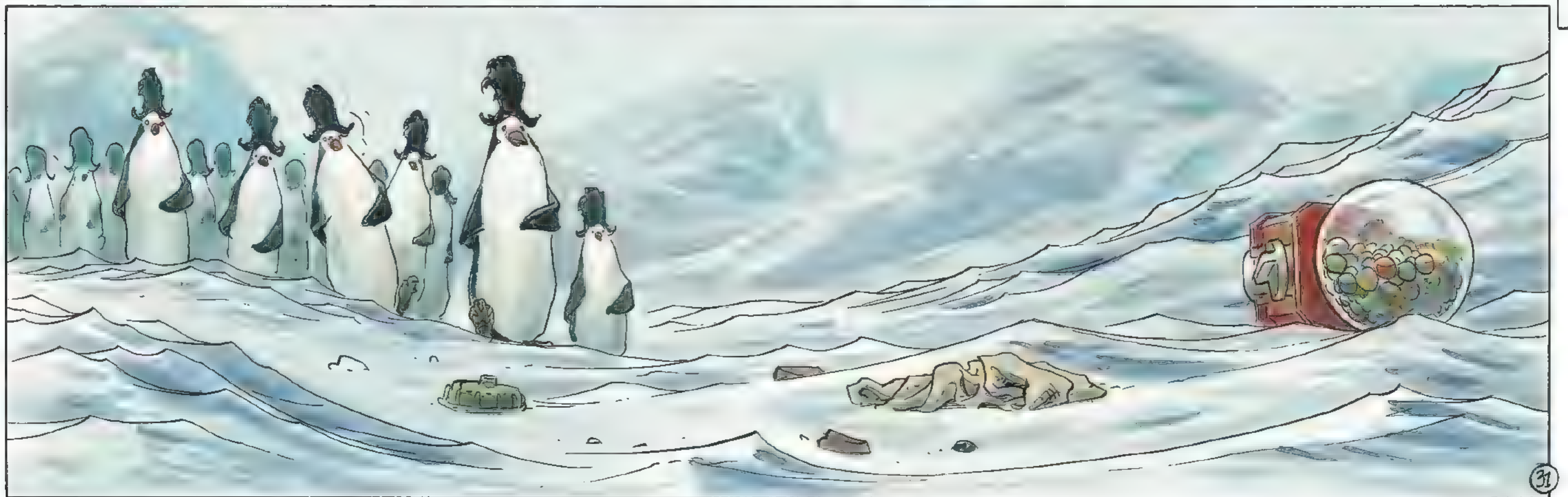
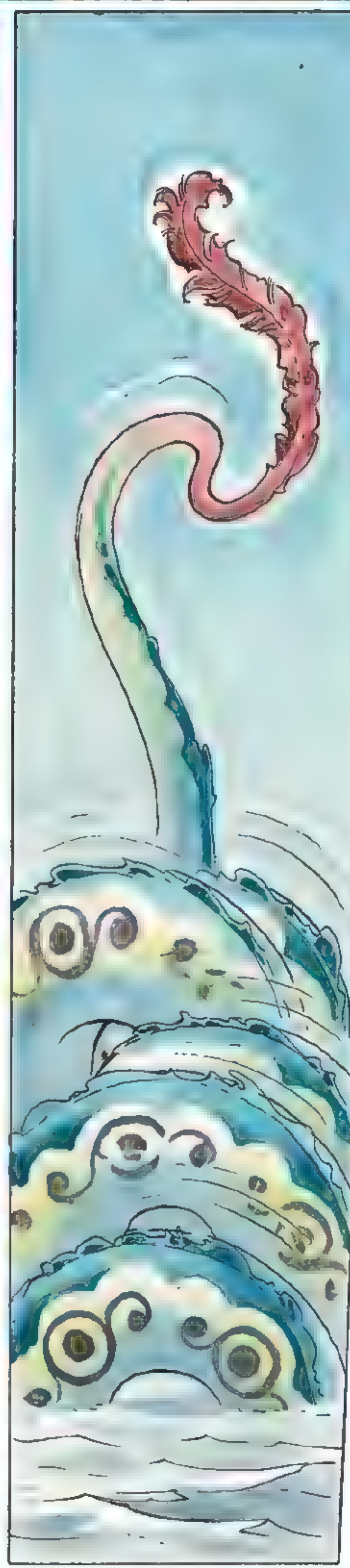
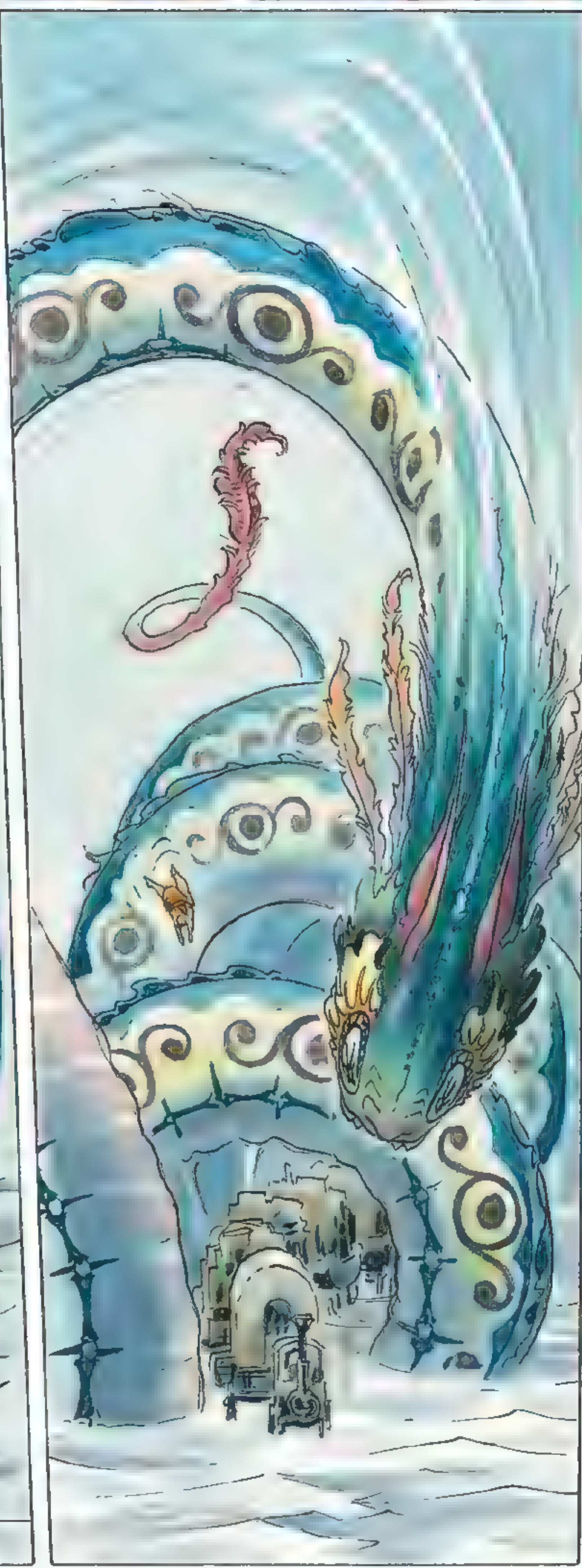
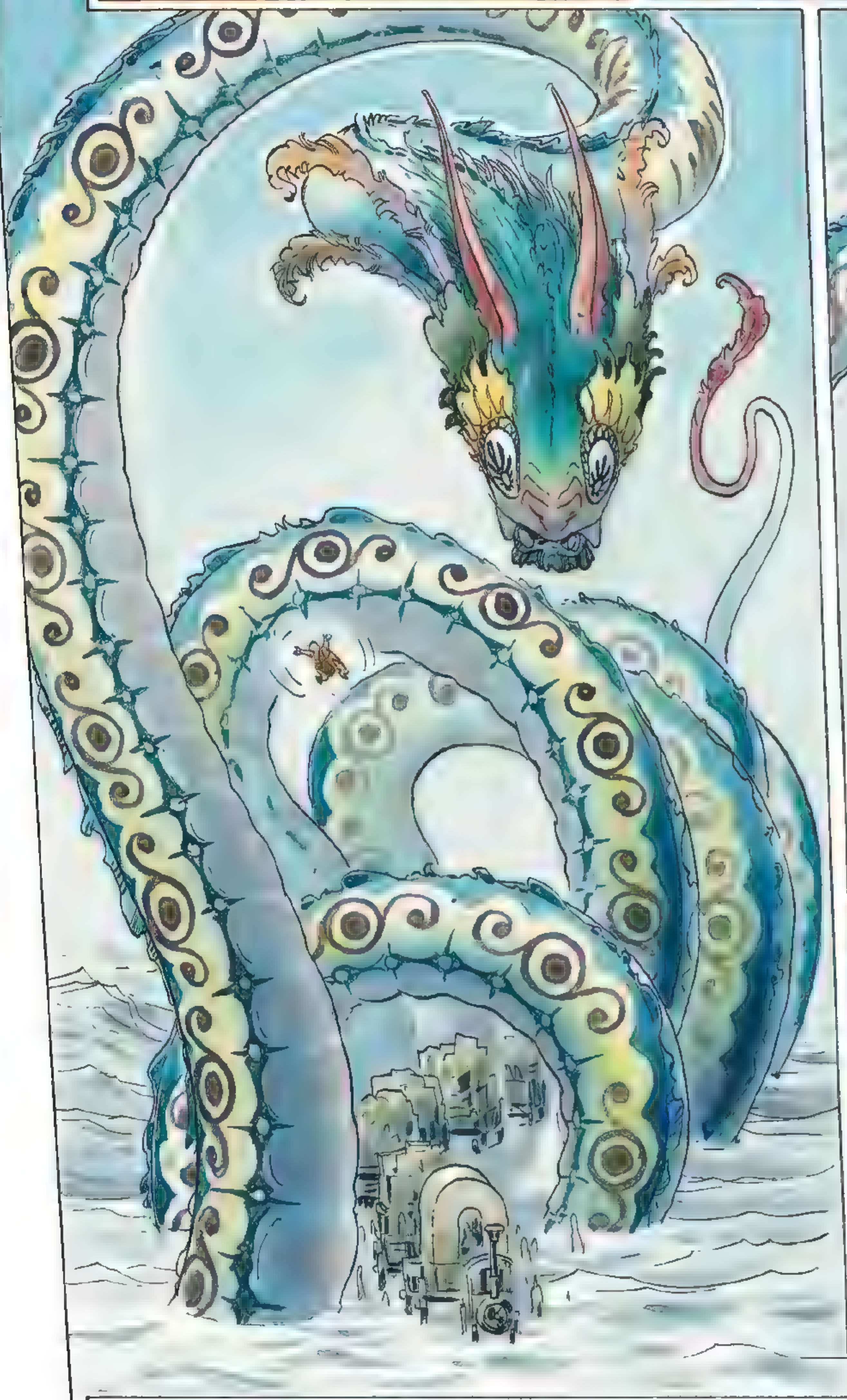
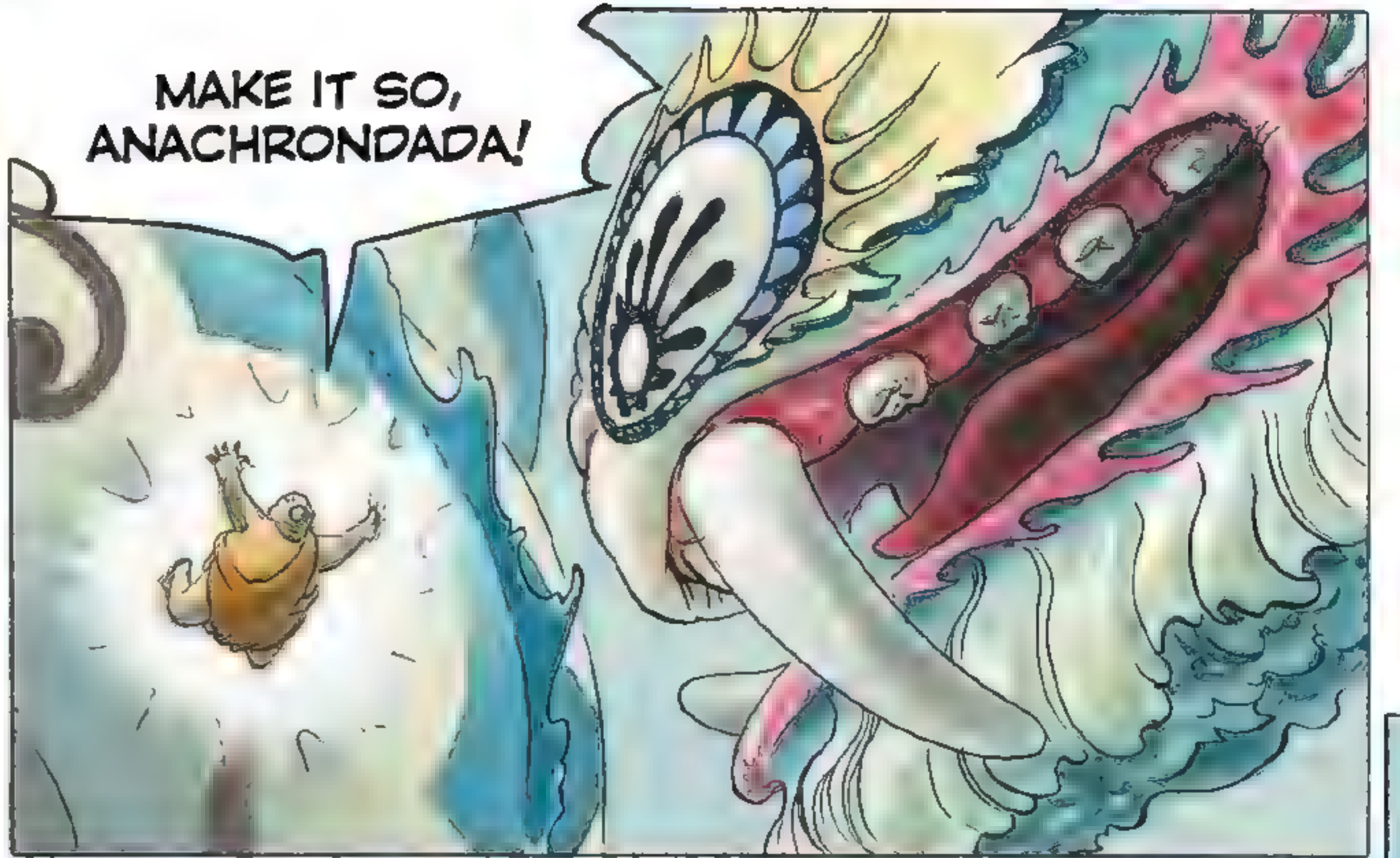
NEVER  
HEARD  
OF IT,  
SORRY...



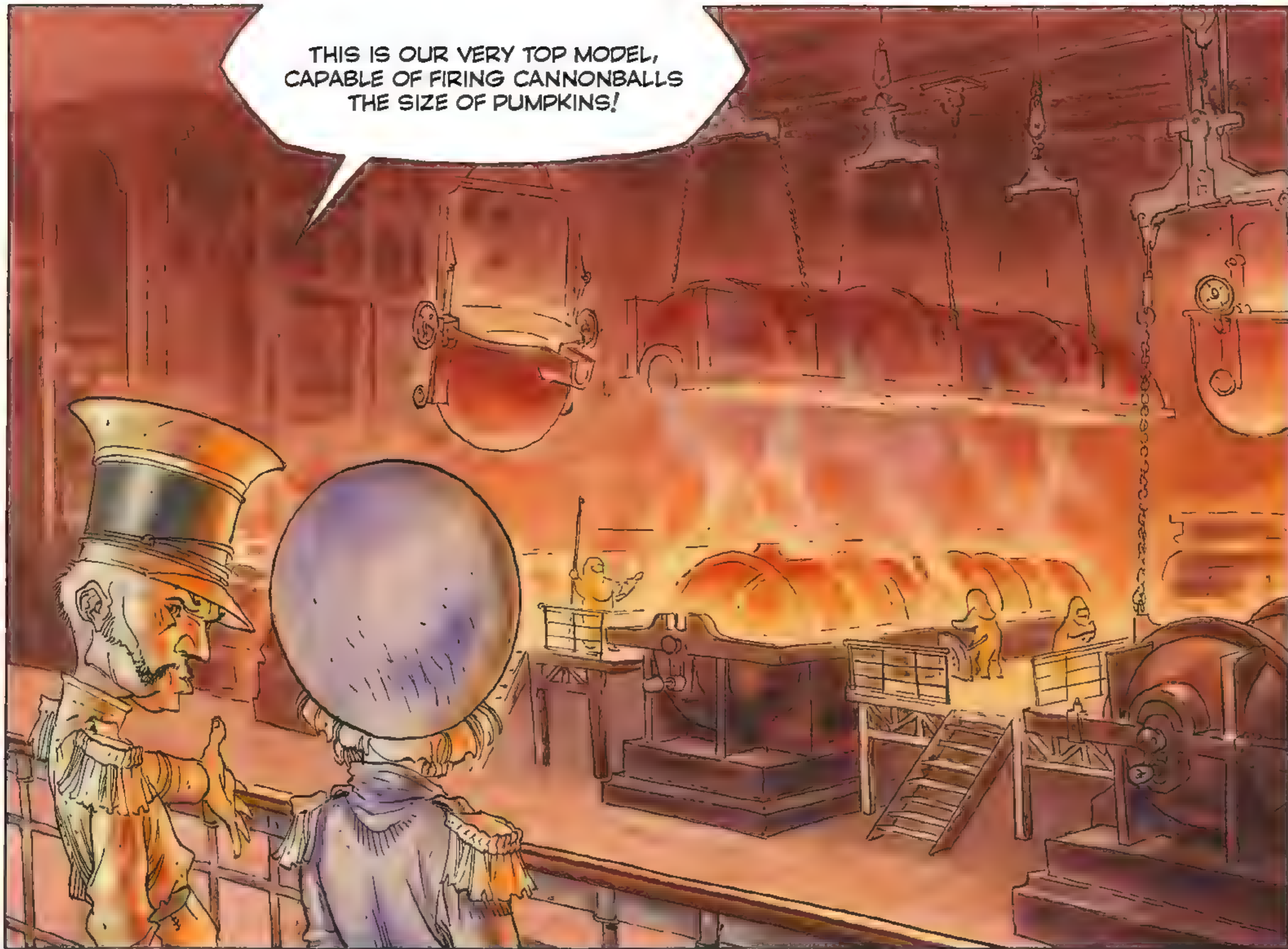
OH ANACHRONDADA,  
FACETIOUS REPTILIAN THAT  
WRIGGLES BETWEEN TIME AND  
SPACE LIKE THE NEEDLE OF  
THE JOYOUS WEAVER, TAKE US  
FAR FROM THE REACH OF  
THESE NASTY PENGUINS!

TAKE US ALL THE WAY TO...







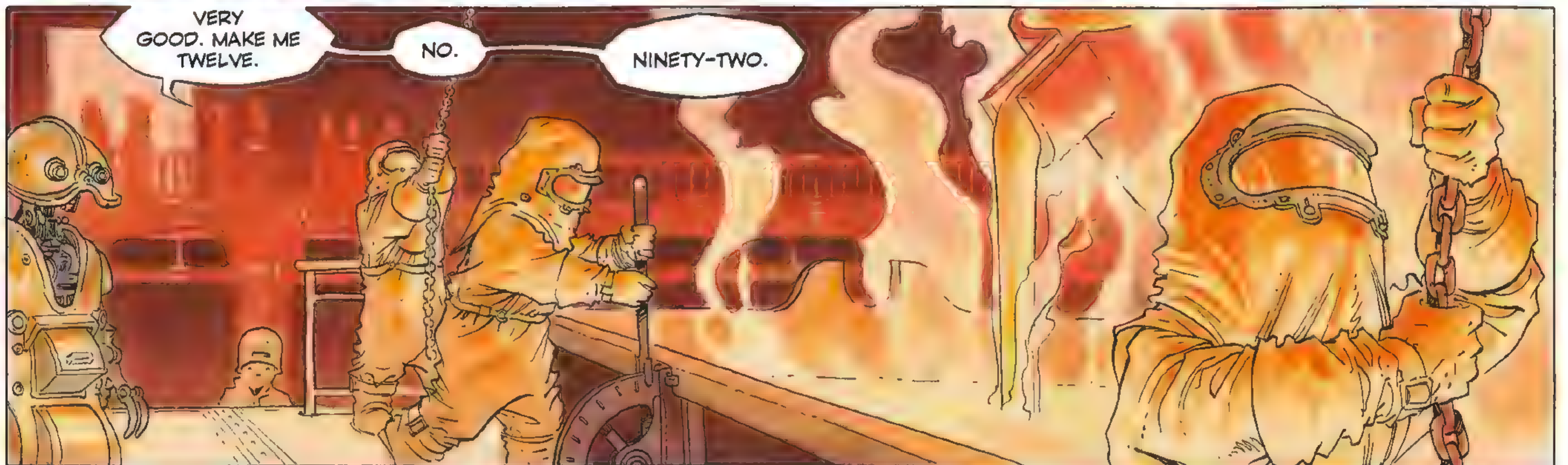


THIS IS OUR VERY TOP MODEL,  
CAPABLE OF FIRING CANNONBALLS  
THE SIZE OF PUMPKINS!



WITH NOISE,  
AND SMOKE,  
AND ALL THE  
SHAKING?

TERRIBLE  
SHAKING, YOUR  
MAJESTY.



VERY  
GOOD. MAKE ME  
TWELVE.

NO.

NINETY-TWO.



IT'S A  
TRIUMPH, YOUR  
MAJESTY! A  
TRIUMPH!



ANOTHER ONE!  
THERE... THERE'S A...  
ANOTHER ONE!



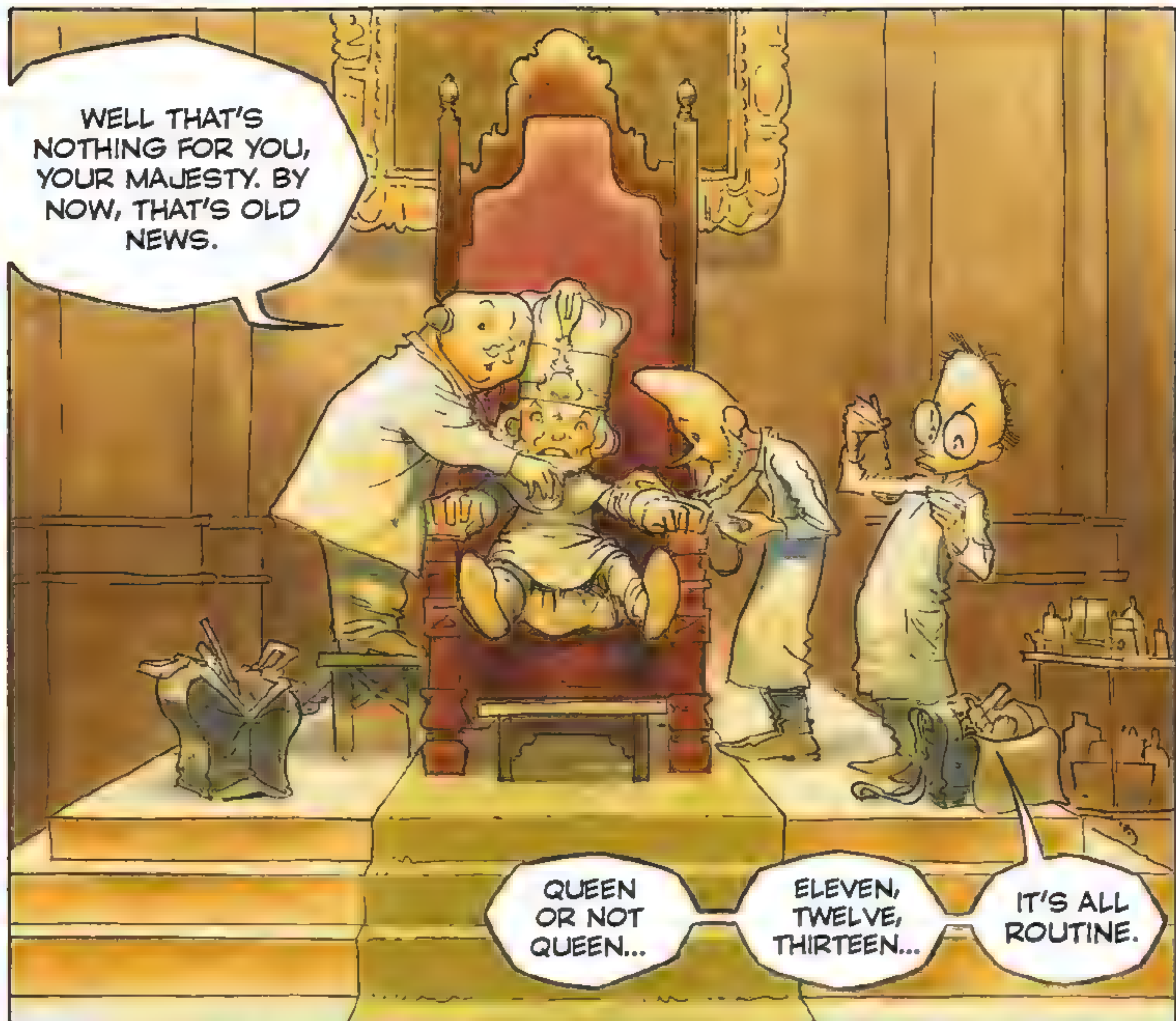
WE PLACED  
HER IN THE  
RED WING.





DEAR LORD, IT'S TRUE, SHE'S COMING.

SHE'S A QUEEN, APPARENTLY.



WELL THAT'S NOTHING FOR YOU, YOUR MAJESTY. BY NOW, THAT'S OLD NEWS.

QUEEN OR NOT QUEEN...

ELEVEN, TWELVE, THIRTEEN...

IT'S ALL ROUTINE.



GNG... ROUTINE, YEAH.

HMM. SEVENTEEN OVER NINE DESPITE EVERYTHING.



OULALA-WELL-ERM-YES-AH-GOOD-GOOD-LET'S-NOT-PANIC-NOW.

ROUTINE. TAKE THIS.

ROUTWOO!

PRESSURE. PRESSURE. PRESSURE.



HEY, LITTLE GUYS.



I'M DOWN A KINGDOM, SO WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED, AND THEN YOU'LL LEND ME YOUR ARMY TO GO CRUSH MY DAUGHTER. ANY OBJECTION, 'GREAT WORRYWORT'?



YOU'RE KIDDING ME.



YOU GOT HERE TOO LATE, MOM.





MY DEAR CHILD!  
AT LAST!

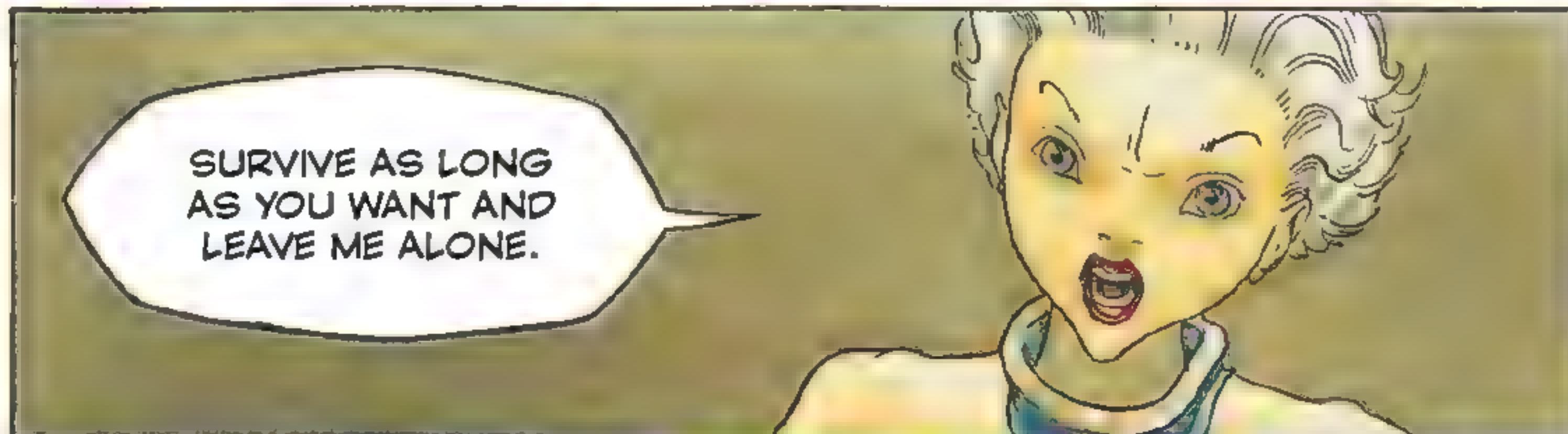


IT'S BECOME PATHETIC,  
THIS OBSTINATE NEED OF YOURS  
TO KILL ME. DOES THE MATERNAL  
INSTINCT MEAN ANYTHING  
TO YOU?



PFT.

SURVIVE AS LONG  
AS YOU WANT AND  
LEAVE ME ALONE.



WHAT PREVENTS ME  
FROM LIVING HAPPILY,  
IS THE IDEA THAT I AM  
SURVIVED.



SO MUCH  
CANDOR IN  
ONE BODY,  
HOW IS IT  
POSSIBLE?  
LEAVES ONE  
TO WANDER  
WHO RAISED  
YOU.

FREAKS DID, IF  
MY MEMORY SERVES.  
MY MOTHER WAS  
TOO BUSY HUNTING  
CLEPSIGRUE AND  
SUCKING ON  
THEIR GUTS.

THE  
SURVIVAL  
INSTINCT IS  
STRONGER  
IN ME.

AND WHO'S  
THREATENING YOUR  
SURVIVAL?  
ME?!

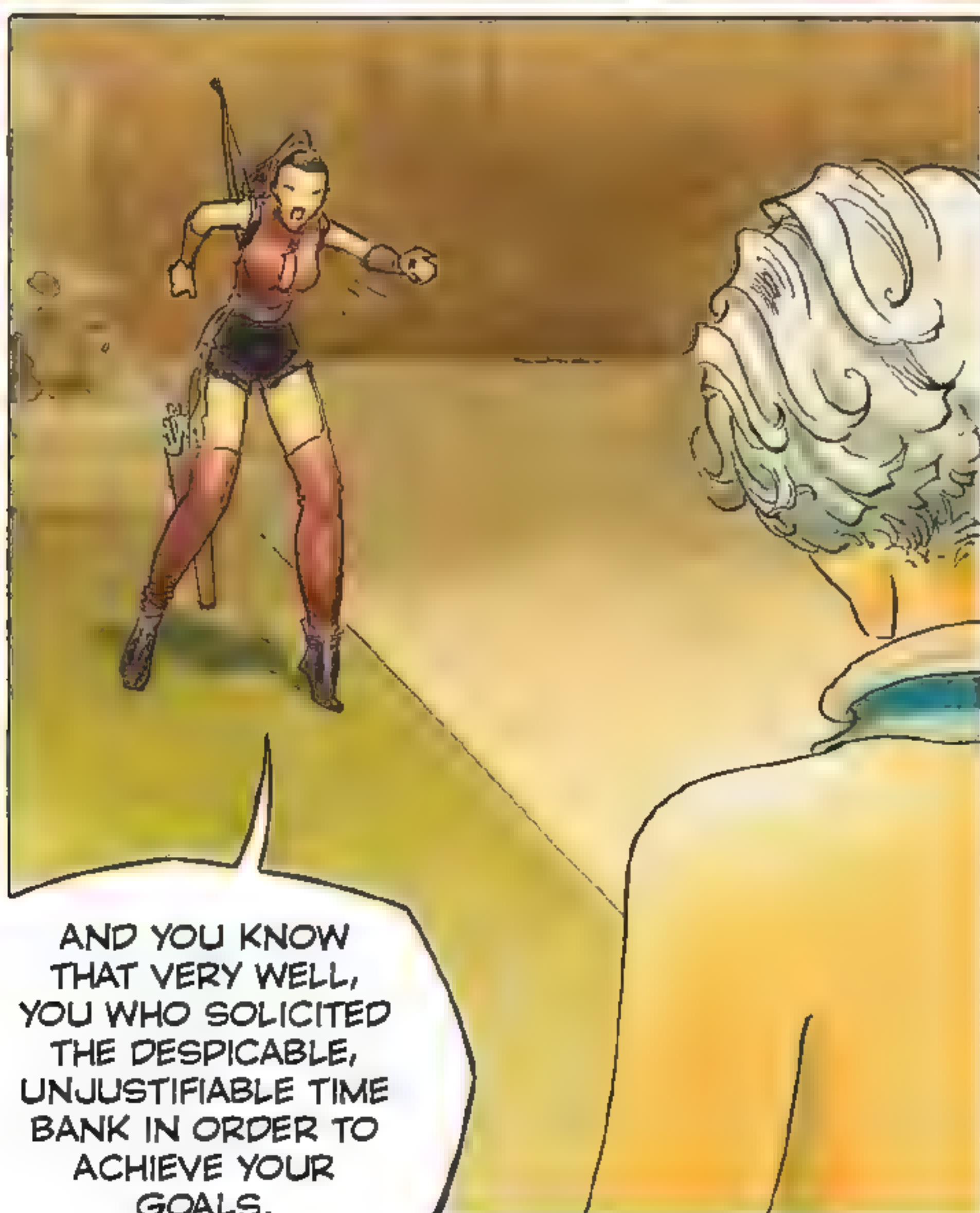


YES, QUITE. LET ME MAKE UP FOR  
ALL THE TIME I LOST IN PROVIDING YOU  
WITH AN EDUCATION BY REVEALING  
SOMETHING FUNDAMENTAL BEFORE  
I KILL YOU -- THE PRINCIPAL MOTOR  
OF THE HUMAN SOUL ISN'T PERSONAL  
SUCCESS, BUT THE FAILURE  
OF OTHERS.

IT'S UGLY BUT  
IT'S TRUE.



I WANT  
TO BE  
ETERNAL  
AND I  
WANT TO  
BE ONLY  
ONE.



AND YOU KNOW  
THAT VERY WELL,  
YOU WHO SOLICITED  
THE DESPICABLE,  
UNJUSTIFIABLE TIME  
BANK IN ORDER TO  
ACHIEVE YOUR  
GOALS.



ADMIT IT. IT  
GIVES YOU  
BUTTERFLIES IN  
THE STOMACH  
TO THINK OF  
ALL THESE  
PEOPLE DYING  
SO YOU CAN  
LIVE? EH?

THAT'S  
NOT  
TRUE!



HAHA.  
LIAR.

REGARDLESS, I'M  
CLOSING YOUR CASE,  
AND BY DOING SO MAKE  
MYSELF A BENEFACTRESS  
TO ALL HUMANITY.

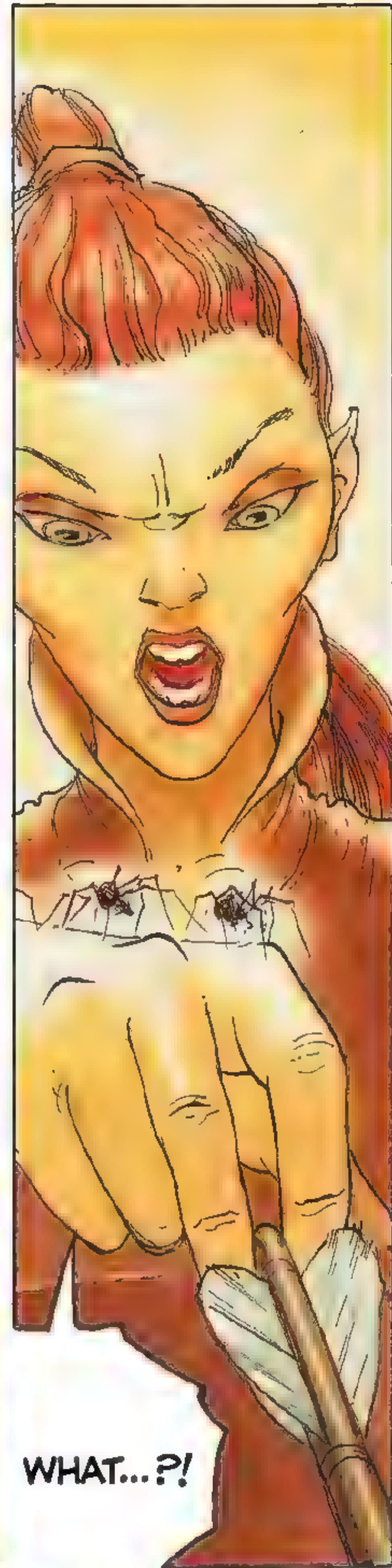


DON'T YOU EVER WONDER HOW STRANGE  
IT IS, OUR INSATIABLE THIRST FOR  
ETERNITY? THAT FORCE EATING US  
BOTH UP AND PUSHING US TO  
DENY THE INEVITABLE?



INEVITABLE FOR YOU.

YOU COULD NEVER WIN. YOU WERE  
FACING A FOE DECIDEDLY MORE  
FORMIDABLE THAN THE PASSING  
OF TIME -- YOUR OWN  
DEAR MOTHER!



WHAT...?!

AAAH!



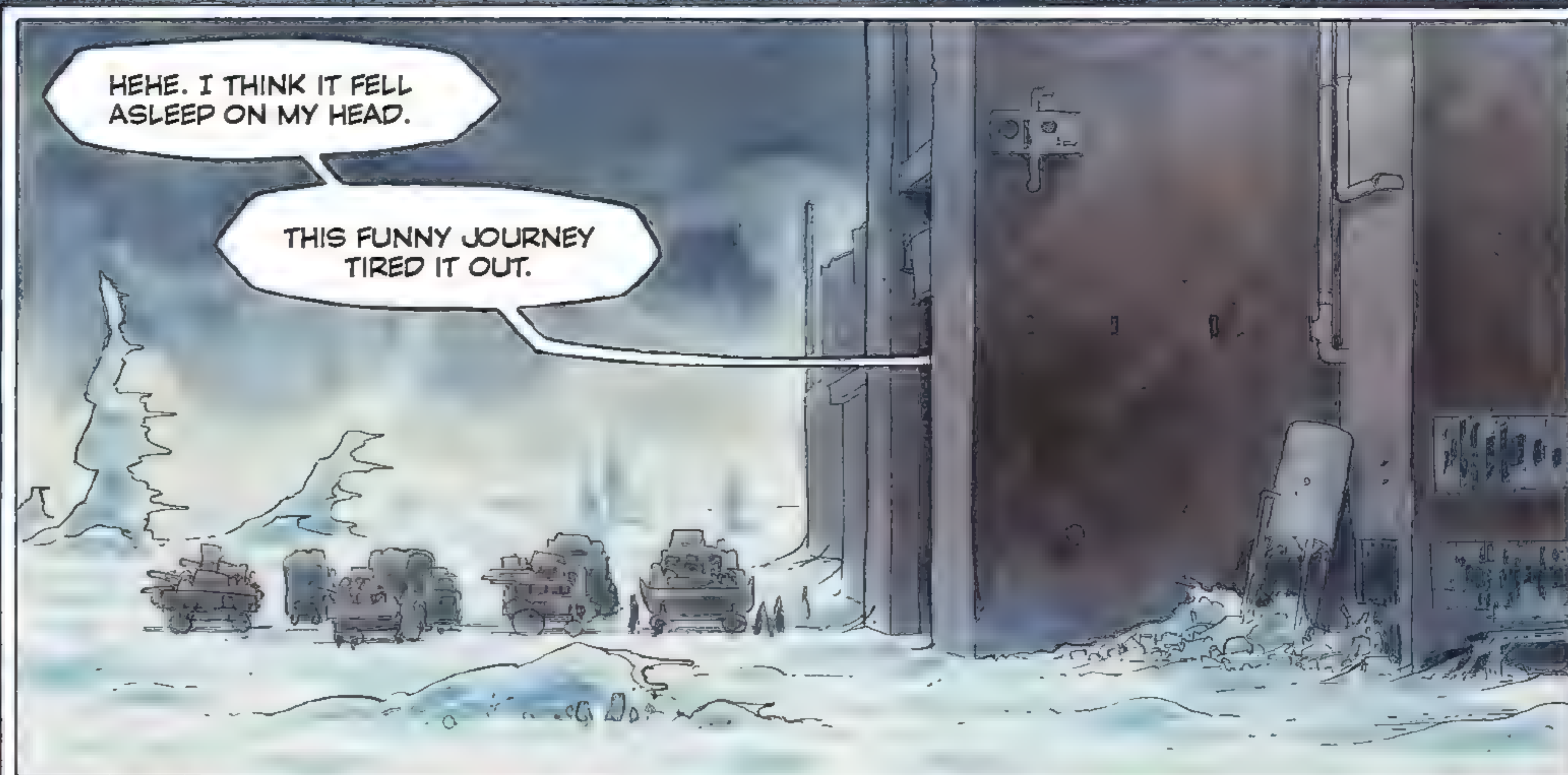
I SAID YOU GOT  
HERE TOO LATE.

HELP ME!  
AAARGH!



IF ANYONE  
ASKS AFTER  
ME, I'LL BE  
IN THE BLUE  
WING.





HEHE. I THINK IT FELL ASLEEP ON MY HEAD.

THIS FUNNY JOURNEY TIRED IT OUT.



THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY. WHERE ARE WE?

NO IDEA.

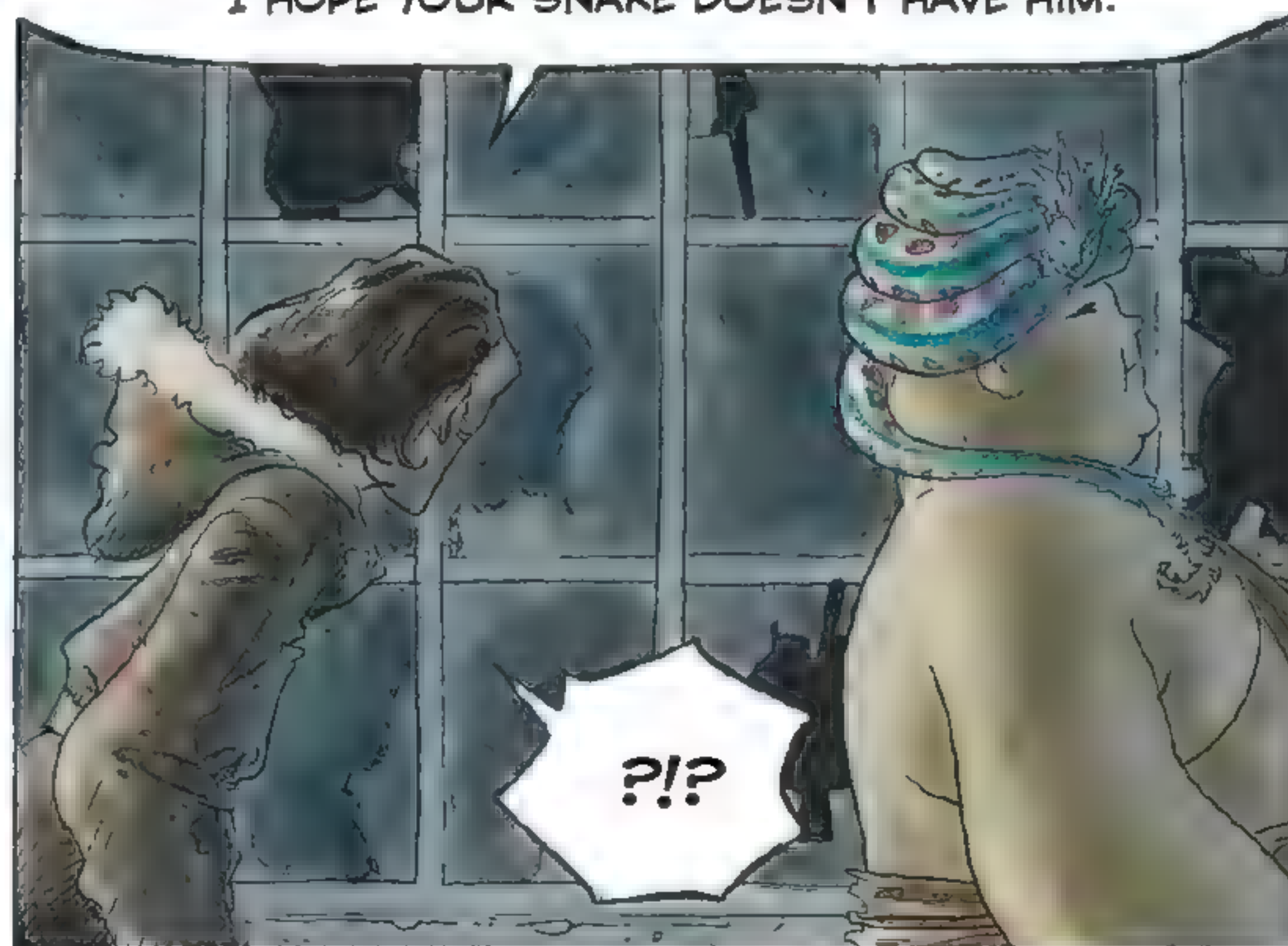
YOUR BLOODY SNAKE GOT IT WRONG. MANIE CAN'T BE HERE.



I TOLD YOU. SOLUTIONS DON'T ALWAYS COME IN THE SAME TEMPORALITY AS THE PROBLEM WITH ZINZEN.

YOU CAN'T GET IT WRONG WITH ZINZEN.

AND WHERE'S YOUNG ARISTIDE? IT'S WORRYING. I HOPE YOUR SNAKE DOESN'T HAVE HIM.



?!?

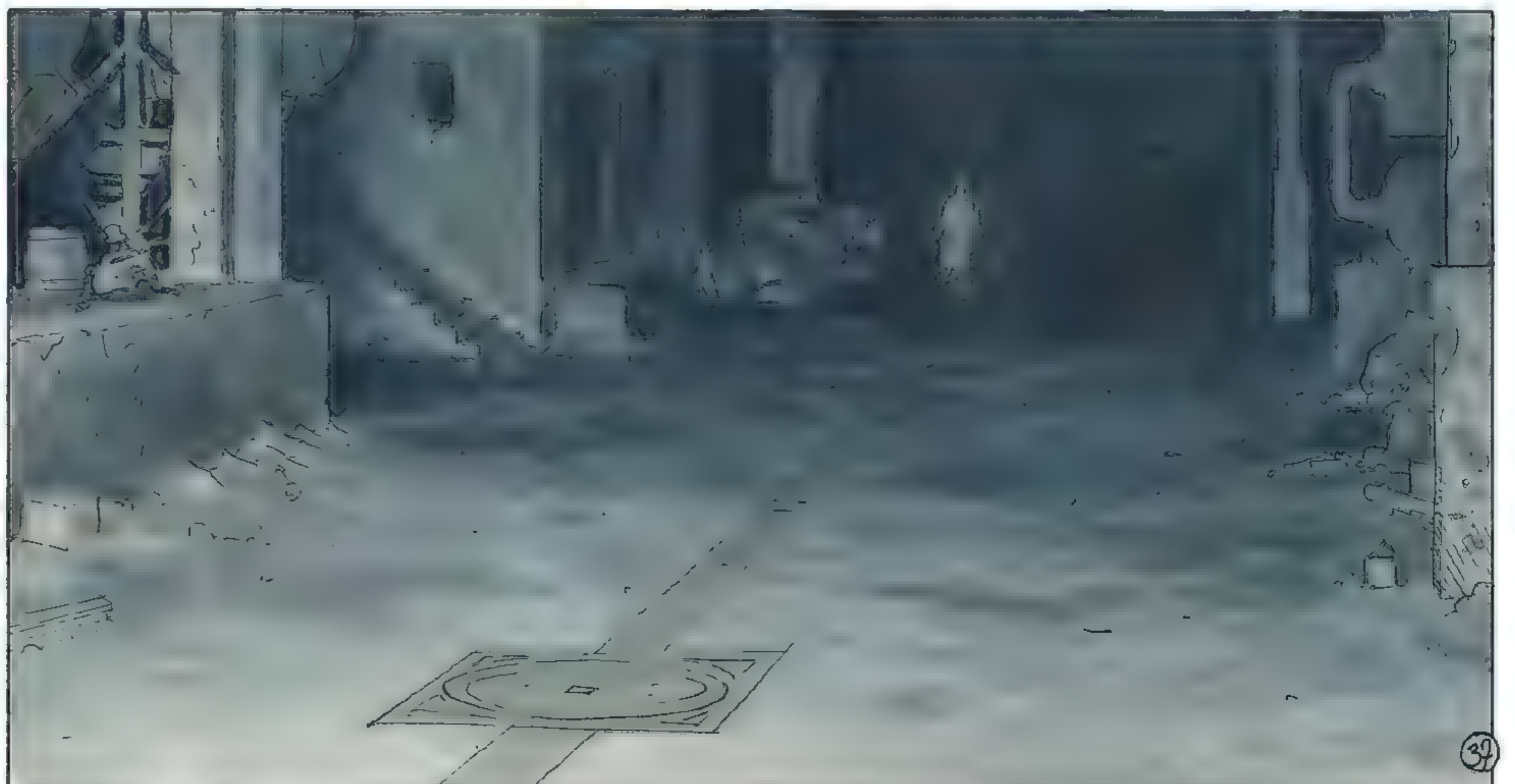
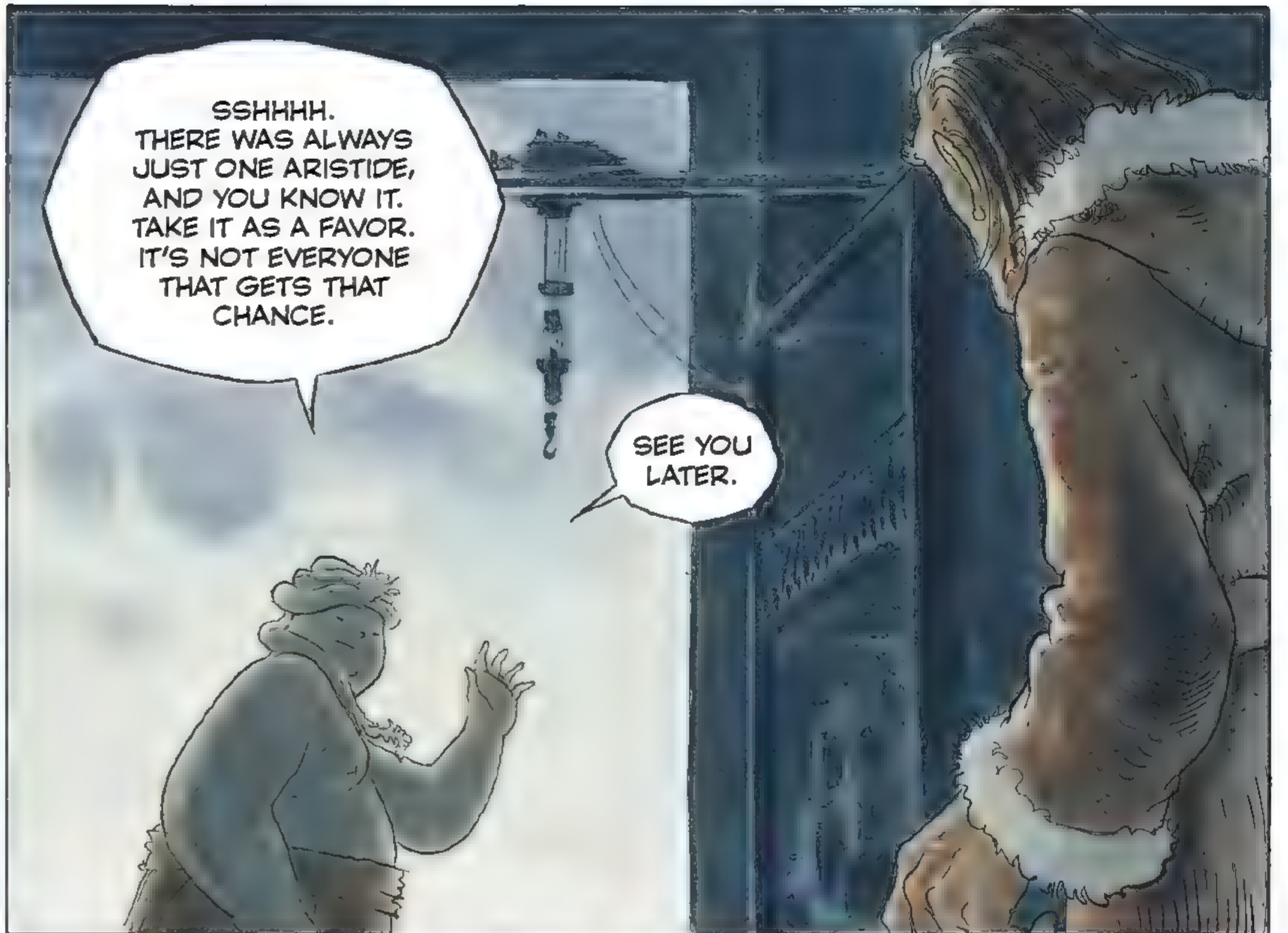
IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE BECOME YOUNGER BY...



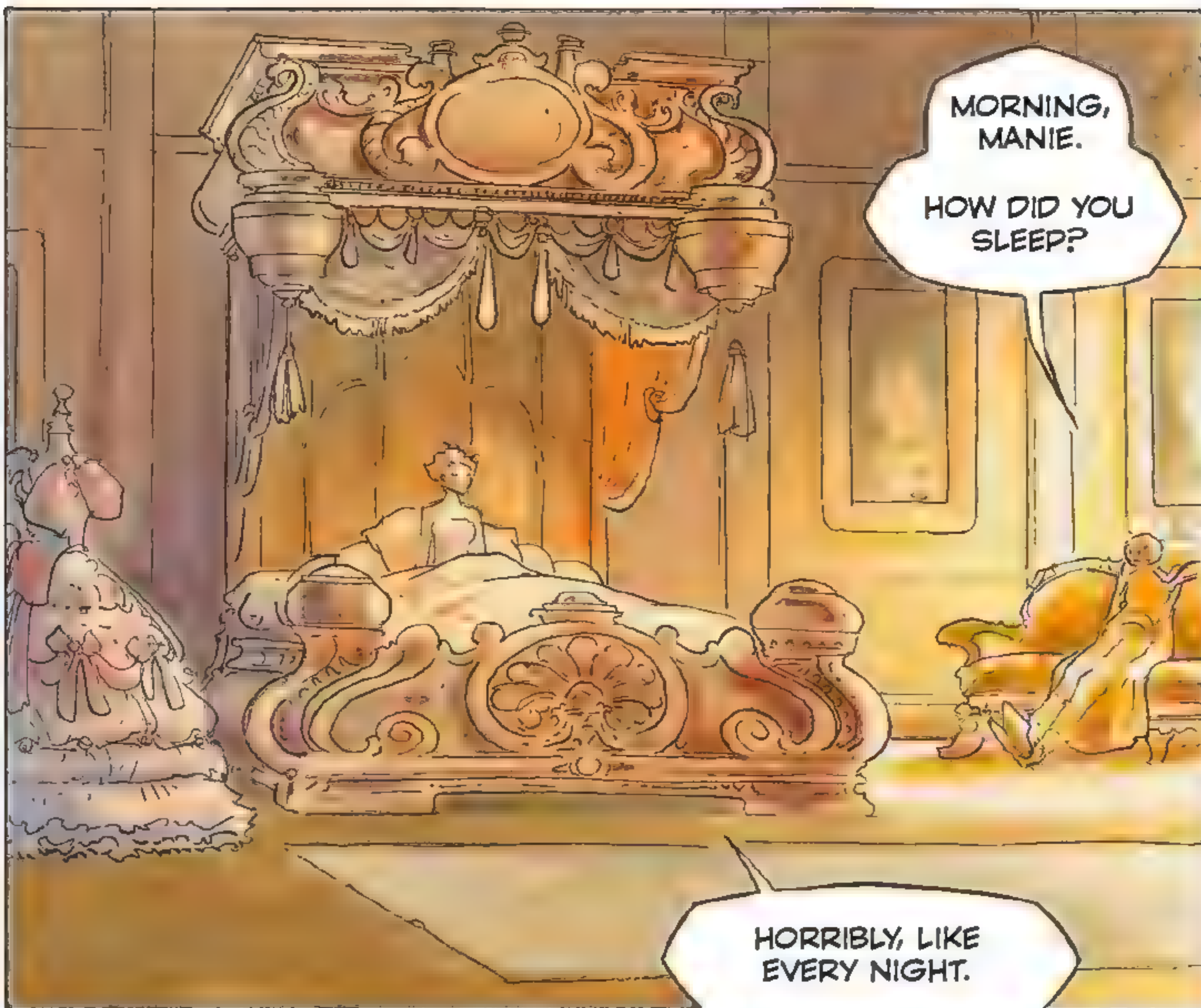
ANACHRONDADA DOES THAT SOMETIMES. IT REASSEMBLES WHAT WAS DISPERSED. IT REALIGNS.

IT MADE AN AVERAGE OUT THE TWO OF YOU.









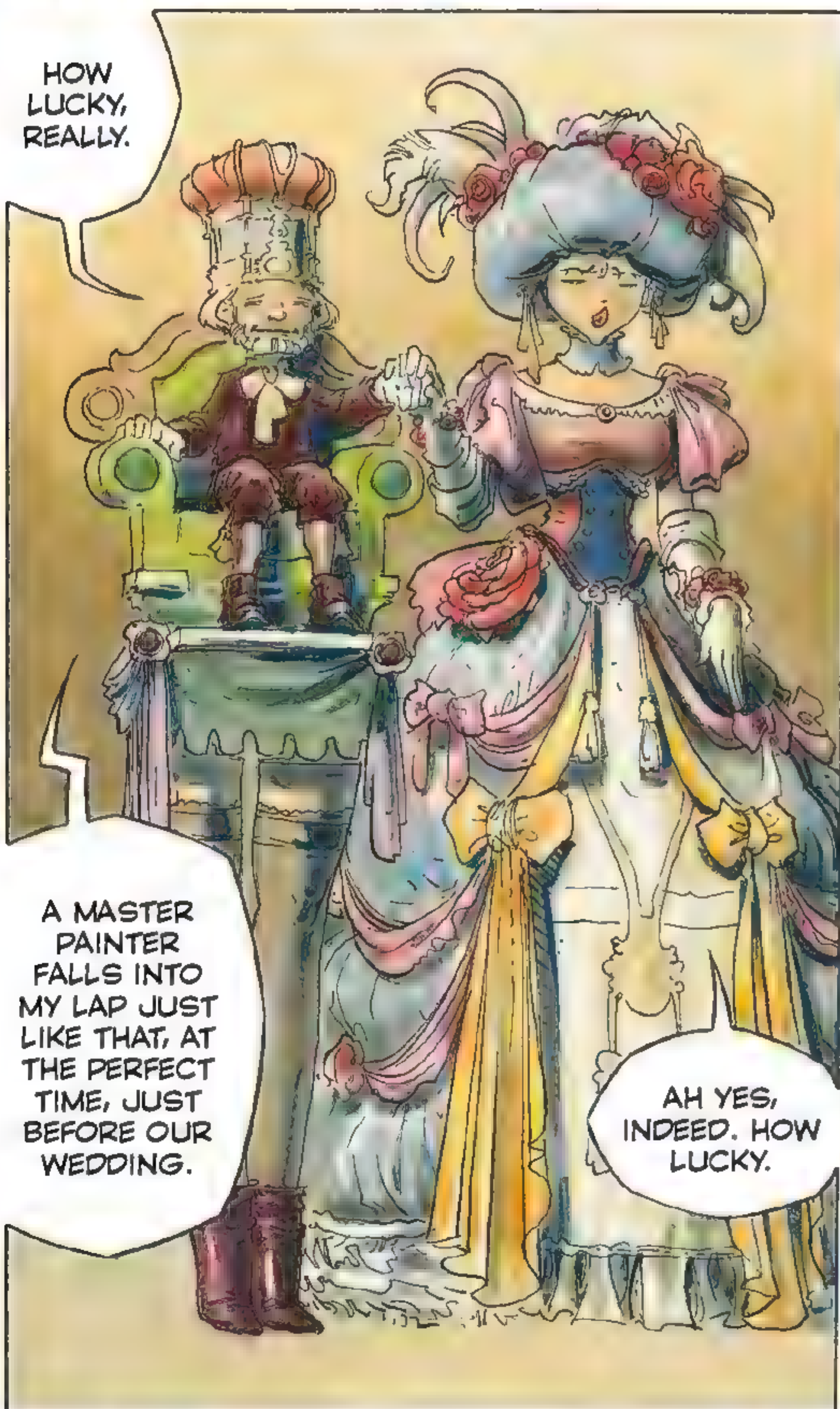
MORNING,  
MANIE.  
HOW DID YOU  
SLEEP?

HORRIBLY, LIKE  
EVERY NIGHT.



WHAT'S THAT  
HIDEOUS MERINGUE.

SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH  
AN OFFICIAL  
PORTRAIT, I  
WAS TOLD.



HOW  
LUCKY,  
REALLY.

A MASTER  
PAINTER  
FALLS INTO  
MY LAP JUST  
LIKE THAT, AT  
THE PERFECT  
TIME, JUST  
BEFORE OUR  
WEDDING.

AH YES,  
INDEED. HOW  
LUCKY.



IS IT  
NEARLY  
FINISHED?



A TINY INSTANT MORE...

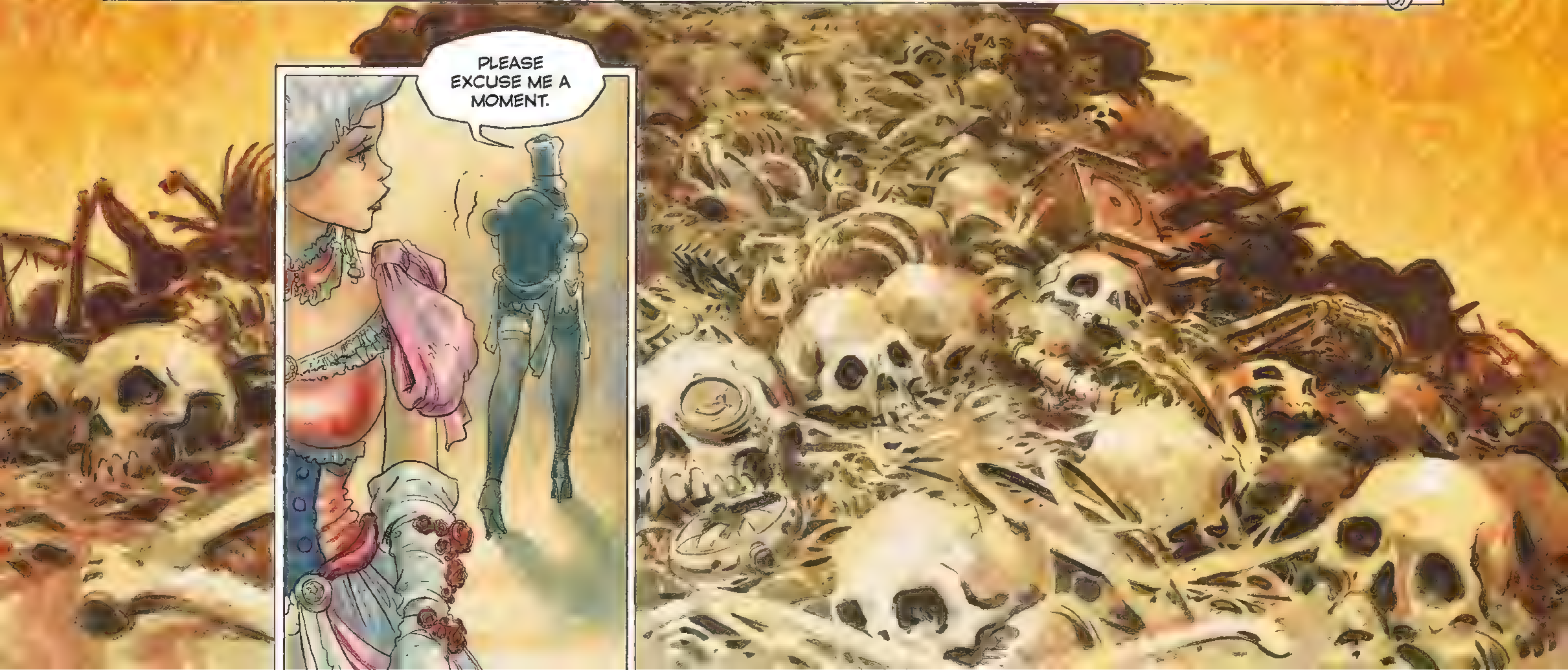
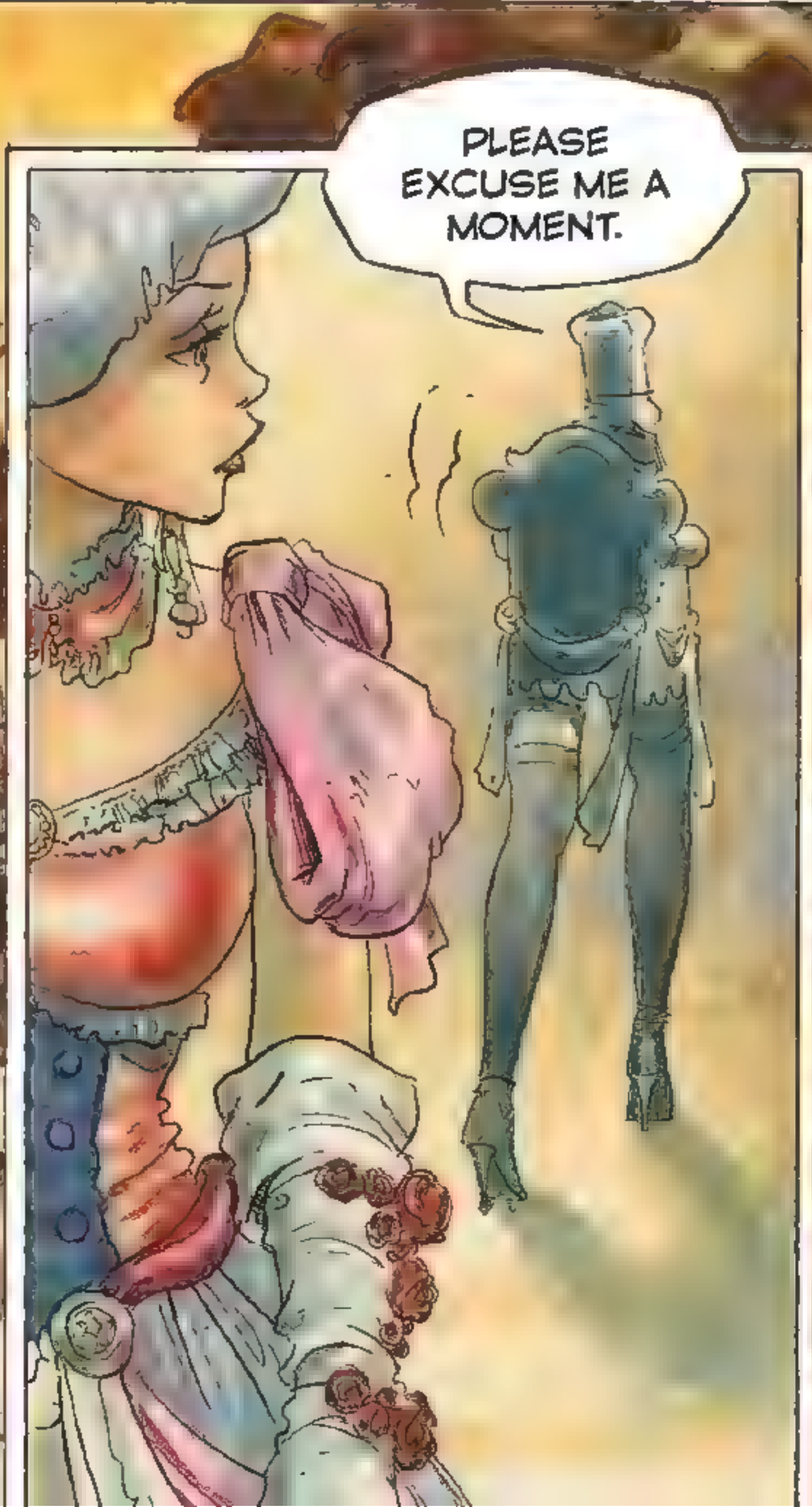
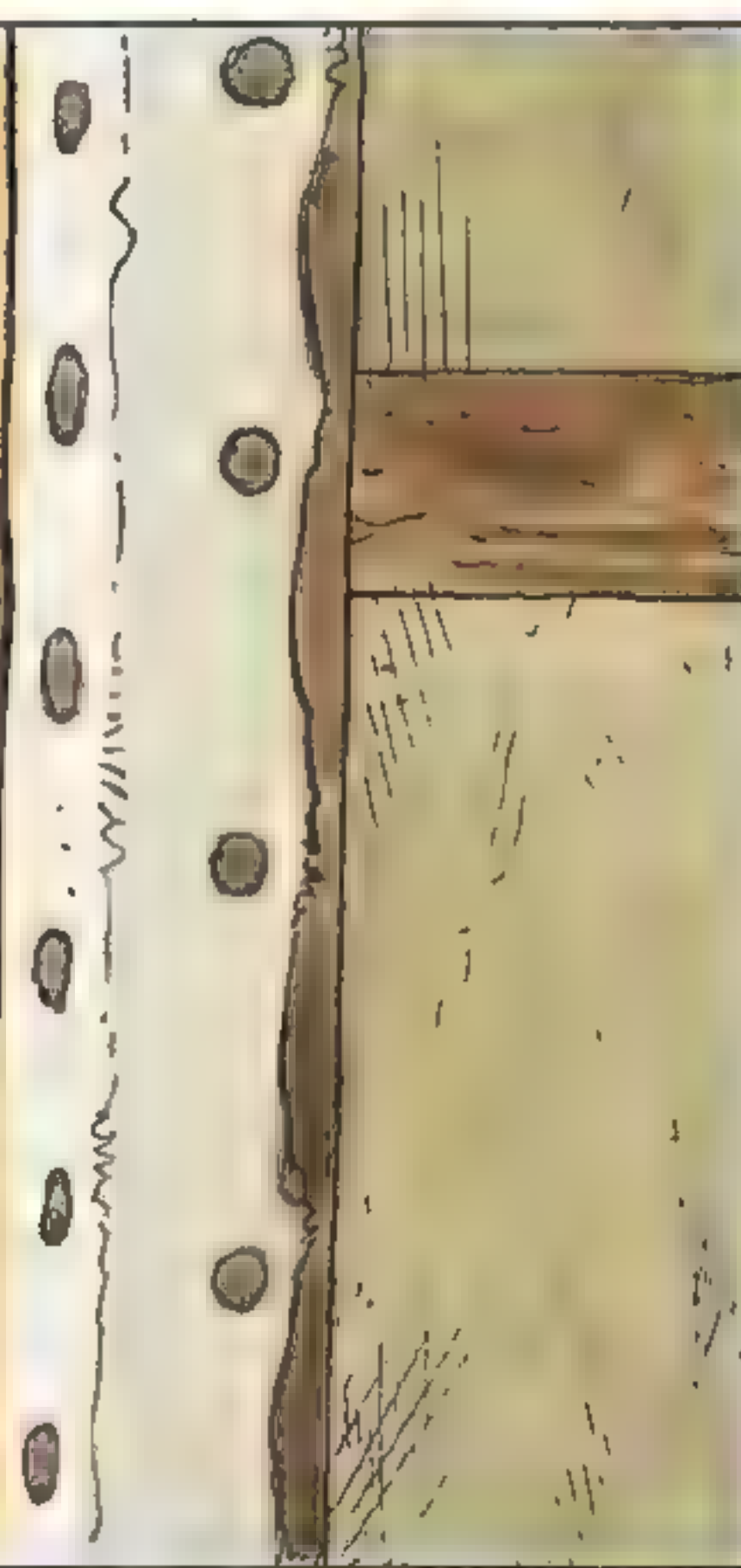
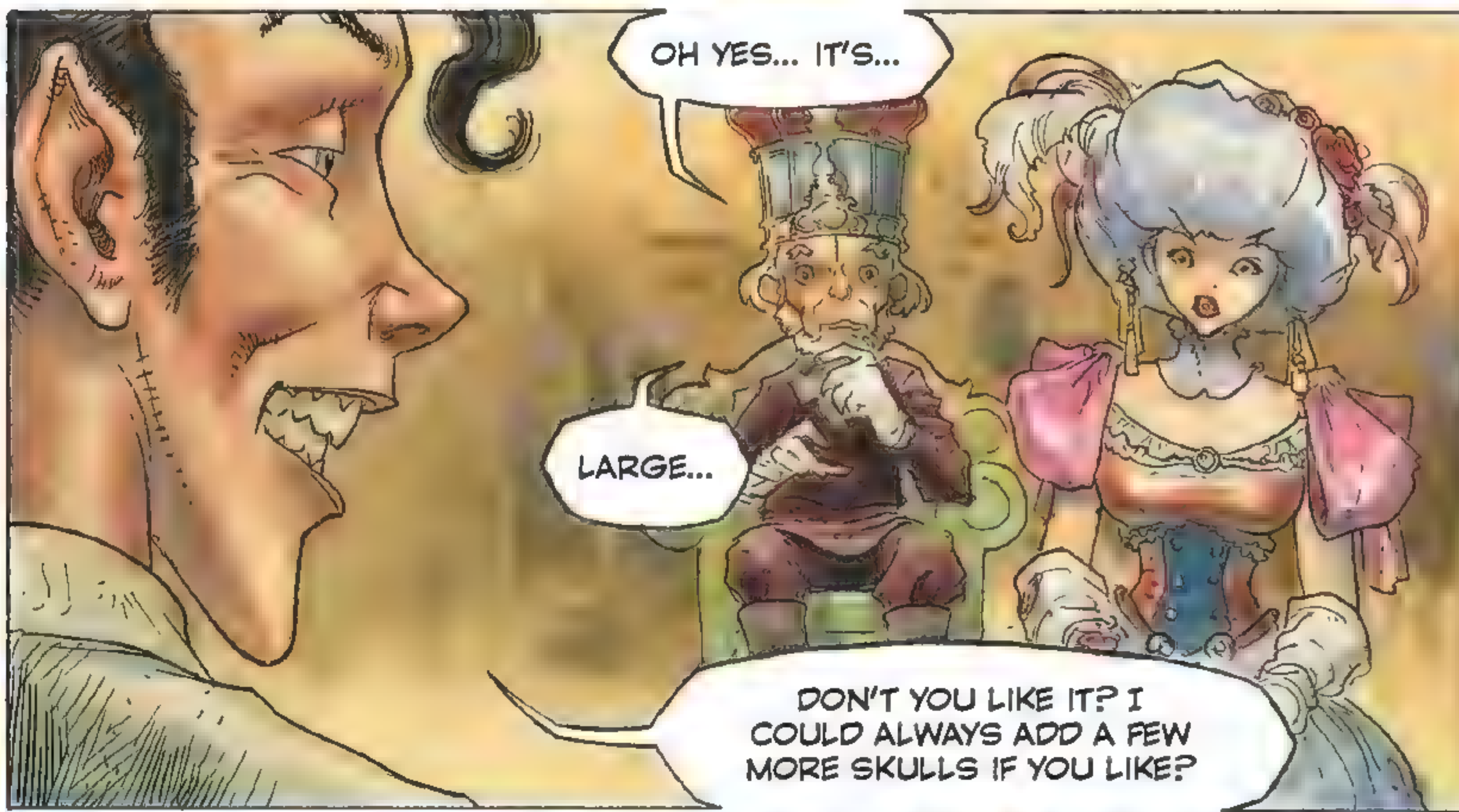
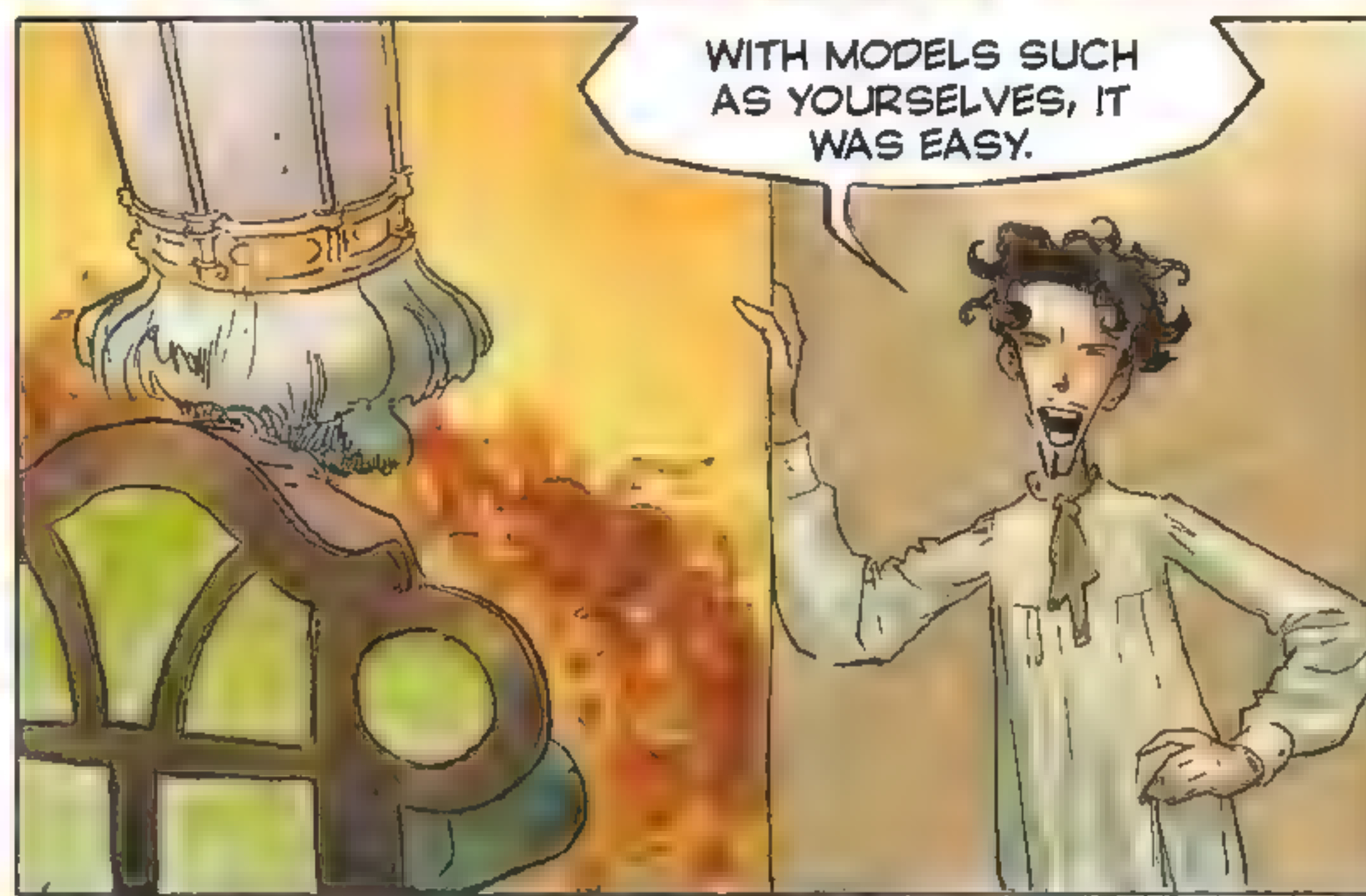


I THINK  
THAT...

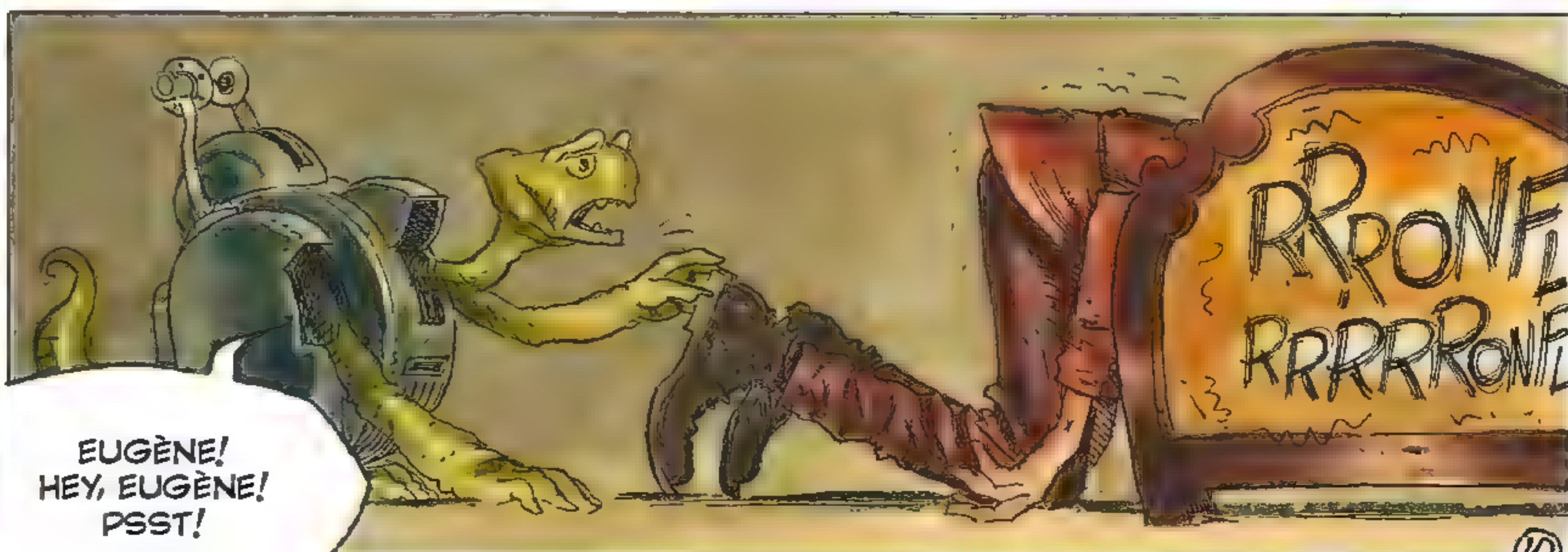
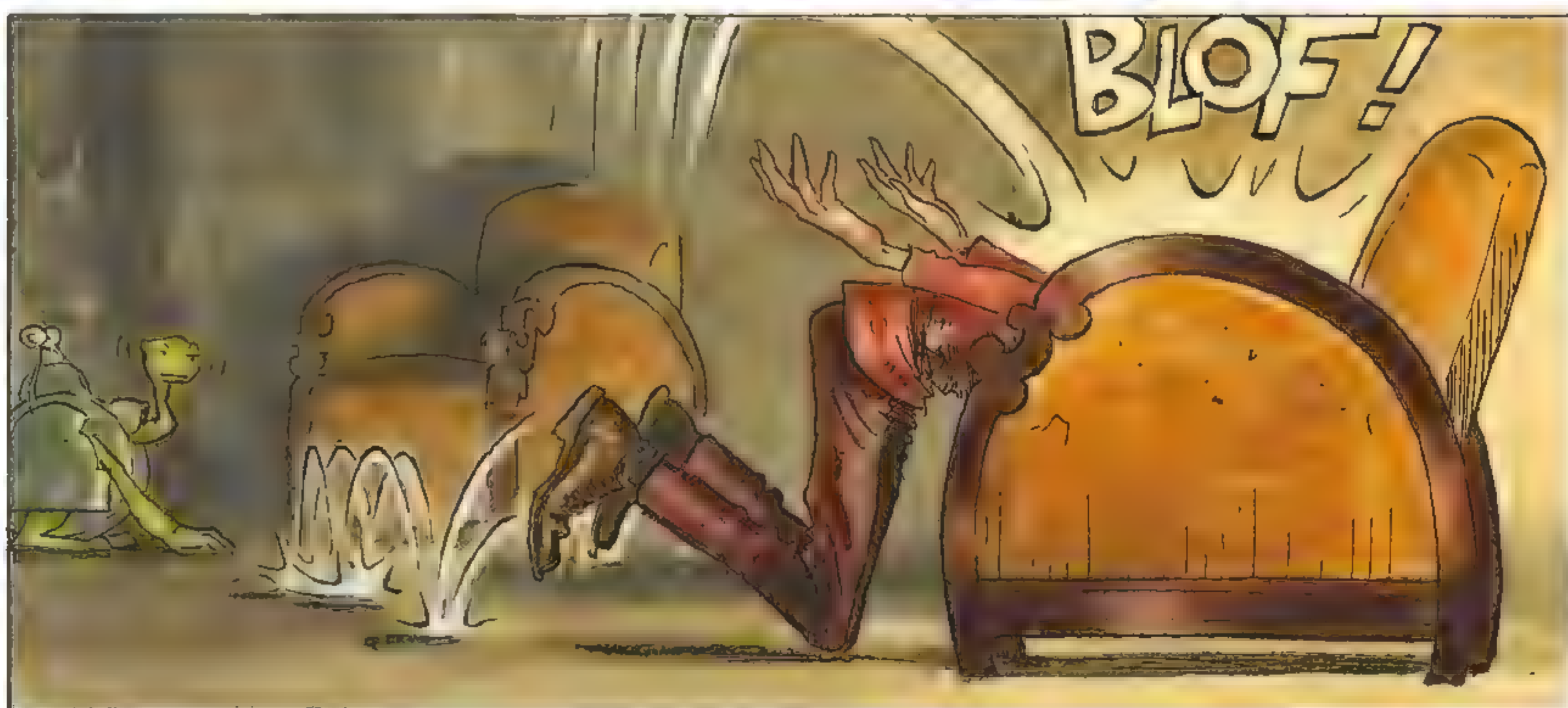
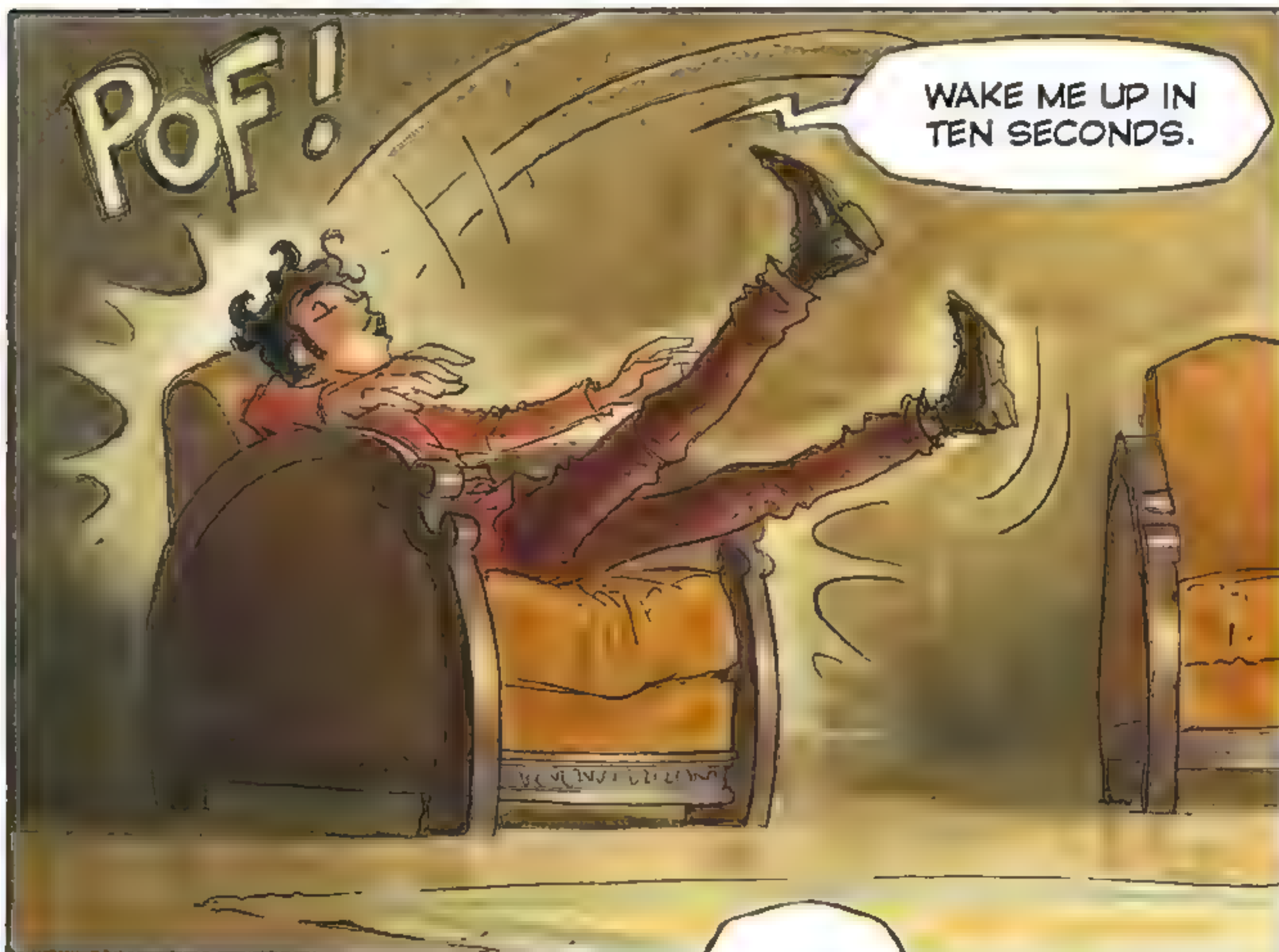
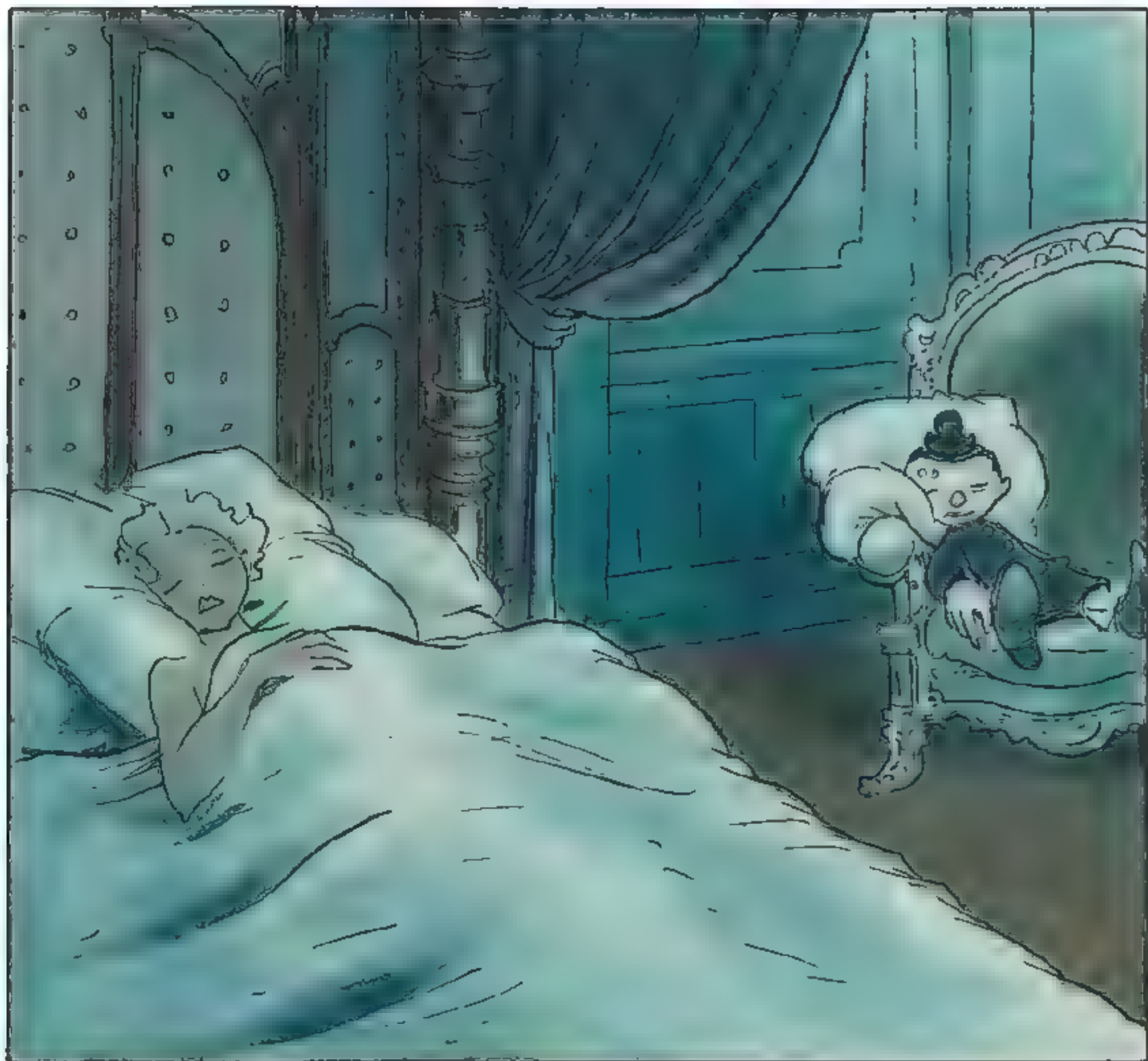


IT'S DONE!













WHAT  
A SCARY  
PLACE.



I  
CAN'T  
TELL  
WHAT  
IT...

PIP



HMM...  
WHAT A STRANGE  
PROCESSION.

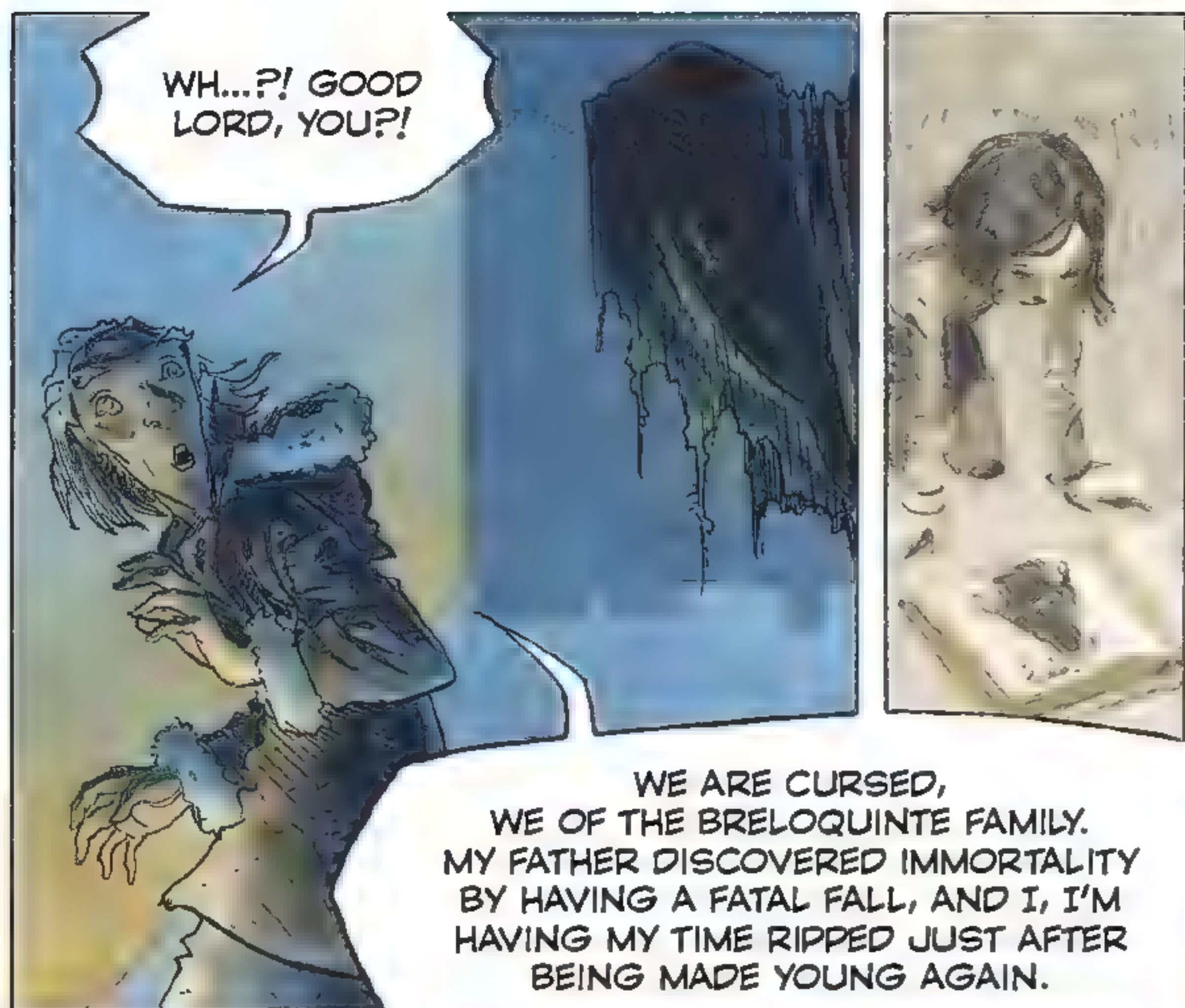


IT LOOKS  
LIKE A  
CEREMONY...



...A FUNERAL.





WH...?! GOOD LORD, YOU?!

WE ARE CURSED, WE OF THE BRELOQUINTE FAMILY. MY FATHER DISCOVERED IMMORTALITY BY HAVING A FATAL FALL, AND I, I'M HAVING MY TIME RIPPED JUST AFTER BEING MADE YOUNG AGAIN.

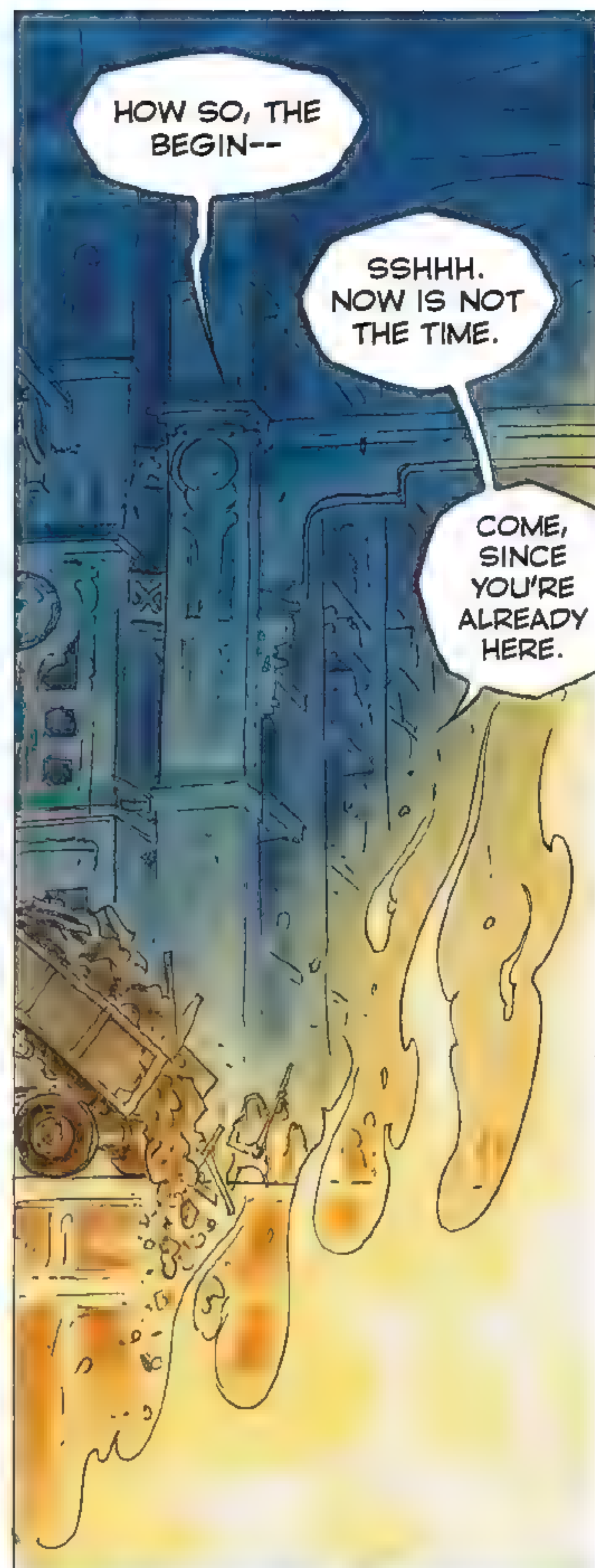


GO ON. DO YOUR GRIM TOIL, BUT LEAVE ME WITH JUST A BIT...

CLOSE YOUR JACKET.

MY WORK IS DONE.

SHE IS GONE.



HOW SO, THE BEGIN--

SSHHH. NOW IS NOT THE TIME.

COME, SINCE YOU'RE ALREADY HERE.



WHO... WHO IS GONE, EXACTLY?

SHE FREED US.

HENCEFORTH, EVERYTHING WILL TAKE ITS COURSE. THE BIRD WINS. THE WAVE OF COLD PUT MATTERS BACK A TIME BUT IT'S STARTING TO THAW. THE CLOCK WILL SOON START UP AGAIN AND THAT WILL BE THE BEGINNING...



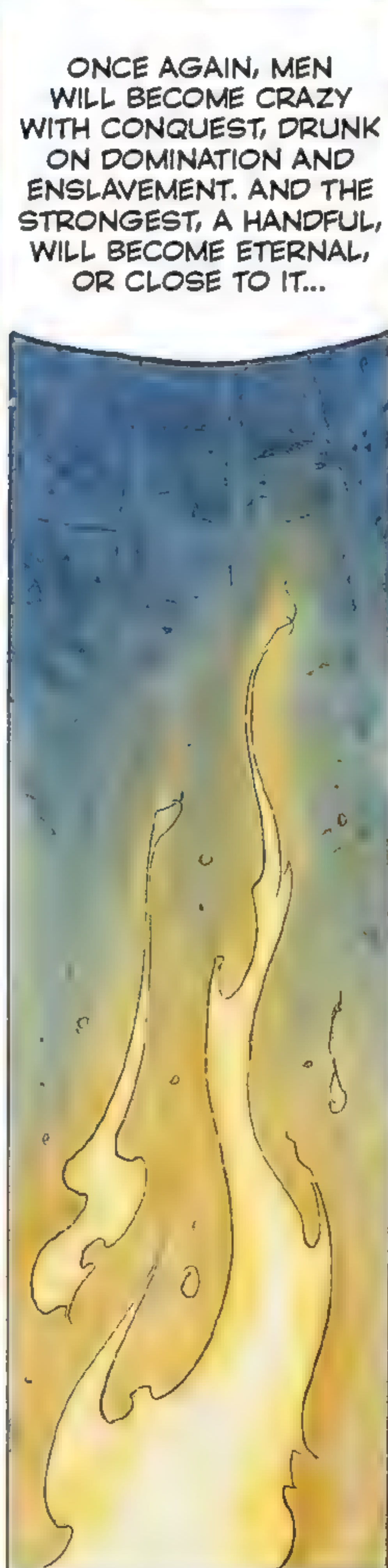
THE BEGINNING?

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

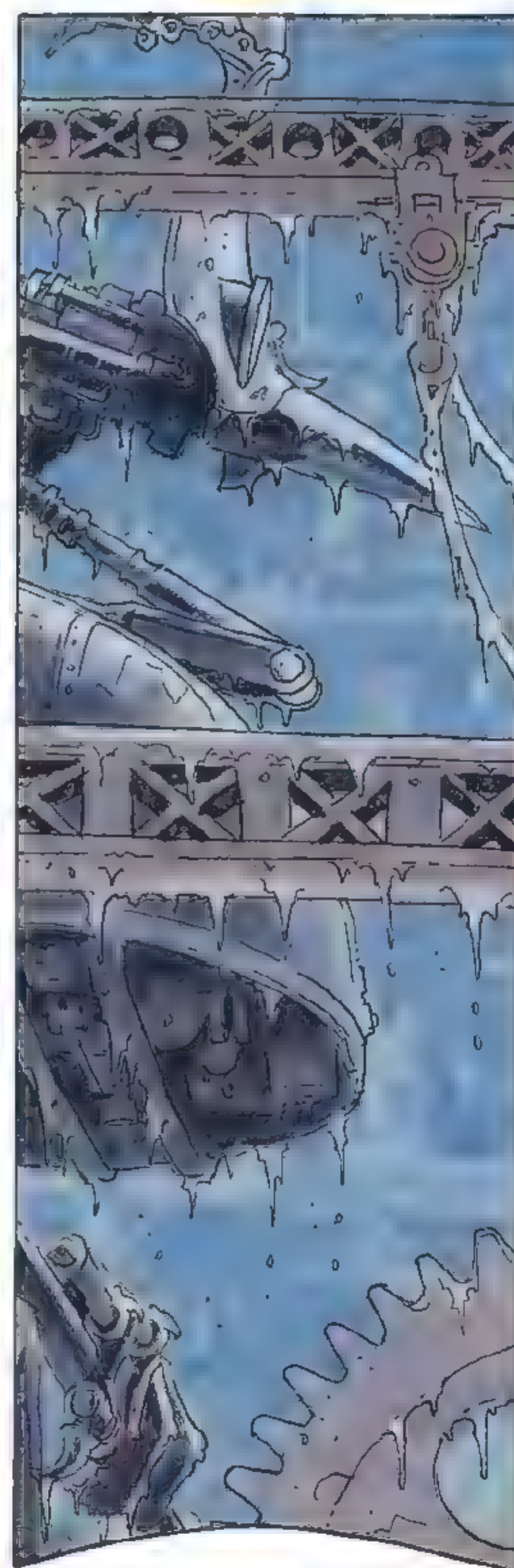


I'M SORRY TO INSIST BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'THE BEGINNING OF THE END'?

THE BIRD. THE GOD-MACHINE. IT WILL SING AT THE TWELFTH TOLL. AND ITS SONG WILL SOUND THE START OF THE GREAT RACE TOWARDS DEATH.



ONCE AGAIN, MEN WILL BECOME CRAZY WITH CONQUEST, DRUNK ON DOMINATION AND ENSLAVEMENT. AND THE STRONGEST, A HANDFUL, WILL BECOME ETERNAL, OR CLOSE TO IT...



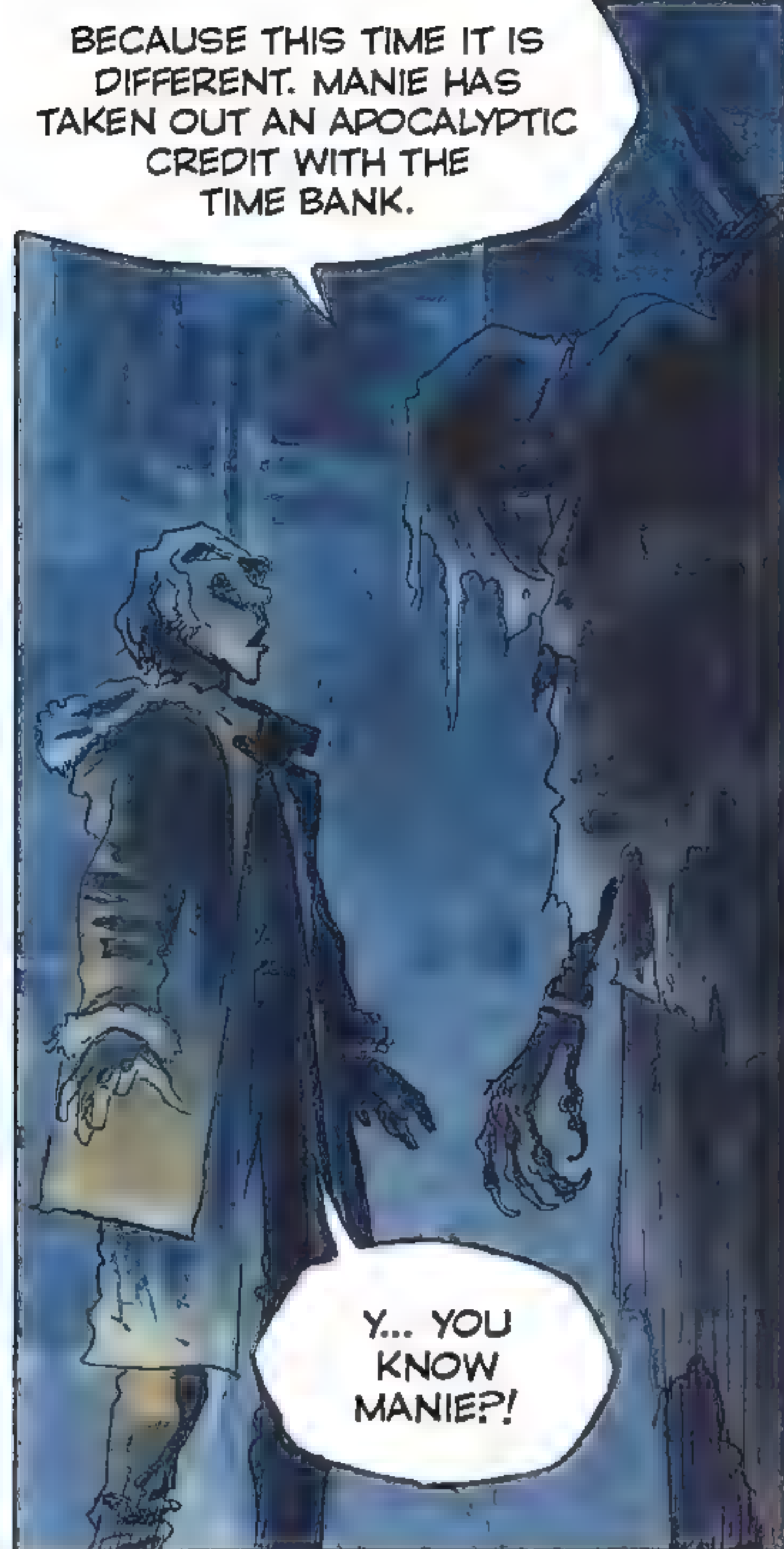
SUCH IS THE POWER OF THE GOD-MACHINE. IT MAKES MORTALS AND IMMORTALS. THIS IS HOW MEN LIVED, FORMERLY, AND IT'S HOW THEY WILL AGAIN... AND DIE...



WHAT?! BUT THAT'S, BUT...

BUT WHY UNFREEZE THE TOWER IN THAT CASE??!





BECAUSE THIS TIME IT IS DIFFERENT. MANIE HAS TAKEN OUT AN APOCALYPTIC CREDIT WITH THE TIME BANK.

Y... YOU KNOW MANIE?!



SHE WILL BE THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE. IN SETTLING HER ACCOUNT, ALL HUMANITY WILL DISAPPEAR.

IT'S MAYBE BEST THIS WAY.



BUT HOW?!?

WE NEED TO EXTINGUISH THIS BRAZIER!

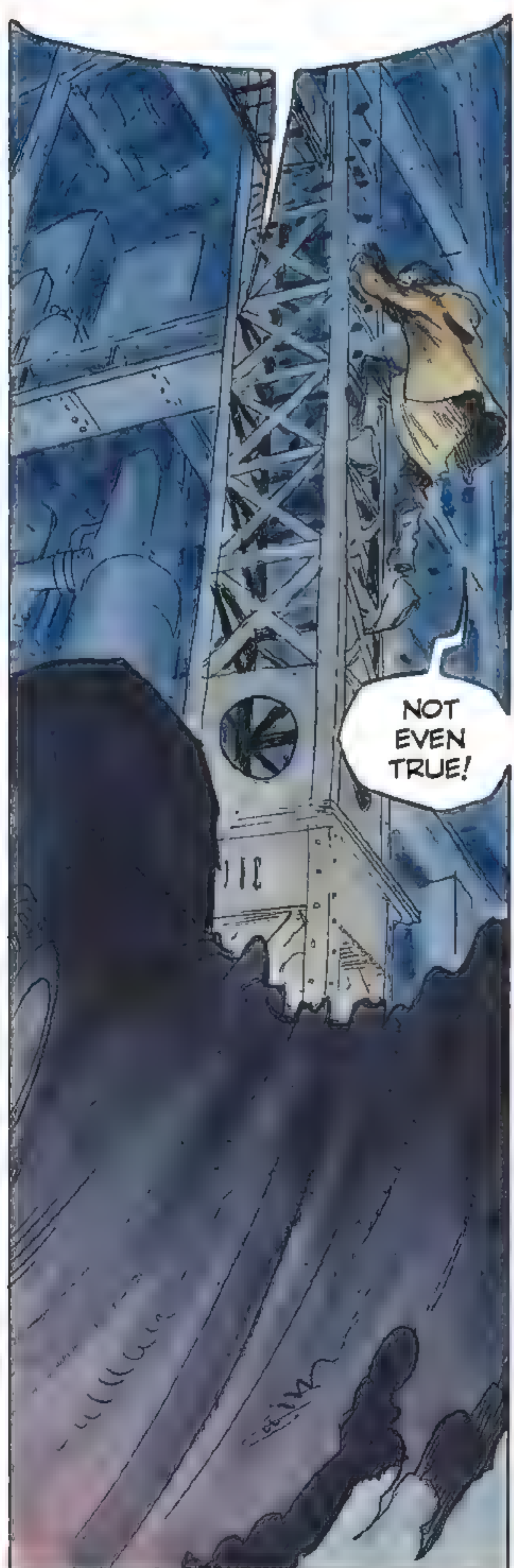
THE BODY MUST BE INCINERATED.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M NOT GOING TO LET A VULGAR CUCKOO CLOCK DESTROY HUMANITY!

HUMANITY IS FINE AS IT IS!



MAD AND PRETENTIOUS! PROUD, DRUNK ON BLOOD! THE ONLY TALENT YOU HAVE IS TO INVENT STORIES TO LEGITIMIZE YOUR CRIMES!

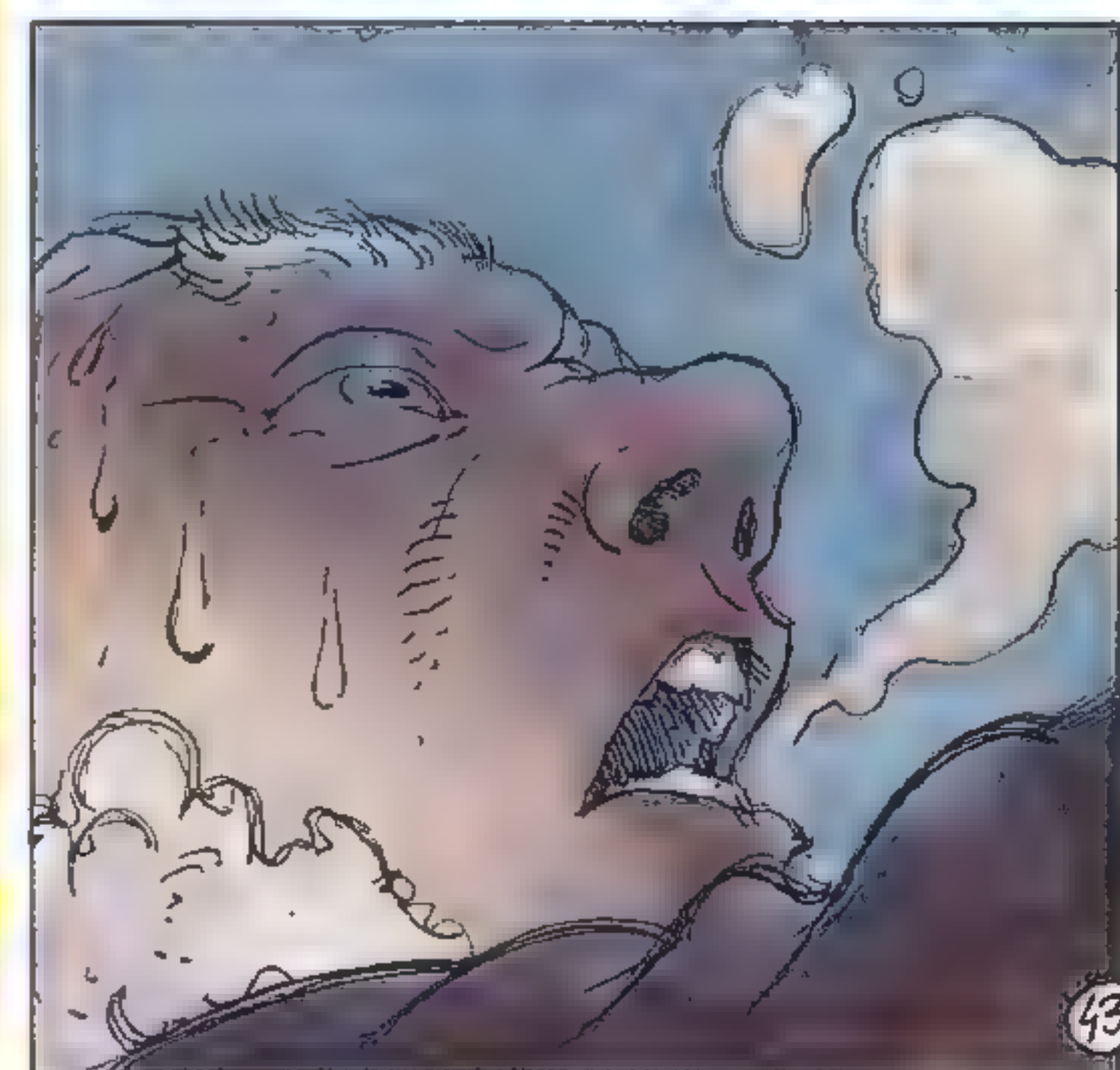
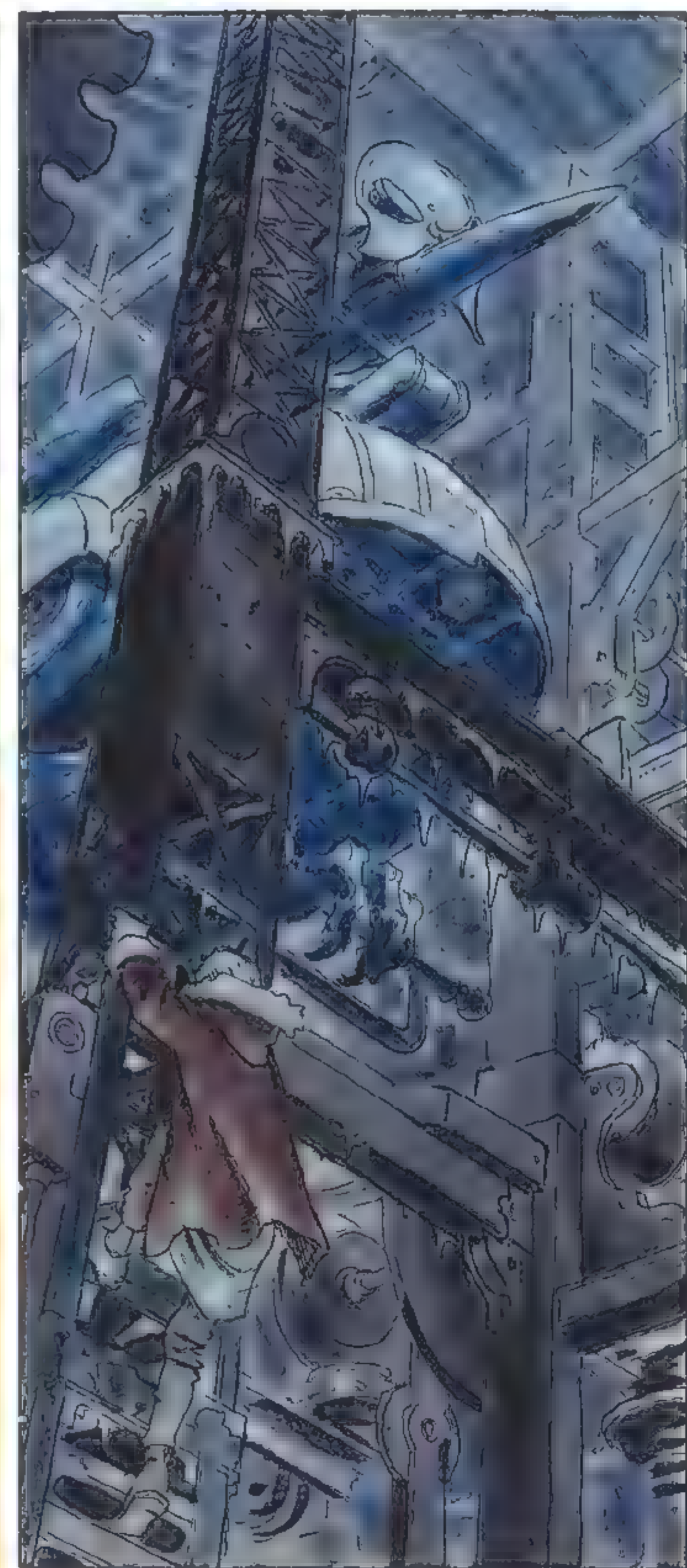
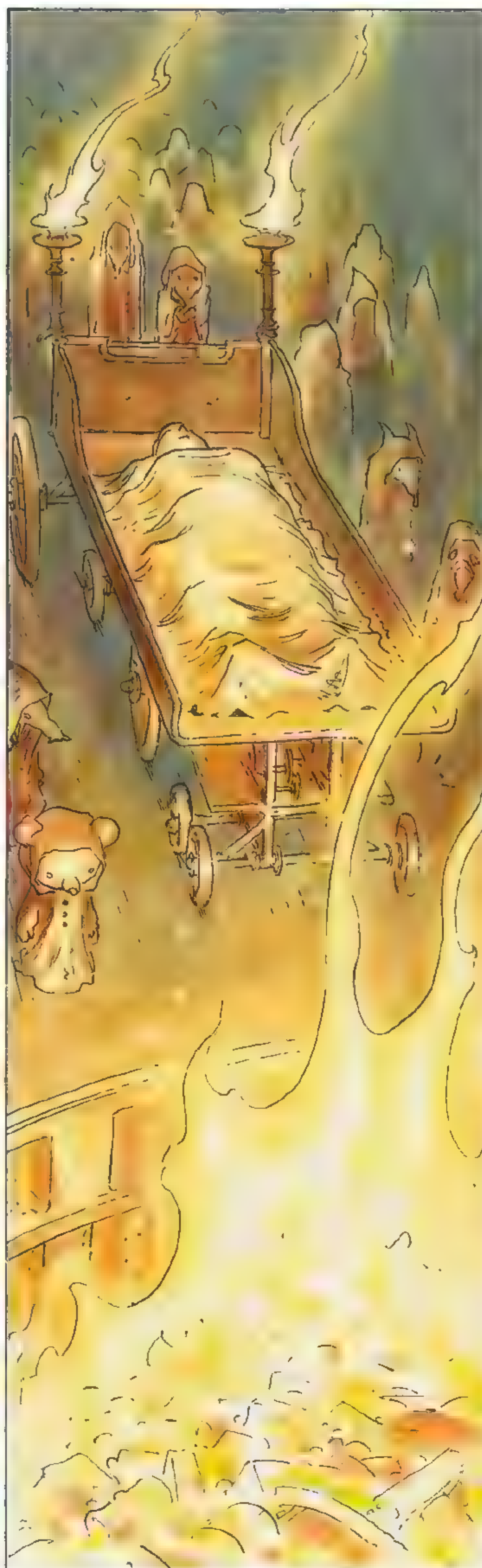
NOT EVEN TRUE!



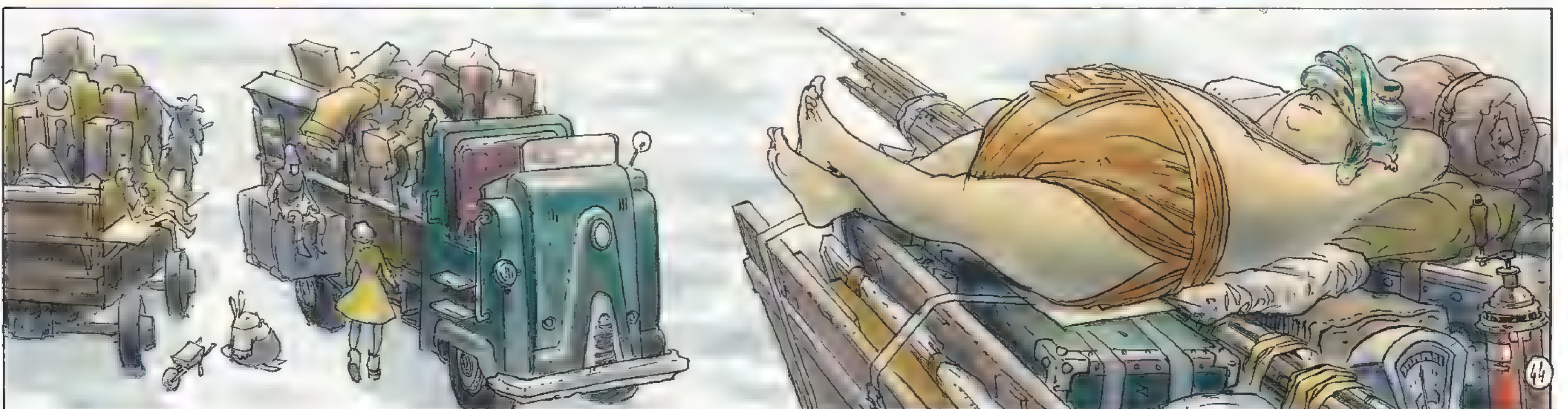
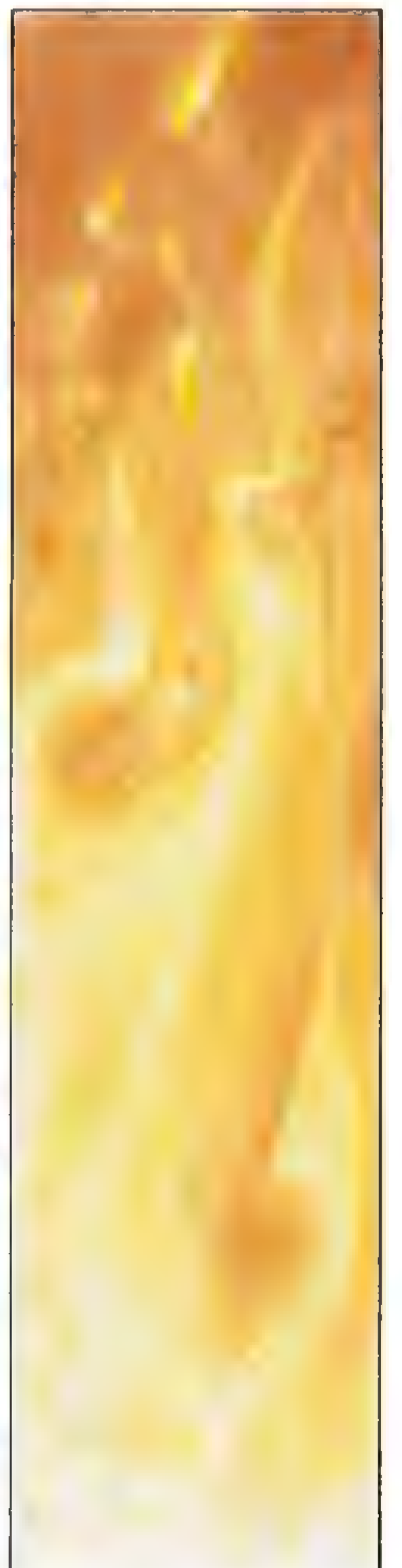
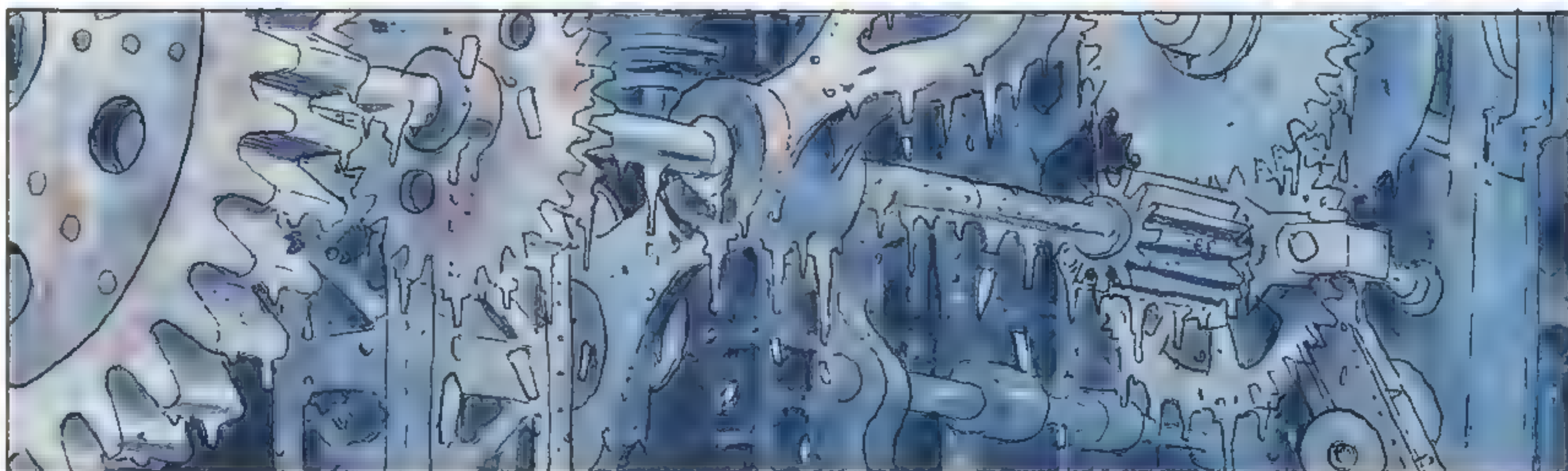
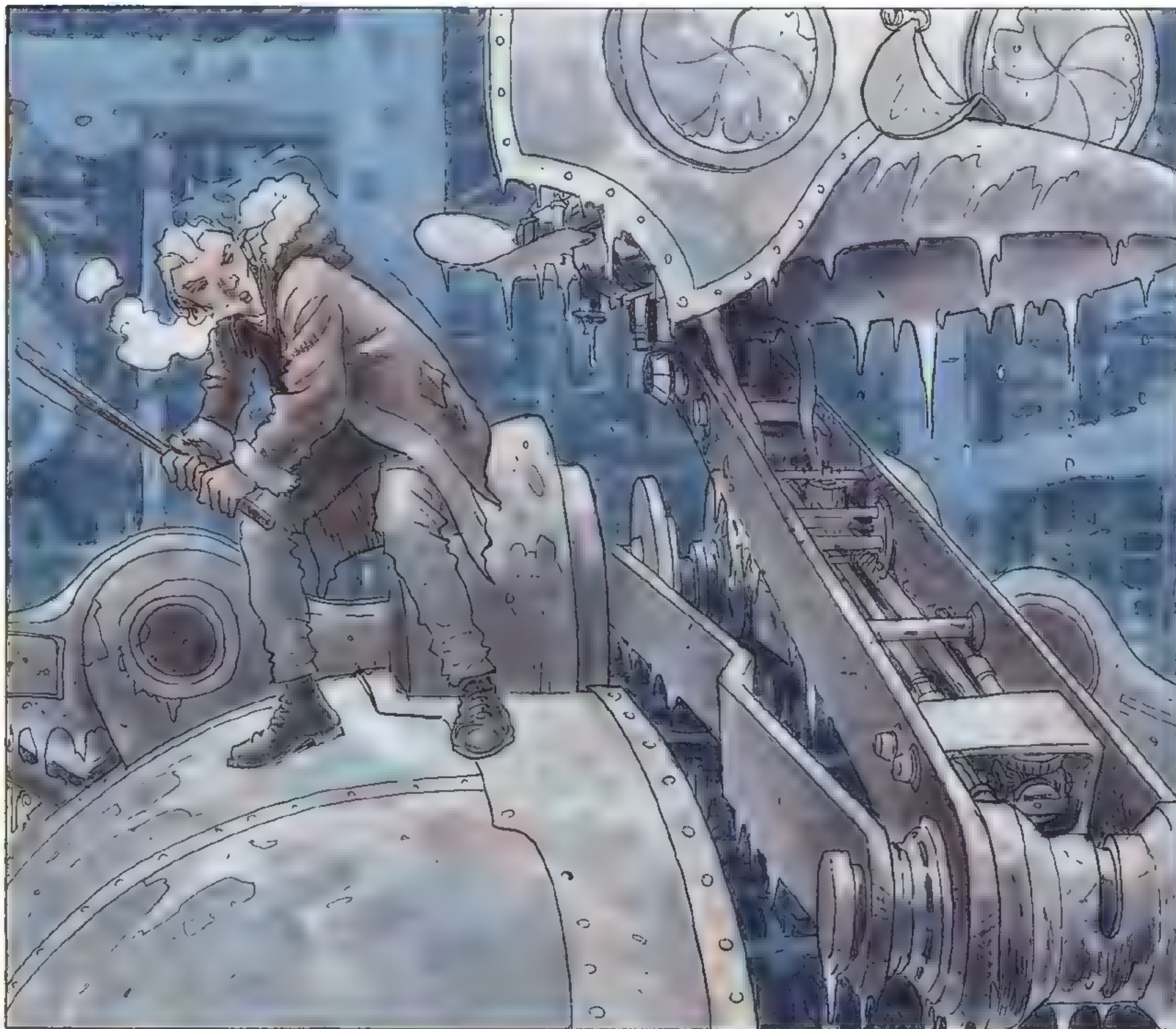
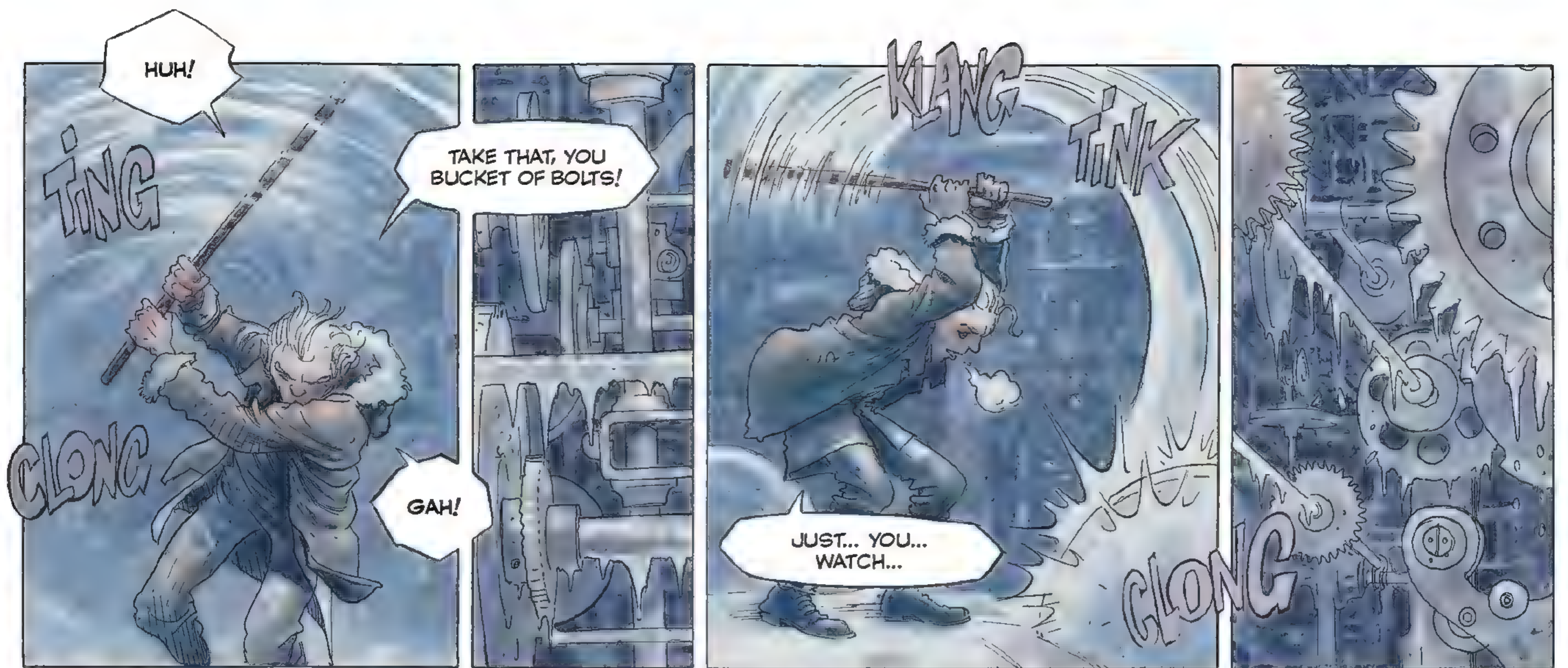
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO! IT'S THE GOD-MACHINE! YOU MIGHT HAVE MADE IT, BUT YOU CAN'T UNMAKE IT!



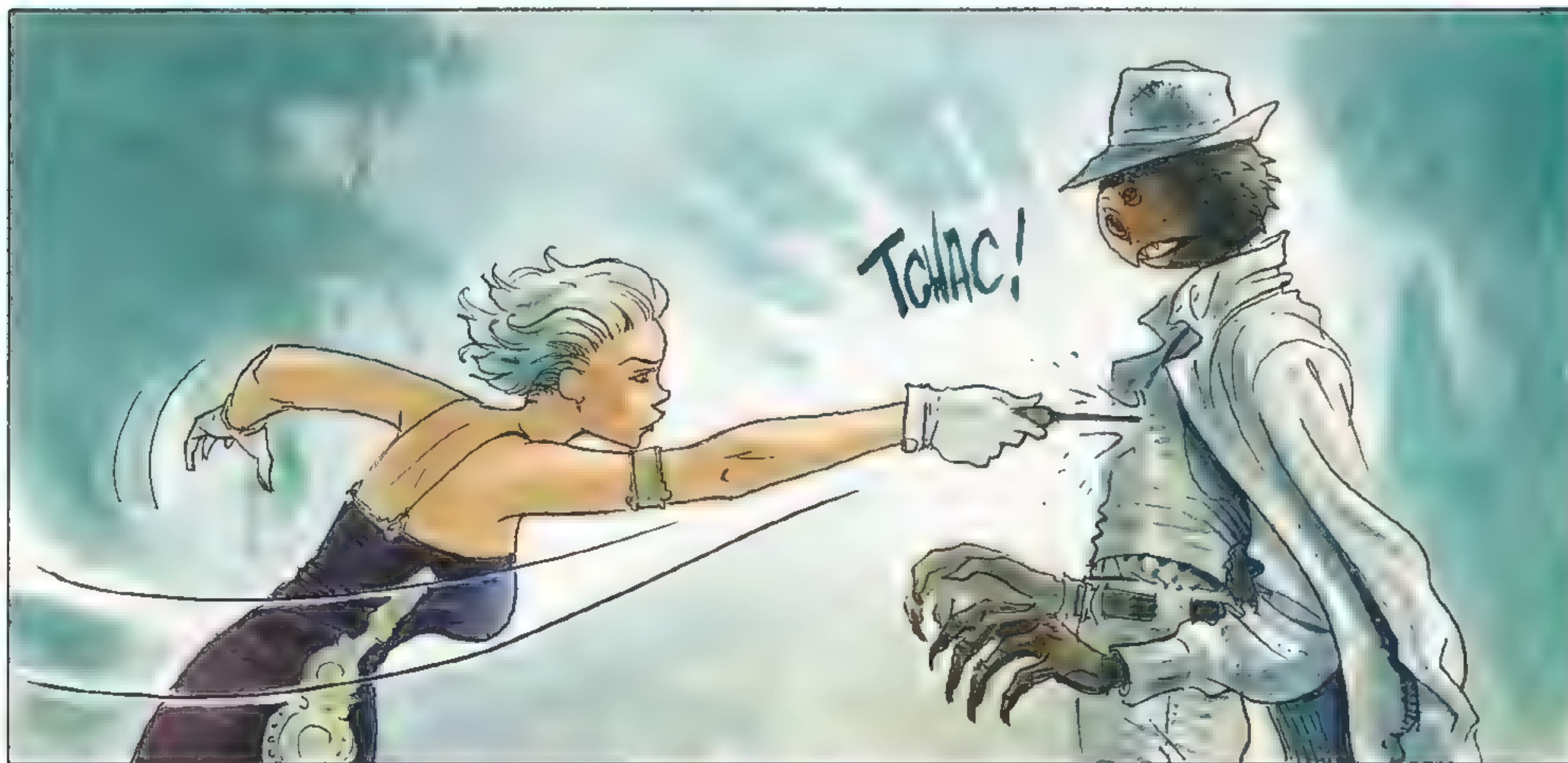
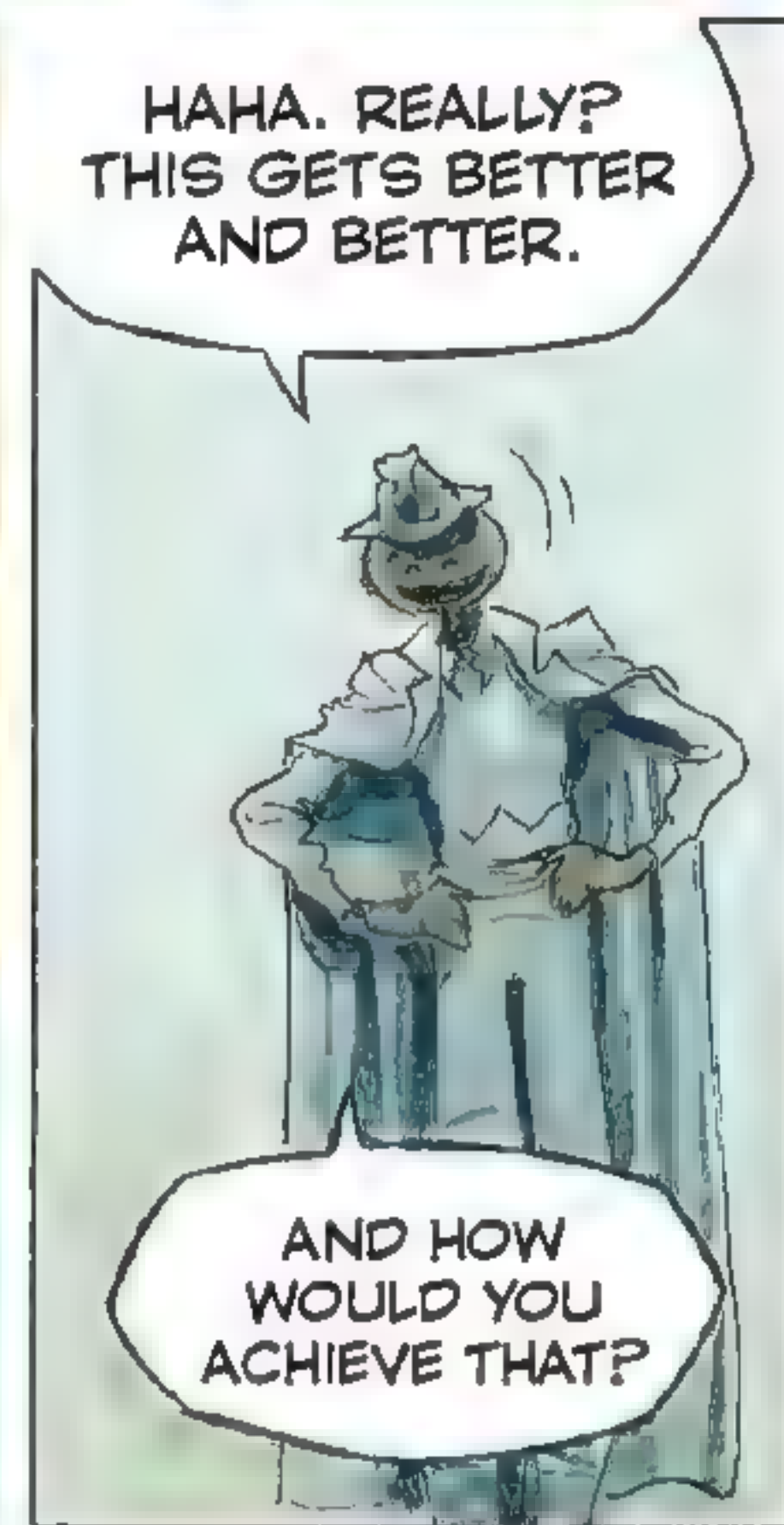
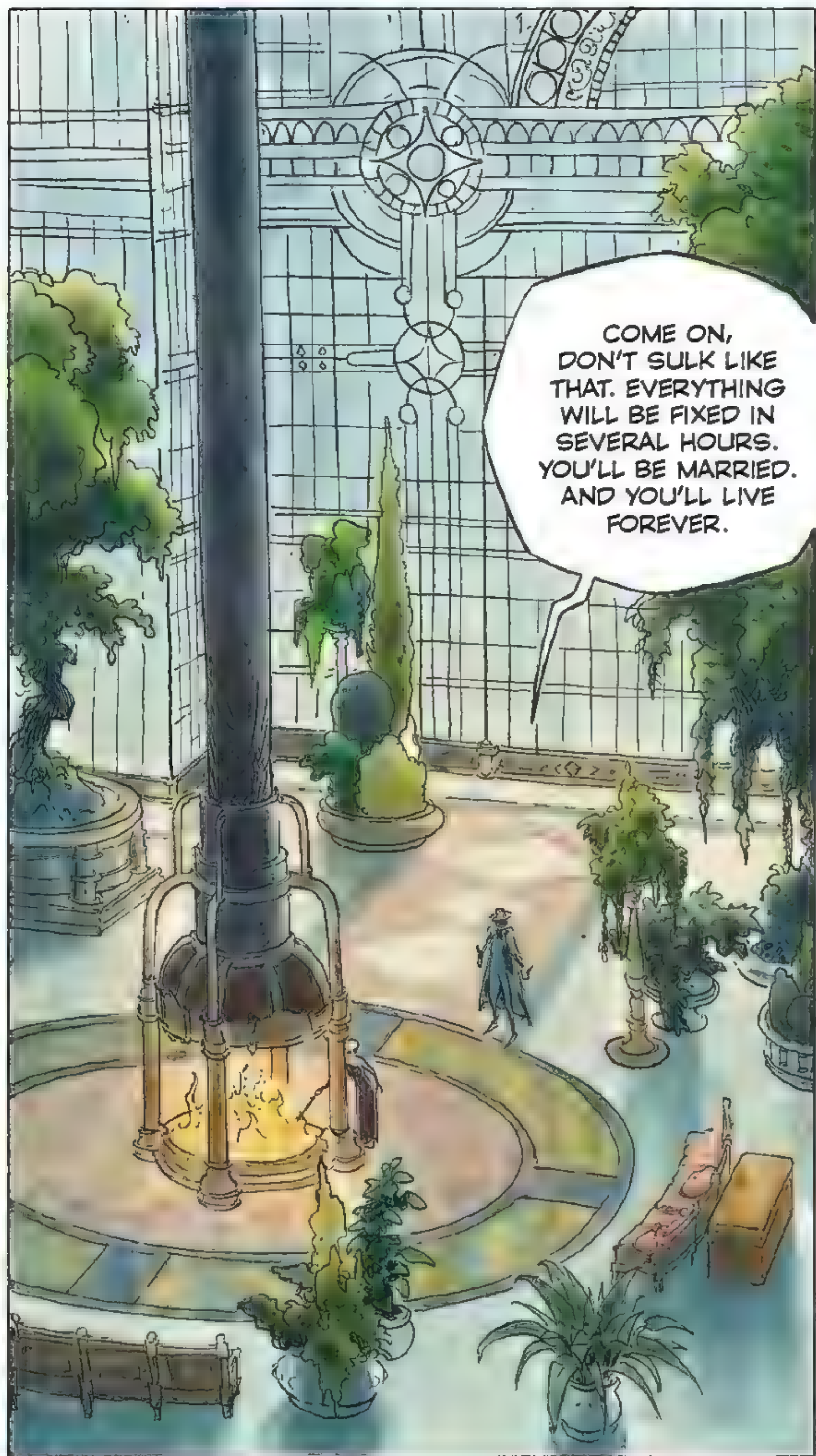
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!







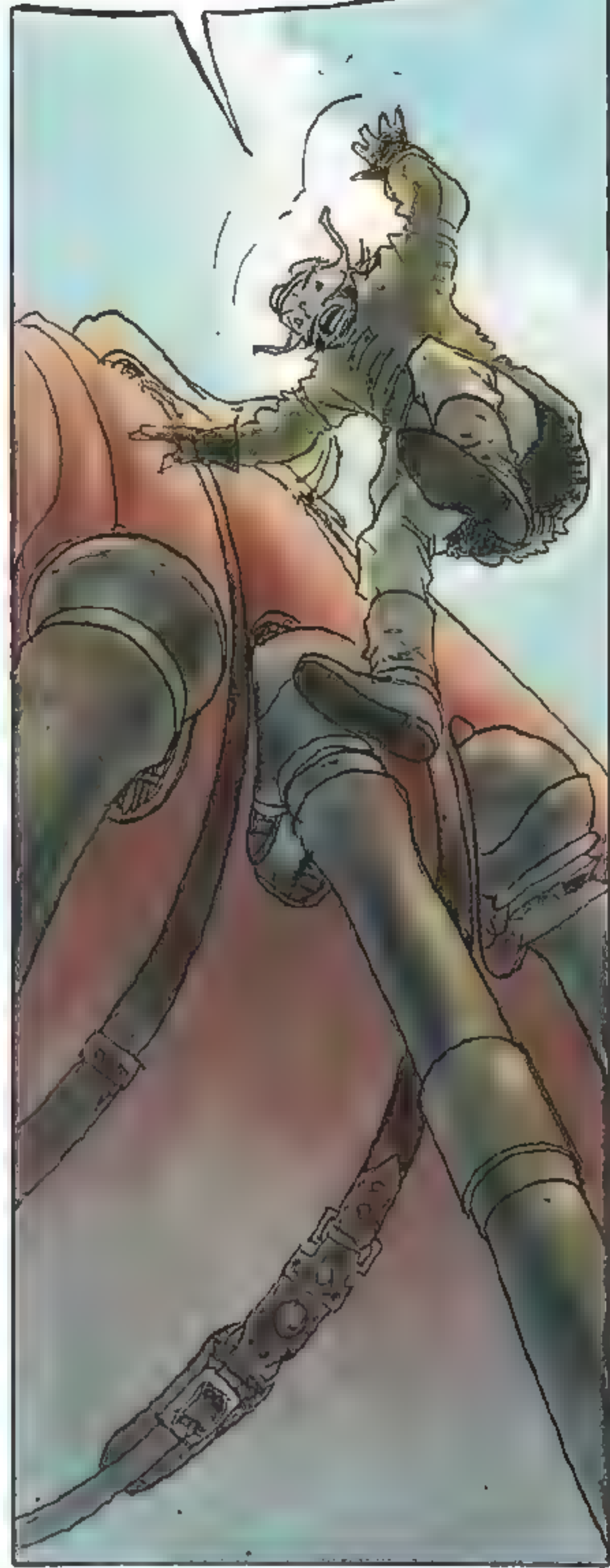




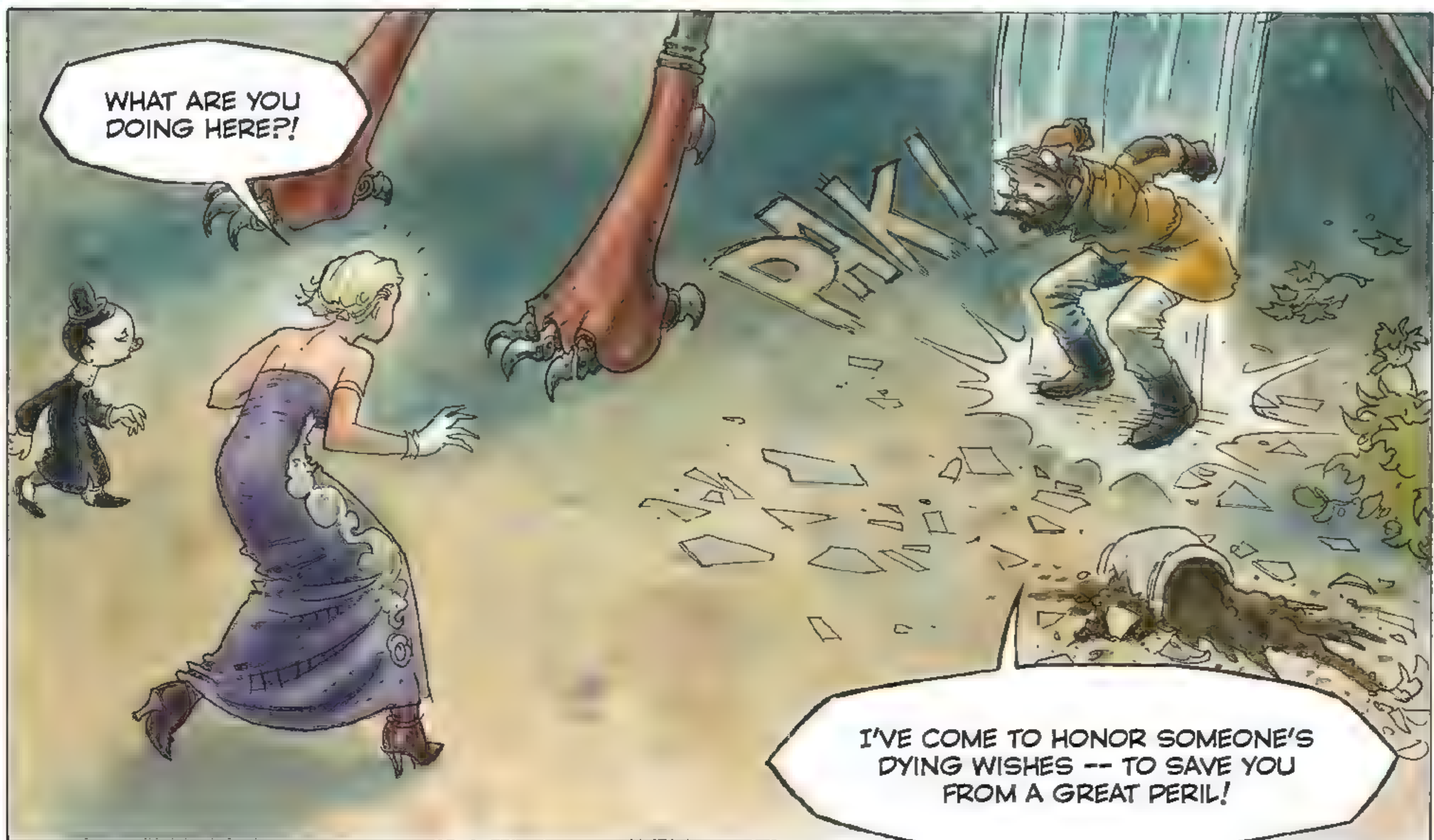




MAKE WAAAYY!



KNIGHT DE LA PÉRUE?!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

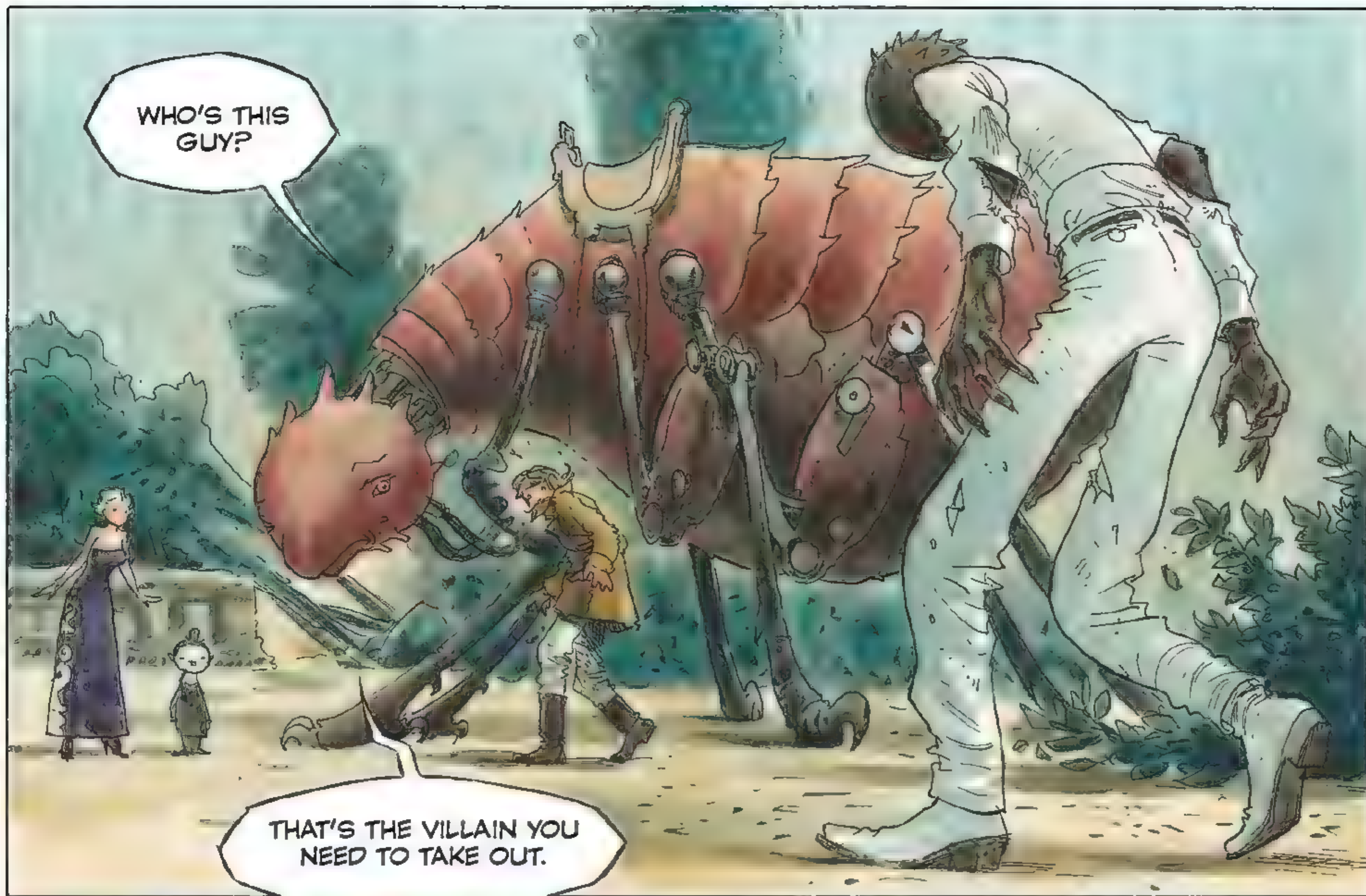
I'VE COME TO HONOR SOMEONE'S DYING WISHES -- TO SAVE YOU FROM A GREAT PERIL!



AND TO BRING YOU THIS MESSAGE -- LIVE! BUT RENOUNCE THIS ETERNITY THAT...

SHE DIDN'T WAIT ON YOU FOR THAT, DEAR SIR.





WHO'S THIS GUY?

THAT'S THE VILLAIN YOU NEED TO TAKE OUT.

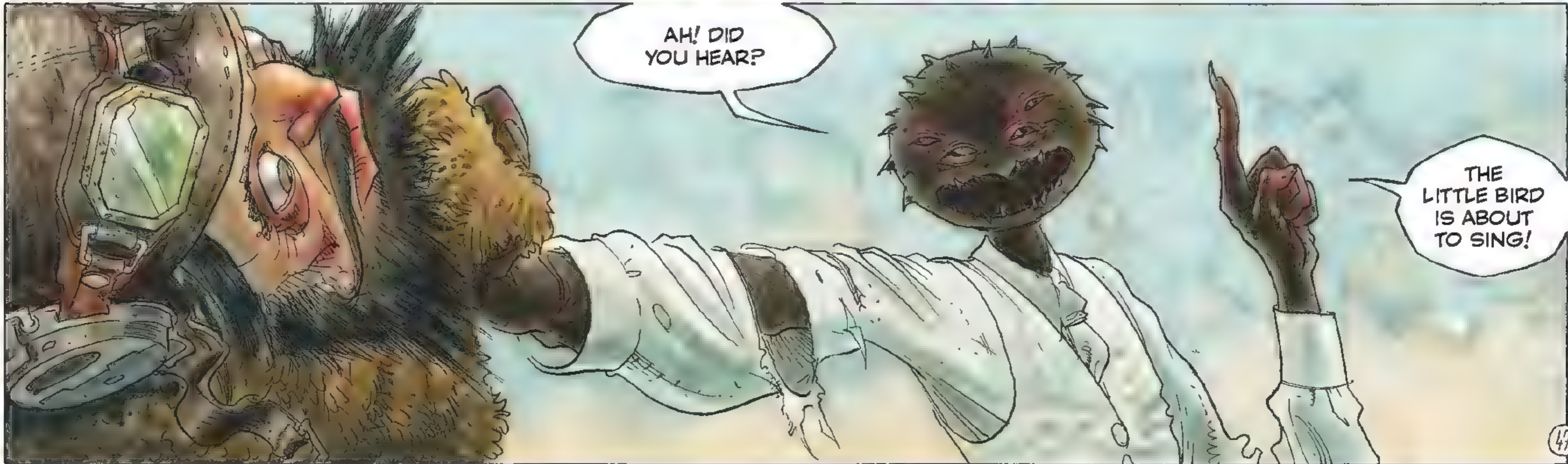
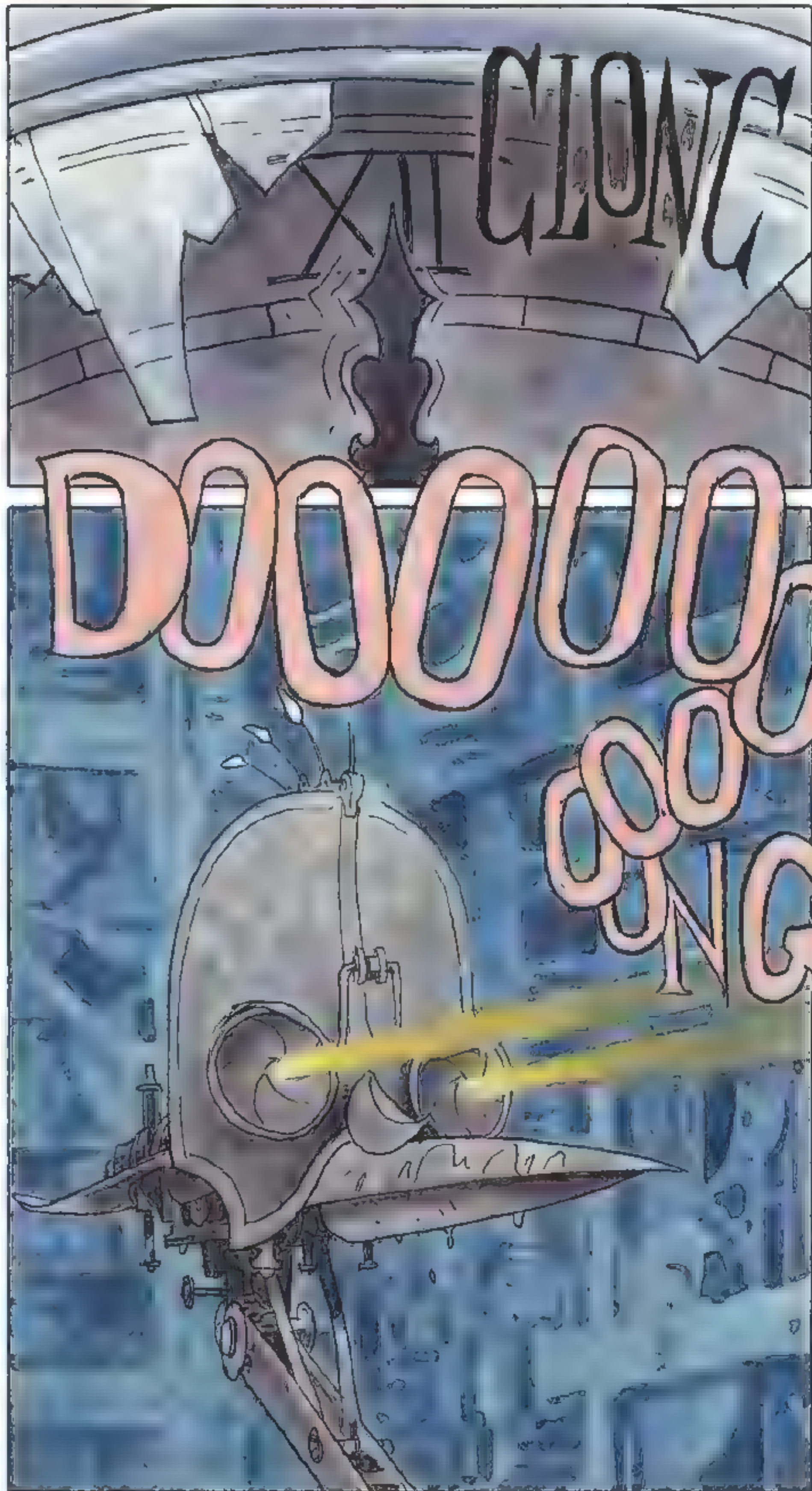
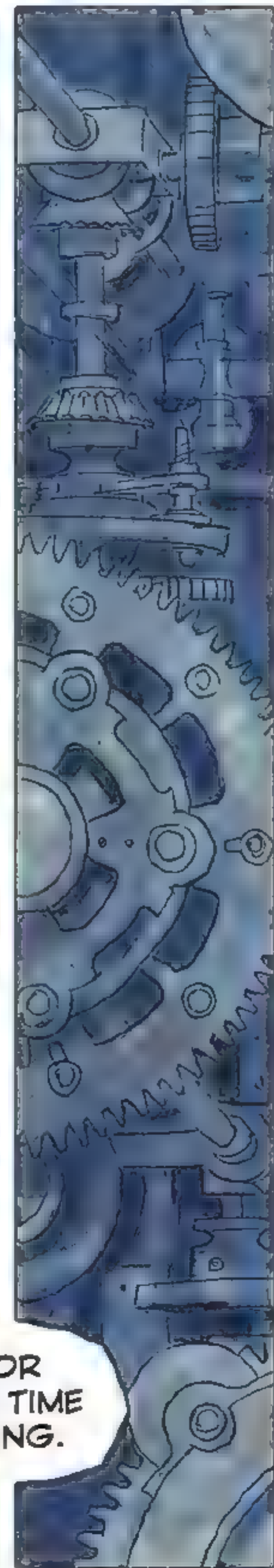
GULP. I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT.



I AM FAR LESS ALIVE THAN YOU.

SORRY TO UPSET YOU, BUT 'TAKING ME OUT' LIKE YOU SAY IS NOT ENTIRELY FEASIBLE, FOR REASONS OF A TECHNICAL NATURE.

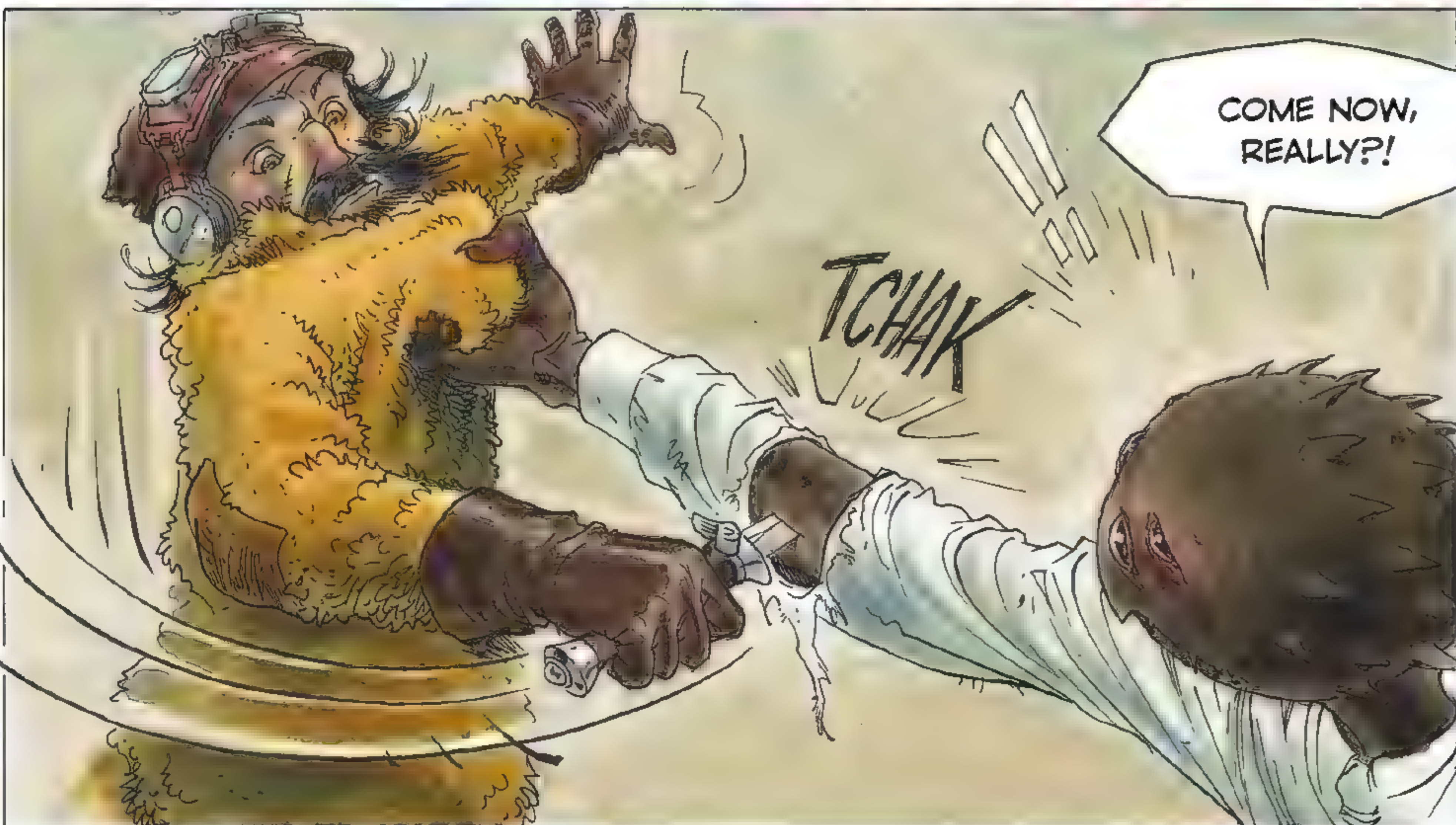
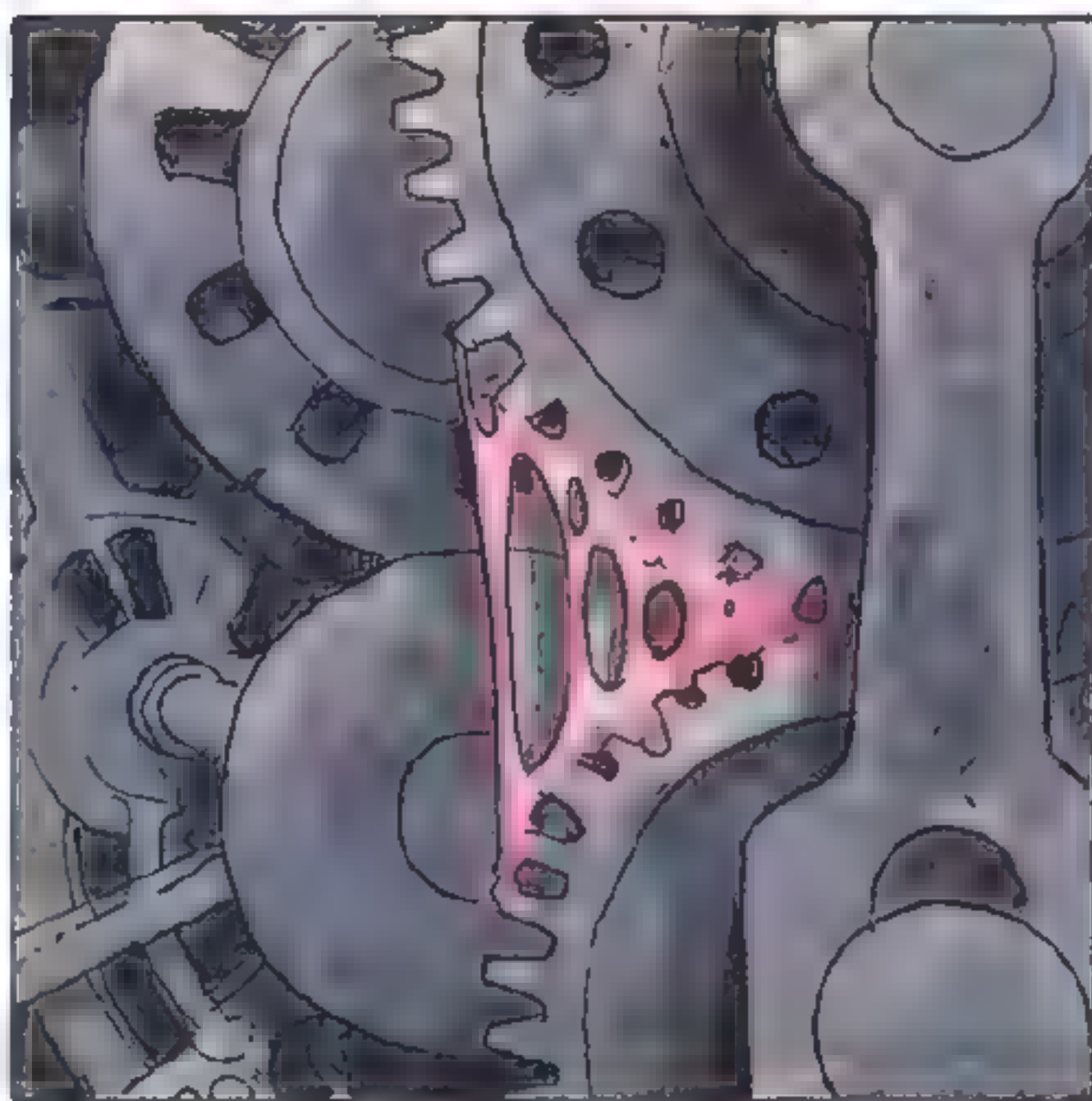
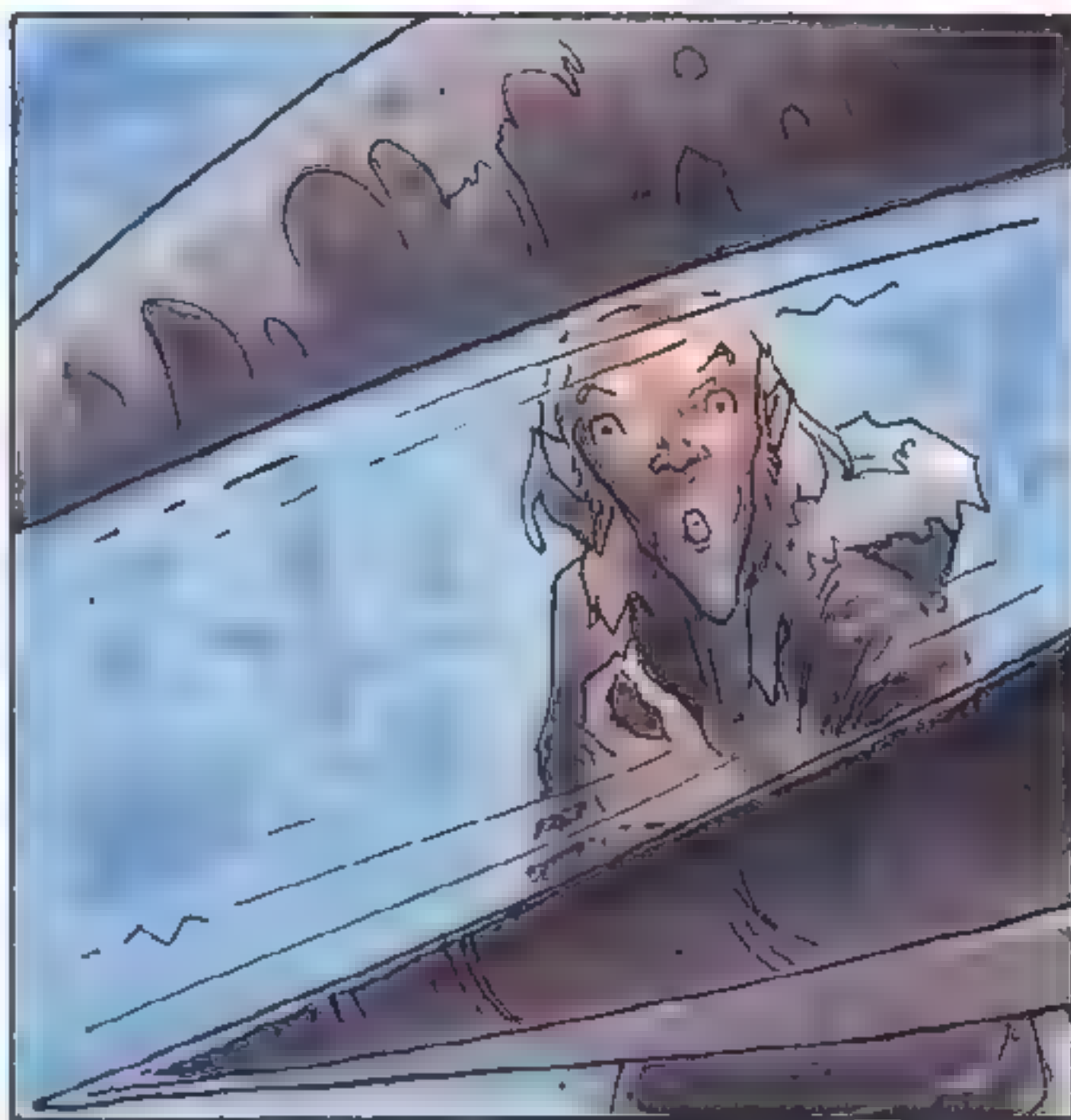
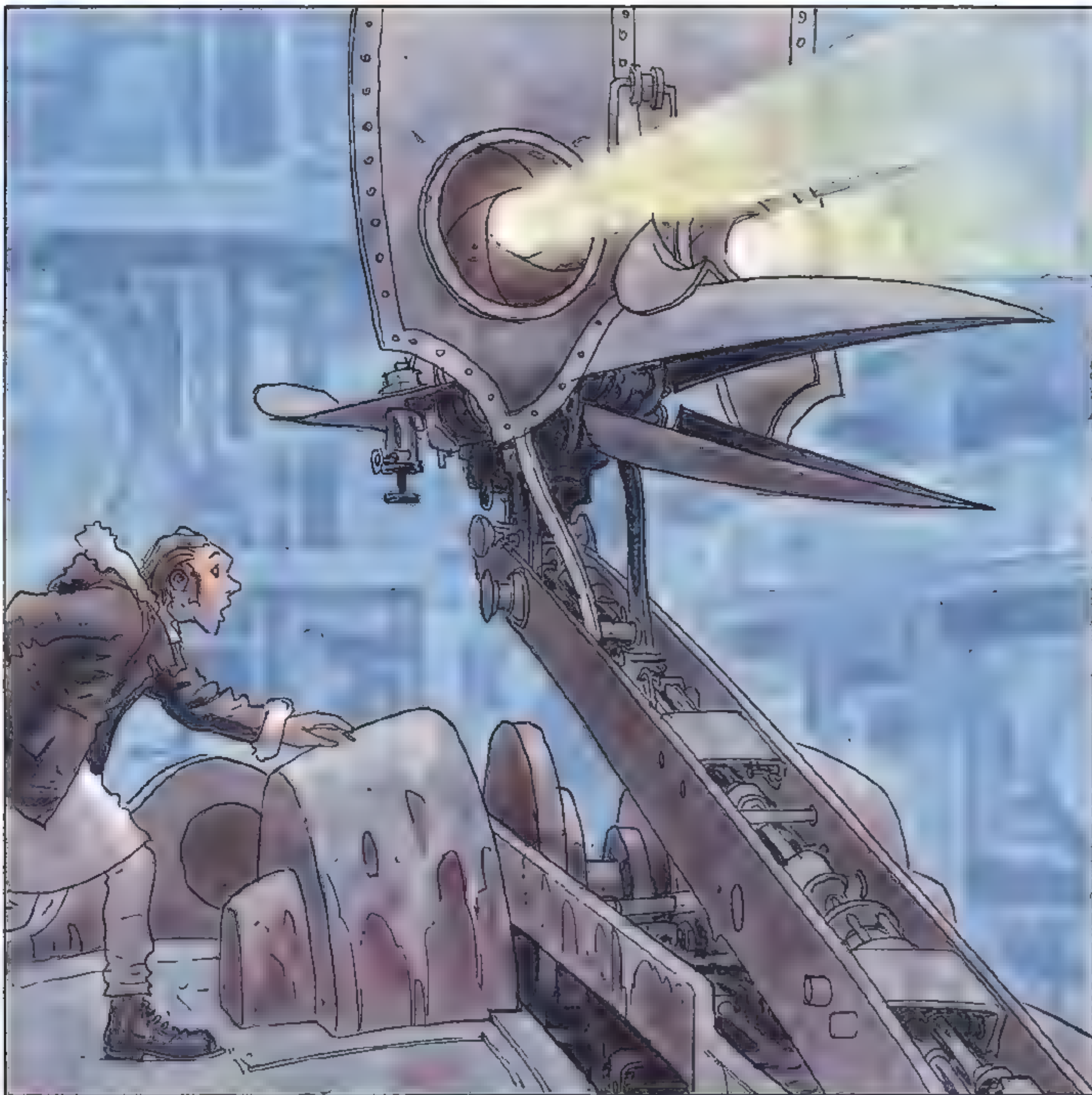
FOR THE TIME BEING.



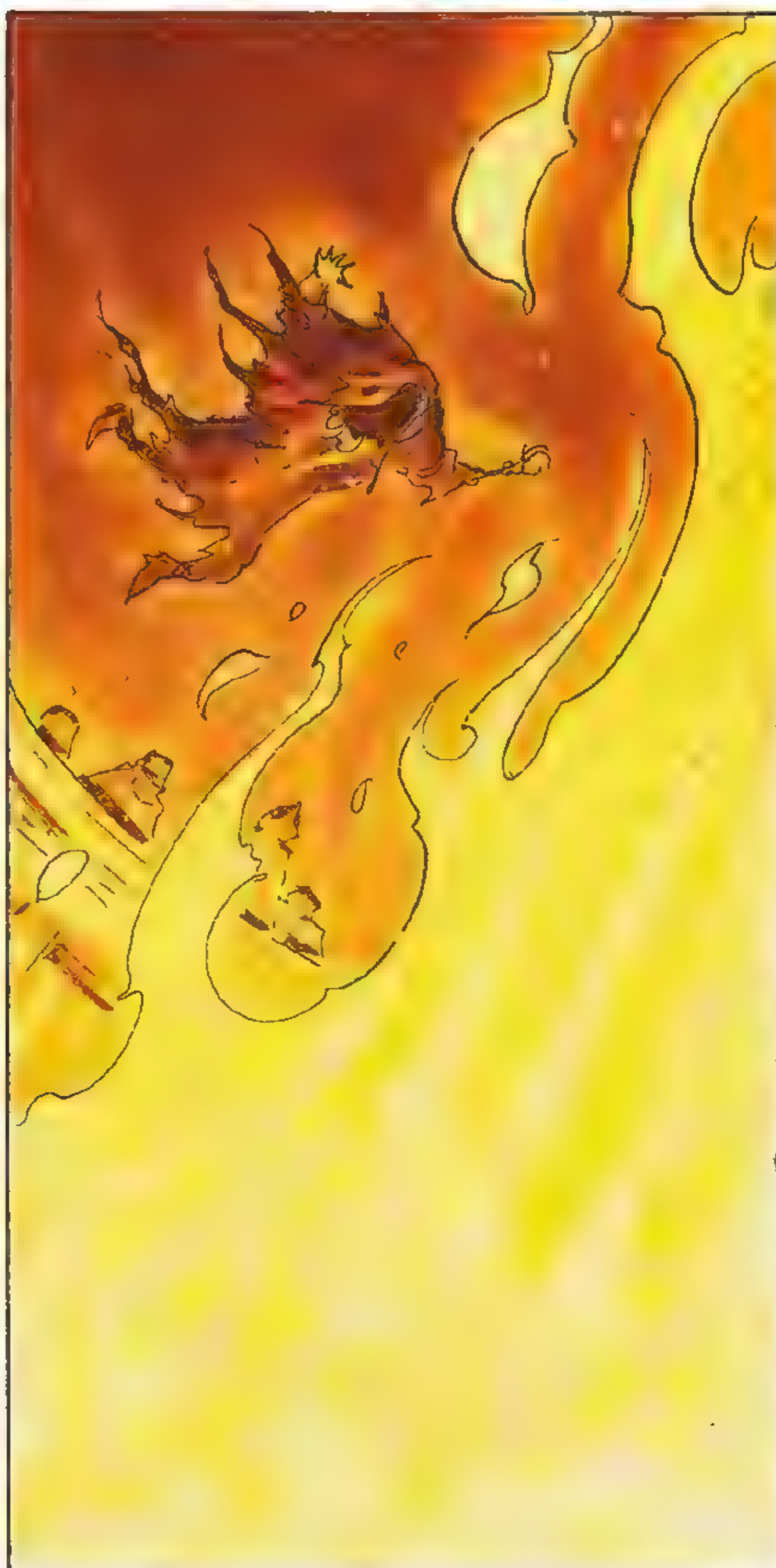
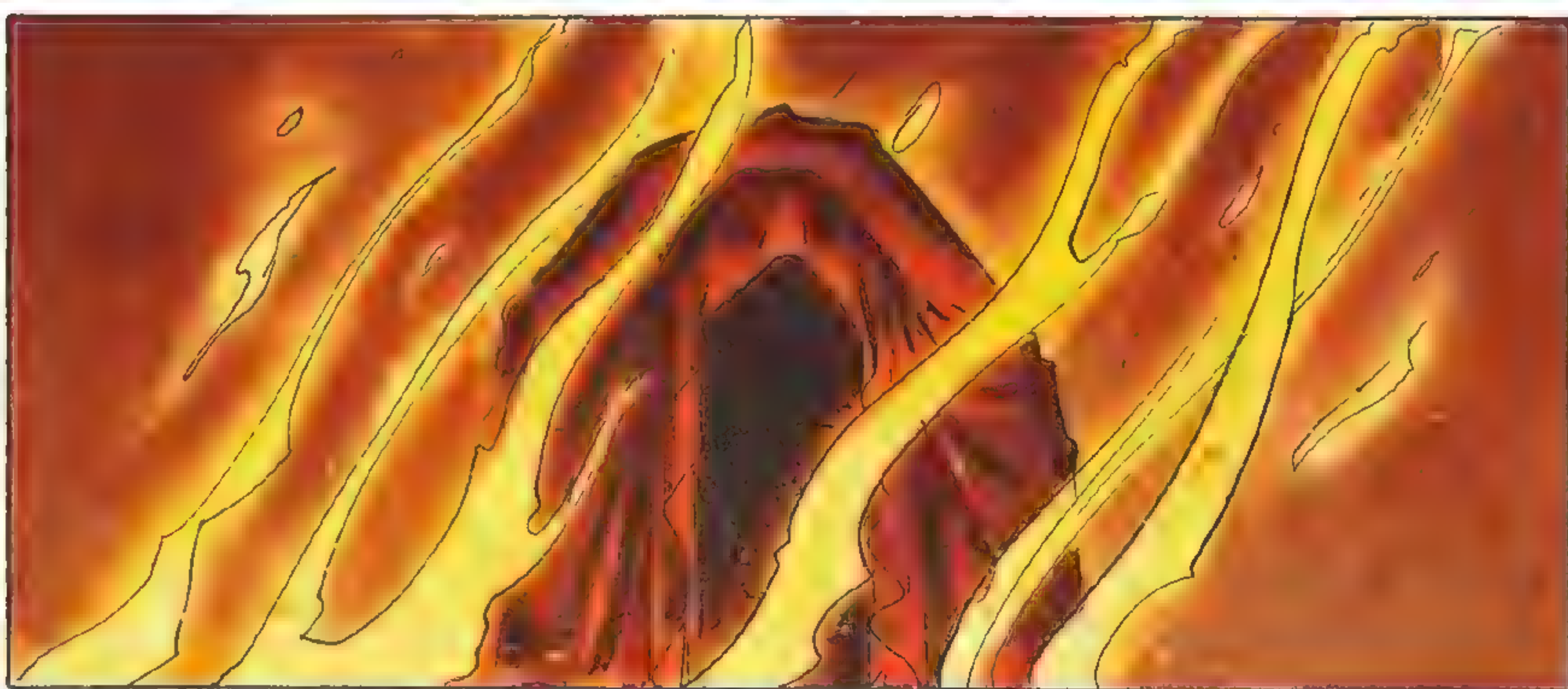
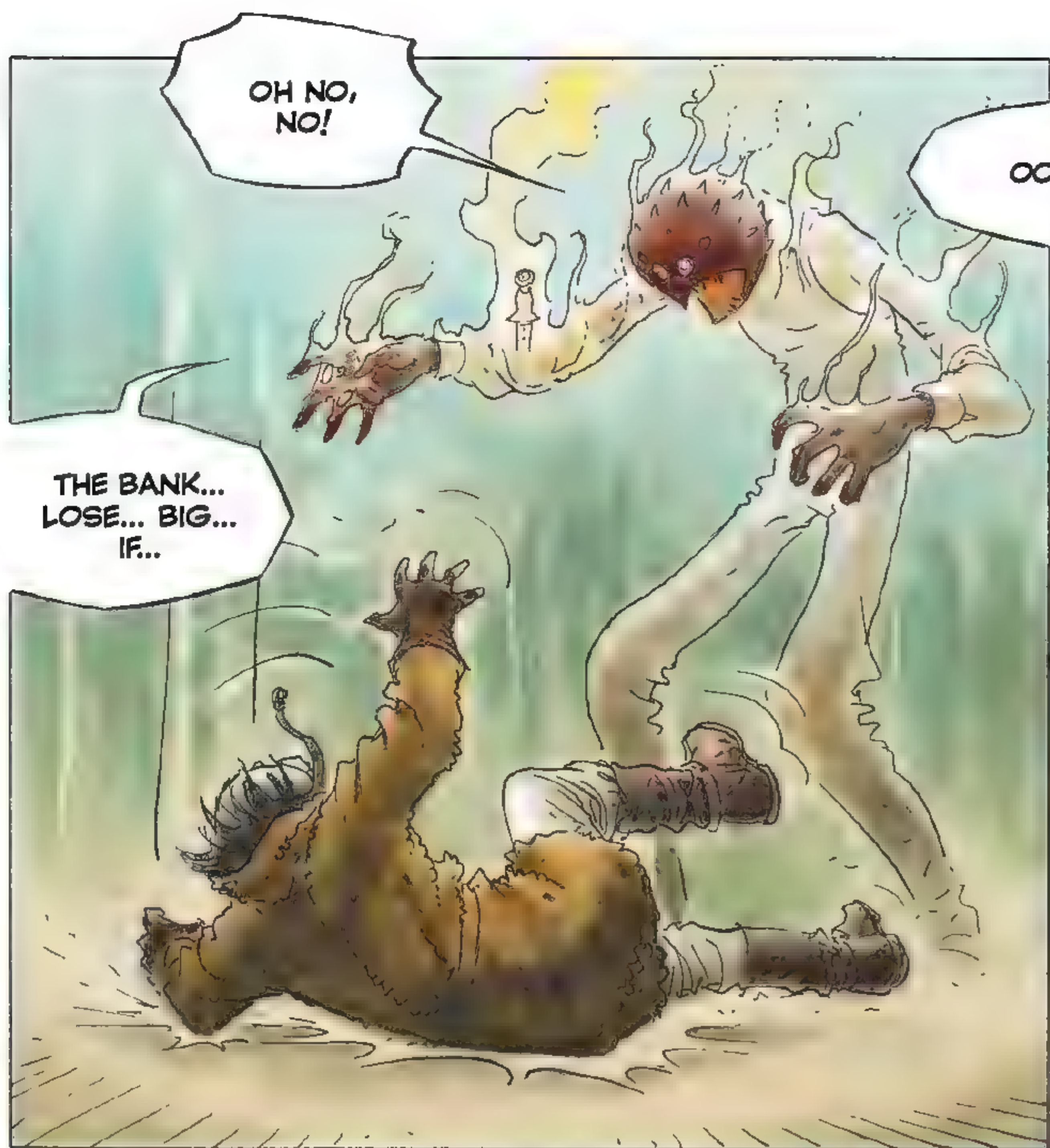
AH! DID YOU HEAR?

THE LITTLE BIRD IS ABOUT TO SING!













HAHAHA!  
TAKE THAT, YOU  
ACCURSED  
DICKIE-BIRD!

DID YOU  
SEE THAT,  
DADDY?!

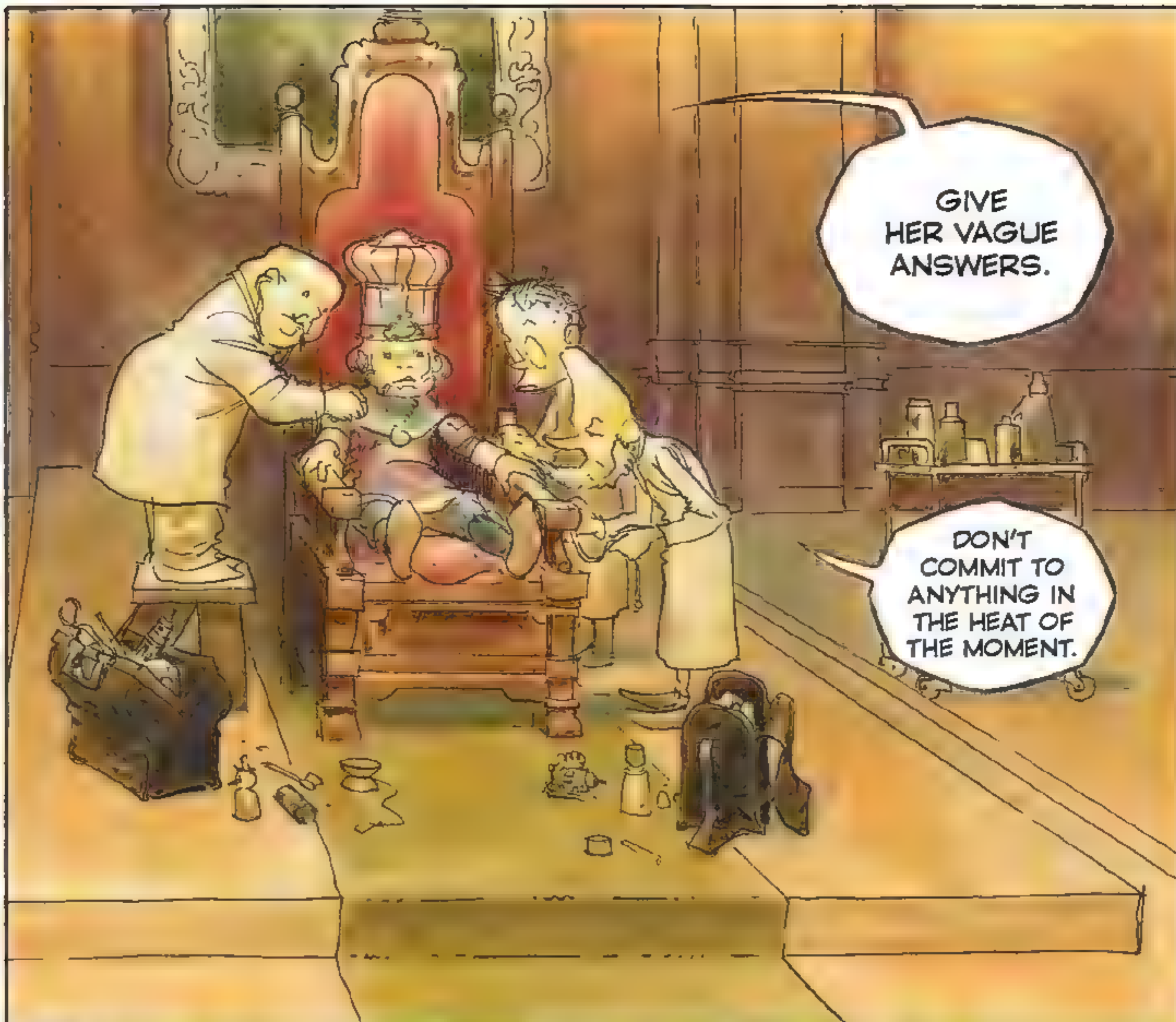
YEEHAAWW!

HABA!  
DID YOU?



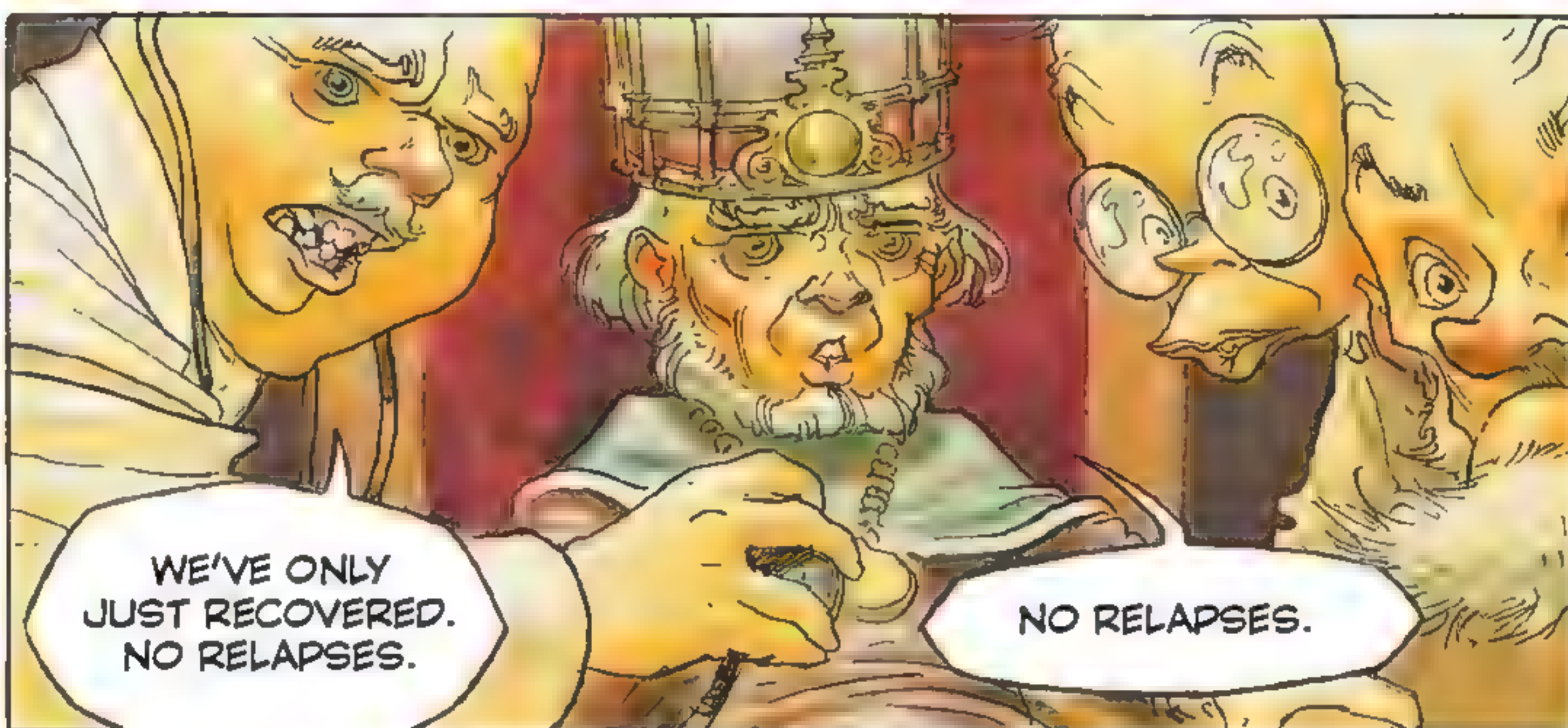


HERE SHE COMES, YOUR MAJESTY. SHE REQUESTED AN AUDIENCE.



GIVE HER VAGUE ANSWERS.

DON'T COMMIT TO ANYTHING IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT.

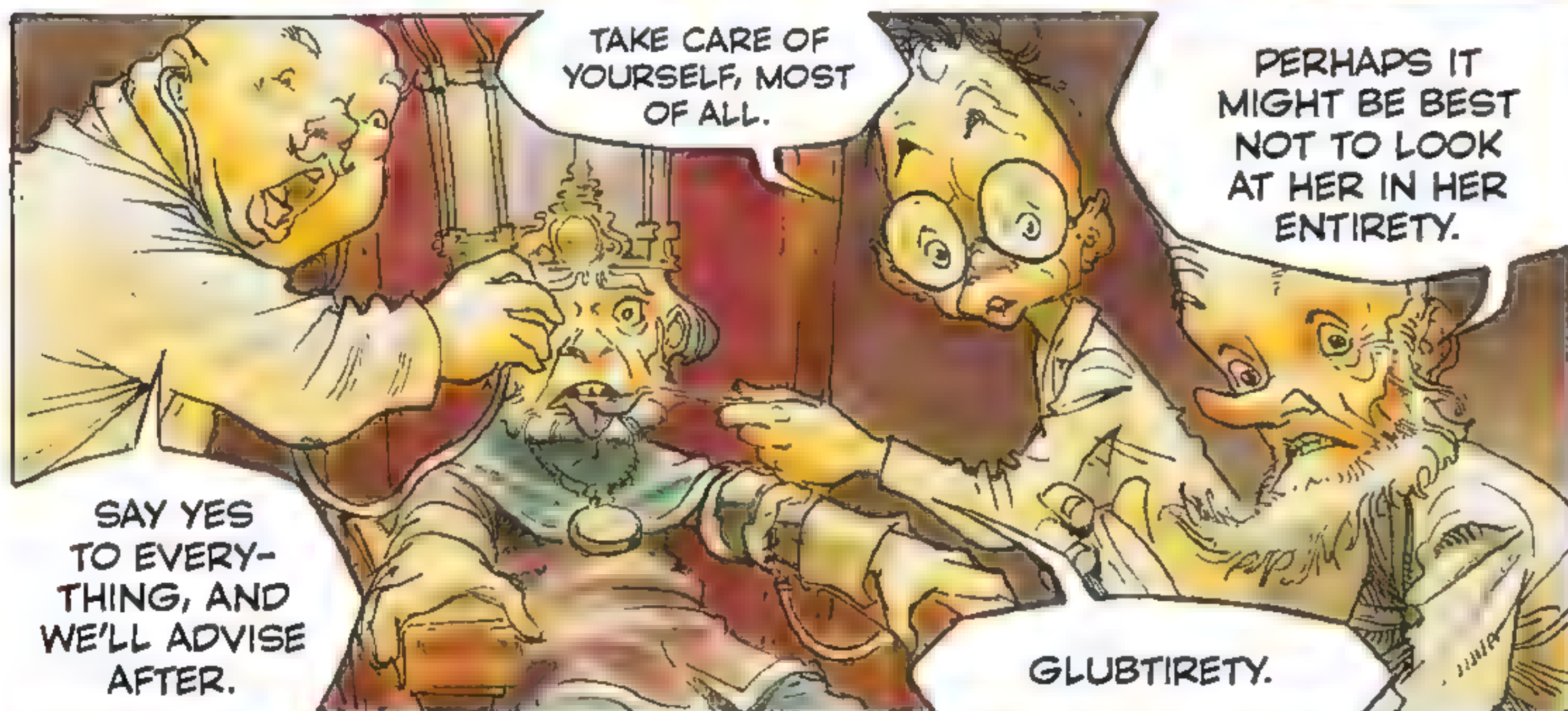


WE'VE ONLY JUST RECOVERED. NO RELAPSES.

NO RELAPSES.



OOAAAH... I'M STARTING TO WONDER IF THIS AUDIENCE WAS A GOOD IDEA.



TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MOST OF ALL.

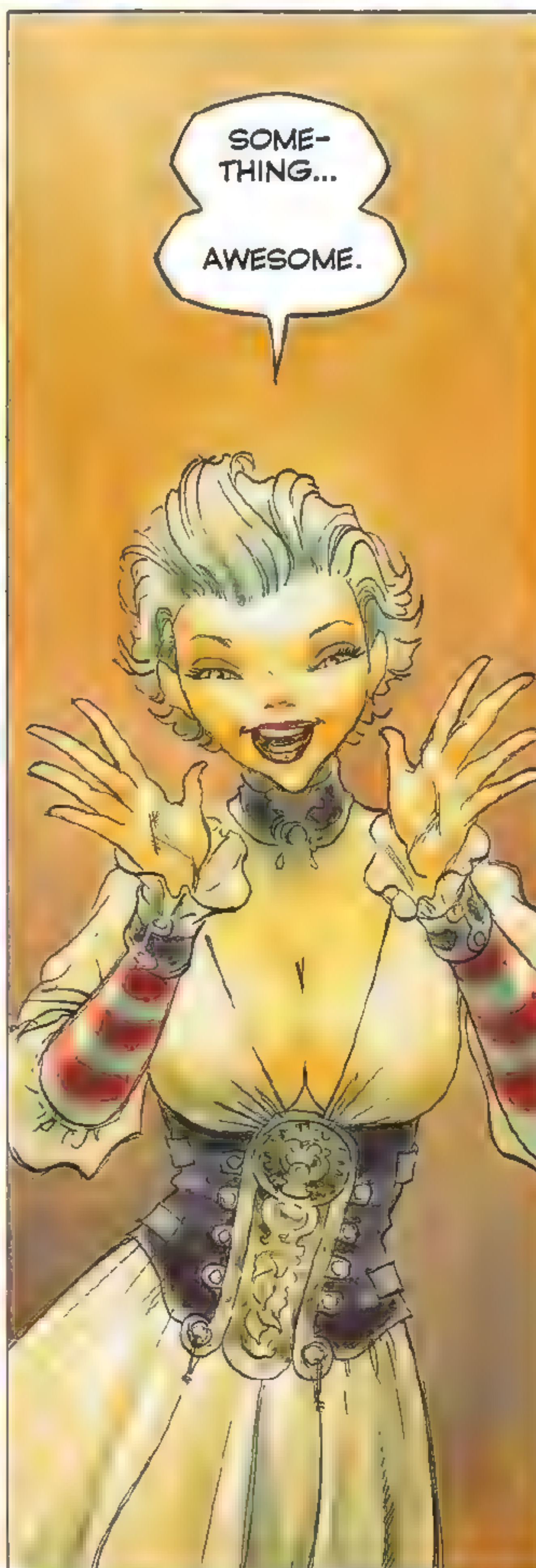
PERHAPS IT MIGHT BE BEST NOT TO LOOK AT HER IN HER ENTIRETY.

SAY YES TO EVERYTHING, AND WE'LL ADVISE AFTER.

GLUBTIRETY.



SORRY FOR TAKING UP YOUR TIME, OH GREAT WORRYWORT, BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING MUCH BETTER THAN SOME STUPID MARRIAGE TO PROPOSE.



SOME-THING...

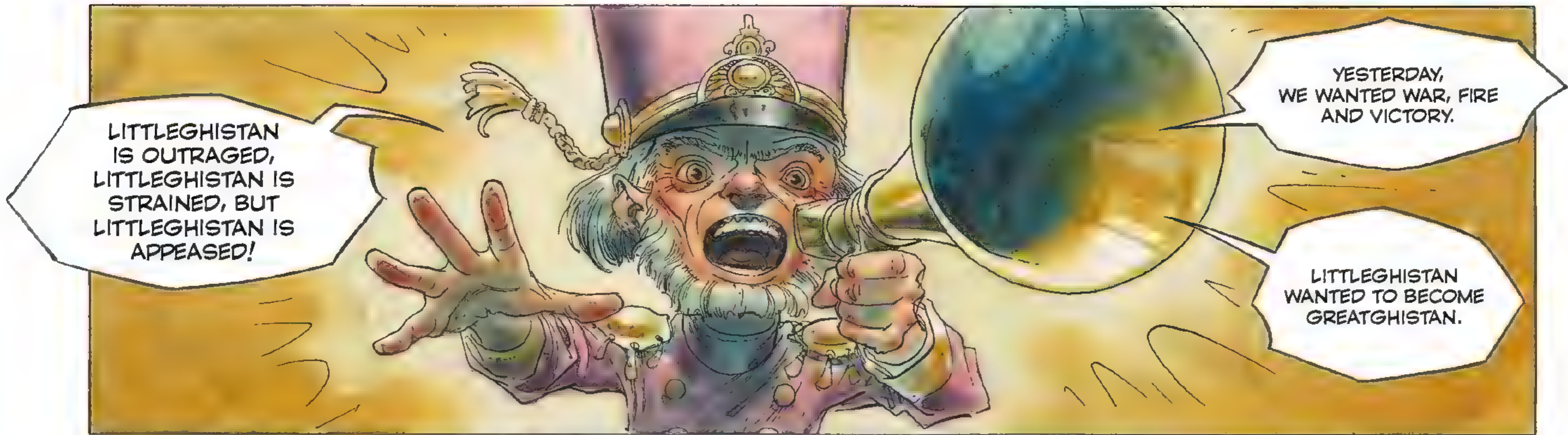
AWESOME.



GULP.

OH... RRRREALLY?

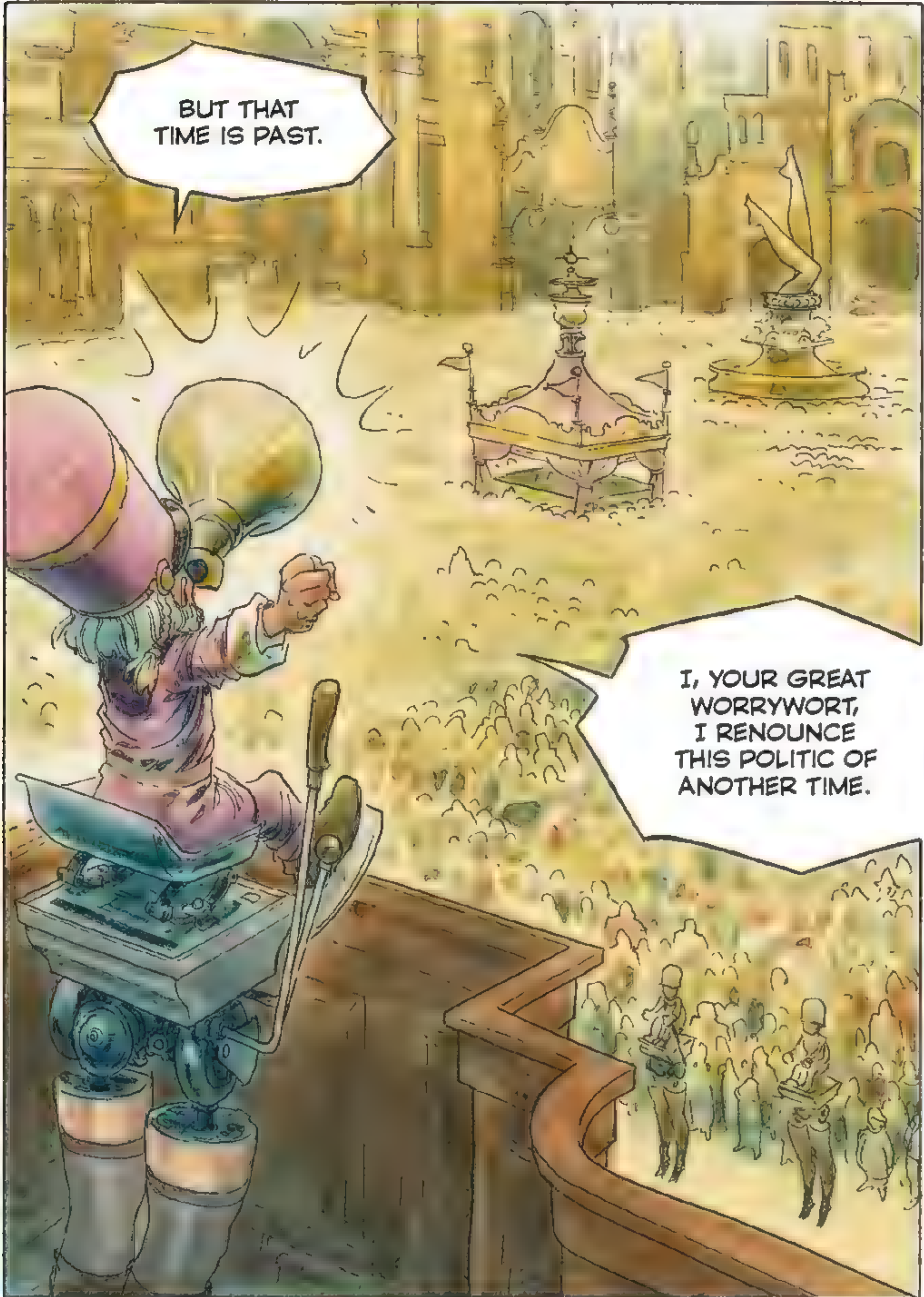




LITTLEGHISTAN IS OUTRAGED, LITTLEGHISTAN IS STRAINED, BUT LITTLEGHISTAN IS APPEASED!

YESTERDAY, WE WANTED WAR, FIRE AND VICTORY.

LITTLEGHISTAN WANTED TO BECOME GREATGHISTAN.



BUT THAT TIME IS PAST.

I, YOUR GREAT WORRYWORT, I RENOUNCE THIS POLITIC OF ANOTHER TIME.



AND I ANNOUNCE THAT THE PEOPLE HERE, OUTSIDE, AT OUR GATES... THE ENEMIES FROM YESTERDAY THAT WE THOUGHT WOULD BE ENEMIES TOMORROW...

ARE WELCOME AS BEST WE CAN!



THEY ARE MANY, BUT WHO CARES, AND LET ME TELL YOU IN ALL HONESTY, DEAR LEGGY SUBJECTS... THAT LITTLEGHISTAN...



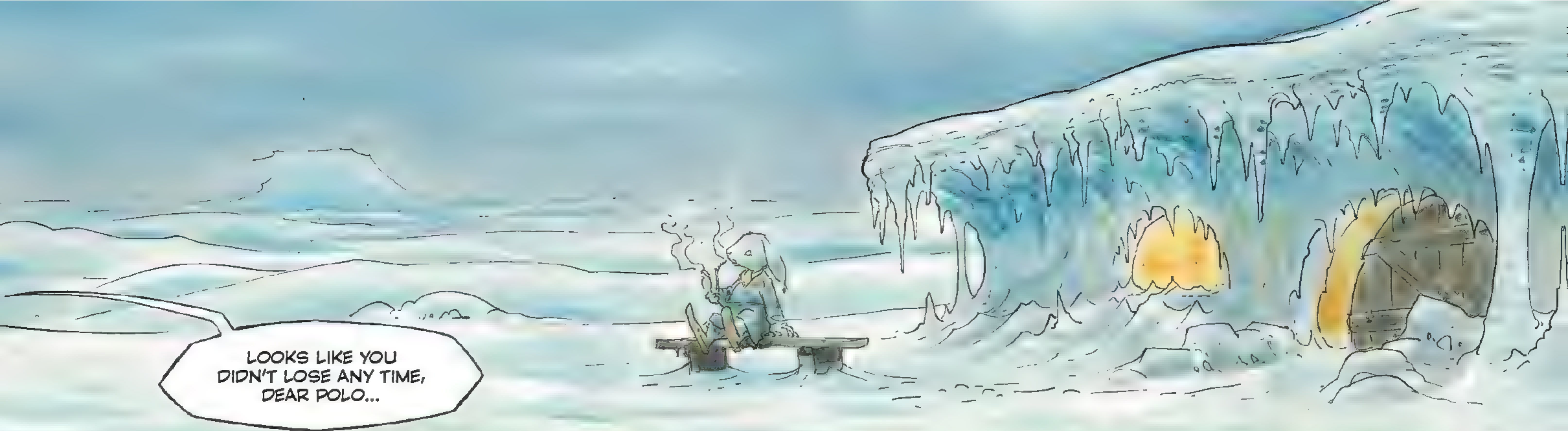
...IS VERY GREAT!



WAAAA WOLÉ!  
YEEPEE!







LOOKS LIKE YOU  
DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME,  
DEAR POLO...



I WAS  
WORRIED I'D  
NEVER SEE  
YOU AGAIN.



GOOD DAY,  
SIR. WHO IS THIS  
POLO YOU REFER  
TO, EXACTLY?



?!



YOU'RE JOKING,  
RIGHT?

COME ON,  
POLO!

MANIE! THE  
GOD-MACHINE!  
BABA MUSIIR!



I...

NO, DOESN'T  
RING A BELL,  
NO.



BUT IT SOUNDS ENTHRALLING.  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME ALL  
ABOUT IT OVER A CUP OF TEA?









# Author Bios

## Lupano

Spending the majority of his childhood in Pau, Wilfrid Lupano's passion for comics was ignited by his parents' collection and his love of roleplaying games. While working as a waiter to finance his study of philosophy and English, Lupano met his first creative partners, Roland Pignault and Fred Campoy. Together they collaborated to create the Old West comedy *Little Big Joe* (2001). After penning countless titles, including *The Old Geezers* (2017) he then worked on the legendary Valerian franchise, penning the *Shingouzlooz INC.* (2018) spin-off with artist Mathieu Lauffray. His most recent work includes the historical drama *White All Around* (2020).



## Andréae

After studying art at Lycée Michel Montaigne, Jean-Baptiste Andréae went on to study Plastic Arts at the University of Bordeaux. After a stint in advertising he taught himself digital painting and went on to collaborate with Mathieu Gallié on the series *Mangecour*. The series ran from 1993 to 1996, winning the Youth Prize at the Angoulême International Festival and by 1999 had sold 15,000 copies. The team collaborated again in 1998 on *Wendigo*, inspired by the works of Jack London. Between 2002 and 2009 he illustrated the series *Terre Mécanique*. The art from the series was then exhibited in the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Pau in 2010. This was followed by a 2014 exhibition of his work at the Maison des Consuls at Saint Junien. In 2015 he was awarded the Crayon d'Or for his work on *Azimut*.



# *The North Pole has disappeared!*



With no compass to divide the world, chaos ensues! Nations ride to war; a beautiful woman travels across the brawling continents to find eternal life; a daring aeronaut and a lovesick rabbit follow behind, sworn to thwart her quest; an eccentric scientist's study of time-manipulating creatures has collapsed; and the mythical Time Snatcher, who stalks men's dreams and steals their youth while they sleep, has reappeared. But what has the missing magnetic north got to do with it all? None can say, but the fate of the world hangs by a thread!

Written by the award-winning Wilfrid Lupano and illustrated by Crayon d'Or prize winner Jean-Baptiste Andréae, *Azimut* is perfect for fans of Terry Gilliam and the whimsical creatures of Lewis Carroll.

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



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# AZIMUT

Une immense vague glaciaire a frappé l'ensemble du territoire.  
 Seul pays épargné par la catastrophe, le Petitghistan voit ses plans  
 de conquête du monde contrariés par une épidémie de rhume carabinée  
 et une horde cosmopolite de réfugiés climatiques qui vient toquer à sa porte.  
 Cette stase polaire fait le bonheur des manchots, mais elle met en péril  
 l'odieux accord qui lie Manie Ganza à la banque du Temps.  
 Le contrat est pourtant clair : pour qu'elle vive longtemps,  
 d'autres doivent mourir... Et ils doivent être beaucoup.

En compagnie d'une myriade de personnages fantastiques,  
**embarquez pour un fabuleux voyage**  
 qui vous emmènera tout autant dans les sphères éthérées de l'imagination  
 qu'au cœur des préoccupations existentielles humaines...

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